

THE Harbinger of Light.

MONTHLY JOURNAL
DEVOTED TO

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

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

No. 14.

MELBOURNE, OCTOBER 1st, 1871.

PRICE SIXPENCE

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It is continually remarked of Spiritualism, that it appears strange how, in view of the great truths it claims to demonstrate, it should be so extensively denounced by scientists without examination—condemned without a hearing, and surreptitiously stabbed at by a mercenary press. But the reply should be as ready as the remark is frequent. In the history of progress throughout the world it has ever been so. Each new discovery that has shocked the prejudices of mankind has in turn been similarly scouted without reason, and assailed without decency. And at the present day, in spite of the asserted advance of scientific enlightenment, the prejudice against innovation or disturbance of established views respecting political principles, state government, or religion, is just as obstinate and unreasoning as ever. One tolerably patent fact must be borne in mind—viz., that the attacks of newspapers and periodicals cannot be regarded as an indication of the real views of the writers who occupy their pages. These gentlemen are so much hampered and controlled in the expression of their opinions as are the barristers who go into court bound in every voice and utterance to support one particular side of the question and attack the other, quite independently of their private ideas on the subject. It is impossible to suppose men of education and practised intelligence so blind and bigoted, and steeped in superstition as they represent themselves to be, except on this theory. Such opposition naturally retards the spread of truth, and the advantages of fresh discovery; but there is a compensating action in the manner of palpable disingenuousness with which the resistance is so constantly tinged. When the public (and the general public, after all, constitute the decisive tribunal of appeal) discern the ill-temper, the flagrant misrepresentations, and the malignant character of the opposition to Spiritualism, they are naturally dis-

posed to recognise the meanly interested motives that underlie the abuse of the hireling writers. The unprejudiced section of the subject will say:—"Why should a grave question, involving considerations of the highest importance to mankind, not be calmly, and fairly and temperately debated?" The assailants of Spiritualism betray themselves by their virulence and injustice. The articles and reference to the subject which have from time to time appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* are so helplessly illogical, and so obviously inspired by angry feeling that the writer has far overshot his mark, and unintentionally contributed to promote the cause that he has aimed to resist.

From this point of view, therefore, we are disposed to deal tenderly with the dull scribbler in the *Telegraph*; as well as to regard with charitable consideration the equally foolish, though more vigorous, manner in which the subject of Spiritualism has been assailed by the superior press. All that the believers in Spiritualism desire is dispassionate investigation of the matter, and this promises to be brought about much more extensively and expeditiously by the attention of the people being drawn to the spiteful and intemperate attacks of the miserable mercenaries of journalism, than by any other means that can be readily devised.

At the present time Spiritualism is largely engaging the enquiry and reflections of the public. It matters not that certain newspapers contradict this statement, or avert their views from its contemplation. We know that it is so, and that when once the truth becomes recognised by sincere and intelligent inquirers, they will grasp it with a hold which no power of man will ever induce them to relinquish. Many there are who, like Felix, are almost persuaded; and as many more, who fully believe, and yet for fear of the world's opinion, hold their convictions in secret. This is pitiful slavery, it is true, but the tyranny of orthodoxy is like the tyranny of fashion, it requires more moral courage than is in the average possession of mankind to make a firm stand against its oppression. Nevertheless we can say openly, without fear of persecution, what Galileo scarcely dared whisper even in his dungeon solitude,—*"Yet, still it moves."*

Yes—as the Pope and Cardinals proved powerless to prevent the rotation of the earth; and even as King Canute was unable to resist the flow of the ocean to his shores—so impossible will it be for princeling, priest, or pundit to obstruct the natural laws of Truths' eternal progression, or successfully oppose the advance of light upon the human mind. If Spiritualism is true, its saving influence will spread, and its knowledge can never be stayed in the course of its onward march. This will be the evidence for sceptics to observe; and by this infallible test we are prepared and willing to abide.

COMMUNICATION.

ORIGINAL SIN.

THE doctrine of original sin is a most pernicious and wicked one, and the thought of it is an insult to the justice of God. Who first asserted the wicked and soul-revolting doctrine, history does not tell, but this I am sure of, that the author of it was an *undeveloped* man, and perfectly innocent of inspiration from above.

The soul of man comes into existence pure and unpolluted, and all mankind are equal at their birth. It is the circumstances under which man is born into the world, and the conditions by which he is surrounded, that determine to a great extent the method of his life. If born of harmonious parents, and with a good physical organism, and nurtured in the lap of comfort and refinement, man will develop rapidly, and attain to a state of intellectual refinement, and if not brought up in theological errors, will judge *intuitively* of the nature of his immortal life. If, on the contrary, he is born of inharmonious parents, with an imperfect mental organization, and into low and undeveloped society, he will grow with little knowledge or idea of immortality, and a stranger to the highest feeling of man's immortal mind. But through all its vicissitudes, the soul remains pure and unpolluted. It is *imprisoned*, as it were, in a dungeon, but it cannot die. It is the *immortal principle*, the *heavenly germ*, an *atom* of the *Divinity*, and is pure and *holy*. I have seen men pray to God for hours with fainting hearts, for this imaginary sin to be removed. It is sad to see man's worshipping propensities so prostituted. Man is free from all sins committed prior to his existence, and the doctrine of original sin originated doubtless from a misconception of the Commandment of Moses, in which he, assuming himself to be the interpreter of God's will and words, states that "God will visit," &c., &c.

All this is very *true*, and it is apparent in all generations—the sins of the fathers and mothers are inherited by the children, and are apparent often for generations. But this is *not* a punishment from God upon the children for the transgressions of their parents, but a necessary consequence of the sin and wrong done by their progenitors. The embryo is the likeness of the parent, having the organisation and propensities stamped upon it, and unless favourably for development, its life and actions are a trial and misery. The weakness of the superior faculties enables the *animal* propensities to overrule everything, causing misery and unhappiness to itself and others. If, on the contrary, the embryo man is removed early to more congenial soils, apart from the parental influence, and with good and pure associates and examples, it will alter its entire nature, and prove to the world its innate and original purity. God made the universe harmonious, and man is the work of His harmonious creation, therefore to believe that man is born imperfect, or "in sin" is an insult to the wisdom and power of God.

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS IN EUROPE.—It may be of interest to some of our readers to be informed that early in last month, T. L. Harris and Laurence Oliphant left England for a tour in France. We are not yet aware whether Mr. Harris will publish anything, or preach in this country, before his return to the United States.—*The Medium for July.*

Poetry.

PROGRESSION.

SINCE this planet called earth reached that stage of progression,

Which rendered it fit for the advent of man,
The Lord of Creation, as poets have called him,
But rather the apex of that mighty plan,
Connived and completed by wisdom omnipotent
The result of divine and immutable laws,
By which earth as a section of universe infinite,
In concert harmonious rolls round the First Cause.

Since then e'en till now, without rest or cessation,
Each nation, and age with a longing intense,
Have asked the same question of prophet and teacher,
But are still darkly groping in doubt and suspense.
When death comes, is all over? or is there another,
A higher and brighter existence than this,
Where the spirit set free from the clay which now clogs it
Shall advance to a state of unspeakable bliss,
Where the Good and the True shall together commingle,
And affinity act as affection acts here,
The bond of a pure and unselfish love binding
The spirits harmonious in each happy sphere?

Yes onward and upward through cycles eternal,
As in purity, wisdom, and love they increase,
Our spirits shall rise till in glory supernal
They reach the bright circle of infinite peace.

Then here in this birth-place of life everlasting
This pathway which leads to the boundless before,
This primary stage of the souls' long curriculum
In wisdom celestial, and heavenly lore;
Let us practice and cherish those virtues and graces
Which tend to ennoble, exalt, and refine,
And when death has released, shall our spirits encircle,
With a halo of beauty and glory divine.

W. G.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear,
The fairest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread,
He bears our lov'd things away,
And then we call them *dead*.

He leaves our hearts all desolate—
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad this scene of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Amid the tree of life.

And where he sees a spirit bright,
Or heart too pure for taint or vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in paradise.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we greet them, altered not,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe
Is life. There are no dead.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers are reminded that their Subscriptions for the current Year are now due, and respectfully requested to forward the same to the publisher, Mr. W. H. Terry, 96 Russell street, Melbourne.

To Correspondents.

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

MR. M'LEAN'S LECTURE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR—I am sorry that our friend Mr. M'Lean has misunderstood the purport of my letter relative to his late lecture. My object in writing was to induce him to show in what manner Spiritualism proves a miracle to be scientifically and philosophically impossible; also to point out that Mr. M'Lean's argument, put forth with a view of demonstrating the truth of his assertion, respecting miracles, involved a direct contradiction. Mr. M'Lean has not enlightened me upon the first point, nor justified his position in regard to the other; but simply repeats his former assertion. It is, however, proof, and not assertion, that is required. If our friend will afford me this proof I shall certainly find myself a wiser man.

Relative to the possibility of the supernatural, I will not venture to give an opinion. My modesty is such that it will not allow me, finite and fallible mortal that I am, to make dogmatic assertions respecting the limits of a power which Mr. M'Lean speaks of as being infinite. Nor is it necessary for me to produce evidence in favour of the possibility of miraculous interpositions, since my opponent has, himself, done so for me. Thus, in his letter he speaks of our Heavenly Father having created laws. Now, if that means anything, it means that there was a time when God was and when laws were not; or, at least, that there was a time when some of these laws were introduced into the then existing natural system, or made with it. If this is not a miracle I am woefully in error, and beg earnestly for correction and enlightenment.

Mr. M'Lean, however, is by no means the only one who, seemingly, hold opinions such as those I have referred to. Over and over again we hear of glib assertions having been made to the effect that "the supernatural is, now, blotted from the dictionary; consigned to the limbo of forgetfulness, &c., &c., &c." If these statements are true, they admit of being proved, and I, for one, should like to see the proof; and if such proof is not produceable, no one will, I should think, blame me that I regard the matter as yet undemonstrated, and as one concerning which we are not exactly in a position to give an unquestionable verdict.

THOMAS HARRISON.

Collingwood, Oct. 2nd, 1871.

LA REGINA DAL CIN.

(From a Correspondent).

CENEDA, DISTRICT OF VITTORIA, PROVINCE OF TREVISO,
VENETIA, 27th June 1871.

In one of my former letters to the *Scotsman*, I referred casually to the operations performed and the cures effected in hip complaints by a peasant woman of Treviso, by name Regina dal Cin. I wrote from hearsay, having then neither time nor opportunity to examine and verify for myself the facts and circumstances. Since then, to the local fame of La Regina has been added that acquired in Trieste, where, in the presence of the local authorities, of all doctors and surgeons who chose to be present, she had performed 300 operations with the precise results previously predicted by herself. The natural desire of every afflicted mortal to be rid of his burden overcoming the virulent and, I must say, disgraceful opposition of the faculty, has made Ceneda the resort of the halt and lame of the surrounding provinces, and of numerous Germans. And the peasant woman, passionately attached to her native place, refusing the munificent offers of the municipality of Trieste, has returned home to her nest on the hills, whence I doubt whether the offer of a vacant foreign throne would fail to lure this natural-rightly named Regina (Queen.) From L—, a small town in the district of Palisine, where I spend my summer months invariably, seven individuals afflicted with different hip complaints have gone forth during the last fifteen days; and I determined, as soon as the close of Parliament should free me from the usual routine of correspondence, to visit Ceneda, and form my own opinion as to the alleged miracles. So, yesterday, accompanied by a clever surgeon of L—, and a literary friend I left L—at four p.m., took train at Este, and descending at Comigiano, continued by carriage to Ceneda, where we were fortunate in recognising an old friend in the surgeon chosen by the Government to accompany La Regina in her visits, and report on the operations. I certainly came armed with a sufficient panoply of scepticism, but I must now confess that I find it difficult to retain the *sang froid* necessary for the comprehension of the extraordinary performances enacted before one's eyes. We first visited a house in the town where a benevolent old lady has housed nine patients of our district, on eight of whom the Regina had already operated. Two young girls of L—, who left us absolute cripples, came out to meet us on the staircase. The surgeon, who had known them from their birth, and deemed them absolutely incurable, could scarcely believe his eyes. One walked perfectly, the other with a slight limp, which with time will vanish. One pretty Venetian girl also walked perfectly; others, still bandaged, assured us that they can walk, but the Queen has forbidden any attempts for the present. In one of the rooms we found Signora Fracassette, the wife of another doctor of L—, "all in a maze," to use her own expression; and her little son, lame "from his birth," now eight years old, whose right leg, owing to complete luxation of the femur, had been operated on in the morning. We felt the hip-joint; the head of the femur is in its proper cavity. We measured the two legs; they are of equal length. "Did it hurt you, Mengo?" I asked. "Not a bit!" "Have you any pain now?" "No! only mother won't let me get up and play." The Queen has ordered the child to remain in bed until next Sunday: on Monday he may be carried home.

At 3 p.m. we drove out to "Anyano," the hamlet where for forty years La Regina (unostentatiously, even as her peasant grandfather and peasant mother before her) has been known as the "bone-setter" by all the country round. They, it seems, confined their operations so exclusively to the poor of the adjacent mountains that the doctors took no offence; but "La Regina" has been persecuted outrageously by the surgeons of the province. Times out of number she has been fined, and once imprisoned, for illegal practice. Only since her so recently-created reputation at Trieste has public opinion proved too strong for her enemies. At the present moment, 350 patients are lodged in Ceneda or Serravalle. Were any ill-advised member of the Faculty

A most remarkable work has recently been published, entitled "The Coming Race." It contains progressive ideas of a startling description. Mr. Oliphant is said to be the author.

to attempt now to dry up that source of prosperity to the inhabitants, I fear me much that he would find the place too hot for him. Indeed, her present opponent, Dr. L., has capitulated: he now accompanies her in her rounds, and is one of her loudest, if not of her most cordial supporters. While these particulars were being narrated to us by the villagers, and confirmed by her son, Don Piero, a very handsome young priest, La Regina came out of her little parlour with some patients she had just examined, and we were duly presented. She is about fifty years of age, below the middle height, slight but strongly knit, black hair parted over a low square forehead, bright piercing eyes, a hatchet-shaped nose, large but very good mouth, hands small and perfectly formed, her movements gentle. She dresses as any lady; but two months since, they tell us, she dressed as a peasant—a white handkerchief turban-fashion on her head, a coloured kerchief over her bust, and short dress. In our presence she examined a child of three and a-half years old, with total luxation of the thigh bone, and instantly said, "Yes, I can set that right perfectly." Then an artisan from Este led in his wife and a friend. To the former she said—"I can put the bone in its place, but the leg will remain shorter than the other." To the second—"It is no use putting the bone in its place; it will come out again." Then came an artisan from our town of L—. Without waiting for him to undress, La Regina passed her hands over his fustian trousers, and said, "I can do nothing, *scodella saucer* is full of flesh." You will bear in mind that she can neither read nor write; has never dissected or seen a corpse dissected. Her anatomical knowledge is, however, extraordinary; it exists at the tips of her fingers. Of scientific terms she knows nothing; the human body for her is composed of *bone, flesh, and nerves*. Of four doctors present (one German), all declared that had the case been subjected to them they could simply have said the thigh bone is out of place, but could not have formulated a diagnosis, much less have pronounced thereon. I asked La Regina whether she considered hers a "special gift." She said—"At first I thought all doctors could do as much as we did and more; now I know better—it is a gift of the Lord—it is in our fingers." She says that she has taught her son, but that as he is a priest, he must obtain "liberty from the Pope" before he can practise. I only repeat what I myself have heard her say, as every one has a different history of her life, origin, and performances. When I told her that I came expressly to see her at work, and to write about her to a Scotch newspaper, her face lighted up. "Would you go to England?" I asked; "you would make thousands of francs." "No, no," she said, "it is too far, this is my home. I remain among my own people." But she seemed pleased that foreigners should know of what she is capable of, and is touchingly kind to a German surgeon, whose daughter she has cured, and who is so absorbed in her operations that he follows her from eight in the morning to eight in the evening, carefully noting every patient—name, age, state previous to and after the operation.

On leaving her house, La Regina gave us an appointment for 8 A.M. this morning, and we have been with her more or less until now (6 P.M.), visiting old patients, watching her examine fresh ones, and perform two operations. I say more or less with regret, for we lost sight of her for a few minutes, and during that time she performed three operations. For this I reproached her, and she said—"I can't help it; I must take the moment when the 'nerves' are sufficiently relaxed. Sometimes when I have told a person that I cannot operate for a week, I find my moment on the morrow—tic-tac, and it is done." This "tic-tac" describes her manoeuvres precisely. At 10 P.M. she took us to a house where a nice little fellow of twelve and a-half years of age lay expecting her. For four days poultices of bran (of Indian corn) and marshmallow leaves had been applied. We examined the leg—the doctors, the German, and Italian, and her enemy of yesterday, Dr. L., of Ceneda, pronounced the case to be luxation of the femur. They measured the legs—one was shorter by three centimetres. Then the other; you could both see and feel the thigh bone out of place. The aunt present gave the usual

answer—"he was born so;" but, questioned, admitted that the lameness had only been noticed when the child began to walk. "When shall you put the bone in its place, and let me go home?" said the boy. "To-morrow." As she spoke, the Regina placed her *left* hand under the thigh bone, took hold of the leg just above the ankle, bent up the knee, pulled it straight with a rotary motion outwards; this, in far less time than it takes me to write; the boy never changed colour or stirred; the doctors looked from one to the other; then, Didimus-like, touched the thigh and measured the feet: the bone had returned to its socket, the legs were precisely of the same length. The Regina laughed her very pleasant laugh as she steeped some tow in the white of egg beaten to a froth, and deftly bandaged the thigh and waist, enjoining perfect repose for a few days. I felt, like Signora Fracassette, "all in a maze"—quite breathless, in fact. Outside the door of the same house was a young man, who had been operated on in the usual manner with ropes and pulleys five times, all unavailing, and the last time by Zanette, the Florentine surgeon who extracted the ball from Garibaldi's ankle, and by Rasati, one of our best surgeons during the campaign of 1866. Operated on by La Regina, the young man walks perfectly.

After dinner, by appointment, we met La Regina at Serravalle, another village about half-a-mile distant. There we saw a young Greek from Corfu, twice operated on by Nelaton. He came here on crutches, wearing an instrument much admired by surgeons. La Regina operated on the lame foot with perfect success. The lad returns home to-morrow.

And here for to-day I must lay down the pen, as there is a *grand spectacle* at the theatre in honour of the "Queen," and my companions insist on my accompanying them; but before quitting Ceneda I shall return to the subject, as I feel certain that the halt and the lame of bonnie Scotland will not be long before they put the capacity of the peasant Queen to the test.

I will only add, by way of caution, that La Regina never guarantees an operation for deformities produced by disease, rarely fails in those caused by accident, and is now extremely cautious in operating unless she feels certain of effecting a perfect cure.

This caution proceeds from a double motive—the dread of hostile criticism, and the hope of obtaining from the Italian Government a patent authorising her to exercise her talents legally. Its effects are evidently baneful, as it deters her from alleviating where she cannot cure. "Why did you not operate on N.N.," I asked her, referring to the wife of the artisan from Este, whom she visited yesterday for the second time, and sent home without operating. "The leg would remain 3½ centimetres shorter than the other." "Granted," I answered, but the thigh bone would have returned to the socket, and instead of a deficiency of 7 centimetres, you say that but 3½ would have remained." True, *viscere*, but *non riu fa honor*. "These operations don't do me credit; the people go home, and their friends laugh and say, 'lame for lame, it's all the same.'"

I observe, however, that if the friends or relations insist, La Regina complies. Indeed, her passion for her art often prevails over her material hopes or fears. There is in an adjacent house a child of seven years whose knee is drawn up, whose right thigh almost lies across the left—the little leg is half withered. La Regina means to operate, and maintains that she shall succeed in all save in giving length to the leg. Let her try, at any rate the operation is painless and instantaneous. It seems to me that she surprises nature, puts the rebellious limb into place before the muscles have time to contract or offer resistance. Even if she fail (and of her 350 patients there is but one who is dissatisfied) no harm ensues. Can our ordinary surgeons say the same?

I must add that La Regina has no fixed fee, she takes what is given—nothing for visits unless followed by operations, nothing *ever* from the poor, whom she often helps from her own purse.

MOTTO FOR A REJECTED SUITOR.—He wooed, and she wouldn't. He cooed, and she couldn't.

OF WHAT USE ARE SPIRITUALISTS?

THE following, which relates to our agent at Stawell, we clip from a recent issue of the *Tarrangower Times*. Mr. M'Lean, who is a thorough student of Mama Nature, has travelled much in America and the East. He had charge of the Castlemaine and Tarrangower districts for several years prior to his promotion to Pleasant Creek, in each of which places he has delivered several highly-interesting lectures upon the science of phrenology and kindred subjects, for charitable purposes:—

"MEDICAL BOTANY.

"The subjoined letter, published in the *Pleasant Creek News* of Thursday last, will be read with interest by the very many friends of Mr. James M'Lean in this district. To the letter we can add, from our own knowledge, that Mr. M'Lean, by the means of Medical Botany, cured a very severe case of diphtheria, and that, too, from a pure love of and belief in the science. His intimacy with the father of the child enabled him to insist, as it were, upon performing the cure, which he did in the presence of the present writer, the said father of the said child. The following is the letter:—

"Reefs, Thursday, August 17, 1871.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE PLEASANT CREEK NEWS.

"SIR,—In your paper of last Tuesday I observe a letter from a Mr. George Cook, copied from the Melbourne *Herald*, giving an account of a remarkable cure which was effected through the timely intervention of Mr. James M'Lean, of Stawell. Presuming that the said Mr. M'Lean is our present Crown Lands Bailiff, I, too, would, with your kind permission, thankfully acknowledge that gentleman's kindness and ability in promptly and most effectually prescribing for my grandchild, whilst it was in a most exhausted condition a short time ago, not through Spiritism, but from his acknowledged intimacy with the human structure, and the practice of medical botany. It may not be known that Mr. M'Lean has, upon several occasions of my knowledge, done much good in this way, and as the doing of such appears to him a pleasure, I deem it my duty to thus acquaint my suffering friends who may come within his official supervision or otherwise, as also to tender to that gentleman the united thanks of myself and daughter.

I am, Sir, &c.,

T. WILKS.

THE MANIFESTATIONS THROUGH MR. HOME.

A CELEBRATED debater once said, "Only give me facts and I will prove anything." The editor of the *Mount Alexander Mail* has, probably, met with this assertion, and, being ambitious of shining as a sophist, if not as a sound logician, has selected the singularly striking facts, lately vouched for by Mr. William Crookes, F.R.S., as a sort of fulcrum for the lever to rest upon that is, at once, and for ever, to overthrow the structure of modern Spiritism. Many persons will be surprised at this, for the majority, we will venture to say, regarded Mr. Crookes's evidence as all on the side of the Spiritualists. Speaking for ourselves, we think this is the case still, and none the less after having carefully perused the *M. A. M.* article from beginning to end. The "celebrated debater" has evidently committed himself to making a false statement, or the up-country writer referred to is a bungler at his craft.

Possibly the failure is not a little attributable to the circumstance that the writer does not finish even his first sentence without uttering a barefaced misrepresentation, discoverable by any one who will take the trouble to read, for himself, the details of the experiment performed by Mr. Home, and related in the last number of the *Quarterly Journal of Science*. Our colonial writer speaks of Spiritism being, at last, discovered to be a new force; because, for the sake of convenience, it is so styled by the *savant* who conducted the above experiment; and by the *savant* who conducted the above experiment; and jumps to the conclusion, either thoughtlessly or maliciously, that it must be a force originating, solely in the

person of the medium, on no better ground than that it is doubtful, to many persons, whether the force had such an origin or not.

Candidly speaking, the experiment is not a demonstrative one, and that, so far as concerns the spiritual argument, is the very worst that can be said of it. There is just a possibility of explaining the depression of the plank, by the theory of nerve aura, but the explanation will have weight with but a very few. Granted this, simply for the sake of argument; and as an accordion is played by depressions or expansions and contractions of the bellows, and the depressions and elevations of certain keys, it may be conceded that this nerve aura acting in one case, acts in the other also, but the admission involves such an amount of complications and utter improbabilities, he must be indeed gullible who receives such elucidation of the mystery as satisfactory. This would be the case supposing that Mr. Home knew the tune played, and acted upon the keys, by the agency spoken of, as he would otherwise have done by his fingers. Generally speaking, the movements, brought about by mediumistic action, are not instantaneous, there is a lapse of some time, often of many minutes, between the moment when the medium's fingers are brought into contact with the body to be moved, and the moment when the movement actually commences. Fancy this lapse of time intervening between the alternate openings and closings of the keys of an accordion that is to play an agreeable melody. Fancy even a slow tune like "God Save the Queen," long drawn out, with the various notes five minutes, one minute, or even fifteen seconds apart! Again, the accordion is not like an organ, so that the touching of a particular key produces a given note; every key produces two notes, one by the expansion, the other by the contraction of the instrument, and this, therefore, more than doubles the difficulty. The *London Spectator*, writing upon the subject, says:—"It would be well to enquire whether the accordion played a tune unknown to Mr. Home or any of the company." This is a most reasonable question, and one we trust will be taken into consideration at future seances. But, granted that one of, or even all, of the company save Mr. Home knew the tune, were thinking of the tune, and were earnestly wishing that it should be played: nay, that, one and all, by previous arrangement, mentally went through the process of fingering the instrument, and the difficulties of the nerve force hypothesis, are not one whit diminished. Here is complication with a vengeance. Certain persons think and will a particular thing to occur; the will is transmitted, involuntarily, to a second person, who, without knowing what has been willed, transmits—also without willing to do so—this will to the keys of an accordion in such a manner that the tune played by the accordion is correct, harmonious, and exactly such as was required to be given by certain members of the company.

But granted that it is the mysterious nerve power, and not spirit action, that does it all and what have we? Why nothing less than an argument that rightly used will shiver materialism to atoms. Whatever the force is, it is able to move bodies, and to move them with such exactness and precision, that the result is harmony; and further, this force, too, is not seen, it is altogether impalpable to ordinary touch, and undiscoverable by ordinary experiments. Considerations, which, certainly, ought to lead one to the conclusion that the visible organization is not the actual man; and, since the phenomena spoken of, are made manifest without conscious action of such organisation, that the same nerve atmosphere or aura may possibly be able to perform similar feats—and intellectual feats—when wholly separated from the corporeal frame, in short, when existing and acting as a disembodied spirit.

Since writing the above, we notice that our old friend Mr. Naylor has invited the editor of the *Telegraph* to inspect certain spirit drawings exhibited at a recent lecture. The editor has criticised these productions, and Mr. N. not at all unreasonably supposes the editor would be better able to come to a right conclusion with respect to what he criticises, if he, as a preliminary step, made himself acquainted with the matter he professed to write upon. The editor declines to accept of the invitation,

on the ground—evident enough—that he does not care to make himself acquainted with facts, when such are likely to upset his particular theory. The editor of the *Telegraph* is clearly no Baconian. He first forms his hypothesis, incontinently swears by it, and, having done so, looks about for such facts as may substantiate his opinions, but steadily resolves to have nothing to do with such as may unfortunately prove averse to his argument.

DELTA.

DISCOVERY OF OIL-VEINS THROUGH SPIRIT AGENCY.

In the second part of an article called "The Carpet-bagger in Pennsylvania," in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1869, p. 738, there is this account of Mr. James, who, at spiritual instigation put down the celebrated artesian well at Chicago. It is well known that Mr. Abraham James bored this well in the very face of the most positive assertions of the geologists that it was a useless attempt, and that he drew no profit whatever from that most successful experiment. The spirits then advised him to go to the oil-fields of Pennsylvania. Here, then, we find him:—

ABRAHAM JAMES AT THE OIL-FIELDS.

"Pleasantville was the quietest of villages a few months ago, and now the liveliest oil-pumping place in the State. Whence this change? Early in the days of speculation in oil-lands, much of the country about here was bought up and held at high prices, until experience seemed to have demonstrated that accessible oil-veins were confined to the low lands and the banks of streams. Pleasantville is high and hilly; so the farms thus secured soon slipped out of the hands of speculators, and fell back to their old prices. There they remained, till a man named Abraham James, a Spiritualist and a medium, passed this way. Here is what he says happened to him, as he was for the first time (October, 1866) riding through Pleasantville with some friends:—

"I was violently influenced and controlled by a power outside myself. Forced from the buggy over the fence, and becoming entirely unconscious, I was moved some distance across the fields, and made to stop upon a certain location, where my controlling influence said to those present, pointing towards the earth, 'Here is an immense amount of petroleum.'

"This assertion seems to have been corroborated by abundant dreams and visions; and in August, 1867, amidst the scoffs of unbelievers, work was commenced by the faithful on the spot indicated. In December, a depth of 700 feet had been reached, and the third sand-rock passed through—still no oil. The faithful began to falter, and stock in the 'Harmonial Well'—for so it had been named, in honor of the spiritual philosophy—became a laughing-stock throughout the oil region. Still, James and a small band of believers kept the drills going, and people who reviled their creed began to admire their pluck. This certainly was real, whatever might be said of their powers of prophecy. In January the tools had gone down 100 feet farther, and still there was 'no show.' When compared with Drake's well, which struck oil at 96½ feet, this 800-foot well of the Harmonials was certainly an enterprise deserving of respect. When compared with the deepest wells that had yet found oil—beginning at Drake's depth—they had finally got down to 600 feet in Pithole Creek—it looked, to secular eyes, like that most abhorred and derided thing, a 'dry hole.'

"It was not 'Crazy Drake' now who was the subject of derisive comment; it was 'Crazy James.' People laughed louder than ever when he proceeded to build tanks for his oil—a folly of which no sane man in testing new territory had ever yet been guilty. But James was so sure of his bird, that he was determined to have his cage ready; and, truth to say, it was not long before the cage came into use. On the last day of January, the tools were well down in the fourth sand-rock, at a

depth of 835 feet, and on the morning of the 1st of February, the little world of Pleasantville was astounded by the news that oil had been struck. The pumping apparatus was adjusted, and the amazed citizens saw a stream of black oil spout into the tanks. Everybody was in high glee; not the Harmonials alone, who were of course rejoiced at an event which seemed to justify their large outlay of faith and money; but the grim farmers of the neighbourhood who, though they did not believe in spiritual gifts, did believe most firmly in a flow of oil, rubbed their rough hands with satisfaction, well aware how this lucky chance, as they called it, would affect the value of their lands.

"This happened only nine months ago, and now witness the result. James's 'Harmonial Well, No. 1,' made known to all comers by the conspicuous sign nailed aloft on the derrick—all the wells are named and labelled in this way—is surrounded by a community of derricks thick as trees on a Southern deadening.

"I hardly know what effect this practical argument of the Spiritualists may have on the minds of unbelievers. I talk with some of these, who smile at it, saying that, although James's enterprise succeeded, many similar attempts to find oil or treasure through spirit agencies have failed, and that, consequently, nothing is proved. Still, I perceive that they speak of James with respect. There is one good thing—success; everybody appreciates that; and I find a number of Spiritualists of the practical sort at Pleasantville, and a still larger crop of persons who do not believe in spiritual agency, but who yet have faith in location of wells through the indications of the hazel switch in sensitive hands. A goodly proportion of the wells now drilling are going down on spots where mediums have stuck their sticks or the hazel-rod has turned."

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—A splendid illustration of Mr. Darwin's theory has turned up in Vienna. There is a girl there, aged thirteen, a native of Palermo, Thérèse Gambardella, who is literally covered with hair so thickly that the Vienna papers pronounce her skin more like a fur than anything else. The famous Julia Pastrana is described as perfectly smooth compared with the new claimant to celebrity, whose hairy covering extends from head to foot, even the forehead—which in similar cases is said to have been invariably found bare—being entirely overgrown. The head closely resembles that of a monkey, and several abnormalities in the build of the body still further complete the resemblance. We do not hear whether the young lady is graced with a tail, but the shape of her jaws and teeth, the pliability of her tongue—which she can roll up completely in her mouth—her excellent appetite, her restlessness, &c., strikingly remind one of the agile and amusing animals in our Botanical Gardens. Signorina Gambardella's intellect and activity is said to correspond with her prepossessing exterior. She is a great favourite with the public, medical and otherwise, and appears to have achieved a conquest over the photographers, who are quarrelling for the honour of taking her likeness.

—o—

WHAT IT COSTS.—Commissioner Wells, who has been gathering facts and statistics concerning drinking and its consequences, furnishes these facts:—"600,000 common drunkards in the United States; 2,000,000 people, including women and children, involved in misery by the habitual use of alcoholic liquor, as a beverage, every year; 200,000 paupers made every year by drunkenness; 400 suicides of drunkards every year; 300 murders every year by drunkards; 200,000 orphans made every year by the drunkenness of parents; 100,000 people yearly sent to drunkards' graves; 100,000 drunkards sent to prison every year; 130,000 licensed dram-shops; 390,000 persons employed in them; 40,000,000 dollars expended in preventing crime caused by them every year; 1,573,491,816 dollars paid every year for intoxicating inks at dram-shops.

NOTES OF PHENOMENA OBSERVED AT
CIRCLE MEETINGS.

(Continued.)

SEANCE XIX.

Present, four ladies, three gentlemen, and one at a side-table taking notes. A still evening; no wind; ther. in room, 62°. Noises began in fifteen minutes, and first movement of table thirty-five minutes after invocation. Relationship claimed with one lady present, by movement. Alphabet called, and D.E.H.W.K.F.K. W.M.O. obtained; after a short interval, the following: L.E.T. H.E.R. W.R.I.T.E. O.R. T.R.A.N.C.E. As we somewhat hastily decided to place the person indicated at a side table, and to continue the seance without her, we got neither writing nor trance, nor indeed any further symptom of intelligence.

SEANCE XX.

Still night; ther. 61°, bar. 29.85; wind light, N.W. Present the same persons, and one lady visitor, who did not sit in circle. Sounds began in twenty-five, and first move in forty, minutes after prayer. We could obtain no definite or intelligent reply to any question. Alphabet called over, the following letters were taken down:—G.U.L.L.S. M.I.G.H.T. Y.L.F. T.U.B. U.O.Y. T.O.N. After some examination it was seen that the first two words were "Gulls might," and the remainder spelt backwards would read, "fly, but you not." As it was evident that there was some cause that we were ignorant of, operating against any intelligent manifestation, we decided to break up the circle for the present.

SEANCE XXI.

Four ladies and two gentlemen formed a new circle. High wind from N. Sat for an hour and a-half. All that were elicited were a few noises on the table, side-board, bookcase, and cornice, and a gentle movement of the table. Ther. 60°.

SEANCE XXII.

Present same persons as at last—three ladies sat together. Quiet evening, bright moonlight; ther. 62°. Darkened the room, and movement of table began in half an hour. Alphabet was called, and the following obtained:—In answer to "Who is there?" M.A.R.T.I.N. W.H.I.T.E. It was asked, "What do you want?" W.R.I.T.E. T.O. P.E.T.E.R. B.E.R.E.S.F.O.R.D. P.P. S.H.A.M.O.N. C.O.T.T.A.G.E. W.A.T.E.R.F.O.R.D. In reply to "What are we to write?" there was spelt out, I. D.I.E.D. I.N. S.A.N. F.R.A.N.C.I.S.C.O. S.E.V.E.N.T.E.T.H. O.F. M.A.R.C.H. We could obtain nothing after this. There was some difficulty in getting the correct name, and Pette, and Brereton, and P.P. were all taken down, but subsequently it was believed that we had succeeded in obtaining what was indicated. Time will show.

SEANCE XXIII.

A still night, and good fire; no other light. Three ladies, two dark complexioned and one not, sat down to a little four-legged table without castors. In eight minutes it moved rapidly about the room with the slightest contact of the hand, one leg repeatedly being raised on to chairs, and tilting over in a very singular way. The addition of one gentleman was made to the circle, and we asked, "Who is there?" Calling the alphabet, we had the following spelled out:—J.U.S.T.I.N. M.A.R.T.Y.R. "From what sphere?" 5. "Where did you die?" "Italy." "Can you give us some directions that will benefit the circle?" M.E.E.T. O.F.T. E.N.E.R. W.I.T.H. S.T.E.A.D.I.N.E.S.S. H.O.P.I.N.G. F.O.R. H.I.G.H.E.R. T.E.A.C.H.I.N.G.S. B.U.T. Y.O.U. M.U.S.T. D.E.P.E.N.D. O.N. W.R.I.T.I.N.G.S. "Shall we be able to hear a spirit voice?" "Not yet." "When?" "After many meetings." "Will you give us a short teaching that will benefit us individually?" D.O.N.O.T. B.E.S.E.L.F.I.S.H. A.N.D. Y.O.U. M.A.Y. G.E.T. A.L.L. Y.O.U. W.I.S.H. The mediumship of the members of the circle was indicated. It was asked why a spirit who had evidenced his presence at a former meeting had not come again? H.E. W.A.N.T.S. R.E.S.T. "Has he been suffering?" "Yes." "Supposing you are unable to visit our circle again, will you

send some other advanced spirit?" I.F. Y.O.U. W.I.S.H. F.O.R. T.E.A.C.H.I.N.G.S. It was asked could a departed relative named, watch over and see those left behind? H.E. W.O.U.L.D. D.O. N.O. G.O.O.D. Y.E.T. W.H.E.N. H.E. C.O.M.E.S. H.E. W.I.L.L. T.E.L.L. Y.O.U. A.L.L. Y.O.U. W.I.S.H. T.O. K.N.O.W. It was asked, "Have you seen God?" "No." "Is he invisible?" No answer. "Shall we open our meetings with prayer?" "Yes." Several other questions of a private nature were asked, and the table was rocked gently to and fro, after which movement nothing further could be elicited. The results obtained at this last seance are a sufficient answer to those who despise physical manifestations.

TRUTH BEFORE ALL THINGS.

September, 1871.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

BY HENRY C. WRIGHT.

The Blood of God to Save from Hell.

THERE is the one cardinal point of agreement in all religions of the past and present in their plans to shun hell and win heaven, *i. e.*, the blood of atonement. Christianity, agreeing with Judaism, Mahometanism, Hindooism and Paganism, says, "Without the shedding of blood there can be no remission of sins." Blood! blood! and nothing but blood can appease the wrath of God! God must have the smell and taste of blood before his heart, hot with wrath and hungry with vengeance, can be moved to pity and forgive the wrongs and outrages he has received from man.

What and who shall be the victim? All other religions say the blood of birds, beasts, men, women, children and infants may appease God and atone for sin. But "No," says Christianity, "only the blood of God can appease the wrath of God." Of all the plans to shun hell and win heaven ever devised by man, the Christian scheme is the most unnatural and revolting. It is the culmination of all that is horrible and ludicrous combined, a conglomeration of all that is revolting and ridiculous, of all that is pious and puerile, and of all that is seemingly divine and really disgusting. The wrath of God appeased by the blood of God! the creature glorified by the crucifixion of the Creator! the child exulting in the agonies of the father! the redeemed eternally shouting out their joy over the unutterable sufferings of their Redeemer! the saved eternally singing and shouting halleluiahs over the bloody sweat, the pierced and quivering flesh, the streaming blood and dying agonies of their Saviour and their God! Can human cunning devise anything more horribly ludicrous, more revoltingly cruel and unjust, or more disgustingly unnatural and monstrous than this? Who so mean, so selfish, so low, so brutal as to wish to be saved by such a process? Give me hell rather than heaven by such wrong and outrage.

The story of the life, trial, suffering and death of Christ is tender and affecting beyond expression. It appeals to all that is loving, just, heroic and divine in human nature. No matter who nor what he was—why so mean, so low, so selfish, so fiendish as to be willing to shun hell and win heaven by cruelties and outrages inflicted on God in Christ, or in any man or woman, and thus patiently or heroically endured? Give me hell rather than heaven, when the one must be shunned and the other gained by such sufferings inflicted on another, especially when thus lovingly, eagerly and joyfully borne for my good. No! let me lie under the "hot wrath of God and the pains of hell forever" rather than escape them by such a murderous and fiendish process, by sufferings inflicted on the innocent, and thus tenderly, lovingly and heroically endured for my sake. Mean and utterly brutal must be the heart of him or her who is willing to escape hell and accept heaven on such terms. A person thus willing to be made happy by the pains and agonies of another, though that other be God in Christ, or in any man or woman, deserves, if such a thing be possible, the scorn and contempt of mankind; he deserves hell—an eternal

hell—if it is possible for man to deserve that doom. Happiness procured by the sufferings inflicted on another for our good is sure, in the end, to become our deepest misery. Heaven procured by the sufferings of the loving, gentle and self-forgetting Jesus, so sweetly and joyfully endured for our good, is sure to become our hottest hell. Salvation obtained by the blood of our tender, loving and long-suffering Father-God would surely prove to be our deepest damnation.

Thus salvation by the blood of God in Christ is a self-evident contradiction. Human nature cannot have heaven (or be made happy) by the sufferings and agonies of another. Children can never rejoice and glory in the sufferings of a kind and loving father. Is Jesus our dear, self-forgetting and heroic brother? — YES. As brothers and sisters can we enjoy freedom from hell and the boon of heaven by the blood that flowed from his wounds as he hung on the cross? If Christianity means this, who would not be ashamed to be a Christian? I would.

TRANSPORTATION OF MEDIUMS.

The *Medium* of May 56th has the following—

"On Friday morning last, Mr. Herne had called on a friend living at Caledonian road. When near Thornhill square, about twenty minutes past ten, he felt a peculiar sick sensation creep over him, and he became unconscious and knew nothing till he came to himself at Mr. Guppy's house, situate at 1 Moreland villas, Highbury Hill Park. Now for the other side of the narrative:—Mrs. Guppy was in her little breakfast-room, when she heard Mr. Guppy coming downstairs—this was about a quarter to eleven. She went to meet him, and was in the act of speaking to him, when she turned round, and between herself and the window saw what appeared to be a large black bundle descending from the ceiling. She screamed out at the unusual occurrence, when Mr. Guppy stepped into the room as Mr. Herne was arising from the floor. He had been brought there by some unseen power. Mr. Guppy's curiosity was very much excited, and he at once made a thorough search of the house, to see if by any means Mr. Herne could have gained access. He, however, found three doors shut and securely fastened, through which any person would have had to pass before he could gain the inside of the house. As Mr. Herne revived, his heart beat violently, and he suffered much from thirst. It would appear that he had been carried by spirit-power between the two places described."

In the following number of the *Medium*, in reply to the inquiries of a correspondent, the editor says:—

"We have questioned Mr. Herne, and published his statement. We have also questioned Mrs. Guppy narrowly, and the results are in our paragraph of last week, so that we are at a loss to add anything to our previous statement. The window to the room was fixed down by special appliances, and all means of ingress to the house were securely guarded, as the doors and gate were bolted and locked. These were examined as soon as Mr. Herne was discovered in the room, and the bolts and locks were found secure. It is considered impossible that Mr. Herne could have entered the house in the usual way, and he can prove that he was in Caledonian Road a short time before he found himself in Mr. Guppy's house."

In reply to inquiries by Mr. B. Coleman, Mr. Guppy writes as follows:—

"May 22, 1871.

"I was on Friday morning on the basement floor. Mrs. Guppy was in the breakfast room adjoining, with the door open, and had spoken to me. Suddenly she screamed, and said that something had tumbled down. I at once entered the room, and there was Mr. Herne on the settee, looking dazed, like a person half awake.

When he got the use of his faculties, he said he did not know how he had come, and that he was going somewhere else, and in the street felt himself giddy, and he knew no more. Our back door was padlocked, our street door was shut as usual, and the windows were all closed. No servant let him in. It certainly is not an ordinary mode of making a morning call, although there are plenty of records in sacred and profane history of this sort of locomotion."

From the *Medium* of June 10th, it appears that Mrs. Guppy paid a similar return visit to Mr. Herne. Here is the account as given by our contemporary:—

"On Saturday evening, as a circle consisting of about nine persons sat with locked doors, with Messrs. Herne and Williams, at these mediums' lodgings, 61 Lamb's Conduit street, after a considerable time an object was felt to come upon the table, and when the light was struck, their visitor was found to be Mrs. Guppy. She was not by any means dressed for an excursion, as she was without shoes, and had a memorandum book in one hand and a pen in the other. The last word inscribed in the book was 'onions,' the ink of which was wet, and there was ink in the pen. When Mrs. Guppy regained her consciousness, she stated that she had been making some entries of expenses, became insensible, and knew nothing till she found herself in the circle. A party of gentlemen accompanied Mrs. Guppy home. A deputation went in first, and questioned Miss Neyland as to how or when Mrs. Guppy had been missed. She said they had been sitting in the same room; Mrs. Guppy was making entries in her book, and Miss Neyland was reminding her of the items to be put down. Miss Neyland was reading a newspaper in the intervals of conversation, and when she raised her head from her reading, Mrs. Guppy could not be seen. It was intimated, through raps on the table, that the spirits had taken her; and as Mr. Guppy has every confidence in the beneficence of those agents, Mrs. Guppy's abduction gave no concern."

A more detailed and circumstantial account of this last occurrence is given in the *Spiritualist* of June 15. It is so full of interest that we reproduce it *verbatim*:—

"On the evening of June 3rd, 1871, a seance was held in the rooms of Messrs. Herne and Williams, and at the close of it the following document was drawn up and signed:—

"On Saturday evening, June 3rd, at 61 Lamb's Conduit street, High Holborn, London, W.C., a seance was

* M. C. W. Pearce, of 6 Cambridge road, Kilburn, N.W., published a statement in the *Kilburn Times* of June 2nd, that on the previous Friday he called at Messrs. Herne and Williams's, at half-past four o'clock, to arrange with them for a series of seances at Kilburn, in connection with the Kilburn Society of Spiritualists. The three of them then went into the dark room to ask John King what he thought of the proposed arrangement. Mr. Pearce says:—

"I then mentioned the arrangements we had determined upon, and told them the kind of minds they would meet at the seances. John said the arrangements would do. I told Katie I cared most that the friends they would meet should be convinced of the fact that spirits do commune with men; I was not at all anxious to prove that the Devil was not the chief labourer in this direction; unprejudiced minds, free from bigotry, would readily be convinced by their own intuitions that that was not the case. Katie replied—'I'll convince some of them. I'll make some of them sensible that we are spirits.'

"Just at this moment we heard a lump on the floor, and found that Mr. Herne was not in the room, and his chair had fallen on the floor as if it had been lifted up and then dropped down again. Coincident with the falling of the chair, we heard Mr. Herne's voice—as if he were at the end of a long gallery filled with a dense fog—calling out to Mr. Williams, 'Ted, hold me.' Ted jumped up, but he was gone. The room was empty. A few moments of conversation upon this wonderful manifestation, when lump on the floor dropped Mr. Herne, in his shirt sleeves, and panting for breath. After he had recovered himself, we asked him where he had been. He said, 'Up into the bedroom.' John King and Katie had passed him through the ceiling with as much ease as if it had not been there. I said, 'Where's your coat?' 'In the cupboard upstairs,' said he; 'I remember taking it off directly they set me down in the room, and hung it up. I don't know why I did it.' His slippers were also gone. Whilst talking about his coat, John said, 'Never you mind about his coat, I'll get that for you,' and immediately he dropped the coat through the ceiling, and it fell, neatly folded up, flat upon the table."

held in the rooms of Messrs. Herne and Williams, mediums. Before the seance began, the doors communicating with the passage outside were locked. The proceedings began, at the request of the mediums, with prayer. Then spirit lights, like small stars, were seen moving about, after which a conversation between the spirits John King and Katie King was heard. John said, 'Katie, you can't do it.' Katie replied, 'I will, I tell you I will.' John said, 'I tell you you can't.' She answered, 'I will.' Mr. Harrison then said, 'Can you bring Mrs. Guppy?' There was no reply, but a member of the circle urged that the attempt should not be made. Within three minutes after Katie had said 'I will,' a single heavy sound was heard for an instant on the centre of the table. Mr. Edwards put out his hand, and said, 'There is a dress here.' A light was instantly struck, and Mrs. Guppy was found, standing motionless on the centre of the table, trembling all over; she had a pen and an account-book in her hands. Her right hand, with the pen in it, was over her eyes. She was spoken to by those present, but did not seem to hear; the light was then placed in another room, and the door was closed for an instant; John King then said, 'She'll be all right presently.' After the lapse of about four minutes after her arrival, she moved for the first time, and began to cry. The time of her arrival was ten minutes past 8. Mrs. Edmiston, Mr. Edwards, and Mr. Harrison went at once to one of the doors, and found it still locked; the other door could not be opened during the seance, because the back of the chair of one of the sitters was against it. There was no cupboard, article of furniture, or anything else in the rooms in which it was possible for anybody to conceal themselves; and if there had been, we, the undersigned witnesses, are all certain that by no natural means could Mrs. Guppy have placed herself instantaneously on the centre of a table round which we were all sitting shoulder to shoulder.

"Mrs. Guppy said that the last thing she remembered before she found herself on the table was, that she was sitting at home at Highbury, talking to Miss Neyland, and entering some household accounts in her book. The ink in the pen was wet when she arrived in our midst; the last word of the writing in the book was incomplete, and was wet and smeared. She complained that she was not dressed in visiting costume, and had no shoes on, as she had been sitting at the fire without them. As she stated this to Mr. Morris and Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, a pair of slippers dropped on the floor from above, one of them grazing Mr. Morris's head; this was after the seance, and in the light. We all went into the dark room for a few minutes afterwards, and four flower-pots with flowers in them, which Mrs. Guppy declared to be from her home, were placed on the table at once.

"After tea, a second seance was held. Within a minute or two after the light was put out, there was a cry for a light, and Mr. Herne was seen by four persons falling from above on to his chair. There were bundles of clothes belonging to Mr. Guppy, Mrs. Guppy, and Miss Neyland on the table, and Mr. Herne declared that he had just seen Miss Neyland in Mr. Guppy's house; that she had pushed the clothes into his arms, and told him to 'go to the devil.' The light was again put out, and when it was struck once more, Mr. Williams was missing. He was found in the next room, lying in an insensible state on some clothes belonging to Mr. Guppy. He said on awakening that he had been to Mr. Guppy's house, and saw Miss Neyland, who was sitting at a table, and seemed to be praying.

"N. HAGGER, 46 Moorgate street.

"CAROLINE EDMISTON, Beckenham.

"C. E. EDWARDS, Kilburn square, Kilburn.

"HENRY MORRIS, Mount Trafford, Eccles, near Manchester.

"ELIZABETH GUPPY, 1 Moreland Villas, Highbury Hill Park, N.

"ERNEST EDWARDS, Kilburn square, Kilburn.

"HENRY CLIFFORD SMITH, 38 Ennis road, Stroud green.

"H. B. HUSK, 26 Sandwich street, E.C.

"CHARLES E. WILLIAMS, 61 Lamb's Conduit street, W.C.

"F. HERNE, 61 Lamb's Conduit street, W.C.

"W. H. HARRISON, Wilmin Villa, Chaucer road, S.E."

"Mr. Morris is a Manchester merchant of high standing, and his sincerity in bearing testimony to these facts is attested by the editor of the *Echo*, as will be seen further on. Mr. Edwards is a B.A. of Cambridge University; he is a scientific man, and a few weeks ago he read a paper before the Society of Arts. Mrs. Edmiston is the wife of Mr. Edmiston, principal of the well-known india-rubber establishment at Charing Cross. Mr. Harrison is a writer for scientific and other newspapers.

The foregoing document was drawn up hurriedly, as several of those present had to leave early, to catch trains or to keep engagements, so we will now go a little more into details. The seance was held in a small room, size 12 feet by 10 feet 4 inches, and it contained no furniture but the table, and the chairs occupied by the sitters. The table was of oval form, the two diameters being 5 feet and 4 respectively. The sitters and table so nearly filled the room that there was no walking round three sides of the room without disturbing the rest of those present, and asking them to shift their seats. The fourth side of the room consisted of large folding doors, which were closed, and which communicated with the drawing room. The opening of the small door of the seance room would have let in much light from the passage. There was no stool or anything in the room but the chairs of the sitters which would have afforded a footing to anybody trying to jump on the table. There were about two feet of space between the folding doors and the nearest sitter—Mr. Herne. Mr. Williams, the other medium, sat opposite Mr. Herne, at the other end of the longest diameter of the oval table: he was thus 'sealed in,' so to speak, at the further end of the room, by the table and the sitters. At the time of the solitary heavy 'thud' upon the table, caused by the arrival of Mrs. Guppy, the members of the circle were sitting very quietly, Mr. Herne was talking, and his hands were held by Mrs. Edmiston on the one side, and Mr. Harrison on the other. When a wax match was struck, Mrs. Guppy was seen standing like a dark statue on the centre of the table, trembling all over. The excitement, of course, was intense. The folding doors were closed; two of the witnesses noted the time, and three went to the door of the drawingroom and found it locked. As Mrs. Guppy continued to tremble in the same attitude, and not to hear the words spoken to her, the candle which had been lit was removed for an instant, and John King said, 'She'll be all right presently.' When she awoke, she had tears in her eyes, and was greatly agitated. In the course of her statement about her removal from home, she said she was sitting by the fire with Miss Neyland, entering some things in her account-book, and while writing a word she suddenly became insensible. When she awoke in a dark place, and heard voices round her, her first impression was that she was dead; then it flashed upon her that she had been carried to a dark circle, and she was afraid that she might be among strangers; finally she recognised the voice of one of those present, and felt much relieved at once. She complained that she had no shoes or bonnet to go home in, and was not dressed for an evening visit; while she thus complained, a pair of slippers (belonging to Mr. Herne, we believe) dropped on the head of one of the gentlemen to whom she was talking; a minute or two later, a bunch of keys dropped into her lap, before the eyes of those around her; this was in the light. At the short dark sittings which followed, a bonnet was brought, and Mrs. Guppy recognised it as one she had given to Miss Neyland a long time ago; Mrs. Guppy's boots, and some articles of dress of her's were brought,

also Mr. Guppy's overcoat, waistcoat, and boots; four geraniums, in pots about eight inches high (one of the pots was upset, lying horizontally on the table; there were also articles of dress belonging to Messrs. Herne and Williams, brought from a bedroom upstairs. Altogether the articles of dress brought would have filled a clothes-basket of moderate size.

"Once, when a light was struck, Mr. Herne was seen by four persons with his feet above the level of the edge of the table, his arms extended towards the ceiling, and his whole body falling with the velocity almost of a flash of light into his chair. He was moving in a curve from near the top of the folding doors. He said that he had seen Miss Neyland, who spoke to him as narrated in the preceding document; also that he saw her in the billiard room of Mr. Guppy's house, but the billiard-table had been removed from it, and elegant furniture substituted. He described the furniture, and Mrs. Guppy said that some of the things he described had only been bought and placed in the room that morning; also, that Mr. Guppy had removed the billiard-table to another part of the house.

"Mr. Ernest Edwards suggested that if Mrs. Guppy would grant permission, it would be as well for some of the witnesses to return home with her, to hear at once the statements of those at Mrs. Guppy's house. Mrs. Guppy strongly approved of the suggestion. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. Herne, and Mr. Harrison accordingly went home with Mrs. Guppy in two cabs; the cabs kept close to each other all the way, and all five persons entered Mrs. Guppy's house together.

"Miss Neyland opened the door. She was followed by the whole party into the back parlour; no statement was made to her, but she was asked, 'What had occurred?'

"She said that she had been downstairs, with a newspaper, on one side of the fire, while Mrs. Guppy sat on the other side of the fire, entering household accounts in a book. The door of the room was shut. They were talking to each other, and on looking up from her paper after she had made some remark, she was startled at seeing that Mrs. Guppy was not there. There was a kind of haze about the ceiling, as is sometimes the case after strong spiritual manifestations. She looked through the downstairs rooms, and she could not find her; went and told Mr. Guppy, who was playing at billiards with Mr. Hudson, a photographer who lives in the neighbourhood, and who had been helping Mr. Guppy in some amateur photography. Mr. Guppy said, 'No doubt the spirits had carried her off, but they would be sure to take care of her.' Miss Neyland then searched the rest of the house, and afterwards she, Mr. Guppy, and Mr. Hudson sat down to supper. Spirit raps then came upon the supper-table, and the spirits said that they had taken Mrs. Guppy to Mr. Herne's seance. Mr. Guppy asked whether Mrs. Guppy was quite safe? The spirits said 'Yes'; so, shortly after supper, he went to bed.

"Miss Neyland was then asked, 'Had anything else occurred?' 'No.' 'Had she seen Mr. Herne previously that evening?' 'No.' 'Had she seen Mr. Williams?' 'No.' 'Where had she been most of the evening?' 'She had spent much of her time in the front room (once used as a billiard room), and had gone to sleep there.' 'What time was it when Mrs. Guppy was missed?' 'She did not know; it might have been about nine o'clock.' Mrs. Guppy here remarked, 'The clock downstairs was half an hour fast.' The whole party then went downstairs, into the room from which Mrs. Guppy had been taken. Her shoes were seen on the carpet in front of the fire, near her chair, and the clock in the room was half an hour fast.

"Mr. Guppy has since informed us that Mrs. Guppy came once or twice to him and Mr. Hudson in the course of the evening, suggesting that they should come and have supper; they replied that it was too early. He did not know what time it was when they last saw her.

"We regret to state that Mrs. Guppy was weak and unwell for several days after the occurrence of this manifestation."

A WORD FOR THE CHILDREN.

THE proverb, "Little children should be seen, and not heard," has been the bane of many a young life, and the blight of many a domestic circle. It has been let down as an extinguisher on many a bright little head, and has effectually extinguished it. We never knew it to be used with propriety and wit except when the child that was called up to recite a lesson it had not learned put in the plea, "Little children should be seen, and not heard!"

They should be both seen and heard. If possible, they ought never to be out of sight. They should be heard, because they have so much to say and so much to learn. No one can be long acquainted with a child that has not been repressed, without noticing how wonderfully fresh, generally, and how marvellously profound, very often, are the thoughts and questions of the youngsters. They are little strangers from another land, making naïve comments upon what they see in this. They are not afraid. They have no consistency to care for, no position to maintain, no policy to carry forward. They are truthful. They rebuke falsehoods and conventionalities. If their speeches are embarrassing, it is because our speeches are wrong.

We put off children because we cannot answer their questions, have not the frankness to say "I do not know," and the industry to go and learn, and come and instruct the child.

This snubbing of children loses to grown people all that would come to them from the questions and sayings of the young. It represses the natural curiosity of childhood, that curiosity which is the basis of all acquisition of learning and the stimulus of all intellectual culture.

The banishment of children from society is a mistake and a loss. Who is so great a guest that we may allow him, whom we have invited, to exclude from our board the little guest, whom God has sent? If our invited guest be worthy a place at our table, he will feel that our invitation was all the more cordial, and he was all the more welcome, because we did not allow his arrival to banish the purest, noblest, and best members of our own families.

REICHENBACH'S MAGNETIC FLAMES, AND THE LEVITATION OF THE HUMAN BODY.

BY LORD LINDSAY.

THE following experiment with Mr. Home may possibly be of interest to some of your readers:—

On the evening of the 11th July, I was showing some experiments in my laboratory to Lord Adare, Mr. Bergeheim, Mr. Home, and my brother-in-law.

It occurred to me to try if Home was able to see a magnet in the dark. This is an experiment which I believe was made by Reichenbach, and although, like myself, he was never able to distinguish the light, yet he found a number of persons who did see it under test conditions.

I asked Mr. Home, and he expressed himself willing to try the experiment. I then took into one of my rooms, which was totally dark, a large permanent magnet, and having removed the armature, I placed it on the floor near the wall, at a considerable distance from the door.

Mr. Home was then brought into the room, and remained standing near the door for some moments.

He then said that he saw some sort of light on the floor in a corner of the room, and immediately said to me—"Give me your hand, and I will show you exactly where I see it." He then led me straight across the

room, and without the least hesitation stooped down and placed my hand on the magnet.

I have been trying for more than two years to get a satisfactory result in this experiment, but hitherto with only doubtful success.

The instrument used was a large compound magnet, capable of sustaining a weight of about 20 lbs.

I may mention that on another occasion I was sitting with Mr. Home and Lord Adare, and a cousin of his. During the sitting Mr. Home went into a trance, and in that state was carried out of the window in the room next to where we were, and was brought in at our window. The distance between the windows was about seven feet six inches, and there was not the slightest foothold between them, nor was there more than a twelve-inch projection to each window, which served as a ledge to put flowers on.

We heard the window in the next room lifted up, and almost immediately after we saw Home floating in the air outside our window.

The moon was shining full into the room; my back was to the light, and I saw the shadow on the wall of the window-sill, and Home's feet about six inches above it. He remained in this position for a few seconds, then raised the window and glided into the room, feet foremost, and sat down.

Lord Adare then went into the next room to look at the window from which he had been carried. It was raised about eighteen inches, and he expressed his wonder how Mr. Home had been taken through so narrow an aperture.

Mr. Home said (still in trance), "I will show you;" and then, with his back to the window, he leaned back, and was shot out of the aperture head first with the body rigid, and then returned quite quietly.

The window is about seventy feet from the ground. I very much doubt whether any skilful tight-rope dancer would like to attempt a feat of this description, where the only means of crossing would be by a perilous leap, or being borne about in such a manner as I have described, placing the question of the light aside.

LINDSAY.

July 14, 1871.

(*Spiritualist*, July.)

FURTHER EXPERIMENTS BY MR. CROOKES.

SINCE the publication of his article in the *Quarterly Journal of Science* a fortnight ago, Mr. William Crookes, F.R.S., has made some further experiments in connection with Spiritual phenomena, though he neither admits nor denies the spiritual origin of the manifestations.

To do away with the objection, that the contact of the hand of the medium with the lever in his spring-balance experiment might, by some inexplicable possibility, produce the observed rules by muscular action, he tried the following experiment:—Over the centre of the fulcrum he placed a glass vessel full of water, and by means of an iron stand, quite detached from all the rest of the apparatus, a vessel of copper was held so that it dipped into the water without touching the sides of the glass vessel. The bottom of this copper vessel was perforated with holes, in consequence of which it was partially filled with water.

When Mr. D. D. Home placed his hands inside the copper vessel, any force passing through his hands to the apparatus had to traverse the water, hence no muscular action of his could have any effect upon the spring-balance. With the apparatus thus arranged, the lever oscillated as in his previous experiments, the average strain registered being three or four pounds.

Every depression of the index-finger of the spring-balance, also depressed a wire pointer, so arranged that it could slide down a little brass rod. The result was that this pointer registered accurately the weight producing each depression.

Dr. Hare, of Philadelphia, once performed an experiment nearly the same as this, but his experiment was less satisfactory, because he placed the vessel of water on the long arm of the lever, in a place where the immersion of

the hands would cause a certain amount of strain to be indicated by the spring-balance.

While Mr. Crookes was trying the above experiment, it occurred to him to ask Mr. Home to put his hands on the table, but not to touch the apparatus at all. Under these conditions, the lever moved as before.

Last Friday night Mr. Crookes tried some more experiments in the presence of some friends, amongst whom were his brother and Mr. Durham, teacher of chemistry and physics at the City of London School. The medium was a private lady.

The weight experiment was tried without the basin of water. The medium put her hands on the short end of the lever, where any pressure would have decreased instead of increased the weight registered at the other end of the lever. He put his hands on hers, to see that she did not move them. The other end of the board went down at least a dozen times, taking about four seconds for each oscillation; most of the movements were equivalent to about two pounds, but occasionally there was a stronger one, the strongest registering six and a quarter pounds. Everybody present watched the medium and her hands. The fingers were at the extreme end of the board, and were never near the fulcrum. Once or twice the end of the board, under the fingers, rose, with the fulcrum, from the table, whilst the other end was being pulled down.

The same accordion used in the experiments with Mr. Home, played key-end downwards, when held at the other end by several of those present in turn. This playing was done beneath the table. Then the hands of all present were placed on the top of the table, and the accordion floated about under the table with nobody touching it; all the hands were visibly on the top of the table at the time. While the accordion thus floated, it sounded strong notes and discords, but played no tune.

All this shows how very carefully Mr. Crookes is pursuing his experiments; not satisfied with obtaining results with one medium only, he has been trying them over again in the presence of another.—*Spiritualist*, July.

THE medicinal properties of the Australian gum-tree are being recognized in America. The *Chicago Times* says:—"The German physicians have discovered a tincture of the leaves of the *eucalyptus globulus*, or the Australian gum-tree, to be a remedy for intermittent fever. Dr. Lorimer gave it to fifty-three patients, of whom forty-three were completely cured. In five others there was a relapse, owing to a failure in the supply of the tincture. In eleven of the cases quinine had been used without effect, and nine of these were cured by the eucalyptus."

PRINTER'S SAVINGS.—The New Orleans *Picayune* tells the story of a printer who, when his fellow-workmen went out to drink beer, during the working hours, put in the bank the exact amount which he would have spent if he had gone out to. He kept to this resolution for five years. He then examined his bank account, and found that he had on deposit 2,186 dolls. In the five years he had not lost a day through ill-health. Three out of five of his fellow-workmen had, in the meantime, become drunkards, were worthless workmen, and were discharged. The water-drinker then bought out the printing office, went on enlarging his business, and in twenty years from the time he began to put by his money, was worth 100,000 dolls. The story, whether new or old, teaches a lesson which every young mechanic should lay to heart.

A KING'S ARGUMENT.—Frederick the Great was very fond of disputation; but as he generally terminated the discussion by collaring his antagonist and kicking his shins, few of the guests were disposed to enter into the arena against him. One day, when he was even more than usually disposed for an argument, he asked one of his suite why he did not venture to give his opinion on some particular question? "It is impossible, your Majesty, to express an opinion before a Sovereign who has such very strong convictions and who wears such thick boots."

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