

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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highly exalted sensibility of the recognised sensory organs. 4. A careful investigation of any reports, resting on strong testimony, regarding apparitions at the moment of death, or otherwise, or regarding disturbances in houses reputed to be haunted. 5. An enquiry into the various physical phenomena commonly called Spiritualistic; with an attempt to discover their causes and general laws. 6. The collection and collation of existing materials bearing on the history of these subjects.

It is distinctly stated that the "aim of the Society will be to approach these various problems without prejudice or prepossession of any kind," and in "a spirit of exact and unimpassioned enquiry."

If this programme and intention is fully carried out, and suitable instruments found for the various phases of the committees' investigation, there can be no doubt in the minds of those who have gone over the same ground as to the result; but the latter condition is the most problematical one, especially in regard to class 5. Absolute test media are rare, and many good subjects for ordinary sances have their mediumistic powers paralysed by the magnetic aura of a hard unsympathetic judicial committee. Magnetic sensitives are less rare, but these vary much in lucidity, really reliable ones being the exception. Still, if the committee are earnest men, and prepared to spend a fair amount of time and money in the attainment of their object, all these difficulties may be overcome and some substantial additions be added to the foundation of the spiritual edifice laid by Hare, Crookes, Zöllner, *et hoc genus omne*.

It is of very great importance that the conditions essential to the evolution of Psychic or Spiritualistic phenomena be ascertained and definitely formulated, for in this field of investigation the public (including many reputed scientific men), demand the production of phenomena irrespective of conditions which in any other scientific experiment they would readily concede as essential to successful results. The absurdity of this attitude should be manifest to any thoughtful person; but prejudice has a blinding effect and prevents those afflicted with it from seeing their position; hence men claiming to be scientific still occupy this unphilosophical attitude, and doubtless will continue to do so

THERE has recently been formed in London a "Society for Psychical Research," which, if it only measurably fulfils its intended objects, will materially assist in placing spiritual phenomena on a better footing with the public than it has hitherto enjoyed. Spiritualism, Mesmerism, Mind Reading, and Occult Phenomena generally, have by many persons been inextricably mixed up together, one set of phenomena being made use of to explain another distinctive set without the disputants having a definite knowledge of either, and leaving them as far from a solution of the problem "whence came they," as ever. That there are phenomena unaccounted for by known physical laws, and variously attributed to mental and spiritual causes, few will deny; but the origin of these causes and the laws by which the effects are produced is a moot point, and one of great importance to determine. Many of those who reject the Spiritual hypothesis and incline towards Materialism, go so far as to admit a science of psychology, which is practically conceding a soul in man, and a demonstration of this intangible part of man acting apparently independently of the physical organs, will go a long way to prove man's spiritual nature.

From the prospectus and plan of operations recently published we find that committees have been formed for the following purposes:—1. An examination of the nature and extent of any influence which may be exerted by one mind upon another, apart from any generally recognised mode of perception. 2. The study of Hypnotism, and the forms of so-called mesmeric trance—with its alleged insensibility to pain—clairvoyance, and other allied phenomena. 3. A critical revision of Reichenbach's researches with certain organisations called "sensitives," and an enquiry whether such organisations possess any power of perception beyond a

until their compeers force them to vacate it. Valuable work was done by the Dialectical Society, and their report on Spiritualistic Phenomena helped to substantiate its claims to scientific consideration; but the Society under notice, including mental phenomena, directly and indirectly related to Spiritualism, is more comprehensive and better calculated to consolidate the subject. We shall look with interest to their proceedings, and earnestly hope they will receive the hearty co-operation of some reliable mediums and sensitives.

MR. WM. DENTON'S Series of Sunday Evening Lectures, announced in our last, commenced on Sunday, Aug. 6th, when, in spite of the inclemency of the weather, a full house assembled to hear his opening discourse, which we publish in another column. The central idea of his second lecture on "Sin," in the light of Science and Geology, was to show the correspondential development of the physical and spiritual brain; the animal propensities—alimentiveness, acquisitiveness, combativeness, etc.—having had a long start of the moral and spiritual ones, were as a rule more largely developed than the latter. His third lecture, "The New Religion," was both eloquent and logical, and made a profound impression on his audience. It was not reported, but on account of the very general desire expressed for its publication, and its appropriateness to the time, it is Mr. Denton's intention to elaborate and extend the subject for publication here. The fourth lecture, "The Way to be Happy," contained some excellent practical advice, and was well received by a full house. Next Sunday, Mr. Denton lectures on "The Soul of Things," a most interesting subject, which he has made a study of for the past twenty-five years.

THE RELIGION OF TRUTH.

PART VI.

By H. J. BROWNE.

In former times all Spiritual phenomena were looked upon as supernatural or miraculous occurrences; they are, and have always been, the result of natural law; every Spiritual manifestation that has ever taken place has occurred in strict accordance with fixed and inexorable laws. These laws being beyond the current stage of man's knowledge, the terms supernatural and miraculous have been employed to vindicate his ignorance in regard thereof. To obtain these manifestations the same conditions are necessary, the same powers are required, and the identical laws are in operation through which they occurred in olden times.

I may here remark that evidently the various writers of the Bible held very crude and erroneous notions regarding the life to come, and knew very little about the Spirit-world and its inhabitants. Some of them totally denied that there was a future life; for example, see Job XIV. 14. And even those who acknowledge it held the most absurd notions regarding it; see Rev. IV. 8-8. Through Modern Spiritualism, however, clearer light has dawned upon those who have applied their minds to the study of this most important branch of science, and who at the same time have cultivated their spiritual gifts. The result is they know for a certainty that there is another world, its leading conditions, its employments, its enjoyments, and the best way to prepare for it. "Can such things be, and overcome us like

a summer cloud, without our special wonder?" Facts however, are stubborn things.*

Although our knowledge of Spiritual science, owing to priestly machinations in the past, is only as yet in the rudimentary stage, still a great deal of important information has been received through this avenue of knowledge. To the indefatigable student, who will not allow the difficulties to be encountered in its investigation or the unpopularity of the subject to deter him from prosecuting the study thereof, Spiritual science presents a far wider and grander field of research than do even the physical sciences. He will find that Spiritualism, instead of being destructive of religion, as falsely represented by its opponents, confirms the truths of all religions and rejects only their errors; that it proves that God's love is over all—over the sinner as well as the saint—consequently there is hope for all; and that the highest interests of humanity lie, not in the selfishness and sensuality of earth, but in that higher and purer life which is the heritage eventually of all the race. He will also find that it is alone through utilising his divine faculty of reason and cultivating his intellectual and spiritual gifts, a knowledge of man's continued existence and his progress beyond the grave can be satisfactorily gained, and that no opposition, however strong and obstinate it may be, can stay the outward march of Spiritual truth, for

"The new must e'er supplant the old
While time's unceasing current flows,
Only new beauties to unfold,
And brighter glories to disclose."

Spiritual science, which is the basis on which true religion rests, can no more become stationary than can the physical sciences. Fixity of belief in the one case is as absurd as it is in the other, for our opinions on all subjects are constantly liable to modification from the irresistible advance of human knowledge. It is an old but a true saying, that when error is pointed out, "a wise man changes his opinion, but a fool never." The physical sciences present only a part of truth, the larger portion which, as yet, is alike ignored by the generality of theologians and scientists, constitutes the vitality of all science. The evidence that Spiritual phenomena occur is of the very best kind, as it rests on actual personal experience. Spiritual science appeals to facts and reason; it proves that moral probation does not cease with this life, and it teaches that true happiness can alone be secured by cultivating the higher faculties of our intellectual and moral nature, consequently it must eventually prove the Nemesis of popular superstition, and in time demolish the absurd dogmas about immaculate conceptions, incarnate gods, vicarious sacrifices, eternal torments, infallible books, infallible churches, and infallible men.

Modern Spiritualism being a science of observation, the logical conclusions of which are drawn from the evidence of facts beyond rational denial, it is useless for theologians, scientists, or others, to attempt to oppose it. Some people are foolish enough to talk of exposing Spiritualism; they might as well attempt to expose the sun in the heavens by means of a bull's-eye lantern. The lower class of spiritual phenomena, it is true, may be cleverly imitated and burlesqued, but the higher mental phenomena cannot be counterfeited by the conjuror's art. A fact is indestructible, consequently its truth is imperishable. It may be set aside, but cannot be destroyed. Every well-attested Spiritual manifestation, however trivial in itself, is an irrefutable demonstration of a life beyond the grave. To the earnest truth-seeker the main point is not the quality of every manifestation, but their reality. Our greatest discoveries have sprung from trifling things. To a scientific inquirer a single fact once established by evidence is more effective than the logic of a Locke or the opinions of the whole clerical hierarchy. Sir John Herschell wrote: "The perfect observer in any department of science will have his eyes, as it were, opened,

* In an editorial article in the *London Times* of 26th Dec. 1874, it is stated that "Spiritualism is the great fact of the nineteenth century." Some time back, Mr. James Burns, of 15 Southampton Row, W. C., London, notified that he had in his library upwards of 4000 volumes on Spiritualism, and these form only a portion of the Spiritualistic literature.

that they may be struck at once by any occurrence which, according to received theories, ought not to happen, for these are the facts which serve as clues to new discoveries." And Sir Humphery Davy declared that "Facts are more useful when they contradict than when they support received theories."

The hypothesis that magnetism or electricity causes the various spiritual manifestations is, to all who have witnessed them, too absurd to merit a moment's consideration, and will continue so until it can be proved that magnetism and electricity can generate rationality, personate a thinking being, and play the part of a sentient, moral agent. It would be quite as reasonable were one to assert that electricity indites the telegrams we receive. As, however, electricity is essential in telegraphic communication so is magnetism in spirit communion, and as the one requires a conductor, so does the other a medium; and further, it would be equally rational to attribute telegraphic messages to the devil as to ascribe spiritual communications to that mythical source. All spirits, whether angelic or devilish, being simply men and women minus the physical coating, nothing can be alleged against spirit communion which is not equally pertinent against similar intercourse between spirits in the flesh. And further, nature's laws being invariable, it necessarily follows that the various Spiritual gifts exercised by mediums in the present day are similar to those recorded as having been possessed by Moses, Elisha, Jesus, Paul, Peter, &c., in olden times.

"Again the blind receive their sight, again the sick are healed;
Again to mortal eye and ear the inner life is revealed;
Again through barred and bolted doors the heavenly guide appears:
The hands are clasped again with those we've thought were dead for years."

The innumerable hypotheses which opposing churchmen and scientists have suggested to account for the phenomena of Spiritualism make a far greater demand on our imaginations than does the simple spiritual explanation, than which no other has been found to cover all the phenomena, controlled as they are by intelligence exceeding mundane knowledge. These phenomena, be it remembered, have occurred in an enlightened age, and have had to force their way against an opposing tide of scepticism. The fogs and mists which in some cases still hang around Spiritualism will ere long be dispelled by increased knowledge and more general care on the part of investigators. As the greatest opponents of the Church have sprung from within her pale, so the worst enemies of Spiritualism are those who know its glorious realities but for selfish purposes ignore it. They may for a time be the means of staying the rapid spread of Spiritual truths, but fortunately they cannot annihilate them.

"Those who think one thing and another tell
My heart detests them as the fiab'd Hell."

Modern Spiritualism affords phenomenal evidence of the duality and continuity of existence, and thus demonstrates that life and not death is the goal to which we are all hastening, and for which we should prepare. The credentials which Spiritualism offers to all who are open to truth and reason are hard and stubborn facts. That spiritual phenomena exist, any man of common sense can prove for himself by experiment, as has already been remarked. Those who were at first the bitterest opponents of Spiritualism are now amongst its most ardent advocates. Many of its converts have been men of great reasoning powers—men who are considered reliable authorities in any other branch of human knowledge; consequently it is absurd to suppose that Spiritualism is a subject unworthy of consideration and inquiry. Those who prejudice, and without investigation declare Spiritualism to be a gross delusion, stand in the same position as did the theologians of old who ridiculed and denied the assertion that the Earth revolved. As in the past, the Church has frequently failed to substantiate her position, so will she now as certainly fail in her endeavours to stay the progress of Spiritual truth. Fichte truly observed, "All new truths have at first the lot of struggling against old beliefs," and those made known through Modern Spiritualism have not been an exception to this general

rule. Palpable proof of immortality is what the world rationally requires, and this the Church is not only powerless to give, but actually condemns. The existing conflict between modern thought and ancient faith can alone be settled through the evidence which Spiritualism supplies. In fact Spiritualism places within the reach of the Church the very proofs which a materialistic age demands of her, and yet she is one of its most inveterate opponents. The time, however, is drawing nigh

"When all shall lend a willing ear
To doctrines new and still untried,
And pause awhile ere they condemn
Those holy truths as yet decided."

The great question, "If a man die shall he live again?" should be of the most vital importance to all, for it is not only intimately connected with, but is essential to, the happiness of humanity, as all that makes life endurable and worth the living depends upon this issue. If this brief existence—this passing hour—with all its trials and disappointments, were the sum and substance of our being, what is life but a meaningless, cruel enigma. It is therefore absurd for any one to say that proof of man's continued existence is not required. Such an assertion can only proceed from a dogmatic Materialist or a bigoted Churchman. The evidences which Spiritualism presents give the lie to the dismal creed, or rather, blank negation of Materialism, whilst they supply a living faith founded on observation in place of that outward profession without practical belief and consequent cold indifference of the churches. The late Albert Barnes, the eminent American Bible Commentator, shortly before his death cried in despair, "It is all dark, dark, dark to my soul, and I cannot disguise it. In the distress and anguish of my spirit, I see no light whatever." Say not, therefore, ye Churchmen, that evidence of a life to come is not needed.

"But whither went his soul, let such relate
Who search the secrets of the future state;
Divines can say but what themselves believe;
Strong views they hold, but not demonstrative;
And, were they true, then all sides would agree:
Now Faith, through Fasts, is lost in certainty."

To object to Modern Spiritualism on the ground that we have no need of evidence of a life to come, is to insult reason, to mock the deepest yearnings of human nature, and to ignore the entire religious history of the world. How often have we seen the boasted faith of the professing Christian falsified in the presence of death, and witnessed his recoil at the thought of "the grim king of terrors." It is only a rational faith, supported by actual knowledge such as Spiritualism supplies, that can restore a vitalising religion in the minds of men. The demonstration of man's continued existence, which is obtainable alone through Spiritualism, adds knowledge to the faith of those who have been convinced of its truth. The rejection of this knowledge by unbelieving Christians, who are constantly praying, "help thou my unbelief," shows that what they speak with their lips their hearts are far from. Knowledge supports when faith fails. What a commentary on the uselessness of the popular faith and religious teaching does a death scene in a so-called Christian family present? Its members, who confess with their lips what they deny by their fears; lamenting and mourning over the death and absence of one of their number, who still lives and is all the time in their presence, but has not the means through which to communicate, because they have not sought after "spiritual gifts," as their Bible directs them to do, and consequently to them "the discerning of spirits" is foolishness. What is termed death is but the new birth of the spirit into a higher condition of life.

To the question frequently asked, "What good has Spiritualism done?" I reply, it has been the means of proving to many, who formerly denied that there was a life to come, their error, by demonstrating that physical death does not as they had falsely assumed end all. Through the conclusive evidence that Spiritualism affords some of the most obdurate Materialists have been convinced of man's continued existence. Spiritualism has brought the fact that there is a future life home to those who previously had doubts thereof. To those who once only hoped that there was another life, it

has given actual knowledge in place of mere belief. It has been the means of restoring peace of mind to many a doubting one, and of changing the gloom of death into a confident awakening to a higher and better life. It has brought the light of immortality home to the minds and satisfied the doubts of thousands, if not millions, who could not be reached by the various forms of faith presented by the Churches for their acceptance. It has incited many to good by its pointing out that there is no shirking the responsibility of our acts by trusting in the sufferings or merits of another; that there is no royal road to happiness but by a well-spent life; and that our friends who have passed to the inner-life still interest themselves in our well-being by aiding us in the weaknesses and difficulties of mundane existence. To the true Spiritualist it has substituted the love of God for the fear of God; it has likewise removed the fear of death and the dread of the devil, and it has brought heaven to earth by reuniting us, even when here, with the loved ones gone before. It reinvigorates every great and moral truth that has been revealed to mankind. It intensifies all the sublime thoughts and promptings that urge human natures on to a grand and glorious destiny. It disarms death of its terrors, and brings in reality a new heaven and a new earth to all who have realised its sublime truth. It unlocks the door of the sacred temple of inner realities. It demonstrates beyond doubt the boundless and impartial love of God the merciful spiritual Father of all; and it brings a comfort and consolation to the sorrowing and broken-hearted which nothing else can supply.

These are only a few out of the numerous benefits that could be named for which we are indebted to Modern Spiritualism during the few years, comparatively speaking, which it has been in existence. What a field of usefulness and of deathless satisfaction does the investigation and dissemination of the glorious and sublime truths of Spiritual science present to the man of wealth and leisure, for whom the formal religion of the Churches has no attractions, who has realised the shame and hypocrisy of society as it is in general, and to whom the empty pleasures of this passing life have lost their charm! It is only those who know its sublime truths, however, that can appreciate them and realise their undying importance and sublimity.

"For unto few the power is given to pass beyond the bounds of time,

And lift the radiant veil of heaven to view her mysteries sublime.

Yet Thou in whose majestic light the source of knowledge lies concealed,

Prepare us to receive aright the truths that yet shall be revealed."

Spiritualism affords phenomenal evidence of man's durability and continuity of existence, thus demonstrating that life, and not death, is the goal to which we are all hastening, and for which we should prepare. It proves that the future life is not an illusion, as Materialists assert, but a real, palpable, and tangible fact, and thus through Spiritualism the Atheist is led "out of darkness into His (God's) most glorious light." It unfolds a rational hereafter, not one of perpetual psalm-singing, but a future life of activity, usefulness, and progress. It proves that the claims of physical science are not incompatible with true religion. It reconciles the truths of popular faith with modern thought, and it endorses Paul's injunction that we should add to our faith knowledge, and to knowledge understanding. With Paul also it condemns sorcery and witchcraft, whilst it extols, as he did, spiritual gifts and their cultivation. Even churchmen have to thank the teachings of Spiritualism for having been the means, to a great extent, of modifying and ameliorating the more repugnant Biblical doctrines formerly so frequently and so harshly preached by the very men who now so impudently say from their pulpits, "Can any good come out of Spiritualism?" in the same way as of old it was asked, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" Whilst believing the foolish as well as the sensible utterances of men living in superstitious times, Churchmen reject the rational testimony of living witnesses. They should bear in mind, however, that a falsehood prefaced by a "Thus saith the Lord," does not consequently become

a truth because of its age or on account of its popularity. As before remarked, every important truth discovered has in the past met with opposition, and every reformer has been denounced as a heretic and impostor by the pharisaical orthodox of his day, and such will continue to be the case until creedal religionists learn to make use of their reason in religion as they do in all else. Well might the worthy Judean Reformer, referring to his persecutors, exclaim, "Lord have mercy on them for they know not what they do."

Through Modern Spiritualism a future life is rendered real to every sincere investigator. No credal religion rests on such conclusive evidence as does that which is based on demonstrable truth, the testimony in favour of which is as strong as that on any other scientific fact, and which testimony, be it remarked, cannot be invalidated by the denial or ridicule of opponents thereto who have probably never investigated the subject. The wonders of one age, it is said, become the common-place facts of the next; and the reviled of the present become the appreciated of the future. To Spiritualists, as a rule, both sides of the question are known, and they are not likely to reject the better and choose the worse.

For they have greater knowledge far
Than faith or books can give,
And they have proof demonstrable
That after death we live.

In the words of Thackeray, when replying to a party of scientists, I say to all who deny the truth of Modern Spiritualism, "It is all very well for you who have never, probably, witnessed Spiritual manifestations, to talk as you do; but had you seen what I have witnessed you would hold a different opinion." Cromwell F. Varley writes: "I know of no instance, either in the New or Old World, in which any clear-headed man who has carefully examined the phenomena, has failed to become a convert to the Spiritual hypothesis." Dr. Robert Chambers remarks: "Spiritualism is the germ of the greatest discovery and the greatest revolution of human thought that any age of the world has witnessed."

* * * Instead of being a superstition itself, as some are disposed to think it, they will find it the explanation and extinguisher of all superstition." The Rev. H. R. Haweis remarks: "Facts well attested, the energy, the spread, the vitality, the reasonableness of certain aspects of what is called Spiritualism are what, sooner or later, the philosopher will have to deal with." And Professor Butlerof, of St. Petersburg University, observes: "The recognition of the reality of Spiritual manifestations will very soon be the inevitable duty of every honourable observer, and finally, of all humanity. This recognition will destroy many of the prevailing views: life and science will have to come to terms with it. Our old notions about the essential nature of matter dissolve in the light of the actuality of these facts, and new ideas present themselves of the endless varieties of degrees and forms of existence."

"A truth so strange 'twere bold to think it true,
If not far bolder still to disbelieve."

RE-INCARNATION.

THERE is nothing in the whole vast field of Spiritualism, including its positive facts and the current theories and philosophical attempts of explanation of those facts, which must astonish the thoughtful and reflective Spiritualist so much as the strange division in the camp of the advocates of human immortality concerning the theory of Re-incarnation. Here we have on one side of the English channel the followers of the great Allan Kardec, whose theory of Re-incarnation seems to appeal to the brains and hearts of thousands of French, Spanish, Italian, German, and Russian Spiritualists, men whose hearts are as pure, and whose intellects are as clear and as enlightened as those of the best English and American Spiritualists. Here we have men like the celebrated astronomer, Flammarion, stoutly supporting the theory of Allan Kardec concerning the re-embodiment of departed spirits on our earth-plane, backed by the almost unanimous approval of five nations, four of whom as

representative powers, guide at present the course of contemporaneous history. On the other side of the English Channel, and in the great Transatlantic Republic, this theory of Re-incarnation is opposed with an intensity of manifest animus, bordering on bigotry and dogmatism. I was, therefore, not a little surprised to meet in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of June 10th, 1882, with the subjoined paragraph, culled from a late number of the *Herald of Progress*. It runs as follows: "After a long and patient (?) investigation of the subject of Re-incarnation, the only rational conclusion [the italics are mine] I can arrive at is that the theory or doctrine of Re-incarnation is nothing less than a huge imposition, which is unsupported by facts (?) The supporters and upholders of this doctrine believe that progress and perfection of the human spirit can only be attained (?) by being born over and over again in earth-life. If this were so, it is quite possible (possible only?) that the second coming of an individual might be (!) much more unfortunate than his first appearance on the earthly plane of existence. It must be quite evident to any person with a grain of common sense (!) that philosophers in coming back to earth in the manner claimed by this theory, would be going backward (?) reason why?) instead of forward. Thus your readers will see (?) that the Re-incarnation theory puts the cart before the horse. Hence it is the doctrine of retrogression instead of progression: thus it is utterly opposed to the teachings and principles of Modern (not ancient) Spiritualism. If there be even a single grain of truth in the doctrine, it is wonderfully strange that none of the bright lights (?) which have gone out from the world, such as philosophers, philanthropists, and scientific men of modern times who have passed over to the Summerland, should feel no evidence of its truth within themselves. Even the learned and talented Unitarian minister, Theodore Parker, says that he has not the slightest remembrance of any pre-existence in earth-life; and I have read a few communications from Shakespeare (authentic), but none that I have seen give the slightest intimation that they have ever been on the earth before at any time in any other body previous to the one they now occupy.

I have a great number of strong objections to this wild and absurd theory of superstition. There is not the least doubt (?) but this old superstition (as old as the Bible, and older) had its origin among the Eastern nations, and a few persons of modern times, who have been governed more by fancies than facts, have accepted it without sufficient evidence or testimony to justify its truthfulness."

Here terminates the wisdom and knowledge of the *Herald of Progress* on this very important question of Re-incarnation. The narrow-chested, dogmatic, bigoted, personal tone of this abusive paragraph is so obvious to all unprejudiced readers that it is superfluous to point it out. By such conduct, and by such a line of argument, if argument there were in it, we shall never succeed in throwing any light on the subject in question. It would, in my opinion, be far more conducive to the ascertainment and elucidation of the truth of the theory of Re-incarnation to establish, first, why it is that the Continental Spiritualists are all, or almost all, Re-incarnationists, whereas, all the English-speaking Spiritualists, or almost all, on both sides of the Atlantic and in Australia, are anti-Re-incarnationists. What is the true reason of this division and opposition? We have hosts of Spirits on both sides testifying to the truth of the theory and against its truths. The French and Continental Spirits are just as confident on the subject as the English and American Spirits are opposed to it. How, then, is the question to be settled? For there can be no doubt that the question is by no means settled yet, in spite of the loud-mouthed opposition of the writer in the *Herald of Progress*; *adhuc sub judice lis est, id est*; the last word on the subject has not been authoritatively uttered yet. How wondrously strange that the spirits of philosophers and reformers should be so much at variance with one another on a question which from their supposed advanced standpoint should be so easy of solution. There can be no doubt

about the truth of the assertion that there is also war in heaven, just the same as there is also war on earth. What if this heavenly war was only a continuation of the war on earth? What if terrestrial strife extended also to the spheres? It would almost seem so to one who, like myself, has taken no side of the question in dispute, and who has been patiently listening to both sides for the last twelve or thirteen years, anxious to see on which side are adduced the most weighty and reliable positive facts and arguments. One might almost say with old Faust, in connection with the subject here under discussion:—

"And here I stand with all my lore,
Poor fool! no wiser than before.
Magister, doctor styled, indeed,
Already these ten years I lead
Up, down, across, and to and fro,
My pupils by the nose—and learn
That we in truth can nothing know!
This in my heart like fire doth burn."

Without wishing to continue this quotation, as a personal application to myself, I still flatter myself that a small portion of the following verses finds a just echo in my heart:—

"Tis true I've more cunning than all your dull tribe,
Magister and doctor, priest, parson, and scribe;
Scurple or doubt comes not to me; to entral me;
Neither can devil nor hell now appal me."

But what is a poor mortal like me to do with such a question—this vexed question of Re-incarnation? Is it of any use to

—hope, through spirit-voice and might,
Secrets now veiled to bring to light,
That I no more with aching brow,
Need speak of what I nothing know;
That I the force may recognise
That binds creation's inmost energies;
Her vital powers, her embryo seeds survey,
And fling the trade in empty words away."

Not being a friend of "words, words, words," and equally disinclined "to fling away the trade"—the apparently unavoidable "trade in empty words."—"I shall nevertheless, attempt to meet with whatever arguments are at my disposal the *a priori* condemnation of the doctrine of Re-incarnation, so superciliously, so haughtily thrown in the face of continental Spiritualistic thinkers by one pretending to be an advocate and "Herald of Progress," as if any progress could be properly heralded forth by a merely Mephistophelian, negative spirit of denial, denial too without a shadow of facts. My preliminary answer to this spirit of the *Herald of Progress* is the same answer which the spirit gave to Faust:—

"Thou art like the spirit thou dost comprehend;
Not me!"

Yes, our friend of the *Herald of Progress* fancies he understands all minds, because he flatters himself vainly to understand his own. The number of this class of spirits, and their name also, is "legion." But let us proceed, and examine the basis on which rest the "epee pteroenta," the "winged words," of this Herald of Progress on the subject of Re-incarnation.

Although this *sai-disant* Herald of Progress boasts that he has "a great number of strong objections to this wild and absurd theory of superstition, he prudently seems to keep them to himself, preferring as he does, to settle the difficulty by an appeal to mere *a priori* ratiocination, instead of following the Baconian method of induction. Re-incarnation, according to our progressive Herald, is a huge imposition. And how does the Herald prove this audacious assertion? By nothing else than by personal prejudices, by "possibles," and by "might-be's." For what else is it but a gratuitous assumption when he says, that "it is quite possible that the second coming of an individual might be more unfortunate than his first appearance on the earthly plane of existence."

What strength of argument is there in this assumption, and how can it affect the truth or falsehood of the theory of Re-incarnation? What harm, for instance, could it do to a spirit like Nero, or to Henry VIII., if either of them were sent back to this world to see and hear how their cruel and arbitrary deeds of murder and persecution are looked upon by the incarnated, advanced spirits of our century? What possible harm could it

do to Charles I., who lost his head for his perfidious conduct; or to Louis XVI., who lost his for his culpable ignorance and obstinacy; or to Marie Antoinette, the haughty blue-blooded "Autrichienne," who lost hers because she hated with an unrelenting hatred the 25,000,000 of starving Frenchmen? I say, what possible and imaginable harm could it do to all these august personages of history if they really could come back to this earth, and study the result of their past deeds in the light of our present nineteenth century? No harm at all; no, on the contrary, these spirits would thus be afforded an opportunity to learn the greatest of all lessons, that before God we are all equal, and that God is no respecter of persons, royal or otherwise. Well, then, if bad characters like Nero, Henry VIII., Charles I., or weak ones like Louis XVI., and Marie Antoinette, can derive so much advantage by a return to this humble earth, as to learn the emptiness of royal pride, the ugliness of royal or imperial murders, what shall we say of the usefulness of the return of such wise and good men as Socrates, Jesus, Giordano Bruno, Savonarola, Galileo, Kepler, Newton, Kant, Swedenborg, &c., &c.? Could Socrates learn nothing new now-a-days? Could Jesus not advance the cause, for the advance of which he was crucified in a dark age, and by a hard race of Shemites? What harm would it do to Bruno were he allowed in an earthly garb to smile again upon the ashes of the pyre which a church of fanatics set on fire with the lurid torch of religious persecution? What vast benefit would it be both to Savonarola and to ourselves, if that fiery preacher of God, *id est*, of truth, could re-embodied, address the more enlightened audiences of our days who are thirsting for the pure waters of life eternal? Could Galileo, Kepler, Newton, Kant, Swedenborg, &c., learn nothing after their resurrection and re-incarnation on earth from such men as Flammarion, Leverrier, Adams, Herbert Spencer, William Crookes, or Alfred R. Wallace? I trow they could. Do not, indeed, the best of us, the most enlightened of men, including our friend the Herald of Progress, daily depart from the scenes of this earth without having been able to master one millionth part of the mere human knowledge now existing on earth? What use would there be in sending the spirit of a schoolboy to a celestial university after his death, when he actually left his school without an inspector's certificate? What wild absurdity, then, is there in a doctrine which gives to the most backward pupil of a state-school, as well as to the most advanced philosopher and man of science, a second, or even third chance, if need be, to come back and learn the balance of their lessons, or to teach us new lessons in a newer light? How is the progress of our world brought about but by the return of the spirits who, in their time, had been at the head of human thought? Who can tell me with certainty that Camille Flammarion is not Kepler in a new form? Would Flammarion be more unhappy now, if he knew that he was, in an anterior existence, the celebrated discoverer of the laws of heaven? I think not. I rather think he would feel so much happier on that account. And so it is with the rest of human souls—good, bad, or indifferent: their return to earth being a law of their material and spiritual nature, would simply have to be obeyed, like any other law of nature, from the operation of which we are unable to withdraw ourselves.

But enough for the present. Knowing that men like Lessing and Wordsworth have been open advocates, and outspoken defenders of the doctrine of an Anterior Existence, or Re-incarnation, I can console myself with this knowledge and conviction in the mean time, until I come to see these secrets face to face, and not through a glass darkly, as does our friend the Herald of Progress. Did not a far greater Herald of Progress than he with whom we are now dealing assure us that "unless we are born again," *id est*, Re-incarnated, we "cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." With this assurance we rest satisfied until better arguments than those advanced by our spiritual brother, the scribe in the Herald of Progress, are brought forward to disturb our present equilibrium of philosophical equanimity.

And now how could I more worthily and more pertinently conclude this brief and imperfect essay of mine,

than by quoting the consoling words of Wordsworth's poetical philosophy, couched in that immortal ode of his on "Immortality":

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

C. W. ROHNER, M.D.

Benalla, 10th August, 1882.

SPIRITUALISM v. MATERIALISM.

A LECTURE on "Spiritualism v. Materialism" was delivered by an old member of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists in the Masonic Hall on Friday evening, the 13th ult. Materialism, the lecturer said, had now become very much of a church organisation. What was once a doubt had become a dogma—a creed. Men preached materialism from its pulpits, and actually denounced as heretics those who did not accept their doctrines. He contended that the system of materialism was philosophically unsound, scientifically contradictory, and morally degrading. Metaphysics gave the most complete refutation of materialism that could be desired. Materialism he defined as that theory which maintains that the universe consists solely of matter in various forms and organisations, that matter contains all the promises and potencies of life, that it is as one substance sufficient in itself to explain the whole universe. Instantly the metaphysician inquired,—What is this matter of which you predicate so much, this substance out of which is spun a universe that appears at first sight so varied, which presents such contrasted features? When the materialist defines his views, we find he retains the view of matter which was current some two or three hundred years ago, that it was some one substance of a particular kind, something outside of us with a shape, form, and color of its own, and which, was known to us through our senses, and according to the materialistic idea mind and everything pertaining to mind and life are but variations of the attributes and qualities of this one substance, matter. Why there should be such varying attributes, such extraordinary qualities, there was no reason to show. What was this substance? Philosophy said, matter known only through the senses. Investigation showed us that our senses are at times entirely misled, that they differ in different people, and that what we call matter is only a generalisation of ours, a name applied to certain qualities which we perceive. Ask the materialist how he knows matter, and he will reply, I know it in my mind. Mind was the thing by which matter is known, matter is something perceived by mind; what then was the position of the man who, only perceiving matter through his mind, wants straightway to annihilate mind, and to assert that there is nothing else besides matter? He can be positive about nothing else in this universe except that he thinks and receives certain sensations. All that comes, comes afterwards, for every opinion he held was secondary to that of his own existence. The lecturer then referred to Idealism, which teaches that the universe has no existence outside mind. The most advanced speculative philosophy held that matter itself was only a secondary thing, owing its existence to mind, which must be predicated first. Matter disappeared in the crucible of philosophic thought. Herbert Spencer, admitting the objective reality of matter, asserts also the reality of mind, and says, "If I am obliged to choose between them, I must choose mind, which knows, before I choose the matter which is known." Turning to scientific research, the lecturer referred to the wonderful theory which explained the phenomena of light impinging upon our consciousness through the medium of an ether which cannot be seen, or discovered by any instrument. Professor Crookes had claimed to have discovered a supra-gaseous state of matter. What was there to show that science would not lead us still further to a super-supra-gaseous state, and with the aid of delicate instruments discover matter in forms of

rarity as yet inconceivable? Those eminent physicists, Balfour and Stewart, taking as a basis the scientific principles that had been discovered in matter, had been able to predict the possibility of another world. Everywhere we discovered not only order and law, but life and intelligence, forms of life and development incredible in every department of nature, and were this substance called matter the only thing in the world, there were still the possibility of the development of world after world, hereafter after hereafter, potency after potency, at present undreamt of. Science now utterly repudiated the idea of a dead universe. In every department of solid matter we find that it is in motion, organized motion, motion according to law. The wondrous motions of the planetary systems were repeated in systems of atoms, in the mineral kingdom, in the crystal—a kind of organisation which led one almost to inquire if there be not intelligence present,—still more in vegetable life, where were not only motion, activity, and organisation, but something which we strove in vain to distinguish from intelligence. The utmost science could do was to reduce us to molecules, and from the latest scientific works we find that these molecules have organisations, parts, so that a molecule is a living being. We find that they adjust themselves to any necessity that may arise. What was this but the work of intelligence, and this intelligence moved through the whole universe.

If we looked at history, so far from regarding mind as an attribute of matter, we should be more inclined to consider matter as an attribute of mind. Which did we think most of in the man, mind or matter? What had made history, from what had proceeded art, science, knowledge, civilisation, and power? What had built up nations, and destroyed them? Mind, and mind with laws entirely different from and distinguished for ever from matter. The material shell had been shattered by the student in his pursuit of truth, nailed on the cross by the religious devotee, at every period in man's history cast behind him. Was the universe a fortuitous concatenation of atoms? no purpose, no law, no result? Turning from this barren and degraded picture to the full living life as it is vivified by passion and imagination, the difference was as great as between blank and empty walls and the glowing walls of a picture gallery. Consider what a world intelligence makes! What an atmosphere of mind we breathe! And this thing called matter is but the least and meanest thing in it, simply giving form to our ideas.

The lecturer then briefly dilated upon the moral argument, the most searching which could be used against materialism. With the materialist morals were necessarily meaningless. In the whole course of nature, of development up along all the lines of life, in the whole development of the world up to the last, the moral watchword of the universe was *self*. The strongest to be preserved, the weaker and the unselfish to be trampled out. What power was it, then, that had breathed a new potency into the world, compelling man to reverse the whole lesson which nature had taught him, which teaches him to cherish the weak, to nourish the suffering, to assist those trodden under foot, and tells the healthiest, the strongest, and the bravest to give himself if necessary to destruction that others may be saved? Where could the materialist find a motive for morality? Why should the materialist sacrifice himself? What was there to make him lead a life of self-denial? If it were possible for us to have six or seven generations of materialists, so that the lessons they learn now in childhood might be obliterated, the motives that now implant in them morality be withdrawn, we should have a world as destitute of morality as it would be of civilisation and joy.

The lecturer then made reference to the general conclusions to be drawn from the phenomena of the occult sciences that have risen up to-day, of psychometry, and clairvoyance, and spiritualistic phenomena generally, showing how pointedly they contravened the position of the materialist, and concluded amidst applause.

Mrs. BAMFORD being about to visit Sydney, arrangements are being made there for her to give a few sances and trance addresses during her stay.

JOTTINGS ON PASSING EVENTS.

THOSE who have any acquaintance with the amenities of the "religious" press will not manifest much surprise on seeing the following in the *Southern Cross's* editorial of August 12th:—

"Spiritism in this Colony is a dead and malodorous sea, into whose tainted waters no self-respecting man of clean skin will willingly plunge. The subject has no large and living interest for this community. It has sunk, by the drag of a wholesome law of moralist gravitation, out of the plane of sane discussion. It has, no doubt, its own following—there is no lunacy in the world without some believers—but it certainly has no hold on public attention. The Peebles and Forsters [*sic*] come and go, like evil-smelling ghosts, across the dim stage of the Spiritist Association; the Terrys and Walkers alternately kiss and scratch each other in committees and *séances*, without the general public caring the least about it. The Spiritists of Victoria, with all their doings, their literature and oratory, their materialisations and messages, resemble, for dignity and attractiveness, nothing so much as the many-legged insects that creep and straddle under any flat stone the observer chooses to turn up in a field."

An apology is offered for reproducing such offal in these pages, but as there are some charitable-minded folk amongst us who still fondly cherish the faith that the "religious" world is at least *respectable*, I have made the extract so as to show them to what depths of uncharitableness, insolence, and vulgarity, a largely patronised "evangelical" print can descend.

THE *Southern Cross* evidently heard Mr. Joseph Cook assert in his lecture on the Failures of Unbelief, that "Unitarianism is dead or dying," for it applies the remark to Spiritualism, which, it says, is "a dead thing" in this Colony so far as "sane and honest men" are concerned. The statement is worthy of its inspiration. Even were the *Cross* naturally disposed to be truthful, it would have but little chance of exhibiting accuracy of statement or soundness of judgment so long as it made the Bostonian evangelist its guide.

I ATTENDED Cook's lecture on Spiritualism, but it did not make me think any better of Mr. Cook or any the worse of Spiritualism. The lecturer was not eloquent, nor learned, nor logical, but he was somewhat entertaining, so I enjoyed his talk. Mr. Cook made a few very fair "hits," and while Spiritualists are incautious and indiscreet, as some of them are, they deserve all the hitting they can get. But some of Mr. Cook's "points" are decidedly dubious. When, for instance, he sneers at certain Spiritualists as "women with short hair and men with long hair," he ought to remember that in the popular representations of *Jesus Christ* one of the most noticeable features is the *long and flowing hair*.

By the way, Mr. Cook's remark about the hair, which excited much "lacrature" among his audience, isn't a very original one. Ingersoll makes use of it in his lecture entitled "Breaking the Fetters," where he says, "I hold in utter contempt the opinion of those long-haired men and short-haired women who denounce the institution of marriage."

I WAS asked the other day by one who had been wading through Joseph Cook's pretentious volumes whether all the religious literature of Boston was similarly hazy and unsatisfactory. For the sake of those who might be prone to gauge American literature by the specimens Mr. Cook's writings offer, I am glad to be able to call attention to the works of a Boston author and preacher of much promise—the Rev. Minot J. Savage. I have derived much pleasure from such of them as I have read, and have no hesitation in recommending to all who like works of a thoroughly religious but free and advanced type, Mr. Savage's "Morals of Evolution," "Religion of Evolution," "Belief in God," "Talks about Jesus," "Christianity the Science of Manhood," and "Belief about Man." The last-named is known to me only through reviews of it.

UNLESS one is greatly at fault in interpreting the portents, Bishop Moorhouse's lectures on the "Problem of the Book of Job" will prove "eye-openers" to a good many. The Rev. A. F. Knox, of Emerald Hill, has entered the lists against the Bishop. Ten to one on his lordship!

Dr. MOORHOUSE and Professor Denton are in harmony at least on one point. They both hold that the theatre could and should be made an educational institution of vast and beneficial influence.

The Bishop has met with no small share of abuse in consequence of his patronage of the play call "Jo." The "wild bulls of Bashan"—all sorts of "religious" newspapers and quack preachers—have compassed him about, roaring at him every description of censure and threat. Yet, after all, the Bishop never meant to attend the play; his patronage consisted simply in sending a liberal cheque, as the proceeds of the performance were to be devoted to a very deserving charity! How ready some people are to "imagine a vain thing"!

MR. PAGE HOPPS, the editor of the *Truthseeker* (England), is at present on a visit to the United States of America. Mr. Hopps is a very accomplished and eloquent writer and speaker of the most advanced Unitarian School. Could nothing be done to induce him to come here for a season?

THE Senate of Dublin University has honoured itself by conferring the degree of Doctor of Laws (LL.D.) upon Alfred Russel Wallace, the distinguished naturalist.

Dr. Wallace's book "On Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," which has lately reached a second edition, is one of the ablest works ever published in the defence and exposition of Spiritualism.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE OF EPES SARGENT.

(PUBLISHED BY M.A., OXON., IN THE "PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW.")

I am making a good fight for life, for there are many things I want to attend to before the welcome transition. And yet, according to the Adlerian philosophy, our belief unfits us for the vigorous life-work of the present. Was there ever an assertion *false*, or more at variance with the actual facts? As if the greatest thinkers and *workers* were not those who had the profoundest belief in their immortality!

I am battling not only for Spiritualism proper, but against the coarse Atheism of certain lecturers who call themselves Spiritualists. There has been too much coquetting with a rank and brutal Materialism under the guise of Spiritualism; and now those who have been educated up to this, drop the spiritual journals altogether for the more piquant atheistic journals.

Mr. W. R. Greg tells us that the desire for immortality weakens as we advance in years. That physical debility may frequently be accompanied by an apathetic feeling in regard to mortal life, is natural and likely. But the heart cries out for immortality—with me—more strenuously than ever. I agree with Buckle that the affections offer a guarantee of future life which no argument can affect. But something more was needed to crush out *my* besetting scepticism, and it came in the overwhelming facts of Spiritualism.

Philosophy has been groping in the dark through its non-recognition of the facts which our phenomena reveal. Read the speculations of Brown, Read, Dugald Stewart, Von Hartmann on Consciousness, and see how a few simple facts, like that of Psychography, for instance, would disintegrate and annul their theories.

Death is no spectral, ghastly thing to me, but a process full of tenderness and love, carrying some wise

purpose which, if veiled to me now, will be all very clear soon. Oh the great satisfaction of an absolute *knowledge* that these things are so; that our life, our individuality, all the treasures of memory, however slight, were in a supra-ethereal organism of which Death is the grand releaser! There are many things I would gladly forget, but Spiritualism shows that the only way of thrusting back into insignificance the bad or the unwelcome, is to have a constant, refreshing press of good thoughts, brave efforts for the truth, and loving sensibilities coming in as from some celestial fountain. Nothing in the memory perishes—a fearful thought, and in itself a religion! Yet what absolute justice there is in the provision! . . .

Spiritualism is at once a science, a philosophy, and a religion. The Science is the synthesis of its undisputed facts; the Religion and the Philosophy must be evolved, and it requires both a *brain* and a *heart* to do that. . .

The mark of the age is scepticism, or else utter unbelief. Be sure there is no saving salt but Spiritualism, freed from all misinterpretations, exaggerations, and perversions. Reason must be our guide, under the facts, whatever spirit or mortal may say. . .

All the drawbacks to Spiritualism, the apparent retrograde tendency, the disputes, the puzzles, do but confirm my own faith. I am not in the least disturbed by them though I fear the Cause may be checked by their occurrence.

THE SOUL OF THINGS.*

We have before us the seventh (revised) edition of the above remarkable work, first published in Boston, U.S.A., 1863, and subsequently reprinted in London under the title of "Nature's Secrets":† a title equally applicable, for through the soul emanations of organic or inorganic substances, nature's secrets are revealed to the interior vision of the sensitive with greater fulness and certitude than by the slow and laborious method of physical science. With those, however, who rely upon the latter, the question naturally arises—What is the basis of this system? and few can answer it outside the sphere of the practical investigators in its vast and ever widening field of research.

The discoverers and formulators of Psychometry, Baron Reichenbach, Dr. Buchanan, and Professor Denton, are known to scientific men, and those who have read Reichenbach's "Experiments," Buchanan's "Journal of Man," and the book now under notice, will be satisfied that the experiments so far have been scientifically conducted, and with the view of the ultimate reduction of the system to a science, as perfect and reliable as any of those now recognised by the savants of the age.

Verifying by experiment the correctness of Dr. Buchanan's data, Mr. Denton conceived the idea of applying Psychometry to his geological investigations, and having two excellent sensitives in the persons of Mrs. Denton and Mrs. Cridge, he was enabled to compare the results obtained through each—the result being a demonstration to him of the immense value of Psychometry to unfold the past history of this planet and the development of life upon its surface.

The experiments recorded (111 in number) are given almost in the words of the Psychometers and relate to a large area of the globe, as the specimens used comprise Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia. The descriptions given by the sensitives are all interesting, some especially so, and an appendix by Mrs. M. F. Denton throws considerable light on the mode and nature of Psychometric research and phenomena.

* The Soul of Things; or Psychometric Researches and Discoveries. By Wm. and E. M. F. Denton. Boston: 1881.

† This edition was published without authority, and is imperfect.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DEATH.

BY WILLIAM DENTON.

THERE is nothing more certain than death, and nothing of which people have a greater dread, and principally for the reason that they are unacquainted with its philosophy. We no longer dread eclipses, which at one time filled the souls of millions with terror; when comets appear, we no longer regard them as the harbingers of famine, pestilence and war, for science has shown us that they are as obedient to law as the planets that peacefully circle around the sun. When we are as scientifically acquainted with death, we shall no longer look upon it with dread, it will come to us as sweetly as sleep to the weary child.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set, but thou hast all,
All seasons for thine own, O Death,"

says Mrs. Hemans. In other words, the empire of Death is universal in time, and we have the best of reasons for believing that it is equally universal in space.

There stands a giant sequoia, the monarch of the woods; three hundred feet above the spongy ground in which its roots lie, it wears its leafy crown. For 3,000 years it has been rearing its lofty pillar, in defiance of gravitation for ever pulling, despite the rocking storms and the lightning's stroke. A thousand cities that earth bore proudly on her bosom, when it was a sapling, are now unknown; yet there it stands defying the elements, and clothing itself with beauty with each recurring spring. Yet Death reaps the harvest of 3,000 years with no less certainty than it cuts down the waving grass and the blooming flower of a season.

The broad-based pyramids have looked down upon a hundred generations, as they have marched to their destiny before them. Since they were reared, nations have perished, languages died, and arts and sciences been born; yet even they feel the tooth of time, they crumble at the touch of Death, and a mound of undistinguishable desert sand will lie where rest the enduring pyramids. But here are the cloud-kissing, the heaven-propping, the everlasting mountains—yet they too must perish; these rivers, that wander down their furrowed sides, are the corpse bearers, carrying them down to the ocean, whose deep graves yawn to receive them; these winds that howl around their frosty heads are the mourners chanting their funeral dirge. Yes, the great globe itself, million-centuried, rock-ribbed, fiery hearted, the prolific mother of myriads, she too must be gathered, when her hour comes, to the bosom of the burning sun, and the heavens know her no more; for worlds have their time to fall, and stars to grow dim, and even suns to perish, for all things the universe contains must bow before the all-conqueror Death.

It is, however, but the turning of the kaleidoscope; the old forms have departed, the combinations have dissolved, but that which composed them remains, enters into new combinations, as fair to the eye, as perfect in form, in like manner to pass and be succeeded by others in the eternal procession of all things. The old cedar falls, but out of its dust springs the young one, more vigorous for the ashes of its predecessor, and wears in time as lofty a crown. Man's mightiest monuments decay, but his architectural ability enables him to adorn the earth with new and more glorious creations of his genius. The mountain decays, its last atom is laid upon the sea's troubled breast, but out of the ocean depths new mountains are heaved, higher, fairer, and enriched with the fossil remains of the tenants of the teeming waters. Old worlds reach the goal, new worlds start hourly on the track. The matter composing our planet has belonged to other worlds millions of times, and shall doubtless belong to worlds unnumbered that are destined yet to come into being. The water we drink has made the glory of many a sunset, and spanned the sky in rainbow arches; the dust beneath our feet has trodden, as it is now trodden upon, and every drop of the briny sea has

coursed down the cheeks of the children of sorrow. The earth is a grand sepulchre, the sea but a wide deep grave, our bodies are the walking ashes of the departed, lent us for a time, to be returned when Death gives us notice by a summons that none can neglect or resist.

Human beings march over the globe in constant succession—youth to manhood and tottering age, dropping as they go those bodies that have served the soul's purpose for awhile, and these are seized and by subtle alchemy transformed into grass, tree, flower and fruit, to feed a new host who keep up the grand march. So much everybody sees, the death, the inevitable, the undodgeable; the renewal, the transformation; the old for ever going out, the door closed behind, and apparently for ever; the new for ever coming, to depart in its turn after preparing the way for its successor.

But why do trees die and flowers fade? why not created in their prime and so remain for ever? Why the coffin in the house, the mound in the graveyard, the mourners everywhere? Death is certainly no curse imposed upon an otherwise immortal being in consequence of his sin. Death is interwoven with the very constitution of our planet, and, doubtless, of the universe. It swam with the primeval monads in the steaming waters of the early seas, it lurked in the old carboniferous swamps, it swept off the hosts that reproduction pushed upon the globe through the ages, and it came to the first man, as it had previously come to all living, and thus it comes to us. And the reason of this is because we live in a universe that is governed not by miracle, but by law. A world brought into existence and governed by miracle needs no death, it could have been created perfect, and continued so for ever; but the world and universe which science reveals, and which the student of science accepts, is a universe of law, and law operates in the formation of organic beings by development or growth; and growth and death go hand in hand; the universe that contains the one must hold the other. Suppose that rocks had been immortal, that the rains and frosts of a million years could no more affect them than they affect the blue sky. Then we could have had no soil, for soil is only dead or decayed rock; had there been no soil, there would have been no plants for animal or human food, and consequently no men. Rocks had to die that soil might be, and life climb upward from mud to man. If the mollusks of the Silurian Period had been immortal, they would have multiplied till every nook of the ocean was filled with them, and there would have been no room left for more advanced forms. Slimy snails had then crawled over algae-clad rocks at the sea-bottom for ever. Suppose that death had ceased at any time during the Devonian Period, in less than 100 years the waters would have so swarmed with fishes that there could have been no room for a new-comer, and life could never have advanced beyond the fish. Had not death weeded out the reptiles of the Jurassic, this would have been a den of scaly monsters to this day; and had the beasts of the Tertiary never died, this planet of ours had been only a huge menagerie for all time. Had death never come to the original Adams or Eves of our race, then nude dumb savages had now been roving through wild woods where most cultivated lands are, and art, science, literature, and religion would have been almost unknown. Trees perish that better trees may take their place, the flowers die that sweeter flowers may bloom, and men and women that superior men and women may follow them, and humanity advance to the highest form that our planet may be able to produce and to sustain.

But is this all? Must we be pushed over the precipice, and be satisfied with our lot, knowing that we make room for the oncoming hosts, who shall more worthily fill our place? Must we be ground up by the iron jaws of a relentless mill, and rest satisfied with the thought that we furnish material for the better product that is to be compounded of our disassembled remains? By no means; Nature, our infinite mother, has an infinite supply for her children. Do you see all there is of the world, you ditch digger, going down five feet, or you persevering miner, probing the earth for half a mile? You may know as little as a clam, that hides in

its mudhole, does of the lands the ocean bathes the wide world round. You say the tree is gone, and all things are as though it had never been, but carefully conducted psychometric experiments have demonstrated to me that the tree still remains—it has passed into a realm where time yields his all-destroying sceptre in vain. The mountain that the elements dissolved still lifts its granite crags to heaven, the boulders still lie around its base, and the shaggy woods still clothe its furrowed sides.

Sir John Herschell, in his scientific lectures, says,—“I had been witnessing the demolition of a structure familiar to me from childhood, and with which many interesting associations were connected; a demolition not unattended with danger to the workmen employed, about whom I had felt very uncomfortable. It happened to me at the approach of evening, while however there was yet pretty good light, to pass near the place where the day before it had stood, the path I had to follow leading beside it. Great was my amazement to see it as if still standing against the dull sky. Being perfectly aware that it was a mere nervous impression, I walked on, keeping my eyes directed to it, and the perspective of the form and the disposition of the parts appeared to change with the change in the point of vision, as they would have done if real.” Herschell’s explanation of what he saw, contained in the phrase “a nervous impression,” is really no explanation at all. When we receive a nervous impression there is something that impresses the nerves, and what we desire to know in this case is what it was that impressed Herschell’s optic nerves and enabled him to see the house that had been pulled down? Psychometry explains this most satisfactorily. A piece of mummy cloth from Egypt may call up to the internal eye of the sensitive, when placed upon the forehead, life-like scenes of the Nile Valley in the long ago. The multitudes, busy as bees, are dragging the ponderous stones that others have split in the granite quarries; masons are hewing out sepulchres in the mountain’s stony heart, and on their walls artists are engraving and depicting the life of 3,000 years ago. How is this possible? There is apparently an ordinarily unseen counterpart of everything that exists, and over this death has no power. The workman pulls down the house, but this unseen dwelling remains, of it he cannot touch a brick, he cannot move a stone. The tree is gone, we say, the woodman felled it, we burned it for firewood, and all is as though it had never been; but in truth the tree remains, its leaves are as green as when they first came from the hand of spring, and the birds still sing among its boughs. The world of all past days is as real to the psychometric perceiver as the world of the present, and he has interior senses by which he can receive sensations from it as readily as he can from that with which his bodily senses communicate continually. Interesting, however, as this may be, it gives us but little consolation to learn that we shall live in our past, even if we could be conscious of that life, and that for ever. This may do for flower and tree, for mountain and planet, but not for conscious man, whose desires are an unfathomable deep. Our very needs are, however, the guarantee of our supply; our want is a ticket to the limitless storehouse containing all that the soul requires. Walt Whitman is right when he says:—“I know I am deathless and am not contained between my hat and my boots. This orbit of mine cannot be swept by a carpenter’s compass. I know not what follows the death of my body; but I know well that whatever is really me, shall live just as much as before. I suppose that I am to be eligible to visit the stars in my time. I suppose that I shall have myriads of new experiences, and that the experiences of this earth will prove only one out of myriads. How can the real body ever die and be buried? Of your real body, and any man’s or woman’s real body, item for item it will elude the hands of the corpse-cleaners and pass to fitting spheres, carrying what has accrued to it from the moment of birth to the moment of death.”

There lies the sick man: pale his brow, parched his lips; his eyes are dim, his fingers are clammy; the doctor says he can do no more for him, while

looking upon him through blinding tears are the sobbing wife, the sorrowing children. All these we see; they are associated with our ideas of death, and make it the most terrible event in our history. But what we do not see is the radiant spirit, that no sickness can reach, no poisonous medicine harm. This spirit seeking to free itself from the encasing body, which is now a hindrance to its farther development, as the young bird does to liberate itself from the no longer needed shell. We see not the spirit-friends that hover around—father, mother, friends—to welcome it into the land of the immortals.

But what eye can behold this spirit? I answer, the eye of the spirit. Clairvoyants are persons who see with their spirit eyes, and to whom spirits are at times as readily discernable as bodies are to all of us. Many of these have independently described the passage of the spirit from the body at death; and the harmony between these independent accounts shows the genuineness of their character. Many years ago my sister, Anne Denton Cridge, described to me the death of a friend which she clairvoyantly saw—the spirit slowly gathering to the head appearing at first as a shadowy form, and filling up to full and distinct proportions. At length a cord, that had held the spirit attached to the body, was severed, and it departed for its home. My eldest son, when making a psychometric examination, saw a death which he thus describes:—“I see a man ready to die; he lies on a flat place, and faintly groans; nobody appears to notice him; he is dead. I see the man’s spirit standing still over him; it looks better than the dying man. It stands up, and looks a good deal better than the man. . . . The spirit is a little higher now—about as tall as I am above him. It keeps rising and rising, but slowly. Now it darts away quickly and I cannot see it; it went like a flash.” When the spirit’s connection with the body is severed it departs like a balloon when the cord that holds it to the earth is released.

A much more complete description of the spirit’s departure from the body was given by Mary Carpenter in a letter to Mr. Joseph Baker, published many years ago in the *American Spiritualist*. She had been treated by mesmerism for epileptic fits, and in consequence of this she soon became a good clairvoyant, and eventually a seer of spirits. She writes:—“My mother and I had often talked of death and immortality. She frequently magnetized me when she was in health and I was in the clairvoyant state by her assistance, when the spiritual sight was first given to me. She had often requested that I would at the time of her decease put myself in that state, and carefully notice the departure of the spirit from the body. Her failing health admonished her that her end for this life was near; but she viewed it with calmness, for her thoughts were full of the life to come and her hopes placed on her Father in heaven. . . . Perceiving that she was dying, I seated myself in the room and was soon in a state of spiritual clairvoyance. With the opening of the inner sight, the painful scene of a mother’s death was changed to a vision of glory. Beautiful angelic spirits were present, watching over her. Their faces were radiant with bliss, and their glittering robes were like transparent snow. I could feel them as material, and yet they communicated a sensation that I can only describe by saying it seemed to me like compressed air. Some of these heavenly attendants stood at her head and some at her feet, while others seemed to be hovering over her form. They did not appear with the wings of fowls, as angels are commonly painted, but they were in the perfected human form. They seemed so pure, so full of love, that it was sweet to look at them as they watched the change now taking place in my mother. I now turned my attention more to my parent, and saw the external senses leave her. First the power of sight departed, and then a veil seemed to drop over the eyes; then the hearing ceased, and next the sense of feeling. The spirit began to leave the limbs, as they died first; and the light that filled each part in every fibre drew up toward the chest. As fast as this took place, the veil seemed to drop over the part from whence spiritual light was removed. A ball of light was now gathering just

above her head, and this continued to increase as long as the spirit was connected with the body. The light left the brain last, and then 'the silver cord was loosed.' The luminous appearance soon began to assume the human form, and I could see my mother again. But, oh, how changed. She was light and glorious, arrayed in robes of dazzling whiteness, free from disease, pain and death. She seemed to be welcomed by the attending spirits with the joy of a mother over the birth of a child. She paid no attention to me or to any earthly object, but joined her companions, and they seemed to go away through the air. I attempted to follow them in the spirit, for I felt strongly attracted and longed to go with my mother. I saw them ascend till they seemed to pass through an open space, when a mist came over my sight and I saw them no more. I returned and soon awoke, but not to sorrow as 'those who have no hope.' This vision, far more beautiful than language can express, remains stamped upon my memory. It is an unfailing comfort to me in my bereavement. . . . Every time I am magnetized I talk with her, and she directs me. I see her features, but the body seems clothed in a white robe, different to that she wore on earth. Her visits are no terror to me, but I receive strength from them, and she is still my mother with whom I love to converse."

What a glorious revelation is this! Death is no extinguisher; the grave is not to be our dwelling-place. Not for us the coffin, the worm and the dust. It was not your child mother that was buried. She stood smiling as you laid the senseless form in the grave and gave to the dust the body. Death has no arrow in his quiver that can pierce a man, and there is no prison that can confine a soul. Heaven is the natural home of the developed human spirit, as the air is the natural home of the butterfly that was the other day a crawling worm, and when the cords of flesh that hold us to the earth are severed by death we as naturally pass to heaven—the spirit's home—as a stone sinks to the bottom when thrown into the water. Heaven and earth indeed are one, the spirit life a continuation of the earth life—equally natural, governed by the same grand laws, working toward the same grand end, the perfection of humanity. Here the sun shines to warm and light us; the rain falls to bless our lands with abundance; the air rushes into our lung caverns to feed the vital flame. Morning wakens the world to beauty, evening draws the curtain, soothes it to sleep and wraps the soul in delicious dreams. Does our mother, who had folded us in her arms and carried us with loving patience all through life, turn a fury at death and devour her long-cherished offspring? The gospel that preaches such a doctrine is the gospel of ignorance and vengeance—a gospel born of the brute nature that still clings to humanity, and that it may take ages to outgrow. Give me the gospel that shines in the sun, that gilds the mountains with glory, that talks in the babbling brooks, that breathes from the rose's heart, that is written in many-coloured lines upon the rainbow's arch, that wells in the uncontaminated soul, that angels whisper to the dying man when they lift his soul's eye-lids, and give him glimpses of the lovely land that lies before him, and the outstretched hands of spirit friends that wait to welcome him. This is the gospel that justifies death and enables us to see what is its true philosophy.

If all things were immortal then trees would be, and they could neither be blown down nor burned down; they could not be used for building, for furniture, nor for fuel; they could not be uprooted, neither could the grass, and whatever had hold of the soil would hold it for ever. There could, under these circumstances, be no cultivation of the ground, and the earth would be an untamed and untameable wilderness. No plants could be eaten by animals, for, if they could eat a portion, they might eat the whole. In a world where plants were immortal no animals that feed upon plants could exist, and man himself in such a world could have no being. If plants were mortal and all animals immortal, then no man could kill ox or sheep, salmon or oyster; vegetarianism would be of necessity universal. We might be the better for this, but we could not kill lion or tiger, rat or rattlesnake. Think of a world in which lions, tigers, wolves and bears, rattlesnakes and croco-

diles, rats and mice, flies and fleas were immortal! With their excessive powers of reproduction, in a short time we should be unable to stir for the palpitating mass crowding upon us on every side.

Imagine man immortal, and all things else mortal. If birth continued the whole standing-room of the planet would be occupied in less than 1000 years, and then birth would cease, if for no other reason, for want of space for the new-comers. Then would cease all the joys of fatherhood and motherhood; our globe would become a world of Methusalehs, the youngest man a greybeard of 1000 years. No infants, no smiling, crying, crowing babies; no frolicking boys and girls, no young folk; no courting, for all would be mated or fixed in unwedded life before a thousand years had passed. In such a world fire could not warm a man, for if it could warm it could burn, and death might ensue; water could not wet, or it might drown; labor could not weary, for labor only wearies because it wastes, and weariness and waste are the companions of death. With the absence of waste there would be a loss of all appetite, which is only needed for the renewal of waste, and it would be a world where all enjoyment derived from food would be unknown. What a wrinkled, withered, melancholy fossil world this would be, from which there could at last ascend one united prayer—"Oh, God, send us death, that it may renovate and bless this stagnant world."

Within the last 30 years hundreds of thousands of departed human beings have communicated with their friends still in the body. The communications have been received by all classes, from monarchs to the meanest of their subjects. Eminent scientific men have received them, and borne witness to the genuineness of their character; and not unfrequently the spirit communicating has been seen and its identity established. The communications have not only come to all classes, but they have also come from all classes. The most refined, the most vulgar; the little child with well-remembered infantile phrases comforting the heart broken parents, and the philosopher enlarging our conceptions of the universe. The rollicking rowdy manifests his old mental condition, and the philanthropist comes with a heart overflowing with love for his race. I have communicated at various times with more than a hundred disembodied spirits, by raps, by writing, sometimes in closed slates, and on slates untouched by any human being. When their hands were temporarily clothed I have held them in friendly grasp very many times, under circumstances that rendered mistake or fraud impossible, and I therefore know that death does not end us, and that we shall be in the future our essential selves.

Death is no curse, it is no misfortune; it is one of the greatest blessings, and could it be destroyed its destruction would be the greatest curse that ever befel our planet; it is only by its constant operation that it has become the abode of intelligent human beings, and is constantly marching on to a nobler destiny.

Death is not only a blessing, but it is always a blessing. It is not well that the young and undeveloped should have bodies in such a condition that death is a necessity for their relief, but when the necessity comes death only follows as a benefaction. The baby has fallen into the fire, its face is marred, its body eaten and its hands destroyed. Would you have the child live when it is thus horribly maimed? The young woman dies of consumption; would you have her live with but fragments of lungs and life one long fit of sickness? Better by far to die, when the body can no longer serve the purposes of life. Here is the old man; his eyes are dim with long watching, his ears are heavy, his limbs have lost the elasticity of the morning of life, and his weary brain is sluggish. Come sleep, death sleep, and free the spirit; let it waken in the soul's morning, fresh and joyous, uncluttered by a worn out body, girded for the race of a new life that lies before it. Death prevents all obstruction of the life procession of the globe. He is marshal, and says "On! on! Keep step! Room there for the rest; fairer women, braver men, greater philosophers, sweeter poets, more ingenious mechanics, more loving and generous souls, who shall make earth a paradise."

This philosophy which I have presented, and which the revelations from the spirit world within the last few years has rendered possible, is one which destroys the fear of death—the dark cloud in almost every man's sky. Death, as it has been represented, has been the bugbear of the world. "Behold!" said the priest, as he unrolled the curtain and adjusted the wires, and there strode toward us a skeleton grim; in his hand a dart tipped with blue flame, with which he threateningly advanced. "It is poisoned," shouted the priest, "and its touch is death, and eternal death, unless you are anointed with this ointment, provided by the great physician, of whom I am an agent. Be anointed or you perish for ever." No wonder that men were afraid; no wonder that women trembled and wept; no wonder that the demand for ointment was great. But our eyes are now opened; instead of a skeleton grim we behold a radiant maiden, whose cheeks are more blooming than the rose; in her hand she holds an immortal wreath, which she confers on every human soul. Priest, thy ointment is as unnecessary as thy skeleton and thy poisoned dart are unreal. Death will come to thee as it comes to all, and it will reveal to thee nothing more terrible than thy own soul.

Over the world's wide plain marched humanity—babies that just toddled, youth in its bloom, the old man whose trembling limbs were supported by a stick; time was behind, hurrying them on, as rivers are swept to the all-containing sea. None could stay an instant; no backward step was possible; on they went till we saw them reach the brink of a precipice; below was an unfathomable abyss, that the eye strove in vain to bottom. One step, and they disappeared from our gaze. They walked before us—father, mother, sister, brother, wife and child—but in a moment they stepped into darkness and were gone. There we stood, gazing through our tears, but only darkness and death lay beyond and below. We called to our loved ones, but only the echoes of our voices responded to our calls. Around us was a weeping multitude, that refused to be comforted. Many men, in sable garments, moved about among the crowd, and professed to be able to tell the fate of the loved and lost. Some said they would remain invisible till Gabriel should blow his mighty trumpet, and out of the gulf of death should rise the resurrected host. Others said our friends had gone, their fate was for ever fixed; they had dropped into the bottomless abyss, with devils to howl in anguish eternal; while others had been received into the loving arms of Jesus, who had borne them to heaven and made them recipients of all its bliss, bliss unspeakable and full of glory. Alas! we could neither see our friends nor Jesus, and terror filled our souls, as we thought we too must drop into this gulf, and what shall our fate be? But now we see the only gulf that existed was the gulf of ignorance. Between the body land and the spirit land there is not the space of a hair's breadth; our friends we now behold walking with unfaltering step, upborne by angel hands, from earth-land into the realm of the immortals.

With this philosophy of death we obtain rational and soul-elevating views of future life. The heaven the infinite parent has provided for his children is more diversified, more beautiful, and better calculated to assist the spirit's development than the earth. Here are mountains on whose summits the clouds rest, valleys, the homes of beauty sleeping at their feet; waves ripple over the grass, as the summer winds blow, and flowers gladden the eye and make fragrant the air that spirits breathe. Rills leap into mist as they dash into twilight canyons, and the shadow of the eagle flits over the landscape as it flies to its eyrie on the rock. Here are cottages and villages, towns and cities, orchards and gardens, schools and colleges, fountains and parks; mansions where thousands reside, libraries and halls, churches and theatres. And here are the men and women of all ages; poets and painters, historians and scientists, who are all engaged in improving heaven as they were once in improving the earth. Here are the musicians who have made the earth more melodious for all time; the daring thinkers, mis-called infidels, who have enlarged the boundaries of human thought. Here are Homer and Socrates, whose manhood we have not

yet overtopped; Jesus the Galilean reformer, and Confucius the Chinese sage. Here is Shakespeare, the many-sided, and rare Ben Jonson, one of the few who was able to appreciate him in his day. Byron and Shelley, one of the noblest and sweetest souls our planet ever knew. Here, too, are Burns and his Highland Mary; Thomas Paine, that grand old hero, who is every day rising in the estimation of the best portion of mankind. Here Theodore Parker and Margaret Fuller, Francis Wright and William Lloyd Garrison, Robert Owen, Darwin and Emerson. Here they are—not idly bowing around a throne, with hearts as hard as Lydian stone, not caring a tittle who may go to join the lost in the realms of woe; but planning, learning, working to bless the men and women that are around them. Here, too, are the dear ones we loved and lost. Here is the darling baby, over whose little shoes the mother still drops a tear; but she is growing in stature, knowledge and beauty every day. Here is Jack who went to sea and was drowned; William, who went to war and never returned. All are here, and the opportunities are here for continual growth in knowledge and goodness.

Is it all the same then hereafter whether we steal with the thief, falsify with the liar, or be licentious with the brute? Not at all. There is not a wrong deed done that does not pollute the soul, and not even the blood of a God can obliterate the stain. Since life in the spirit world is but a continuance of the life in this world, we carry with us the consequences of our evil as well as our good deeds, and our condition from day to day there will be modified by our conduct from day to day, just as it is here. That we may enjoy the highest possible there we must live the best possible here and hereafter. He who has blest the greatest number on earth will have the greatest number to bless him in heaven, and this will give him an infinitely greater satisfaction than to play on golden harps, walk golden streets, or wear a glittering crown. He who has wasted his opportunities, lived a life of crime, and cursed his fellows will bear the consequences of his guilt, which he may outgrow, but he will be scarred for ever. Let us, then, putting away all fear of death and the after-death, live true to the ideal of manhood contained within our souls, and we shall thus grow into noble men and women—the best fruit that planets can produce.

COMPULSORY VACCINATION IN SWITZERLAND.

THROUGH the influence of an active medical propaganda, the Swiss Federal Chambers were recently induced to pass a more stringent Vaccination Act. The medical men were of course jubilant, but their joy was short-lived, as the following extract from a letter of Mr. Wm. Tebb will show:—"According to the Swiss Constitution, the people have the right of a *Referendum*, or an appeal from the decisions of the Federal Chambers to the suffrages of the people, provided 30,000 signatures were obtained. Only ninety days from the date of the promulgation of the law (on the 14th of February) were allowed for this purpose, but the liberty-loving Swiss people had not forgotten their traditions, and were equal to the occasion. A despatch from Dr. Scheuerman, of Bâle, has just reached me, which states that not only have the 30,000 signatures been collected, but they have obtained a surplus of 49,200 (79,200 in all), which have been laid before the President of the Confederation. Compulsory Vaccination has been overthrown amidst the rejoicings of an emancipated people."

THE EVIDENCES OF SPIRITUALISM.

A SUBSCRIPTION LIST has been opened for Mr. Denovan's forthcoming volume. Subscribers will not only receive first copies, but will be supplied at 10/6, or 1/6 less than the published price of the book. Names and Subscriptions may be forwarded to W. H. Terry, office of this paper, or W. D. C. Denovan, Esq., Sandhurst.

CAN IT BE?

A STORY OF THE DAY.

BY E. CYRIL HAVILAND.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER X.

MARY AND JOE were always to be found together now, and the wedding-day was close at hand; the house was getting full of a bustle and noise, that I suppose attends the preparation for all weddings. One room was set apart for Mary's *trousseau*, which appeared to my eyes to be a gorgeous affair altogether. I do not know myself, but perhaps some of my lady friends can tell me what "six dozen of everything" means, but that is the expression that was continually haunting me whenever I came within earshot of Mary or my wife, Ruth.

One morning I was requested to give my opinion on some dress material, and having purely by accident chosen the same as they had, my good taste was applauded, and I was told that that was Mary's wedding dress, and that it was brocaded silk; and so things went on.

Sometimes Joe would be told that he must stay with me for a time, and then we would come round to my hobby.

Joe would not give in yet; he said he had not seen enough to convince him, and he thought it could all be done by some will-force or some hitherto latent power in man.

"You see," he said one evening, "I fail to recognise any test of a spirit power in it."

"There are so many proofs," I replied; "take for instance the single phenomena of slate-writing, such as comes through Slade, Watkins, Monk, and other mediums, and where in some instances you can get facsimile handwriting and signatures; surely you must allow that that is some proof of the return of disembodied spirits."

"I do not accept it, Tom," Joe answered. "You may feel convinced yourself, because you have seen these things; but that is no proof to me."

"I quite agree with you there, Joe, for, as Alfred Russell Wallace, the eminent Naturalist, says in his book on 'Miracles and Modern Spiritualism,' 'The cardinal point of Spiritualism is that every one must find out the truth for himself.' So Joe, I admire your persistency in requiring proof. By-the-way, Joe, how is Scraggs; you have not mentioned him lately?"

"Oh, he has been doing nothing these few weeks. You know, Tom, he lost his wife; she was wrecked in that steamer about a month ago, and it has made him very quiet on this subject, for when I mentioned it to him a few days since, he said, he wished Spiritualism could be proved true, and that he could communicate with his wife still."

Mary appeared just then, and she and Joe went off to a quiet corner of the verandah to — well, to look at the stars.

On another evening, Jack Bronton came over and brought with him a tall young man, whom he introduced as Cameron.

Mr. Cameron was of course Scotch, and he was a Spiritualist. He had just arrived from Scotland, and had seen the medium Duguid, at one of his sances.

Joe was very much interested in his description.

We were all sitting in our favourite place, the front verandah, and Mr. Cameron was relating some of his experiences, with a rather pleasant Scotch accent:

"You see, Mr. Hawk," he continued, "the night I was at Duguid's, there were five of us there, and Duguid was fastened in a chair, tied down and sealed, and placed about three feet from the table. On this table were brushes and paints."

"What sort of paints, Mr. Cameron?" said Joe.

"Ordinary oil paints mixed, such as artists use," he replied. "Well, when everything was ready, I produced two cards — they were *carte-de-visite* cards, without portraits on them. I got them from Mr. James Bowman,

the Photographer, in Glasgow; these cards I put my signature on, and tore a small piece out of the corner of each, so as to identify them again. Then one of our party turned out the gas, and presently Mr. Duguid said 'Light up.' It was four minutes, exactly by our watches, and there were two lovely little pictures in colours on my cards. I will bring them out some day and show you."

We thanked him, and said that we all should much like to see them.

"Are you a medium, Mr. Cameron?" Mary asked. "No, Miss Langton. I cannot call myself one, but a friend of mine in Edinburgh, who was not accounted a medium, sat twice a week by himself for an hour each time for four years, and now he gets good manifestations. He has automatic test writing and clairvoyance."

"Now, Tom, do you hear that," said Joe. "You see that would hold up my theory; the power was latent in itself, and he educated it, as it were, until it was sufficiently developed to be of use."

"Ah, Joe, my boy," I replied, "you are like some of our theoretical antagonists; but when you know more you'll talk less."

We rather liked Mr. Cameron, and invited him to come again; but Joe kept to his point and maintained that the instance Cameron mentioned of the development of his friend's mediumship proved it to be a latent power in man. When Jack Bronton and Cameron had gone away, Joe gave out his intention of commencing to sit by himself for four years, if necessary, to develop the latent power in him.

"Well, I will come over here those nights," said Mary, "and if Joe is going to be a horrid medium, always going off into trances, and starting round thinking he has seen something, I'll come back altogether."

"I want to prove my theory, you see, Mary."

"Bother your theory. I'm marrying you because you have more sense than the usual run of men; but if you are going to be always singing 'The Sweet Bye and Bye,' you'll have to divorce me, Joe."

"All right, Mary, I won't," Joe replied.

"Well," I said, "You are a pair of grown-up babies —"

"Oh, you can't talk, because I am old enough to remember how you used to go on with Ruth, when you were engaged. You were the very greatest spoon I ever saw," said Mary.

"Fie! for shame, Mary; how can you tell such stories," my wife remarked. "But I do wish that woman would send your dresses home. Here's four days to your wedding, and she promised them yesterday."

The four days have gone. Mary's wedding is over, and she is now Mrs. Joseph Kingsbury; and so the message of long ago is fulfilled. At first I thought of describing the wedding, but my power fails me.

Mary wore her "brocaded silk," and she looked every bit a bride. I gave her away, of course. My wife was dressed in a — oh, there now, I give it up; and when I got home the room set apart for Mary's *trousseau* being empty, I supposed she had taken her "six dozen of everything" with her.

Joe wrote me a letter during the honeymoon, and in it he said that he had got a congratulatory note from Scraggs, in which he wound up several surmises on the truth of Spiritualism with the words, "CAN IT BE?"

FINIS.

WE are pleased to observe that the committee of the Ballarat Mechanics' Institute have agreed to place the *Banner of Light* in the Reading-room. A correspondent of the *Courier*, signing himself "Impartial," thinks some preference has been shown over orthodox journals. Mr. Curtis ably replies to his letter in the issue of the 23rd August, intimating that Spiritualists have no objection to their literature being placed side by side with orthodox literature.

To Correspondents.

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

[Mr. Robert Caldecott sends us a long letter, accompanied by previous correspondence of his from the *Record*, relating to the "Postage Stamp Episode" of the Materialisation Séances. We cannot possibly find room for either, as however good his arguments may be, they are of less value than the testimony of the twelve eye witnesses of the event, nine of whom were in the séance room and three in the shop, two of the latter, who are personally acquainted with Mr. Spriggs, being positive that the form that came for the stamp was not he. The fact stands upon this testimony, and does not want bolstering up.—ED. *H. of L.*]

Sydney Letter, Joseph Cook, Mr. Stephen's Cures, and other contributions crowded out.

FREEWILL AND NECESSITY—A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "HARBINGER OF LIGHT."

SIR,—Permit me to point out an error in my last letter. On page 2271, second column, eighteenth line from the bottom, the word "Predestination" should be *Necessity*. According to the original draft of my letter I had thus differentiated Predestination and Necessity: "Predestination says that a man is the abject slave of his own evil tendencies; Necessity says that under certain conditions definite effects necessarily follow definite causes," etc. In transcribing for the press I seem to have omitted a line.—Yours obediently,

TRUE BLUE.

FREEWILL AND NECESSITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "HARBINGER OF LIGHT."

SIR,—While frankly acknowledging the ability displayed by "True Blue" in his rejoinder to my remarks on Freewill and Necessity, I fail to perceive wherein he has proved that the human will is determined by antecedents like other phenomena—that our volitions are the effects of causes which they uniformly obey—that we cannot restrain desire by the action of the will—and that the power of the mind does not co-operate in the formation of its own character. Until he does this, to enlarge upon the subject would only be taking up valuable space in your columns with an endless disquisition similar to that of whether originally the egg preceded; the chicken or the chicken the egg, to the exclusion of more important matter. I may, however, observe: "True Blue" and I evidently view the subject from two very different standpoints, for whilst he bases his arguments on metaphysics, I base mine on the practical experience of not only myself, but thousands of others. If he has never allowed his "strongest impulses" to be overruled by his sense of duty, that eloquent though silent voice of the god-like *Ego* within, I have frequently, though not on all occasions, I regret to say. Who has not at times felt the truth of the old saying, "a guilty conscience makes cowards of us all?" To say, as some do, that this innate sense of duty in man is an impulse, similar to the desires, which we can either restrain or cultivate, is as absurd as to say that the sense of sight is an impulse. If our every act is determined by the law of necessity as "True Blue" maintains, how in the name of common sense can we possess the power to choose between good and evil? and how can man be a responsible agent? It is true that, owing to men's judgments having been warped by false education, many crimes committed have been imputed to conscience, but conscience in reality never sanctioned the doing to others what we would not that others should do to us. Conscience never initiated polygamy, conscience never bade the Spartans steal, conscience never approved of slavery, conscience never built the Inquisition nor lighted Smithfield fires. It was the lust, the selfishness, and the religious fanaticism and bigotry of men that prompted these crimes, their consciences being for the time stifled thereby. Conscience never taught anyone that God was less just than man by requiring the innocent to suffer for the guilty;

erroneous teaching is responsible for this popular but fallacious dogma of that chief of sinners, Paul.

In reference to "True Blue's" strictures on the qualification I made in regard to man possessing conditional freewill "within the bounds of Nature's laws," will he kindly produce a stick with one end? I prophecy he will not do so, of the fulfilment of which I am as certain as I was of the one to which he alludes. In those rare instances, referred to by "True Blue," where extraordinary predictions were fulfilled, the information was received inspirationally from those who possessed the god-like faculty of prevision, through their spiritual perceptions having been greatly enlarged; otherwise, man's volitions, owing their variability, I hold, are incalculable. As "True Blue" states: "I send my children to school that their minds may be trained and their volitions made accurate," but if I believed that their volitions were determined and consequently fixed and unalterable I should certainly not do so, for were that the case I might just as reasonably send them to school to learn to live without breathing.

If man's every act is the outcome of strict necessity, and there be not some latitude, limited though that may be, in which he can exercise his will, then are we but a race of irresponsible automatons, a set of jumping-jacks set in motion as the string of necessity is pulled by some outside agency, and all acquisition of knowledge by us is sheer folly. Let "True Blue" transgress the law, and in court plead necessity as his excuse—he will then see of what little avail such a theory would be to him. If by the law of necessity the garroter is impelled to strangle and rob his victim, then it must be wrong to flog him for so doing. A proposition, I may add, may appear right in theory which when practically applied is found to be faulty. As human logic is incompetent to disprove the existence of God, so it is incompetent to disprove the spontaneity of man's thoughts, of which his actions, guided by his will, and limited by natural law, are the outcome, consequently the doctrines of necessity, determinism, fatalism, and predestination, which are antagonistic to man's moral responsibility, are false, misleading, and subversive of true religion, which points out, and that justly, that as we sow so shall we reap whether we are believers in Freewill or Necessity. As Bishop Moorhouse observed in the lecture he delivered on the 15th inst.: "Nature never disobeys the laws of her existence. Find out what she does, and you will discover what she ought to do. It is different, however, with man. Made in the image of God, endowed with freedom, he can, if he will, break through the divine order of his life. . . . He alone, of all the creatures on earth, can break the law of his being. And this being the case, a special faculty, conscience, has been given to him to enforce this law with the feeling of obligation."

Yours, &c.,

HUGH JUNIOR BROWNE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "HARBINGER OF LIGHT."

DEAR SIR,—Whatever may be Mr. Hugh Junior Browne's reply to the question put to him by your correspondent "Virtus-Via-Veritas," in your issue of July, I beg to be allowed, with Mr. Browne's permission, to dissent altogether from the exclusive claim set up according to your correspondent's statement by some of the "Orthodox" (?) party, that only they have any right to attempt Spirit Communion; all others who do not think as they do being utterly excluded.

This is a claim which I cannot suffer to pass unchallenged, and I challenge it at once.

The Pagans all over the world have enjoyed Spirit Communion from the earliest ages. *Ergo*, no one is excluded from it on account of their belief or creed.

As to Christ's "Divinity," I do not think that Mr. Browne or any other rational Christian denies Christ's divinity in the sense of his having a divine office or authority from the Supreme God to teach the men of his own day, as a man himself, who, according to his own statement, had received certain truth from God to deliver to mankind. What my fellow rational Christians do deny is the Supreme Deity of Jesus of Nazareth.

We deny flatly that he is or was in any sense "equal with the Father," the only Supreme and Ever-living God, whom we affectionately style "The Great Father Spirit."

I would strongly recommend every one who be on the way, to procure from you the masterly "Examination of Canon Liddon's Bampton Lectures," by a clergyman of the Church of England, published by Trübner and Co., London—and read it through. At page 314, the writer says as follows: "Protestant Monotheism, retaining the consecrated metaphor of dogmatic theology, has declared by the mouth of one of its ablest representatives (Neville) For the God of the Trinity must be substituted the *One God above* and within the world, filling the immensity of time and space with the inexhaustible riches of His power, whose *Eternal Word is the Universe*; the revelation of His thoughts the expression of His wisdom." I heartily commend these words to the attention of all heathenish Christians, feeling sure that all rational Christians will sympathise with them as I do.

I have never yet had a communication from any spirit that Jesus of Nazareth "came in the flesh"—the test of St. John referred to; and I must have had such communications from over two hundred of them in the past two years. But I maintain that the plain, unequivocal declaration of Jesus himself respecting himself, is worth more to us than all the worthless imaginations of the quasi orthodox about him. His statement to the Jews is, "Ye seek to kill me, a man, who has told you the truth, which I have received from God." If He said that, his words are quite enough to settle the question so long in dispute, and in the minds of all rational Christians these words are enough to make us all declare in His name that He never claimed to be God, or on an equality with God at all for he also says, "My Father is greater than I," and "I ascend to my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God." And on this point of his alleged co-equal Deity with the Father, the Supreme God, we refuse to acknowledge any other teaching than his own. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." But stop; Mahomet made use of the very same expression: "He that hath seen me hath seen God; he that hath obeyed me hath obeyed God; he that hath sinned against me hath sinned against God." So, then, Mahomet claimed to be God. Did he? Why the Mahometans would laugh you to scorn, and I have no doubt they do. They know their own language; you do not; and these expressions are just such as a native Eastern would use. What Mahomet and Jesus both spoke in the flowery, figurative language of the East, is simply, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father's or God's representative to man." Nothing more is intended to be conveyed by these words.

The Mahometan creed is: "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is His Prophet."

So the creed of Christian Monotheism is: There is no God but the Great Father Spirit, and Jesus is his Prophet."

And oh! what a great and glorious Prophet Jesus of Nazareth was and is! The first man was He to bring life and the immortality of man to light; exemplifying the true glad tidings of great joy to all men; now, 1852 years after he first brought it to the knowledge of mankind, reaffirmed to us by the ministry of angels and spirits of our departed friends. Herein is his truest glory—that which entitles him to the everlasting gratitude of mankind! Herein is his superiority to all other prophets and truth-teachers before and since his day. Do not deprive him of this his glory—his own peculiar glory—by making him God, equal with the Father, a usurper of a throne which is not his, and which he does not want. Not he! Do not, then, make him false to his life on earth—that life of fidelity to the Father whom he loved and served so faithfully, and of love towards all men, for which he was conspicuous. Do not set him up in your hearts as a usurper of his Father's throne—the unwilling teacher of a band of would-be rebels against his Father-God's rightful supremacy as "the only God"—the only true God—so declared by himself.

Why, oh! why will you persist in dishonouring him by your own self-willed high treason against the Supreme, the Great Father Spirit? Why persist in darkening God's love, and counsel, and kindness to mankind by your words without knowledge. My lords, ladies, and gentlemen, who dub yourselves in your own conceit Orthodox Christians, but who know nothing about Orthodoxy, Jesus was a great deal more simply Orthodox than you are! Search and see the contrast between his own pure Orthodoxy and that thing which now goes by the name. His teaching was pure and simple; ah, too simple for you. Compare your religion with his own, and then answer me: Is not your religion the religion of humbug. Money, extravagance, wantonness—*et hoc genus omne*? Is it not the world's religion? If it is of the world, the world loves its own, but it has nothing in Jesus of Nazareth! Is your religion one of love or fear? Has the true glad tidings made its way into your hearts; has it taken away from you the fear of death, by shewing you its true nature? Are you content and happy in contemplating the bright future life awaiting all men through the love of the Eternal Father? Do you rejoice in the message now being brought to you from the spirit worlds by the ministry of angels, exemplifying to you all the nature of the spirit-life awaiting you in your turn? Do you desire, and are you constantly, earnestly endeavouring to fit yourselves, as the sole arbiters of your own destinies, to be the consociates of the higher spheres of angels, or of the lower spheres of evil spirits? One or the other of which you must all be hereafter. In short, are your lives on earth *Spiritualised* in purity, love, goodness, and wisdom celestial? or are you not rather of this world, having set your sole affections on its material carnalities? If so, then pause. You call Jesus of Nazareth Lord and God! and yet do not the things which he requires at your hands—to do justly, to love one another, and to be good and do good to all, whether in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity. Any other religion than this is the religion of humbug. Deeds, not words, are wanted now.

I am, sir, yours fraternally,

UNITARIAN MINISTER.

Rockhampton, July 17th, 1882.

MAGNETIC HEALING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "HARBINGER OF LIGHT."

DEAR SIR,—My father, Mr. George Amand, asked me to favour him with a report of my late illness. I beg to state I suffered from severe pains all through my body, caused to the best of my belief through getting wet. I called in medical assistance, but to no advantage. A friend of mine happened to call in one morning, and after a little conversation said, "I think I can give you relief if you have no objection." At this time I could neither move hand nor foot, and the opportunity I gladly accepted. First, he placed one hand on my forehead, and the other on the back of my neck, and remained in that position for a minute or so. He next rubbed me all over, simply with his dry hands, and then placing himself in a position, drew his hands from my head to my feet several times without touching my body. I instantly felt relieved, and after four applications, of half an hour each morning, I was free from all pain.

I forgot to mention at the commencement of this report that I was laid down for four days before my friend called, and my medical adviser pronounced it rheumatic fever.

You are quite at liberty to make any use of this information, and my name, that you think proper.

I remain yours respectfully,

Joyce's Creek, 15/6/82. ROBERT AMAND.

WE have just received (No. 1 of vol. 2) *The Progressive Age*; a thirty-two page Spiritualistic magazine, published at Atlanta Georgia. Its contents are varied and interesting, but we have no space to enlarge on them this time.

REMINISCENCES.

By H. V. S.

II.

I HAVE confessed that I was a religious enthusiast at an early age. I was a firm believer in the doctrine of "Election and Predestination," disbelief in which I had been accustomed to regard as denial of the sovereignty of God. I have been the means of converting others to belief in this doctrine, who at first expressed abhorrence at the idea, and long held out against it. I had been taught that the Bible was the Word of God, and should not be read as other books; that very much contained in it was far out of reach of human reason; that if I prayed to God He would give me wisdom to understand it in His own good time. How earnestly I prayed will, to some extent, be made plain hereafter. I eschewed the boisterous games and pleasures natural to the young; my mind was almost continually prayerful; I carried a Bible in my pocket, and at every opportunity opened it—not one day of the week, but seven—with profound reverence; such passages as harmonised with my faith, or creed, filled me with ecstasy. Others, that for the moment troubled me (after praying to God for aid), I passed over, firmly believing that my perplexity was attributable to my want of understanding, and that that which had proceeded from the Most High was good, true, and must have a most important meaning. I cannot help thinking that I was at this time in some sense comparable to an aborigine whom I met with, north of the Murray, about 28 years ago. He was known by the neighboring settlers as "old Moses; well, Moses, I should say, was a most exemplary aborigine. He and his lubra and two picanninies occupied a most respectable miamia. I had many opportunities of observing their mode of life: in the morning Mrs. Moses went forth with her yam-stick and procured a supply of yams, which, when roasted in the embers of their fire, constituted the family breakfast. Meanwhile, old Moses was busily engaged with a broken iron spoon, and what appeared to be red ochre, in the ornamentation of opossum-skins. Later on, Moses went fishing or hunting terrestrial game. Here comes the similitude between Moses and me. Having to some extent gained his confidence, he (Moses) ventured to show me his treasures. First of all he took from his wallet a Bible—that had, I concluded, been given to him by some zealous bush missionary, who had told him all about it—and in a most solemn and impressive manner addressed me thus—"You make-a-light this one? This one bin-an-tumble-down long-a big one governor, long-a nother one country more further off, white feller bin-an-tell-run-me." I will not bore the reader with details of what followed, but I certainly think that poor old Moses suffers by the above comparison; for I had believed because I understood in part, but Moses believed without understanding at all. Therefore, his faith was superior to mine. In justice to these aborigines I must describe their family worship, at which I was allowed to be present. It was conducted thus. Old Moses took the Bible from his wallet. Mrs. Moses and the little Moseses squatted close to him, with hands clasped; then old Moses turned over the leaves of the Bible as rapidly as possible. When he reached the last page he reversed the book, and turned all the leaves back again, solemnly pronouncing the word "Men," intended, I conclude, for "amen," at the close. I must ask the reader to credit old Moses with this digression.

I have said that I firmly believed the Bible to be the Word of God, and that God in His own good time would give me wisdom to understand those parts of His Book that perplexed me, and that then I should realise the perfect harmony of the whole. Earnestly and continually did I pray to God for this enlargement of my understanding, not for the purpose of gaining a reputation for wisdom amongst men, but that I might better know how to serve my God. "If a man lack wisdom let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." These and other texts, for a time, gave me hope and peace. I said, in

the words of David, I will "rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him," little dreaming of the mental agony that would result from my earnest desire for a larger measure of wisdom. By self-examination—which had become a habit with me in early youth—I discovered that my devotional feelings were much more active in the open fields and woods, than in the house of God; I thought that this must be wrong, and it troubled me, but when unflinching introspection made me aware that I had not realised—although I thought I had—the truth that my only hope of salvation from everlasting perdition was through the blood of Christ shed upon the cross, the dreadful doubt of my condition alarmed me terribly. This was the first ruffling of the still, stagnant pool of unreasoning faith that preaged the commotion that would follow. I continued to pray fervently to God for help, and to read the Bible in a melancholy, despairing state of mind. A miserable interval elapsed, and I was impressed by the following text:—"Jesus answered and said unto them, ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God." I pondered over this text, and resolved to prayerfully read the Bible through, and to "mark, learn, and inwardly digest" every line. With yearnings deep, I reverently commenced at the first chapter of Genesis. Some parts of the first and second chapters perplexed me more than ever. I came to the third chapter and read, "And the Lord God called unto Adam and said unto him, where art thou?" "Who told thee that thou wast naked?" "Hast thou eaten of the tree?" . . . ? I could not believe that the ways of God were like the ways of foolish men, and that He pretended that He did not know these things, when He did. I had been taught, and believed, that "the eye of the Lord is in every place," and that all things are known to Him. I could not see my way out of this dilemma. Clinging to the hope that I should yet receive wisdom to light my path, I read on, . . . "and the Lord God said, behold, the man is become as one of us to know good and evil; and now lest he put forth his hand and take also of the tree of life and eat, and live for ever; therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the Garden of Eden." Pondering this passage, I mentally repeated, "One of us," and thought, is there more than one God? The latter portion of the above passage made a deep and painful impression upon my mind. I had been taught, and believed, that Adam was sent forth from the Garden of Eden in punishment for disobedience; whereas God Himself here declares that such was not the case, but that Adam was sent forth from Eden lest he should eat of the tree of life and live for ever. This seemed to imply that God did not wish Adam to live for ever, and that if Adam was permitted to remain in the garden he might possibly circumvent his Creator. These thoughts overpowered me. I believed that they were instigated by the Devil. I fell upon my knees, and earnestly prayed God to deliver me from evil; I even prayed that God might take away my life, to prevent me from sinking deeper in doubt and sin; and so intense was my desire to be perfectly submissive to His will, that I have prayed, if it be Thy will to consign me to everlasting perdition, so, Thy will be done.

MELBOURNE PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

THE following officers have been elected for the summer session, commencing Sunday next:—

CONDUCTOR . . . Mr. W. H. Terry.

SECRETARY . . . Mr. J. G. Hoogklimmer.

TREASURER . . . Mr. Moore.

GUARDIANS—Messrs. Johnston, Cherry, and Veevers.

LIBRARIAN—G. Johnson.

LEADERS—Messrs. Joske, Hoogklimmer, Lawson, Spriggs, Smart, Fischer, Veevers; Mesdames Johnston, Serle, Moore, Wilson, and Miss Brotherton.

Bye laws to prevent personal or business matters being introduced during the Sunday sessions, and defining membership, were passed on August 20th.

FREETHOUGHT (?) BIGOTS.

ANOTHER instance of the intolerance of the so-called Freethinkers has just come under our notice. One of our exchanges, "The Philosophic Inquirer," published at Madras, is a weekly Freethought paper, following much in the line of the "National Reformer," and ably edited by Mr. P. Murugesu Mudaliar. This gentleman, though a Secularist, is a Philosophic Freethinker and Progressionist, and conceiving that the Theosophical Society was to a large extent in harmony with his liberal ideas and objects, became a fellow of it. This action aroused the ire of the Hindu Freethought Union, of which he was secretary; and not content to receive his tendered resignation, they have excommunicated him. We are somewhat surprised to find from a letter of Col. Olcott's, which we append, that the English Secularists have endorsed this narrow policy, and actually forbid their followers to become members of the Society.

We extend our sympathies to Mr. Mudaliar, and hope he will find some more worthy supporters than the pseudo Freethinkers who have so meanly ostracised him. The following is Col. Olcott's letter:—

"TO THEOSOPHISTS.—The Hindu Freethought Union, of Madras, have been seriously, but angrily, discussing the question whether or not a true Secularist can be a Theosophist." This is an age of surprises verily, but who could have anticipated that a body of Infidels, boasting of their devotion to the principle of Freethought, would have been excommunicating one of their best members for putting their principles into practice? yet they have done just this in the case of Mr. P. Murugesu Mudaliar, the editor of that energetic paper, *The Philosophic Inquirer*. This gentleman, whose devotion to the cause of the Bradlaugh-Besant-Bennett party has been amply shown in the boldness of his editorial utterances; whose attacks upon orthodoxy in Hinduism have been so audacious as to bring him under the ban; and has, it seems, overstepped the lines of Secularist Orthodoxy. Sympathising with the broad, non-sectarian programme of the Theosophical Society, and seeing in it the promise of moral benefit to his countrymen, he became one of our Fellows. His brother did likewise. Straightway he was abused, insulted, and persecuted by his associate Infidels, who gave him to understand that he might think as freely as he chose, so that he did not think differently from them. The dispute became so bitter that they have started a new Infidel paper at Madras, which they prudently called the *Thinker*—it being apparent to them that the prefix 'Free' was a misnomer as regards such a Union as theirs. They are also doing what they can to ruin Mr. Murugesu Mudaliar and his journal; and by some kind of misleading reports to Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant, have induced them to announce in the *National Reformer* that a Secularist may not join the Theosophical Society. If these foolish young fellows of Madras had their proper share of common sense, in addition to whatever else they may be able to boast of, they would have thought twice before making themselves the laughing-stocks of all sensible men who are in fact as well as in name FREE-thinkers. Our sympathies are with Mr. P. Murugesu Mudaliar—though we stand on different ground as to religious matters—and we hope that our Members will take in his paper, if for no other reason, to show that we are above such petty meanness and bigotry. Though a Secularist may not be a Theosophist, yet a Theosophist may be a Secularist, and live and die one if he likes. In proof of which we may add that a large number of our Members in America, France, and Italy are thinkers of the boldest and freest sort as to the religions of the world.—H. S. OLCOTT.

"Bombay, 14th July, 1882."

THE REV. JOSEPH COOK, from his marked dislike or inability to reason, and his equally pronounced tendency to depart from facts, may aptly be styled the profound assertionist!

Subscriptions for volume 13 of the *Harbinger of Light* are now due.

BRISBANE.

On Sunday, June 18th, a ceremony of rather an unusual character was enacted at the Roman Catholic Cathedral—that of the consecration of a bishop to the diocese of Brisbane, in place of the late Dr. O'Quinn. The archbishop of Sydney officiated as consecrating bishop, assisted by about twenty other bishops and priests. The newspaper reports of the ceremony read like the accounts of some new performance just produced at the theatre, but for the introduction of new phraseology. If speaking of it as I would of a new opera (and it certainly was nothing else, with the addition of the word sacred), I should say it was magnificently mounted and put upon the stage; the rich crimson drapery, the handsome Brussels carpet, and the innumerable lighted candles with which the stage was decorated—the work of the scenic artists—showed that neither time nor expense had been spared to give a pleasing effect to the performance. Long before the performance commenced the cathedral was filled to overflowing, shewing that at least in a financial respect the success of the entertainment was ensured. That the performance had great attractive powers may be inferred from the fact that every one had to pay for admission (10s, 5s, and 2s/6 each), and we could not help thinking, on looking round, that the 2s/6 was required much more by those who had paid it than by the evidently well fed priests who took the different characters in the sacred opera, which commenced at half-past eleven, a.m., and continued till three o'clock in the afternoon. Several items were introduced that we do not remember seeing in any other opera, the consecrated repeatedly kneeling and kissing the archbishop's hand; the consecrated and the other bishops and priests kissing each other; and last, but not least, such was the admiration of many of the audience towards the consecrated that, as he passed among them at the conclusion of the ceremony, they took the opportunity of kissing his ring. The performance certainly carried away the feelings of the audience to such an extent that it would almost seem their reason had gone with them; persons in every other respect estimable seem to have no mind of their own, but immediately become unreasonable, and give up their freedom the moment it is required by the ministers of this church, which sways a wonderful power over its adherents. As an illustration of this power the following circumstance lately came under my notice: A gentleman who lives about thirty miles from Brisbane went to the Immigration Depot to engage a domestic servant; he found all the single girls engaged except one. To this one he offered the situation, informing her that he would require her to go back home with him the next day. "Glory be to God," she replied, "and do ye think I would lave Brisbane, and here's Father Fouhey that comes from the same county as myself, and he told me not to lave it. Glory be to God, I wouldn't lave here to go wid' ye for any price."

Yours, etc.,

GEORGE SMITH.

July 1st, 1882.

TRANSCENDENTAL PHYSICS.*

WE have received a copy of the second edition of the above valuable work, which though published at one-third the price of the original edition, contains all the illustrations and is as well got up, save that the paper and binding are of a somewhat lighter description.

Mr. Massey's preface to the second edition exposes the dishonesty of adverse critics, who by imperfect relation of the experiments, lead their readers to suppose that they were not scientifically reliable, and in other instances suppress facts the publication of which would nullify their theories.

* Transcendental Physics; an account of Experimental Investigations from the Scientific Treatises of Johann Carl Friedrich Zöllner, Professor of Physical Astronomy, &c., Leipzig. Translated from the German by C. C. Massey, Barrister. London, W. H. Harrison. 1882.

MESSAGE DEPARTMENT.

The following Messages are given through the organization of Mr. George Spriggs, by invisible intelligences professing to be the Spirits of human beings who formerly inhabited a physical body in this world. They come spontaneously, when the Medium is in an abnormal state called a "Trance," and are taken down as spoken by an amanuensis. They are published, not alone for their intrinsic interest, but in the hope that some of them will attract the attention of those to whom they are addressed.]

[We have received a verification of the Footsacry message from "Elizabeth and John H—," published in July No.]

Good morning sir and brother,—It is a great pleasure for me to come this morning and have a pleasant talk on the subject that so interested me during the latter part of my earth-life. I was as deeply interested in the subject as yourself, and could in all matters relating to spiritual manifestations afford to wait until the crowning manifestation was produced to give the finishing stroke and place it before the world on a scientific basis. I have been deeply interested in the manifestations at your circle, and I consider the results obtained are very valuable for scientific Spiritualism. I intend to try and work out the difficulties in Materialisation, and if possible to enter upon the work myself, so as to give a knowledge to the world. I cannot say what circle I shall manifest in, but I will try and give you the results of my experience. It seems to me that Spiritualism is not understood, and the underlying principles connected with it ought to be thought out and studied more. I will be with you again in about a month's time. Farewell.

EPES SARGENT.

[A further communication, received subsequently to the above, will appear in our next.]

Good morning sir,—I find a great pleasure in coming from my home in spirit-life to you. I heard a great deal of the subject of Spiritualism before I left. Perhaps you will understand when I tell you I was a member of the Christian Church some years before I died, and I was not very young when I left, being at the ripe age of 78. It was difficult for me to accept any new ideas. Indeed I was afraid it was the work of the evil one. But before I left the earth, my dear husband and my little girl appeared to me. I could hardly realise what it meant, but now I understand, as it has been made plain to me. How could I doubt the love of my child and husband! On entering into the new condition I could not; and yet it was hard for me to accept their statements. I have since been thankful to God that He has arranged for friends who have gone before to provide a happy home for us. It is pleasant to meet them, and to see the result of their labours. I was ailing for some time before my departure, and during my life I suffered a great deal both mentally and physically. But now I have entered into the rest prepared for me. I have been invited to come this morning in connection with friends, and have been told that you would publish my message to the world. I only wish that John would investigate for himself; I would then communicate with him.

MARY WHELP,

Richmond Port, Staten Island, New York.

[Our American contemporaries would favour us by republishing the above message. We should be glad to receive verification.]

MR. THOMAS WALKER.

MR. THOMAS WALKER is very hard to please. We have endeavored to say as little about him as possible, and confined ourselves to a simple narration of facts, according to our knowledge of them; but, because these do not redound to his credit, he is dissatisfied, and wants to color them with his own tints. He has published a pamphlet entitled "The Harbinger's Fair Play; its Misrepresentation of Mr. Thomas Walker," which we have neither time, space, nor inclination to review. A short preface, unique in the essence of the quality he charges us with (misrepresentation), announces his

object—viz., to let the public know the character of "the man at the helm!" We fear the spiritualistic public who do not already know that individual will not be much enlightened by the pamphlet. On reading it, we could not forbear smiling at the idea of the man who, in September last, wrote us from the "Cape," expressing paroxysms of delight at the receipt of the telegram inviting him to come here, and who "literally jumped for joy" over it, taking credit to himself for coming to oblige the Association.

With uncommendable ingenuity he tries to invert the meaning of a sentence in our last, where we give reasons for declining to publish "not only Mr. Walker's letter but other correspondence on the opposite side," leading his readers to understand that instead of acting impartially we were excluding all letters on the same side as Mr. Walker.

In last issue of this paper there appeared an article on the "Lyceum," relating circumstances connected with the recent attempt to secularize that institution in which Mr. W. played a prominent part. This, too, was not very enough for Mr. Walker, and, accompanied by a friend, he entered the committee-room during the monthly meeting of the Lyceum committee, and, intimating that he had a matter of importance to bring before them, a motion was passed that he should be heard; whereupon he produced the *Harbinger*, and read the report referred to, complaining of its incorrectness and imputing malicious motives to the writer of it. A discussion took place, at the termination of which the following resolution was passed:—"The members of this committee, judging from their personal experience at various meetings and sessions held lately, consider that the report of the late special meeting of the Lyceum, and the circumstances surrounding it, is substantially correct."

Mr. Walker having threatened that if the foregoing were passed without some addenda he would interrupt the session on the following Sunday, and that a policeman would be required to restrain him, it was agreed to attach the following statement, to be taken for what it was worth:—"but accept Mr. Walker's statement that it was not his intention to upset the spiritual basis of the Lyceum, nor to introduce atheism or materialism, but to give to all who should be enrolled as members an equal right to be eligible to every office." The resolution was then put, and carried unanimously.

Since writing the above we have received from the Secretary of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists the following copy of a resolution passed at the general committee meeting, held August 30th:—

"This committee affirm that the report headed 'Mr. Thomas Walker' in the *Harbinger of Light* for July last is quite correct."

Carried unanimously.

We leave the "Spiritualists of Australia," to whom Mr. Walker has dedicated his pamphlet, to draw their own inferences, and bid adieu to the subject.

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