

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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THE letter of our correspondent "*Per actum Intentio*," which reached us shortly after the publication of our last issue, is in entire harmony with our leader on Psychopathic healing, though the theory, as we pointed out in that article, covers only a section of the phenomena. Individual sympathy has its due influence, and is often adequate to restore equilibrium without the aid of disembodied spirits; the healing fluid is merely augmented by such, and a similar augmentation may be produced by other individuals (in sympathy with the operator and his objects), resting their hands on him whilst he is operating. Now our theory is that a positive vital fluid is transmitted by the operator, and that the vitality of this fluid may be intensified, first by the will of the operator, and second, by that of spirits embodied or disembodied. At the conclusion of our last article on this subject we undertook to show that "Faith," though a great assistance, was not an essential; which we shall endeavour to do by the presentation of a few cases from our own experience.

A. C. was a neighbour who had suffered for several weeks from sciatica, never free from pain save when asleep, and only sleeping when exhausted nature compelled it. We magnetised his leg and relieved the pain at the first operation, but it returned about two hours after. On the second day the relief lasted four hours; the third six or seven; and so on progressively until we had nearly bridged the twenty-four hours. Ten a.m. was the hour for him to attend, and on the morning we refer to he did not put in an appearance punctually, and having an appointment in town at eleven, we magnetised a glass of water by making steady passes over it with the hand, and bringing it to an assistant told him to inform Mr. C. that we could not wait, but had left the contents of the glass for him to drink. As we were

leaving the premises we encountered Mr. C., and delivering the message to him returned and handed him the tumbler without saying one word to indicate what was the nature of its contents. He drank it as desired, and then asked what it was; we replied, water. He then asked, what did you put in it? Though scarcely correct, save in a material sense, we answered, "Nothing;" and then asked why? He replied that it tasted different from ordinary water, "as though it had a tasteless oil in it." Whilst speaking he suddenly placed his hand on his hip, and on being asked what was the matter, he replied that he felt "like warm water running down the part," and a subsidence of the pain. Then, and not till then, was he informed the water was magnetised.

2nd case: Mrs. S. was a lady who had lost her sight whilst under medical treatment for ophthalmia; the sight was destroyed, and the magnetisation was directed to the removal of severe inflammation in and around the eyes, and affecting the nervous system generally. Mrs. S. was brought in a carriage daily, and assisted to our office, where she was left for treatment. She could sense the magnetism distinctly, but never became absolutely unconscious. We were accustomed to give her a small bottle of lotion to bathe the eyes with in the evening, she bringing the empty bottle to be replenished daily. On one occasion we thought to try the effect of magnetised water on the eyes, and in place of the usual lotion, filled the bottle with some and handed it to the patient without comment. We had forgotten the circumstance, when on the following day she said "was that a new lotion you gave me yesterday?" We answered, "yes; why?" "Because when I was applying it I felt as though I were being mesmerised."

Case 3. M. E., who was a believer in Mesmerism, but had on more than one occasion ridiculed the idea of magnetised water, when giving a friendly call one day complained of a headache, and asked us to get her a glass of water. Whilst drawing it from the tap the thought struck us to magnetise it, which we did on our way back to the room, completing the process before reaching the door. Handing the tumbler to M. E. she drank a portion of it, and asking "what have you been putting into it?" closed her eyes and sank back in the

chair. In ten minutes she opened them to find her headache entirely gone, and with it her disbelief in magnetised water.

These cases we think are sufficient to prove our position; in neither of them was there the slightest indication given that the water was magnetised, nor were the results by anticipation in our mind. It is therefore clear, that a quality and potency was imparted to the water, which in its normal state it did not possess. It is also evident that faith or prepossession were not factors to the result.

This question of Psychopathy or magnetic healing is one of vast importance to humanity, and we may treat further of it in future issues.

IMPRESSIONS FROM THE INFINITE.

(From the Spanish of Balmes.)

TRANSLATED BY C. W. ROHNER, M.D., BENALLA.

CHAPTER VII. AND LAST.

DARKNESS.

In our present time Truth, with all her profound and infinite instruction, makes her appearance in order to restore perfect liberty to the coming race. The world already celebrates its entry through the triumphal arch of truth in order to meet mankind in the temple of the Infinite; the principal outposts of liberty are already in our possession; our regeneration has already begun; the sublime study of spiritual science meets with encouragement everywhere; and lit is the torch of light in all quarters. What is still wanting to accomplish the general rising for which we all hope? What is still wanting to obtain the forgiveness for our past, for which we long so much? Nothing, absolutely nothing! All we have now to do is to realise our ideas in practice, and our happiness is achieved; we have only to stand erect without wavering; we must only be on our guard and see that we are on the point of obtaining the truth.

This is what we have achieved—the glory of our race, the lasting embraces of a universal human fraternity under the vault of the temple of love and charity. How happy shall we be! The shadows of darkness will have been dispersed by the strength of our own hands, and by our own faith and steadfastness are we elected; henceforth our intellects will no longer be tarnished by any flaws, and darkness will no more be able to engulf us again. Every day, every hour, our beloved truth will be settled on a firmer foundation, and the rays of our light will expand, until they reach the source of the Infinite Light.

Oh, let us work, let us labour incessantly, in the interests of the religion of love which God has sent us; thus shall we obtain the redemption of our souls; thus shall we fulfil our grand mission here on earth.

By this means will the proximity of the truth have regenerated our ideas and thoughts; and these, in their turn, spreading universal illumination, will launch on the ears of humanity the cry—Forward! onward! march! And mankind will march in the path of peace in order to meet happiness at the end of its journey. Only after all these triumphs of truth will have been achieved will it become impossible for darkness to return again to throw once more its dismal shadows upon our earth.

Let us, therefore, spread our wings immediately, and let us take our flight towards our celestial mansions in order to meet God and admire Him in the splendour and magnificence of His works; but, above all, to thank Him eternally for His blessings.

Let the sweet harmony which resounds like celestial music in our hearts and souls render ovations of gratitude to God who has established in us that concord. Let us elevate ourselves, whilst it is still time, from our mere mental levels of cold intellect to the soul-state of intuition, and raise a song of praise to Him who has softened our hearts in order to receive with greater facility His

Divine instructions.

Let us not turn round again to take refuge in that recess of darkness the very remembrance of which should strike terror into our hearts. Like the opened shell allows the precious pearl to drop out of it and be lost, so do we permit our grand idea to be lost sight of by turning and taking refuge in the dark shell of ignorance which oppresses our souls, and keeps them in a state of somnolency.

If we believe in God let us believe in Him really and truly; let us be promoters of truth and light, and open a road for charity and heartfelt forgiveness; let us become confirmed in that unique science called love; let us remove the ligatures from our terrestrial prejudices and pre-occupations, in order to become instructed in the real laws which preside over our being, and which, if properly understood and apprehended, will lead us to the comprehension of still higher truths.

Let us break the chains of our incredulity and ignorance, and let us write, in the shining light of meteors, upon the pages of our souls the precepts of God and the love of mankind.

Having arrived at the entrance of the sanctuary of incomparable poesy, how happy shall we be when we have once attained to true spirituality! We shall all have become lucid and clairvoyant in the highest sense of the term; we shall now be able to perceive the high ends and aims of Providence, and we shall turn ourselves finally away from what is dark and false.

These impressions have I received in this palace of light and splendour, ever since I arrived in it. These more advanced and luminous ideas have afterwards produced a deeper and more secret thought in me, which at last led me to the comprehension of the law, that a spirit who has only reached the first step in the ladder of his progress is obliged to advance very much yet, before he is able to see, that after casting off his mortal garments his real progress in the celestial regions begins.

The agitated current of thought which was flowing over society these many years, especially with respect to the existence of another world on the boundary line of this present one, which to a large majority of blind bats is still the only real one, was originally set in motion by the discoveries of the invisible, both by microscope and telescope, as also by the aid of the more refined studies of physical science itself, principally those of the so-called imponderables, light, heat, electricity, and magnetism.

The future, so long hidden from the mental vision of mankind during his protracted journey across the surface of the earth, presents itself now to the astonished gaze of his spirit in all its vast extent and fullness of light. Now will the spirit recover its entire liberty and independence, and without fear or hesitation will it traverse those vast celestial spaces which it will examine and study without ever being able either to exhaust them or to fully comprehend them. Clothed in an ethereal garb will the spirit rise up at the rate of thousands of miles a second, skimming over infinite periods of time, and immense extents of space, like in a balloon which defies all resistance and gravitation of matter; it will make its way to those aerial gardens of bliss, the sweet aroma of which will mingle itself with the fresh breezes that wafted it aloft. The approach to these delightful places will only be permitted to the most advanced spirits and not to those of inferior rank, who cannot rise above the level of their material state in which they are still immersed, and which keeps them in lower spheres allotted to spirits of grosser texture.

As the spirit progresses by the above-mentioned path of ethereal essences, and as it reaches the first stage of its lofty journey, it will find itself lost in the depths of a multitude of still higher worlds which circle and revolve through still more elevated spaces, which your feeble sight is not yet able to scan. Then will your spirit disport itself in unlimited extension, and will become the spectator of higher worlds of which it used to dream in anterior states of existence. The worlds which revolve in that atmosphere of sweet aromas and still sweeter poesy, are worlds approaching their state of perfection in order to reach to still higher glory afterwards,

finally to form the nucleus of the great star upon which God's highest blessings are showered. Arrived here the spirit will bathe itself in the depths of that incomparable grandeur, and will think of the hours which are yet required to lift itself up to the vantage ground of still greater progress.

The vision of the spirit, however, is still dim; but its gradual elevation will permit it to pass through the still remaining darkness by a new path of irradiation and celestial harmonies, which will keep it enchanted with the plenitude of realised happiness. The spirit feels itself transformed in that pure ether; he feels that ether, so to speak, purer than himself, and consequently endeavours to absorb it in order to preserve some of its transparency and original purity for himself. As he approaches nearer to that other space, where he will meet with an immense number of suns, which have just commenced to form its grand central sun, he will realise his immortality and feel himself entirely his own master; he will feel himself able to solve the greatest problems; he will find himself immersed in the profoundest thought; his desire will be to get much work to do during his missionary career, in order to obtain a large reward; he feels satisfied of having been born; he now perceives his enormous faults and his limited knowledge, and he regrets his past incredulity. Immense rays of light of incomparable intensity are spreading themselves in that region; notes so sweet, that no musical instrument of human invention could imitate them, are constantly repeating their dulcet echoes in those vast territories of space. The spirit sees itself illuminated, divested of all earthly shadows; in short, he is happy, unspeakably happy. Immensely large worlds will appear to his eyes, which revolve with regularity in their appointed courses and with a velocity almost incalculable. His spirit will give itself up to contemplation; he will be lost in the sublimity of the new ideas rushing in upon him from all sides; he will begin to adore his Creator; he will see through the plan of His magnanimous work; he thinks more anxiously, and with greater attention, of the future which lies before him, shortly to be realised.

In that distant region are worlds which travel at the rate of eighty miles a second, and leave a trace of their course behind them, until they reach the centre, which they must occupy before they are able to attain the great focus of light for which they hope, but which my spirit-guide could not yet show me. What an infinite number of brilliant and happy worlds work away in spirit and in truth! But entrancing raptures of delight have many times deprived my spirit from a full sight of those radiant stars, for it was still impossible to my unprogressed spirit to analyse and penetrate the mysteries of those globes completely.

Passing through these unbounded oceans of light and harmonious essences, devouring with my enraptured eyes those worlds which rise up in space and circulate with incredible velocity, still in regular order, I began to meditate upon the destiny of so multiple a humanity which God had formed, or shall form, into one single humanity, so soon as its various members are sufficiently advanced and regenerated to receive this grace. I have traversed those grand atmospheres which have rendered me happy during the few moments of my passage; the supreme grandeur of those pictures, which God permitted me to see, has advanced the boundaries of my knowledge, and extended the radius of my science, for I find myself now vastly more enlightened and capable of understanding things which I regarded formerly as impossibilities or impenetrable mysteries. Thus will the whole creation be presented to our gaze one day, when we deserve it; then only will we be able to comprehend and appreciate the Infinite Essence, the Sublime Power of the Creative Idea, of a wise and just Father, of an immutable Sovereign Will.

Let us, therefore, steadily advance, for God has made us for this special purpose. But what exists beyond the limits of those two spaces, you will ask, which I have now described so rapidly. There are other centres of lights, other centres of suns, which gravitate through that third space, and which are going to form a new immense globe or world, into which will be received all the preceding globes in proportion as they advance from

a gross state of materiality to a more refined condition of ethereal or spiritual existence.

But here my knowledge comes to an end, and my spirit cannot give an account of that which it has never seen; at the same time I have a presentiment that my sight will by and bye be more extended, and that my spirit will be able to reach still greater heights in the sublimity of space, and then it will perhaps be permitted to me to make further disclosures on the eternal progression in the domain of God's creations. What I may now state with the utmost confidence, and certainty is, that our happiness has no limits, and that in accordance with the efforts made by us for self-elevation, so also will the amount of our happiness increase; that regeneration will be the measure of our progress, and that our future perfection will depend on the degree of perfection reached by us on this our terrestrial plane.

BALMES.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

Readers of the *Theosophist*, and of Theosophical writings generally, will have perceived that the "Impressions from the Infinite," as published in the *Harbinger of Light* for the last eight or ten months, bear a certain resemblance to some of the more advanced teachings of Eastern Occultism, which circumstance appears to me to illustrate the fact, still doubted in certain quarters, that the "Brothers" exert a silent and world-wide influence on receptive minds, and that the spiritual press in both hemispheres is gradually getting impregnated with theosophical doctrines and the spirit of Occult science. Of Balmes, the inspired writer of the "Impressions," I know personally nothing more than that he, or she, is a Mexican medium of great refinement and spiritual comprehension.

Benalla, April, 1883.

DR. PEEBLES' REPLY TO COLONEL ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, THE AMERICAN FREE-THINKING SECULARIST.

WE are in receipt of a sharp, pungent pamphlet, from the pen of Dr. J. M. Peebles, entitled,

"INGERSOLLISM OR CHRISTIANITY—WHICH?"

The substance of this discourse, as we gather from the preface, was delivered last season at one of those Annual American Camp-meetings of Spiritualists, where the numbers in attendance often reach as high as 10,000, and their daily sessions continue for several weeks.

It should be borne in mind that Dr. Peebles, in defending Christianity, makes no attempt to defend Roman Catholicism, Protestantism, dogmatic theology, or any denominational Creed; but as against the attacks of Col. Ingersoll, he defends the historical Christianity of the New Testament, which Christianity, if we understand him, he considers to be in perfect harmony with a true and rational Spiritualism, both embodying spiritual gifts.

The following are extracts from this pamphlet, commencing with the first paragraphs:—

Humanity is a fraternity, and rights are reciprocal. Those holding opinions and dogmas differing from our own have the right to enjoy them—the inalienable right to defend them in any proper manner, taking and bearing, as they necessarily must, the moral responsibility. Whosoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

With Col. Ingersoll, I believe in free thought and free speech—adding, however, that freedom implies no permission to do wrong; nor is liberty a license to do evil.

When this free-thought orator repudiates the imperialism of the Vatican, when he denounces the blighting superstitions of the Medieval ages, and paints the haggard horrors of bigotry, his rhetoric and neatly rounded periods half carry me away into captivity—where, psychologically chained, I sit for the hour or more, and listen with mingled approval and disapproval.

When Col. Ingersoll discourses upon the immutability of law, the magnificence of the universe, the unchangeability of cause and effect, and the absolute certainty of compensation, I listen and approve.

When he eloquently enforces the sanctities of marriage, the sacredness of the family relation, the mutual sympathies that should obtain in social life; and so delicately paints the joys of the hearth and the home, I am in full sympathy with him.

When he speaks of the gospel of health, of the gospel of sunshine, of the gospel of charity and joy and gladness, thus reiterating a portion of the sermon on the mount—"rejoice and be exceeding glad"—I rejoice in his utterances.

This much said in his favor, and cheerfully, too, I must add—the moment that the Colonel touches upon the existence of God, the Bible, and the Christian religion, that moment he drops from this high moral attitude, and descends almost infinitely below the momentous themes and doctrines he attacks, adopting a cheap, clownish style of wit and satire, that in no way compare with the dignity of such subjects as God and Revelation, Death and immortality. These subjects, sufficiently grave and important to take hold of the soul's deepest affections, do not admit of frivolity, mirth, bitter invective, or flippant sarcasm.

Baron Humboldt, Fichte, Virchow, Dana, Dawson, Fiske, Carlyle, Emerson, and the truly great of all ages, have treated matters relating to the divine existence, religion and a future life, with the utmost gravity and becoming reverence.

Col. Ingersoll is not a thorough scholar, not a well-read historian, not an able jurist, nor has he the standing at the American bar of a careful and learned counsellor. He is an attorney-at-law, and attacks Christianity as an attorney naturally would. I say attacks, for his anti-Christian speeches are hostile attacks, rather than cultured criticisms. He is racy, eloquent, daring, and his legal fort, because of great personal magnetism, is before a jury.

He is a strong partisan politician, and carries the partisan spirit into his attacks upon the Bible and religion. The real philosopher, however, is never a partisan. The sage never sneers. Savans are never sensationalists, nor do their telling words of wisdom ever produce vulgar feet-stamping and "uproarious laughter!"

Am I told that he is popular, that multitudes run after him, that he "draws?" Granted—and so do theatres, circuses, races, and Spanish bull-fights! But no giddy crowd followed Socrates. He stood, barefooted, in the market-places of Athens, with the choice few, uttering words and golden sentences that have streamed in moral grandeur down through all the intervening centuries.

It is perfectly plain to the *literati* of the country, that while Col. Ingersoll is quite unacquainted with late archaeological researches, and recent Oriental discoveries confirmatory of Biblical history, he is blindly feeling his way over dusty thoroughfares, trodden long ago by the cynical Berathus, Celsus, Julian, Dupuis, Taylor, and Voltaire. There is not, so far as I have ever heard or read, so much as a shadow of originality in the Colonel's carping criticisms. He simply puts upon the Infidel skeleton of the French revolution a new and jaunty dress, for a class of drifting Americans to pay for, look at, and laugh! Old furniture, freshly veneered and polished, is ever in the Infidel market.

Naturally combative and cunning, the Colonel attacks the dead Moses, as did James and Jambres, as did Korah, Dathan and Abiram; but he carefully shies away from that living Israelite, Rabbi Wise, of Cincinnati, who pronounces him "unfair, incorrect in statement, unread in Semitic literature, and largely unacquainted with the Mosaic economy"—an economy comparable, in the language of another, to a cube, which, "turn it as you may, it stands just as solid."

I dislike antagonism, and am no way inclined to differ with Col. Ingersoll, were it possible to agree; but it must be evident that, in attacking religion, he pushes before his audiences, in place of New Testament Christianity, the basest Calvinism, or Roman Catholicism, and naively pronounces the image *Christianity*, and then slashes away at it. If there's any destruction, it is not Christianity, but the image of his own making.

But what is Ingersollism? Expressed in a single word,

it is *negation*. "*I don't know*," is the Agnostic's confession. Col. Ingersoll glories and rejoices in demolition. He attacks, smites, destroys, and then relentlessly chuckles over the wrecks and the ruins.

The Infidel's creed may be thus summarized:—

1. I believe in all unbelief.

2. I believe it my privilege and duty to undermine, so far as I can, every man's belief in God, and his faith in immortality.

3. I believe in the folly of faith and prayer, in the destruction of all religions, all churches, all Bibles, all spiritual demonstrations, and also in my own destruction and final dissipation into the gases.

But while Col. Ingersoll admits the existence and beautiful life of Jesus, pronouncing Him, "an honest man," he denies the existence of God. He is reported as saying:—

"Whether there's one God, or a million, I don't know, I've never seen God." If not atheism, this is agnosticism—the story of "*I don't know*."

Man, as a conscious, religious being, naturally believes in God, or some Supreme power, governing this living, pulsing universe. Though twice circumnavigating the globe, travelling among and mixing with civilized, semi-civilized, and savage—the Maoris, Veddas and Kafirs, and even lower tribes, utterly naked—I have never seen the nation, race or tribe that did not have some conception, some belief, vague as it may have been, of some awe-inspiring, overshadowing Presence, in some sense the equivalent of God.

But the Christian, more enlightened and logical, believes in the *Personality of God*—not, mark well, in a personal, individualized God, having shape, dimensions and limitations. No, no! The stupid booby who would confound, or use synonymously, the phrases "personality of God," and "personal God," would quite likely confound a chesnut horse and a horse-chesnut.

As an individual, I most conscientiously believe in the personality of God—one God, three in manifestation. And man, made in the image of God, is also a trinity in unity, compounded of a physical body, a spiritual body, and the immortal soul. Epes Sargent believed in the personality of God, and so do the greatest moral philosophers of the age. I am proud to agree with Prof. Fisher, who contends that, "The essential characteristics of person^{ality} are self-consciousness and self-determination." And then it seems rational that only from the personality of God could the personality of man be derived. "It is flatly inconceivable," said Thomas Carlyle, "that conscious intelligence and moral emotion could have been put into man by an entity that had none of its own." Beliefs in the personality of man and in the personality of God are, to my mind, as logically inseparable as stream and fountain!

It is unaccountably strange, to me, that there are men who can believe in the eternity of matter, but not in the eternity of God; who can believe in a self-existent universe, but not in a self-existent Creator; and who can believe in order, direction and intelligence, as everywhere manifest, and yet cannot believe in a good, wise and intelligent God!

Put in another form, they can believe in beliefs without believers, in thoughts without thinkers, in paintings without artists, in magnificent structures without architects, and in a well ordered and wisely-governed universe without any moral governor.

I could better conceive of a headless human body, than of a headless universe.

Possibly it may be said that Col. Ingersoll believes in God, but not in "the tutelary trikal Jehovah of Israel." Then why does he not discriminate? Why does he, in a sort of wholesale style, mock and make merry over the very name, God, and spitefully call the evangelist John "the inspired lunatic of Patmos?"

It seems rational that man, as a moral being, with a moral nature, with moral and religious aspirations, should be the subject of moral law, and the phrase, *moral law* necessarily implies a Moral Governor, whom we call God, meaning thereby, "Our Father, who art in Heaven."

And the troubled, drifting soul needs to feel that a Father, the embodiment of infinite wisdom, goodness and love, is at the helm, doing all things well.—Upon the bosom of this God is my soul's rest forever.

Col. Ingersoll's treatment of Moses and the Pentateuch is shamefully unfair. The cultured conscience repels his lack of magnanimity, his rank injustice, in picking up and magnifying all the little mistakes and errors of a Semitic people existing several thousand years ago, and uttering not a word in favor of them or their sacred books.

Should a reckless detective strike the Colonel's track when a festive youth, following him through his social life and political campaigns, seizing upon every little vice and mistake, and then sneeringly thrust them in his face, how would the Colonel relish it? And yet, this is precisely the course that Col. Ingersoll pursues toward Moses.

Let us turn the other side of the shield. Listen, while Moses speaks for himself:—

"Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart, . . . but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."—Lev. xix, 18.

"Clean yourselves from all uncleanness, . . . Sanctify yourselves, therefore, and be ye holy."—Lev. xx, 7.

"Thou shalt not oppress an hired servant that is poor and needy, whether he be of thy brethren, or of the strangers that are in thy land within thy gates."—Deut. xxiv, 14.

"Therefore, I command thee, saying, Thou shalt open thy hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy in the land."—Deut. xv, 11.

"But the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself, for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt."—Lev. xix, 34.

And Moses further teaches that:—

"Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer among the people."

"Thou shalt not avenge, nor bear any grudge against thy neighbor or the strangers that dwell among you."

"Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head and honour the face of the old man."

. . . Thou shalt honour thy father and thy mother."

Surely, these are not bad teachings, and yet they seem to have utterly escaped the eye of Col. Ingersoll—an eye skillfully trained to see but one side of a question. (Page 17.)

"I admit that, in all ages," says Col. Ingersoll, "men have believed in spooks and ghosts, and signs and wonders. This, however, proves nothing. Men have for thousands of years believed in the impossible, and worshipped the absurd. Our ancestors have worshipped snakes, and birds and beasts. I do not admit that any ghost ever existed . . . One world at a time; I know nothing of another."

What Col. Ingersoll does not "know" is of very little consequence. But what any man does or did know upon this subject of another world is of momentous importance. Listen, then, to Paul: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." (2 Cor. v, 1). Listen, also, to the testimony of Spiritualists!

"One world at a time," exclaims the jolly Colonel. The fish, skipping and wriggling about in the water, might say the same, and yet it would be but the say-so of a foolish fish! The naturalist knows that the fish lives in two worlds at the same time—the world of water and the world of air, else, why those respiratory organs, the gills! And so Col. Ingersoll, a twofold being, lives in two worlds now, instead of "one"—a world of matter and a world of mind, body and soul; for, certainly the Colonel is not all bones, flesh and viscera! He is a man, and his soul within needs nourishing and feeding with the bread of God—religion!

Ingersollism knows nothing of a future immortal life. It clings to Prof. Clifford's epitaph: "I was not, and was conceived; I lived and did a little work; I am not, and I grieve not." And so, death ends all; the living man's last dying echoes are: "I am not!" And this, too, while all nature is aglow with life, grass growing, flowers blooming, birds singing, and wild briars gracefully twining around tombstones; yet man, the crowning glory of all, lies under the lifeless slab, rotting away into eternal nothingness!

Standing by the coffin holding his brother's dead body, Col. Ingersoll talked in this manner:—

"Life is a narrow vale within the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word. The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows were still falling towards the West, he had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point, but being weary, for a moment he lay down by the wayside, and using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world he passed to silent and pathetic dust."

Consider these heart-chilling words pronounced over a brother—"echo of a wailing cry," "voiceless lips," "unreplying dead," "dreamless sleep," "passed to silent and pathetic dust." I presume they provoked no laughter—no "uproarious laughter," as the Colonel's speeches usually do!

Ingersollism robs the soul of trust in God; and offers in place chance or blind impersonal force.

It deprives man of faith in immortality and points him to the dreary tomb of a blank, dreamless unconsciousness.

It snatches away the orphan's refreshing loaf, and returns him not even a dry and mouldy crust.

It severs the sound right limb of the athlete, and tenders the crippled man neither staff nor crutch.

It strikes down from dry, fevered lips the well-filled cup, and points the thirsty to a parched and barren desert.

It madly puts out the light of Heaven—or would so do—and then mockingly, laughingly, tells, in rippling rhetoric, of a night, black, starless and eternal!

It is the draped "gospel" of gloom, of sadness, of rayless darkness, of chilling anguish, of everlasting death!

Compare these dubious dogmas with the Christianity of the New Testament!—

"Let not you heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me."

"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also."

"Now that the dead are raised, even Moses showed at the bush. . . . For he is not a God of the dead, but of the living; for all live unto him."

"It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. It is sown in corruption it is raised in incorruption. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory." And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

The above are some of the teachings of Christianity, relative to a future existence.

And yet the sceptic continues to doubt, because, as he rashly asserts, science does not teach a future existence, or the immortality of the soul. Here is the sceptic's blunder, a blunder most pitiable and fatal; there is no conflict between science and religion, science and immortality. The truest, highest science of to-day teaches the substantiality and conservation of all forces; and the soul as an entity, as a conscious force, is the most potent force in the universe, except God. And science, in teaching the conservation of forces, unwittingly teaches the immortality of the soul.

Certainly the soul, or "inner man," is not a shapeless, nothingless wave of motion; is not an impalpable secretion of the brain; nor is it a process of molecular action; but it is substance; not matter, but *divine substance*! It produces mighty results, and the agent or force that produces such results must, of necessity, be positive substance of some kind. The soul, therefore, being substance is indestructible and immortal.

The substantiality and personality of God are, to sound subjective thinkers, axiomatic, and the soul being made in the image of God, is, therefore, personal and substantial. It is a *conscious entity*; it is divine substance; and as all substance is indestructible, the soul is necessarily indestructible and immortal. It is clear as the sunlight that a substance afire with the breath of God, and

"involving thought, feeling, sensation, self-consciousness, and respiration, cannot, as such, cease to exist." And so true science true Christianity and true Spiritualism are in perfect accord, touching the momentous subject of the Soul's immortality.

The continents and islands of all Christendom, to-day, are dotted with schools, colleges, and institutions of charity, with orphans' homes, deaf and dumb asylums, retreats for aged women, idiotic asylums, free libraries, houses of refuge, reform schools, hospitals and Bethels. But where are the Free-thinkers' institutions of charity? Infidelity has none. It constructs nothing, builds up nothing, glories in nothing except destruction!

If atheistic Ingersollism be a "gospel," as some of its enthusiastic admirers have pronounced it, then, it is the gospel of *despair*! A gospel without any God, without any uplifting Christ, without any faith, without any prayer, without any repentance, without any baptism, without any consciousness of sin, without any belief in the holy ministries of angels, without any institutions of charity, and without one gleam of knowledge relative to immortality!

Beginning in matter and ending in matter, it is the gospel of mud—that and nothing more! It is comparable to shells that rattle, and husks that rustle, and utterly fails to satisfy the rational demands of royal-souled men and women.

The scholarly and brilliant O. B. Frothingham, for some twenty years a preacher of Free-thought, and for several years President of the "Free Religious Association," only recently confessed that his doctrines of negation "led to nothing, and may have been grounded upon mistaken premises"; and "therefore it is better for me," said he, "to stop." And he did stop! And what is more, has joined the very orthodox Unitarian Church where his father formerly worshipped.

I cannot consistently close without embodying the following testimony of the scholarly yet sceptical Renan:—

"To the perusal of documentary evidences I have been able to add an important source of information—the sight of the places where the events occurred. The scientific mission, having for its object the exploration of ancient Phœnicia, which I directed in 1860 and 1861, led me to reside on the frontiers of Galilee, and to travel there frequently. I have traversed, in all directions, the country of the Gospels; I have visited Jerusalem, Hebron and Samaria; scarcely any important locality in the history of Jesus has escaped me. All this history, which at a distance seems to float in the clouds of an unreal world, thus took a form, a solidity which astonished me. The striking agreement of the texts with the places, the marvellous harmony of the Gospel ideal with the country which served it as a framework, were like a revelation to me. I had before my eyes a *fifth Gospel*, torn, but still legible, and henceforward, through the recitals of Matthew and Mark, in place of an abstract being, whose existence might have been doubted, I saw, living and moving, an admirable human figure."

I, too, have traversed the country of the Gospels, visited Jerusalem, walked through Gethsemane's Garden, looked off from the summit of Mt. Olives, tented by the ruins of Jericho, bathed in the limped waters of the Jordan, sat by the pool of Siloam, and weary from travelling under those burning Syrian skies, rested at Bethlehem, near the hills where the angel appeared, and over which the Heavenly Hosts chanted praises of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will to men."

Having in my heart, I trust, the spirit of the "four Gospels," and seeing that the "fifth Gospel," Palestine itself, strengthened my confidence in God, deepened my faith in Christianity, and brought me into closer fellowship with the spirit of the living Christ.

I had a spiritualistic experience of an "upper room" in Jerusalem, a heavenly baptism; an apostolic benediction, that will go with me in conscious memory through life.

Previous to visiting the birth land of Jesus Christ, I had looked upon the Isle of Samos, that gave birth to Pythagoras; I had stood upon the spot where Socrates was imprisoned for corrupting the youth; I had wandered over the fields of Sarnath, where Buddha's feet had pressed the soul; I had traversed the land where Plato taught in the Athenian groves; and now I was at

the gates of the city where Jesus had toiled and taught, healed and suffered, wept and died, with the prayer upon His purpling lips, "Father, forgive them!" (Page 24).

Besides liberal quotations from Lecky, Mill, Guizot, Max Muller and others in defence of primitive christianity and its civilizing influences, he also makes use of such unwilling witnesses as Celsus, Porphyry, Julian, Suetonius, Pliny the younger, and Tacitus, the classical historians.

The Pamphlet is the fairest and most rational criticism of Ingersoll we have seen.

REMINISCENCES.

By H. V. S.

No. ix.

In my last I endeavoured to explain the process by which I reached the conclusions that man is utterly incapable of suggesting any modification of the system of Nature that would improve his condition; that if his ideal perfection had been realised in all things, there would have remained no incentive to, or motive for, action, mental or physical;—then, like the "Fates," we should have had no need of heads,—and that the tribulation and suffering to which we are liable in this sphere of being, and man's tendency to evil, supply the only conceivable objects for the exercise of the most ennobling faculties of human nature—the only conceivable reason for their existence. When I deplore "the wrong and outrage with which Earth is filled," I acknowledge the truth that there is work in this world for me, and that I should earnestly endeavour to understand, and to do my—it may be humble—part in promoting the moral and intellectual advancement of mankind. The "orthodox" God is said to have declared that all he had made "was very good," and His orthodox worshippers have a very peculiar way of paying Him honour, when they declare that man, whom they acknowledge to be the masterpiece of His work, is very bad—nothing good in Him—in fact, a total failure. That this doctrine of "man's total depravity" is ridiculous, needs no more proof than that twice two make more than three. If there was not more good than evil in human nature, as a whole, the laws which have been brought into force by man for the regulation of society would have been designed not to restrain but to foster our evil tendencies. I have learned to believe that "all things work together for good," and to my mind it would seem blasphemous to tell my Creator that His marvellous works are very faulty, and ask Him to do something to make amends for His blundering. Instead of praying that I may be "made perfect," I humbly and honestly thank my God for all things; I am thankful for our imperfections, and the perplexities of our environment, which, as I have endeavoured to explain, I have been constrained to believe are necessary to the perfection of the great system of Nature. In times past my incipient scepticism frequently furnished me with simple logical arguments that placed learned divines and others in the dilemma from which they would not unfrequently endeavour to escape, by assuming a solemn face, and assuring me in a stentorian voice that "such subjects were too high for human reason, and too sacred to argue about in that manner;" and such remarks invariably had reference to subjects upon which I felt that I could and ought to exercise my reason; although not convinced, I was sometimes silenced. In later years I could have replied with confidence to these assertions—that it is not left to man to decide what he may or may not exercise his reason upon; our Creator has determined that question, and a man has just as much power to "lift himself by his own waistband," as he has to reason upon things "that are too high for him." The bounds which our Creator has prescribed for human reason cannot be passed, but we can go beyond those which men mark out very readily.

There was a time when I was prone to regard our reasoning powers as the only reliable source of knowledge, and to ignore our intuitions, so far as that was possible. This appears to have been impossible to Pro-

fessor Tyndall, notwithstanding his materialistic enunciations, for he says, "I would set forth equally the inexorable advance of man's understanding in the path of knowledge, and the unquenchable claims of his emotional nature which the understanding can never satisfy." I still contend that we err culpably when we shrink from exercising our reason upon any subject whatever, to the very utmost stretch of possibility; but reflection upon the things we know, yet do not understand—which are almost endless in number and variety—has led me to the conclusion that a very large proportion of human knowledge is purely intuitive, and of a nature that cannot be made amenable to reason, and enabled me to discern in our institutions light from the same Source as, and more certain than, that of reason; for example, no man can understand, nor bring his reasoning powers to bear upon, consciousness of his own existence, nor even upon his consciousness of anything; his intellectual powers will not, and cannot, satisfy his desire for logical continuity between his consciousness and the external world; that all we are conscious of is certain impressions within ourselves, is proved by the fact that if the optic nerve be severed, or injured, even though the eye remains perfect, we cannot see. Scientists may describe our sensual organs; they may inform us how the rays of light emanating from an object are brought to a focus by the lens of the eye, and produce an image of that object upon the retina; but the great mystery lies beyond the retina, and science cannot explain the connection between this picture upon the retina and our consciousness in relation to the object. The same may be said of our other senses; science may tell us how the atmospheric, or etheric, tremors reach the water of the labyrinth, and set the otoliths and Corti's fibres in motion, but cannot tell us how these purely physical tremors make us conscious of sound.

Another consideration affecting the knowledge which we derive through the senses is, that the range of our senses is limited; light, when it reaches a certain degree of intensity, becomes—to use familiar phraseology—"dazzling" or "blinding;" that is to say, we cannot take cognisance of light beyond this degree of intensity. "Deafening noise" is a familiar phrase, and as a matter of fact, sound becomes silence to us after it has reached a certain degree of shrillness. All our senses are dependent upon feeling; we feel the impressions which reach us through the eye, the ear, etc., and yet more, we feel our intuitions, when violently excited, by either internal or external causes; the sense of feeling reaches its limit at the moment when insensibility ensues.

I have said that as we can by the exercise of our intellectual powers satisfy our minds that many natural arrangements which appear to militate against the idea of a benevolent Creative Power, when viewed in the abstract, are necessary in the mundane economy, and benevolent in design, it is rational to conclude that with enlarged mental powers we should discern in the more difficult problems upon which, in the present stage of intellectual progress, man cannot bring his reason to bear further evidences of the wisdom and beneficence of our Creator. I have also expressed my conviction that man is incapable of conceiving any beneficial modification of the system of Nature; and my chief aim in the foregoing remarks has been to show how these views were sustained.

That there are objective counterparts of all our aspirations which relate to this life must be admitted; yet in the face of this vast induction, the prevalent, but rarely avowed, modern Materialism requires me to believe that our loftiest aspirations that bear us, as it were, on beams of light onward to a higher state of being, stand alone as delusive mockeries; and—divested of its flimsy surroundings,—all that "orthodox" modern Christianity has to offer in opposition to this Materialism is the miserable and impossible doctrine of the resurrection of the body.

SYDNEY LETTER.

HUMAN Nature is strangely conservative, and holds with a tenacity that is at once surprising and alarming to whatever is sanctified by age, if it comes within the

sphere of Theology. The elder superstitions, with much of their beautiful symbolism and fetishism, still abide with us, though they have lost much of their primitive beauty and have put on another garb, less pure less holy. Archbishop Vaughan has gone on a pilgrimage to Rome. The good and simple people of his creed fell down and worshipped him—(like their forefathers around their idols)—to the tune of £3000 "worried" from the "sheep" by the clerical "wolves." On the 19th inst, he held a special service and hid them adieu amidst many manifestations of genuine sorrow and many of a pseudo character. "Man's greatest curse is his egotism," so his reverence says. Unfortunately the major part of his clergy are guilty of the sin, for they are quarrelling among themselves as to who shall wear the Pontifical Robes during his absence. It seems a little incongruous that five priests should all have calls from Jehovah for the one seat. There is evidently a mistake somewhere. I suppose the Celestial Archangel switched on the wrong wire, hence the reason of the Divine telephonic message becoming somewhat mixed.

This aggressive sect has just completed a Bible Hall, where in a series of weekly lectures the various books of "the Book" are to be expounded and explained, controversy being, however, restricted to those who are expert Hebrew and Greek scholars. Narrowing as this is, it shows a decided change for the better, for the Papist Church never argued before, except with fagot and rack.

The Rev. Mr. Mack is such a staunch advocate of the Satanic supremacy in man that a near relationship to the Demon is generally imputed to him. Of course he is quite welcome to his "region of a perpetual electric light where it never freezes," as someone aptly designates Hell, here he may abide at his pleasure, but we are a little too enlightened to be scared into swallowing that, *volens volens*, savored with such hot sauce. Mr. Bright has, however, taken him to task, and will soon "dynamite" his arguments.

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing; it is a pity the Rev. J. Spicer (whom I mentioned in my last in connection with Mr. Denton) did not bear this in mind when he accepted Mr. Bright's challenge to debate on "Genesis and Geology," which is to take place very shortly. The Divine defends the former, the "Heretic" the latter. The one is to reconcile them, the other to demonstrate their irreconcilableness.

The Gaiety Theatre is well attended every Sunday to hear the eloquent lectures of Mr. Bright, while the platform of the City Hall is filled by our Mr. T. M. Brown, who lately arrived from Brisbane, an earnest conscientious worker, and one we have much need of; his peculiar mediumship giving tests to many who have sought his company. Thus the cause grows, and the good Angels help and bless mankind.

On the 29th inst. the Liberal Association held their first Sunday picnic at Chowder Bay. It promises to be a success, and will, I have no doubt, be repeated ere long. It has been stated that this is the first Sunday Picnic south of the Line, but some of our readers may remember that an Annual Picnic was given on the first Sunday in November from the years 1872 to 1875 to the Castlemaine Lyceum, by a gentleman now a worker in the Spirit Land.

That indefatigable worker in the cause of Spiritualism, Mr. Cyril Haviland is again to the fore, this time elating the Suburban people with a series of Sunday Lectures, which so far, have been very successful.

The Sydney Lyceum held its second and most successful Flower Sunday on the 10th, the Hall being beautifully decorated with God's flowers and evergreens, while it holds the unusual distinction of being noticed by the local press, and also in the telegraphic columns of the "Age" the following Monday.

The Liberal is still in existence in spite of the West Maitland Clergy, who by their illiberal action have only damaged their own cause and added recruits to the constantly swelling army of Advancing Thought and progressive Spiritualism.

BETA.

WELLINGTON.

My last communication was full of hope regarding the progress of Spiritualism here. But since then a blight has fallen on us, and is to be accounted for firstly, on the score of discord; secondly, puerility; thirdly, from the puzzling, confusing, and deceptive character of the manifestations. As for discord, only those who have tried to form a circle for obtaining physical manifestations can have any idea of the difficulty of assembling six or seven people who will act in thorough accord, and pursue investigations in an unbiased, logical spirit of enquiry. When I say six or seven people, I mean so many possessing the requisite mediumistic power amongst them. That mediumistic power is the stumbling-block. I know of several who possess it in Wellington, and put it to most unworthy purposes, in a sort of drawing-room entertainments—making tables waltz, polka, and so on, instead of soberly using it to the advancement of the most interesting, most important and most instructive of modern social sciences.

I am striving to put the necessary seriousness in dealing with the subject in certain directions, and would be most thankful if we had enough power in our own household to make the circle purely a family one, for I am one of those who maintain that Spiritualism can be well and truly served and promoted better by far by the family than by any other way. I read the leader in your March number with a great deal of interest. It took up reasonable, common sense grounds, and reflected my own views on the matter exactly.

I am sorry to say the circle of which I had such hopes here has broken up. The fractiousness and fads of one member sufficed to destroy it. The circle was so constituted that the defection of a certain one deprived us of the medium. Then again, we were constantly deceived by the manifestations. The most outrageous lies were told. Those deaths I mentioned in my last were, I believe, all bunkum. Not a word of verification has, as yet, come from England. When you are told a person died on such a day and at such a time; that his spirit is present and speaks to you; and comes to the circle sitting after sitting, and yet no verification follows in due course, naturally other manifestations are regarded with suspicion and incredulity, especially when they are not particularly consequential. The above is only one out of dozens of misleading incidents that befel us, to say nothing of "confusion worse confounded" that marred several of the sittings. Can you or any of your readers instruct and advise under circumstances so perplexing to young investigators?

Mr. Milner Stephen is pursuing his career South, and according to the telegraphic reports, has met with varied success. He seems to have excited tremendous antagonism at Christchurch, and was prosecuted for obtaining money under false pretences, but won the case. I can plainly see that the man will always be in trouble till he adopts different tactics and presents himself to the public unobtrusively, as a person possessing certain natural healing powers shared by many others of his species, and which are quite fallible. He may find it profitable to get up an excitement in a country place; then rush there for a day or two, gather in fees, and rush away. But it is not creditable to himself or his adopted calling to have seven-tenths of his patients cursing him after he is gone. Mr. Stephen should settle down in a populous centre, and go into practice like an ordinary medical man, and then I believe he would do much good. As for his assertions privately about acting under Spiritualistic command, I for one regard it as so much nonsense. There is no doubt about his having effected several remarkable and radical cures in the Wellington district. He has power, but does not apply it to the best advantage for the furtherance of the much-needed reform of medical science.

I shall be glad to welcome in Wellington any reputable mediums and Spiritualists who may be coming our way. True Spiritualists, actuated by a sincere desire to promote the cause, should be knit together in the bonds of brotherhood, and be ready to co-operate on every available occasion. Spiritualism will be marvellously advanced by such co-operation.

The weather changed suddenly last month, from sub-tropical heat to the early winter temperature, and has been broken ever since. I think we are in for an inclement season. TAIHOA.

Wellington, April 8th, 1883.

RE MATERIALISATION SEANCES.

We are in receipt of letters and verbal enquiries in reference to the resumption of the Materialisation Séances, held in the V. A. S. rooms, under the mediumship of Mr. Geo. Spriggs; and in reply to those at present unanswered, as well as to perspective enquirers, call attention to the paragraph in December issue, wherein we stated the reason for discontinuing the séances and the uncertainty of their being resumed. Mr. Spriggs was at that time in a low and exhausted condition, which he attributed to the long-continued sittings for the phenomena. A short course of treatment and a six weeks' trip to the seaside, restored his health.

We had a conversation with him a few weeks after his return, and found that he was not particularly anxious to resume the séances for what we considered good reasons, namely, he had given his services gratuitously for about eighteen months, during which time he had suffered mentally and physically and been a target for the abuse of anti-spiritualists, and some who professed to be spiritualists. Under these circumstances he did not feel it incumbent upon him to risk his health in such a thankless office.

As regards ourselves, we entered into the matter with the sole desire to investigate the phenomena, and having assured ourselves of its *bona fides*, we carefully followed it up in the interests of science, and with the view of giving to the world all possible information. In the tabulated results of experiments which have appeared in this journal, and have been referred to in the English and continental papers, we think we have added somewhat to the general knowledge in connection with this form of Psychic Phenomena, and this is the only substantial result that we know of being attained.

With regard to the numbers of persons who witnessed the phenomena, they may be divided into three classes: 1st, Persons who from experiences in other directions were thorough believers in Spiritualism, and only desired to see this phase as an addenda. These came, saw, and were pleased with their experiments, but we doubt if any were made better or more liberal Spiritualists therefore.

2nd, Persons nominally Spiritualists, but not well grounded in their belief, who came expecting to have all their doubts resolved by a crowning manifestation of spirit in matter. These came, saw, and were in almost every instance satisfied at the time. Full of their new experiences they conversed with their friends and acquaintances; but these naturally enough did not believe in the spiritual hypothesis, and argued strongly against it, suggesting other theories to account for the phenomena, and pointing out tests which in their opinion ought to have been put, so that by the time the narrator had argued with about a dozen such, he was, in nine cases out of ten, pretty well satisfied that his senses had deceived him, and he had been taken in.

A third and smaller class were opponents to Spiritualism, who under the guise of *earnest enquirers* obtained admission to see if they could find out *how it was done*! They went away nonplussed, but having already a foregone conclusion, were soon able to make their experiences fit in with it, and having seen the manifestations were in a much better position to speak authoritatively on the subject, to the delight of their compeers and the amusement of those who from fuller knowledge of the subject saw through their theories.

With this experience in view we were not disposed to exercise any persuasive influence on the medium. We have devoted considerable time and labour to the matter, and put ourselves out of the way to obtain the *entree* of many anxious people to the séances with the results stated, and we should certainly not feel inclined to take part in any future séances of the kind except for purely scientific purposes.

AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

IN MEMORIAM DR. BRITTAN.

From the *Banner of Light*.

The meeting of the Alliance on Sunday, the 21st inst., was devoted to memorial services in respect to Dr. S. B. Brittan, and a large audience filled Republican Hall on the occasion. Henry Kiddle, Esq., the Chairman, called the meeting to order. The exercises were commenced with the singing of the "Lost Chord," by Mrs. Belle Cole, with all the rich pathos of her fine voice. The following impressive invocation was then offered through Mrs. Richmond:

INVOCATION.

Oh! thou Infinite God! thou Dispenser of every blessing! thou giver of every Gift! alike the gifts that men call good and those that men call evil; alike the gifts of joy in life and sorrow in what is misnamed death: thou who bestowest the harmony of the seasons, giving to the earth and the fruitage thereof Springtime and Summertime and the rest of Winter! thou who givest day for labor and night for repose, and, in the countless courses of being, all the time for growth and all the time for fruition; oh; thou who knowest no death; within the hallowed temples of the spirit, before the shrine and altar of thy Being, thy children bend to-day, acknowledging the all-potency of thy love, acknowledging the wonders of thy wisdom and praising thee for that which, though it bring the shadow of sorrow to the outward nature of man, brings rejoicings and victory to the spirit.

Oh, God! we praise thee for death, for that harbinger of life eternal, that messenger opening the kingdom of immortality, that divine minister that changes the clay into immortal splendor and clothes mankind with glory.

Here, within the altar set apart for this day's memory, we still would praise thee, though human eyes are weak and faltering, and know not whither to turn for strength save unto thee. Make thou an altar here consecrate not to death, but to life, not to sadness and sorrow, but to all that is beautiful and glorious, and let each heart bring its tribute of memory, each hand known to the one departed bring a gift of praise, and these altar flowers shall be strewn upon the altar made hallowed by love.

Thy children come at this hour, and, bringing their votive offerings in memory of one who is not dead but living, would say: "I knew him; and he was kind and loving and true and faithful unto the end; therefore do I bring this flower." And each one, bringing and offering thus, will have paved the way to the spiritual life by that memory until he himself opens the doorway and says: "I am not dead but living."

In the light of that immortality may human faith grow strong, and human love more perfect, and all be in the eternal world by the undying benedictions of thy love.

After this Mr. Henry Kiddle, the President, made the following preliminary remarks, in the course of which he read the resolutions adopted by the Alliance:

ADDRESS OF HENRY KIDDLE, ESQ.

More than a generation has passed away since the great spiritual movement with which we are connected commenced; and it is, therefore, to be expected that those who were the earliest champions and workers in this movement will soon, one by one, pass away from the scene of their earthly labors and triumphs. The illustrious names on the historic roll of the spiritual movement of this age are far too many to be enumerated here. It is true that their fame is still dimmed with prejudice and bigotry on the part of many; but they yet shine with splendor; and that splendor—the splendor of a true and fitting appreciation—will increase year by year, as the mist of human ignorance, selfish antagonism, envy and jealousy, shall be cleared away. Hare, Mapes, Edmonds, Sargent, are a few of the bright particular stars of the glorious constellation of American Spiritualists who have left the great army of Progress and Truth here, to take their places in the still grander army in the spheres above. And now another star has been added to that heavenly constellation—yes, a star of the first

magnitude: Dr. Brittan was an earnest worker in the cause of spiritual truth and religious progress—one of the earliest workers, one of the most faithful and the most heroic.

We meet this afternoon to pay a fitting tribute of respect to his memory, to commemorate some of his services in this cause, to recount to some extent his virtues, and, if this be eulogy, to pronounce an eulogy upon him. Not upon me, however, has devolved the duty of pronouncing this eulogy: it has been assigned to one who is able to perform this task, having a more extensive knowledge and acquaintanceship with our departed brother, both as to his character and his life work. But I would pay, myself, a tribute of respect to him who has gone from us "a little time, a little space"; and, as far as my brief acquaintance with him permits, bear testimony to his virtues and merits as a man and as a worker in the cause which is dear to all of us; for Dr. Brittan, though distinguished as a lecturer, as a writer and as an editor, was still more distinguished for his virtues in social and private life—in all the relations which he sustained to his fellowmen. He was an honored member of this organization, one of the founders of it; and his fellow-members have expressed their sentiments in relation to Dr. Brittan, and in regard to his decease, in a series of resolutions which it is my duty to read on this occasion, and which I will now read:

Whereas, The American Spiritualist Alliance has received the sad intelligence of the departure from this earthly sphere of their highly esteemed brother-member and faithful co-worker in the cause of Spiritualism, Dr. S. B. Brittan; therefore,

Resolved, That, in the decease of Dr. Brittan, the modern spiritual movement has lost one of its earliest and ablest advocates and champions—one who, in the capacity of author, lecturer and editor, devoted the greater part of a long life, with rare self-sacrifice and heroism, to the exposition and defence of the principles of psychological and spiritual science, and to the elucidation of the lessons presented to mankind through the facts and phenomena of the New Dispensation; and one whose most prominent traits of character—integrity, gentility, courtesy, and unflinching clarity, offered a living exemplification of the moral and spiritual precepts which the angels of this Dispensation have uniformly taught and emphatically enjoined.

Resolved, That, while we offer our deepest and sincerest condolences to the bereaved wife, relatives and numerous friends of the deceased, whose hearts must feel most acutely even this temporary separation from his genial and loving companionship, we yet rejoice to greet our brother as a risen spirit, emancipated from the trammels of clay, relieved from the burdens and cares of the earthly life, and now exulting in the freedom of the spheres of light and truth, to which he had been translated; and enjoying the society of those who, like himself, have passed onward to the higher and better state of being, to gather in the harvest of good deeds performed in the rudimentary life, and to begin that upward career of spiritual being, in the spiral pathway which leads eternally toward Infinite Perfection.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded for publication to the Spiritualist and secular press, and also to the widow of the deceased.

HENRY KIDDLE,	} Committee.
CHARLES PARTRIDGE	
HENRY J. NEWTON,	
NELSON CROSS,	
J. V. MANSFIELD,	

Much more could be said; and much more will be said; and, I am sure, fittingly and feelingly said on this occasion by those who are to speak; but I will close these few introductory remarks with the eloquent words of Thomas Carlyle penned upon a similar theme,

"The unwearied workman, now rests from his labors. But these will be left growing and to grow. His earthly years have been numbered and ended; but of his activity there is no end, for it stood rooted in the Eternal. What, then, is man? What, then, is man? He endures here but for a time, and is crushed before the moth. Yet in the being and in the working of a faithful man is there already (as all faith from the beginning gives assurance) a something that pertains not to this wild death-element of time, a something that triumphs over time, and is and will be when time shall be no more. And he, the faithful, earnest worker, whose mortal career is finished, has one counsel yet to give to each one of the survivors. Think what it is to live! Thy life, wert thou the pitifullest of all the sons of earth, is no idle dream, but a solemn reality; it is thy own; it is all thou hast to front eternally with. Work, then, even as he has done—and does; and, like a star, unshining yet unresting, go on in thy everlasting career!"

Judge Nelson Cross was then introduced and delivered the commemorative address, containing a summary of Dr. Brittan's life and works.

ADDRESS OF JUDGE NELSON CROSS.

We come not here to mourn the *dead* but to commemorate the *living*; for he whose earthly course is marked with many a shining light, has passed from our visible presence to *higher life*. The star that for so many years led the way before us, in the intellectual firmament, went not down in darkness but in the mellow light of meeting days, only to rise again, glorified with good works and sanctified as never before in the hearts of those who have been made to feel its inspiring rays.

Here Samuel B. Brittan was our friend and brother in a common cause, sharing in our labors and directing our counsels. *There*, no less, will he be with us in the same spirit of wisdom and of love; and though we see him not, as in days that are gone, we shall be able to recognise his presence as we perceive the warmth of the genial spring and the breath of the opening flowers.

It was from Dr. Brittan's own lips that I learned the story of his life, from the time when, a mere stripling living with a near relative, he forsook his allotted task to listen with rapt emotion to the words of one who proclaimed the goodness of the Universal Father and the final redemption of mankind.

These were syllables almost strange to New England's rugged hills, whose echoes, long since awakened by the severer admonitions of the zealous Edwards, had scarcely died away, but young Brittan caught their inspiration and welcomed it to his heart. Thus early was struck by a master-hand that chord which never ceased to vibrate in harmony with his clearest intuition. And he *was* intuitive in a surpassing degree.

Years afterwards, when our talented brother took his place among the foremost teachers of liberal theology, he was yet a very young man.

Like the majority of New England boys, the way of his life had been toilsome and full of deprivations, but stout of heart and unflinching in determination, he saw ever before him the goal of his early ambition, and within himself, singly and unaided, was he equal to all requirements, for largely was he endowed with that "courage" which "mountheth with occasion."

He had been, in turn, a superintendent of artisans, a village school-master, something of a politician, and during all a student of divinity, but these were only so many rounds in the ladder which led upward to the graver duties and responsibilities of a clerical profession, upon which he gladly entered as the realisation of a long cherished desire.

The first settlement of our newly ordained pastor, was over a "Universalist" Society at our own State Capital, where he very soon acquired great popularity. Subsequently at considerable sacrifice he was induced to change the field of his labors to Bridgeport of our neighboring State, where he gathered to his fold a goodly number of earnest followers, whose ample church edifice, a monument to his almost single efforts, is to-day a conspicuous mark. From this centre of action his fame as an exponent of religious truth spread rapidly abroad.

On a memorable occasion, the committee empowered to select the orator in the celebration of our national holiday, chose for this distinction the eloquent young clergyman. I am sorry to have to relate that this action was opposed by a handful of pharisaical churchmen, wholly upon sectarian grounds, and resulted in the appointment of a rival committee and an opposition celebration, almost as deficient in spirit as in numbers. But the picture of this youthful pastor, to whom all suitable assembly rooms were denied, standing in the sunshine of a cloudless July day, and holding spell-bound the multitude who listened to his ringing words for freedom and the love of human kind, carried with it its own rebuke.

But in the midst of this unusual prosperity, there was to come another change. An infusion of new life was earnestly desired in the sister society, from which the Bridgeport pastor had withdrawn, in order to enter upon his present duties, and who so capable as he of rousing their dormant energies. Only selfishness could resist

the argument which the Committee made use of to induce his return to his "first love."

His renewed labors here were at the outset full of promise, and, as time wore on, the promise was more than realised in the singleness of purpose, energy of action, and social good feeling of a prosperous and united congregation.

Here, too, were gathered in his heart the friends, not of a day merely, but of a lifetime. It has come in my way to gather many of the circumstances embraced in this hasty sketch from the number of those who felt something of pride in being thus denominated.

But now again, in the very blooming of his ministerial career, there was to come over the spirit of the beloved pastor an evolution so complete as to make it incumbent upon him not alone to resign his ministry, but to relinquish altogether that chosen field of religious effort which had so long and exclusively engrossed his attention.

A sudden and severe illness prostrated his vital forces, and, quickened with preternatural perception, his spiritual vision. For several days, without intermission, he lay in a trance, to all outward seeming void of life. Meanwhile the indwelling spirit imbued itself in heavenly light, taking on the knowledge of those sublime realities rarely vouchsafed to those of the present life. It was now that his wondering spirit was admitted to supernal realms, and walked and talked with angels. From this hour the continuity of life and the communion of spirits with mortals was a realised truth.

During the days of deepest anxiety he was under the unremitting care of tender and loving hands; and when at length his prostrate form was reanimated, and his health restored there lingered in his utmost soul—

"A voice that in the distance far away

Wakens the slumbering ages."

From this hour he was a Spiritualist. In his own words, as applied to a brother of like experiences, "the spiritual idea continued to grow in his mind until it proved to be...the rock that ground the dry bones of his old theology to powder."

On a memorable Spring day he came into the midst of his gathered flock to lay off his priestly robes with sorrowful leave-taking and farewells. In a few impressive words he told the story of his wonderful visitation, and the new light which had been shed upon him from the unseen world. Saddest of all was that sense of duty which impelled him into untried fields, where no beaten path lay before him. Nevertheless, it was a duty from which he would not recoil, though all his past acquisitions should count for nothing in its observance.

There was but a single responsive sentiment—he should hold his place in the pulpit and in the hearts of his people; but no, this could not be; and so, when all lips were tremulous with emotion and eyes dim with the mist of gathering tears, he went out almost alone into the unsympathising world a *pilgrim* and a *pioneer* of "the spirit reformation."

"He had kept.

The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept."

I shall not attempt to follow our late companion through all the changes and vicissitudes of his long and eventful career. For the completion of such a task a volume would scarce suffice. Nor shall I be able to more than glance at those of his works which are preserved to us in an induring form, and which almost without exception are devoted to the Spiritual Philosophy, and lead upward to a simple and humanitarian religion, centred in the Infinite. From the day of his vision of things, "eternal in the heavens," his whole being was absorbed in the promulgation, through various means, of those inestimable truths of the New Dispensation, which have found even now a thrifty rooting in so many eager souls, thus rapidly hastening the period—

"When men will cast their idol creeds to dust,

And know the Evangel in its very heart,

Regardless of the form."

It should be remembered that this was at about the period of the Rochester rapping, and before "Spiritualism" had obtained an intelligent footing in any quarter of the globe. Like a skilful commander the new

Reformer did not put forth his greatest strength at the outset, nor hazard success upon a single encounter. The doctrines which he had espoused were strange to common ears, and far from evangelical, according to the standard of the Church; hence the people required to be prepared for their reception. The discoveries of Mesmer and Galvani, in what is known as mesmerism and vital electricity, and the experiments of distinguished scientists over the same course, were then but imperfectly understood, whilst psychology, the science of the soul, in a general sense, was almost wholly unrecognised. But these were fortresses that must be occupied before any considerable advance could be made into the new territory, and Brittan mastered them, and made them his powerful auxiliaries.

He now began his labors in the lecture field in good earnest, and far and wide was the measure of his success. Not only in New England and the Middle States, but in the West, even to the borders of the mighty river whose waters bore away the good Father Marquette in his missionary canoe, more than two hundred years before, did the name of Lecturer Brittan come to be a household word.

Surely the seed-time had come, and the sower was busy in the field.

He was the first editor of the first spiritual newspaper in the world, continuing these labors for two years. He then entered upon the publication of a quarterly, in New York City, under the name of the *Shekinah*, a spiritual magazine which was continued for three years. Again, in the month of May, 1853, our now silent brother, in co-operation with the worthy patriarch of this Alliance, began the publication of a weekly paper in the city of New York, devoted to Spiritualism. It was entitled the *Spiritual Telegraph*, and kept the field for a number of years. In point of execution, in both a literary and mechanical rating, no journal of its class has surpassed it. The first page of the first number contains a synoptical report of two lectures, then recently delivered in Springfield, Mass., by Editor Brittan, from which I quote as follows:

"Man is himself the link which connects the visible with the invisible world. He stands on the confines of two states, and unites in his nature the elements of both. The material and the spiritual, the temporal and eternal meet and mingle in him. The corporeal structure, with its power of sensation and action, serves to establish his connection with external nature, while the spiritual man, by the quickening of his own senses, and the development of the higher powers of thought and consciousness, is brought into communion with the spirits of the invisible life."

In turning over the leaves of these volumes, I am struck with the masterly handling of spiritual subjects, and the rich harvest of phenomenal facts with which they are stored.

It was here that the ever memorable debate between the Editor and Dr. Richmond was carried on, running through twenty-four numbers, and ranging over all known fields of spiritual fact, philosophy and literature.

These papers were subsequently edited by Mr. Brittan and published in book form, making a volume of nearly four hundred ample pages.

Then there is the *Telegraph's* answer, in eight chapters to Rev. Asa Mahan, who assumed the no easy task of explaining and exposing "modern mysteries."

But those works are brought forward as illustrations merely of the thoroughness with which our brother, now of the spirit, performed his allotted task when in the body. *He fairly loved his work*, and work he would, almost unceasingly, from early morning far into the night, oblivious to all outward things, till the intellectual hammers had beaten the golden thoughts into the perfect form.

His command of language was very comprehensive, and when engrossed with his subject his thoughts flowed freely on, faster than the pen could follow.

In the business columns of August, 1859, number of the *Spiritual Telegraph* and *Fire-side Companion* I find advertisements to the following publications: "The

Shekinah, vols. 1, 2 and 3, by S. B. Brittan, Editor, and other writers." "Brittan's Review of Beecher's Report," wherein the conclusions of the latter are carefully examined and tested by a comparison with his premises, with reason and with the facts"; and lastly, "The Tables Turned" by the same author, being "a review of Rev. C. M. Butler, D.D.," and "a brief refutation of the principal objections urged by the clergy against Spiritualism"; yet these constitute only a small share of Mr. Brittan's literary labors during this period. How in the midst of all this he found time to pursue a course of medical studies to the point of being graduated with the customary honors, is something of a puzzle to those of ordinary endurance; and for a considerable share of his life Dr. Brittan practised the healing art, in the cities of Newark, New Jersey, and New York, with more than ordinary success.

It was during his retention of a department in the appraisement bureau of the House of Customs, having relation to the fine arts, that he gave to the world the volume entitled "Man and his Relations," which has passed through five editions, and is by far the most comprehensive of his works, covering as it does the entire field of man's physical and spiritual being, and dealing in a masterly manner with all gradations of psychometric force and spirit-control over the human organism.

"The pure in heart," says the author, "meet and dwell in heavenly places. Angels stand by them in their transfigured beauty and surround the loving heart with a sphere that is full of light and melody. They come to lead the weary pilgrim from the rude scenes of outer life and consciousness to mansions of eternal rest. They leave their pure emanations behind when they depart. Every earthly object they have touched is luminous, and continues to scintillate with star-like radiations. To the spiritual eye their very footprints are visible in the light on the floor. The glory of their presence dissipates the darkness of the world; their smiles dissolve the frosts of years; they restore the spring-time of the affections and make life's barren wastes bloom like the gardens of Paradise. While I write I am inspired in music soft and soothing as the gentlest strains from Eolia, when the expiring winds whisper their last benison to the trembling chords of the lyre."

In the beginning of 1873 our brother entered upon the publication of "*Brittan's Quarterly Journal*," which reached eight numbers and was then suspended for want of that material encouragement to which, as an expositor of spiritual truth, it was richly entitled. Out of this work, as *then*, let him speak to you *now* in these living words:

"The vast realm of spiritual causes and invisible beings is *here, is everywhere*. Our minds are all included in the inward spirit and the Oversoul of the world. The forces of that occult sphere are not dependent on the unorganized elements of matter. On the contrary, its subtle and irresistible influences emanate from individualised intelligences of a superior rank in the ascending scale of life, endowed with great voluntary powers and God-like capacities. Men everywhere believe in material forces which they do not see and cannot comprehend, while many foster a scepticism that disputes their divine parentage... Shall we lose sight of the fact that there is a superior realm to which our spirits sustain a most intimate relation—that in the last analysis mind governs the world? Spirit is the ever-active intelligent force that determines all the conditions, processes and organic development of matter. Shall we look to the distant centre of our solar system and depend on sunshine for the growth of a cabbage, and yet expect the human soul to find the season of its efforescence—to grow and blossom without the diviner elements and influences that emanate from its own appropriate sphere? This would be at once unnatural and irrational. Our spirits are forever immersed in a measureless ocean of essential principle, inspired ideas and moral forces, as truly as the body is surrounded by the natural earth and atmosphere. 'A cloud of witnesses' that 'no man may number'—spirits from all worlds in space—brood over the very springs of life and thought. The intelligence from the great company surrounds our souls like a vital

atmosphere and a zone of light. The soul that does not recognize the presence of these powers is asleep, or, what is worse, morally dead and buried in a concretion of sensuality, cold, dark and unyielding as the walls of the sepulchre."

It was during the publication of his *Journal* that I first made acquaintance with Dr. Brittan, an acquaintance that grew into a friendship that was never disturbed, even by the shadows that came between our different paths, and which we looked upon from opposite sides. He was to me more than a friend—he was my guide and teacher in many things, and gladly enough have I sat at his feet to learn of his varied experiences, the subtle manifestations of the spirit.

You are all acquainted with the literary work of the "Editor-at-Large," and the causes and events which led to the selection of Dr. Brittan for this service. That it was more than well executed, indeed, with surpassing cleverness, his latest published work entitled "The Battle-Ground of the Spiritual Reformation," is a living testimonial, for here are gathered and polished the spent weapons of many a well-fought field, not to amuse the curious, but to convince the sceptical, and open the way of truth with "the naked sword of the spirit."

As a member of this Alliance, Dr. Brittan was unswervingly true to its highest purposes, cheerfully performing at whatever cost or trouble such of its labors as were assigned to him. He firmly believed in efficiency for good, and maintained under whatever provocation its standard of neutrality towards all kindred associations; thus exemplifying its motto, adopted at his own suggestion,

"Liberty and Fraternity in Unity."

It was his earnest and oft expressed desire to see the Alliance placed upon an independent footing, with an ample headquarters, library and reading-room, where its members could meet in friendly intercourse, and welcome, with becoming hospitality, the stranger from abroad. The very last efforts of his life were directed to the accomplishment of this object.

No man knew better than he the value of association. It was only the other day that, sitting in my private office with the Doctor, a friend of many years came in. Looking steadily in his face, he put out his hand, saying, "Is not this Mr. Brittan? More than thirty years ago, in Danbury, Conn., you delivered the welcoming address at my initiation as an Odd Fellow. I shall never forget its impressiveness, nor the man who uttered it."

I have hitherto spoken of Dr. Brittan almost exclusively as an essayist and polemical writer, but he was equally well known as an eloquent and forcible public speaker, ingenious in argument and powerful in debate. Indeed his earlier fame grew out of this distinction. His public espousal of the spiritual faith provoked discussions *pro* and *con*, which were characterized by marked ability. He made it a point to completely master his subject. In dealing with an antagonist, if his method was sometimes severe, he always meant to be just, holding himself with equal readiness to give the vanquishing blow or to bind up a bleeding wound. If fairly and generously met, there was almost an even flow of argument and illustration; but if provoked by any unbecoming rudeness or ungracious handling, the reserved forces of his intellect outburst in a descending flood, carrying all before it.

He cared not for wealth, nor the world's applause. In his field of action he could expect neither the one nor the other. But he was always glad to know that his labors were appreciated by the few who could understand their advantages.

Our brother was a medium. It was this which enabled him to scale the walls of popular belief, and forsaking its barren wastes, look abroad upon the green landscape. Instead of the prickly thorns, he saw only the inviting flowers, and heard the sweet voices of angels ever near as he drank in their fragrance.

Oft and oft, in the still hours of night, when all his outward senses slept, his rapt soul voiced its heavenly inspirations in words of matchless eloquence.

His published works sufficiently attest his ability as an author, and long will they live after him. The columns of spiritualistic papers and magazines, hither and

yon—especially those of the *Banner of Light*, at whose helm his life-long friend and companion of his later summer days still steers the course—sparkle with his effusions. His lighter literary creations, abound in happy conceits and playful imagery. Later on, he clothed them in meteoric lines, and charmed them into melody.

In his own home, and by his own fireside, he was a very prince of hospitality. No man could sit at his board and feel himself a stranger. It was in the flush of early manhood, when hope was big in his soul, and all the world bright before him, that our brother was wedded to the chosen of his heart. It was indeed a marriage in its truest sense, for heart and soul were mutually blended. Throughout long years of varying fortune Samuel and Elizabeth were companions, loving and loved, in all and through all that concerned each other. The day of their separation came only as yesterday, and yet too soon. Out of the seven children born to them, only two are left. One died in infancy; another in the sweet blossoming of rosy life; one went down at the cannon's mouth in the fierce conflict of our civil war; and two others withered as the branches of a door-yard tree, that no fostering hand could save, in slow decline.

I have waited with our brother within the sacred ground where their loved forms are laid away, and marked the tenderness of his ways as he trained the creeping vines upon grassy mounds that recalled the precious memories of their several lives. And now his manly form is lying with the rest, leaving one to mourn who should not be nameless here; she who, forsaking all beside, so lately joined him on his lonely way, saying as her heart had said before:

"Thy God shall be my God,
Thy people shall be my people,
Whither thou goest I will go."

Dr. Brittan was essentially a religious man; but not narrowly and pharisaically, but broadly and generously. In an article of his *Journal* upon "The Spiritualism of the Ancients," he says:

"We find great truths in the cardinal ideas of primitive nations, and in the religious systems which have in any considerable degree influenced the human mind."

His reverence was something sublime, and his belief in the Divine Presence—the universal Oversoul—was as fixed as the stars in the firmament. He believed, too, in the prophets of old as well as of to-day; and I can bring these remarks to a close in no more satisfactory way than by making use of his own words as applicable to himself. They are; "I must respect the seer as an interpreter of nature, commissioned to stand in the inner courts of the temple and to unfold the divine mysteries. Through the form of things he yet discerns their hidden properties; he uncovers the minds of men, and looks into the vital precincts of all living things; he reverently removes the hroud from the buried nations, and speaks for such as have no voice. The distance of time is not required to invest his office with an air of enchantment. I shall not wait for his apotheosis;—others may suspend judgment, if they will, until the dust of centuries has silently settled over his forgotten grave, but I will recognize the divinity of his mission now. He stands beneath the Sun-circle of the Universe; and his function is solemn and sublime as when the heavens opened to his enraptured visions above the mountains of Judea. He still holds the golden key to the penetralia of the Future; and while men sleep, he lifts the great veil from off the face of the World that the 'invisible things of God's may be clearly seen in the light of his recognized presence.'"

Such was the belief of Samuel B. Brittan, and such too was he.

The course of life is onward—onward aye
The soul's progressive way in other spheres.
We know our brother lies, and yet to-day
We cannot help our tears!

Could we but have our ears, our eyes imbue
In the charmed waters of the blessed Salome,
We now might hear his voice, his presence view
Here in this sorrowing room.

He is not dead! the form we used to see
Was but the spirit's transitory prison,
Of earth to earth resigned; now is it free—
He is not dead, but risen.

JOTTINGS ON PASSING EVENTS.

An acute review of "Natural Religion" (which is the latest work by Professor Seeley, the distinguished author of "Ecce Homo") has just been published. It is written by the Rev. A. W. Momerie, M.A., D.Sc., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in King's College, London. From the preface, I venture to extract the following sensible remarks, and commend them to the attention of our theological book-manufacturers:—"I cannot but feel very strongly that much time and scholarship and ability are being at present wasted by Theologians. Work which is useful enough in one age becomes often perfectly futile in the next. Now modern science conceives that it has disproved the existence of the soul and the Deity. Nothing can show that a Being, whom there is no reason to suppose existent (viz., God), has done anything to reveal Himself to another being, whom there is every reason to suppose non-existent (viz., the human soul). Of what use, then, to those who are imbued with the new idea—and the number is increasing with tremendous rapidity—are treatises on the authorship of the Fourth Gospel, or on the credibility of miracles, or on minute points of Biblical exegesis? Those who wish to do anything for the continuance of religion upon earth, should devote the best of their energies to the task of proving that our common experience, if we look deeply enough into it, contains supersensible and therefore supernatural elements which may form a rational basis for a rational Theology."

It is gratifying to learn that Mr. Bradlaugh has been acquitted on the absurd charge of blasphemy brought against him. His co-defendants, Foote, Ramsey, Kemp, and Cattell, however, were less fortunate, they having been sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. That was a cutting remark of Mr. Foote's on hearing the judge (a Roman Catholic) pronounce his decree, "I thank you, my lord; your sentence is worthy of your creed." Mr. Foote's address to the jury was able and brilliant in the extreme.

Mr. Foote, it seems, knows how to be wrathful as well as "blasphemous." In a late number of his little journal he thus holds forth:—"The editor of the *Banner of Light*, the chief organ of the spiritualists in America, must be a cheeky charlatan. He publishes a pretended communication from the "spirit" of the late D. M. Bennett, the founder of the *Truthseeker*, in which that able exponent and courageous sufferer for Free thought is made, in a style very unlike his own, to recommend the world to maintain 'the glorious old *Banner of Light*.' Not a word about his own paper which is still carried on in his own spirit by Mr. E. Macdonald. This 'spirit' is altogether 'too thin' for that of our very stout and sturdy co-worker, D. M. Bennett." The grammatical construction of that last sentence is rather hazy. Mr. Foote's present surroundings are doubtless rather gloomy else we should invite him to shed a little light upon the meaning of his words. Is it Mr. E. Macdonald's spirit that is "altogether too thin"? or the spirit in which the *Truthseeker* is still carried on? or the spirit that professed to communicate through the *Banner of Light*? It is too bad of Mr. Foote to bewilder us in this fashion. But does he know that his "very stout and sturdy co-worker" was a Spiritualist? That Mr. Bennett was such, is evident from his own words. "Now the question arises, are these proofs of intelligence disconnected with visible organisations. Thousands of people, yes hundreds of thousands, and millions, answer yes. They have repeatedly received such evidence as to satisfy their reason that such intelligence or intelligences do exist. We (D. M. Bennett) are one of this number. We have many times been convinced of such intelligence, and we have conversed with many honest intellectual people, in whose sincerity and integrity we could have no doubt, who said that they had received satisfactory proofs of such intelligences and of the continued existence of friends and relatives who have passed from this form of life."*

*Cited in the Cummings-Walker Debate.

Mr. Hugh Junor Browne remains true to his first love. His views on the subject of Free will have evidently not been shaken by the controversy in which he engaged a short time since in this journal. To his statement that "our will is the chief arbiter of our destinies," Mr. Browne appends the following note (*Religion of the Future*, p. 99):—"My Necessarian friends, I am well aware, will not agree with this statement, but to be consistent they should take no credit for good actions, and should repudiate all merit; in fact, they should support their doctrine by practising it; whereas I find that they are just as susceptible of praise, and as assiduous to secure the approval of others as are the advocates of Free will. Necessarians, therefore, deny by their actions what they uphold by argument, and thus indirectly admit their error. The dual nature of man completely explodes the doctrine of absolute necessity, and confirms that of conditional free will. The generality of Necessarians confuse the two terms "to direct" and "to impel." These are not synonymous, as they assume. The one is non-obligatory, the other is imperative. The doctrine of necessity is the negation of moral obligation, consequently it is self-condemnatory."

In a somewhat caustic criticism on Mr. Browne's new book, the *Melbourne Review* attempts to "sit upon" that gentleman and to belittle Spiritualism. The article however, is subscribed by the initials of a writer whose well known bias against Spiritualism, and inaptitude for accurate judgment and discrimination, at once deprive his remarks of their sting.

If true religion, like charity, "doth not behave itself unseemly," I apprehend that, judged by the Pauline Standard, the article which the Salvation Army is seeking to palm off upon the masses is sadly deficient in the quality of genuineness. My own opinion regarding the movement in question, is, that it is an organisation well adapted for the propagation of immorality, profanity, and hypocrisy; and it is gratifying to find my sentiments in this respect shared by so unexceptionable an authority as the Earl of Shaftesbury (a very Coryphaeus among the Orthodox*), who has publicly expressed his conviction that the "Army" is a device of Satan to bring Christianity into disrepute by making it ridiculous!

X.

A NEW CIRCLE.

M. H. J. BROWNE has shown us a letter recently received from Dunedin advising him that the writer and three others having read "The Holy Truth" about seven months since determined to start an investigating circle. They soon obtained raps, and ultimately one of their members became a trance medium. An account of "A Vision" contrasting the transition of a Materialist and one with spiritual aspirations, as seen by the clairvoyant, accompanies the letter. It is interesting, but space will not permit its publication. There are also some specimen communications of a personal nature which would be both interesting and instructive to the recipients. We refer to this in the hope of encouraging some who are waiting for professional media to do for them what by combination and application they can accomplish better themselves. The case is not an isolated one; we know of numbers who have done as this small circle has, and met with equally satisfactory results.

*"He was and is an earnest and influential member of the evangelical party of the established Church, and distinguished himself by his support of any movement or Society which had for its object to ameliorate the condition of the uneducated or neglected classes. He was a conspicuous member of the Labourers' Friend and the Ragged School Society. In the religious world his influence was [sic] widely extended: he was President of the Bible and the Church Pastoral Aid Societies, and of the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews, [also] President of the Victoria Institute, and member of the Christian Evidence Society."—*Bacon's Dictionary of Universal Information: Biography.*

CATHOLIC INTOLERANCE.

A little bit of bigoted coercion was attempted by the committee of the recent International Fair, held in the Exhibition Building.

Messrs. Manders and Co. published a daily programme and report, entitled the "International Fair Gazette," for circulation in the building; and amongst the many advertisements in its pages appeared one from Mr. Terry, commencing "Books on Spiritualism, Mesmerism, Physiology," etc. The word "Spiritualism" so frequently staring them in the face was too much for the weak nerves of the gentlemen of the committee; they endured it for nine days, but could stand it no longer; they, therefore, waited on Mr. Manders and demanded its excision. That gentleman appealed to Mr. Terry in the matter, and finding he had a decided objection to the mutilation of his advertisement without adequate reasons, declined to excise the word, whereupon the committee withdrew their authority for the publication, and refused to allow its circulation within the building.

Mr. Manders was equal to the occasion; he printed a larger edition, containing an able and pungent leading article explanatory of the circumstances, and employing a number of smart boys, circulated the papers freely at the entrances to the Exhibition, suppling not only every visitor, but numbers besides, thereby checkmating the bigots and bringing the advertisement into greater prominence.

THE GIFT OF HEALING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR,—Taking a great interest in the discussion now going on—*re* the Gift of Healing—I ask space for the insertion in your columns of some arguments and illustrations in support of a position taken up by neither of the principal controversialists. It appears to me that upon one point Bishop Moorhouse and Mr. Caldecott agree mainly as to the "miraculous" nature of this gift. But while the former ascribes the old scriptural miracles (denying their continuance in the present time), to the merciful interposition of the Deity through a human agent, Mr. Caldecott attributes our latter-day miracles to the benignant influence of departed spirits who are not unmindful of the mass of suffering humanity left behind them. Since the days when Newton discovered the law of gravity by means of an apple, no source of knowledge, however humble, has met with contempt from earnest truth-seekers. I therefore feel no fear of ridicule at your hands when I make the statement that amongst our North Queensland aboriginals the gift of healing by the *laying on of hands* is well known and daily exercised. Six years' continuous residence in the north, and latterly my position as an officer of native police, have given me many and ample opportunities of observing the habits of these despised members of the human family; and in making the above statement I do not speak unadvisedly, but give utterance to a literal fact in support of which a mass of experienced testimony could, if necessary, be brought forward.

There is this difference in the manner in which the gift is used among these people and more civilised communities, viz., that whereas Mr. G. M. Stephen and others can operate successfully on large crowds of strangers, —among the blacks it is a primal necessity that the person operated upon is either a relative or intimate friend of the operator, that there should in fact be a sympathetic affinity between doctor and patient. Now to my theory, I contend that the word "miraculous," as applied to the gift of healing is altogether erroneous; that it (the gift) is as much a mundane matter as telegraphic communication or any other fact of science, and that it has its own natural laws to which we have not as yet got the key. With some hesitation I advance the hypothesis that this key is "sympathy," and should like to see an expression of opinion on the subject from persons better able to form one than I am.

Many diseases are infectious; why should not health be so? and could not sympathy be the transmitting medium from healer to healed? Before we can contract

diseases, our systems must be predisposed to receive them. Might not an inverted predisposition occasioned by sympathy cause health to be diffused from a sound constitution to weaker ones around it? But it will be said, how can this sympathy be the mainspring in Mr. Stephen's case? I reply that a large-hearted, civilised man, can extend an amount of sympathy to all suffering mankind which the blackfellow is incapable of bearing towards any outside his immediate circle of intimates. Be this as it may, I cannot recognise the right of the exponent of orthodoxy to attribute these so-called "miracles" to the capricious action of the mythical abstraction he calls "God," any more than I can admit that Modern Spiritualists have established a right to class this as a "phase" of their "phenomena."

PER ACTUM, INTENTIO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR,—The very hour at which I placed in your hands my last communication, Mrs. Bate (the lady at whose house the eye-cure was wrought), was despatching to me its full particulars under her own hand. As I have mentioned this cure in my two last letters, it remains to be cleared up. I grant that these particulars should have been reported at the end of my last, but as they chanced to come to hand a day too late, perhaps you will kindly allow them, with a little other matter, to find a place as a conclusion to my letter No. VII.

Nothing can be more satisfactory, as far as Mrs. Bate is concerned, and I find the young person who was suffering is not a Spiritualist; she has been educated, and is a Catholic, and sat in circle for the first time on the 17th of January last. She had no sort of expectation of the benefit which she obtained, which was as great an astonishment to the sitters as to herself.

Her suffering for the previous three weeks had been intense, none of the many applications tried had afforded any relief; she had lost the sight of the left eye, and the right was so inflamed as to be most painful to look upon. The circle sits by the light of one candle, and that shaded. She was led into the room with her eyes bandaged, and seated at a table. The circle (six in number) sitting round it in perfect stillness for about half an hour. At the end of that time the sufferer began to move uneasily. Then to move as if in great pain; after which she seemed to fall asleep, the sitters still quietly watching for perhaps another half hour, when she came gently out of the sleep. The first thing she asked for was her bandage, which was found on a sofa near, and then she remarked, looking round at her friends, "My eyes are quite well," and so it proved, not even weakness following. The particulars of this manifestation, as observed, have been furnished to me by the lady at whose house it took place. She is well known in Richmond, having lived there for the last thirty-five years.

I subjoin her address, and she will be most willing to give anyone a special interview and further particulars, who may feel interested in the case:—Mrs. Bate, Burrawarna, Derby Street, off Rowena Parade, Richmond.

Yours, etc.,

ROBERT CALDECOTT.

A NEW SPIRITUALISTIC SOCIETY IN ADELAIDE.

The following extract from the *South Australian Advertiser* shows that Spiritualism is making progress in the sister colony. Mr. Hall's name will be familiar to our readers as a former secretary of both the Melbourne Spiritualistic Society and Victorian Association of Spiritualists, offices which he filled with credit to himself and advantage to the Associations named:—

"A meeting of ladies and gentlemen interested in the formation of a Spiritualistic Society in Adelaide was held on Thursday evening, April 12th, at the Oddfellows' Hall, Franklin-street. There were about forty persons present. Mr. A. J. Hall was voted to the chair. It was stated that the object of the meeting was to form an

Association on similar lines to the Societies in existence in the other colonies. Should sufficient interest be evinced in the movement, steps would in all probability be taken to secure the attendance of lecturers on Spiritualism and of mediums. It was unanimously resolved that a Society, to be called the Adelaide Spiritualists' Society, should be formed, and a Provisional Committee and other officers were appointed. Three or four ladies present consented to act on the Committee. The meeting was then adjourned until next week, when the Committee will bring up a code of rules for adoption, and will make various suggestions as to the mode in which the affairs of the Society should be conducted. A large number of those present gave in their names as being willing to become either members or associates of the new organisation."

"H. G. T." ON SPIRITUALISM.

THE literary amateur signing himself "H. G. T.," who is permitted to publish his crude experiments in reviewing in the pages of the *Melbourne Review*, has been airing his ignorance of the subject of Spiritualism by writing a dull diatribe on Mr. H. J. Browne's "Religion of the Future." Without any knowledge of those "physical laws" from which he imagines spiritual phenomena to be "aberrations," he sets himself up as a dogmatic censor of what he is pleased to call "the fantastic vagaries of minds perverted by conceit or unhinged by an unhealthy introspection." This is particularly rich as coming from a scribe who is bubbling over with conceit, and who if he were addicted to "introspection" would assuredly find himself gazing into vacancy, or into what Milton terms "the void inane." After describing the inner world as depicted by those who have entered it, "H. G. T." asks for evidence, and complains that in lieu of it, there is "at least authority." Precisely so: the authoritative statements of thousands of men and women, numbers of them highly educated and distinguished in art, literature, statesmanship, and science who have conversed with the departed, who have seen them face to face, and whose testimony is infinitely worthier of acceptance than the silly rignarole of "H. G. T." Either these respectable and, in many instances, famous persons are credible witnesses, or they are fools, impostors, or liars. Which horn of the dilemma does "H. G. T." elect to sit upon? Upon all other scientific questions it is customary, before a writer undertakes to dogmatise upon them, that he should master the principles and thoroughly understand the laws and phenomena involved; but this self-sufficient amateur knows just as little of Spiritualism as he does of the canons of literary criticism; and must be either a very raw youth or a hopelessly muddle-headed man.

TRANCE UTTERANCES.

THE *Religio Philosophical Journal* and *Theosophist* have commented upon the authenticity of a message (purporting to have come from the late late Epes Sargent) which appeared in these columns last year. We agree largely with the remarks of the journal, and consider there is very little intrinsic evidence of the message referred to having been dictated by Mr. Sargent, but we never claimed authenticity for it or any of the messages published. Having found that at least a portion of the messages given through Mr. Spriggs were authentic, where everything tended to show that he could not possibly have had previous knowledge of the persons, we published a series of them in the hope that they might reach the eyes of a larger proportion of those interested, and in this we were not disappointed, as the returns in August number show.

No claim was made for the messages further than that they were received through the organisation of Mr. Geo. Spriggs while in an abnormal state called trance, and that the intelligences controlling him professed to be the spirits of human beings who formerly resided on this planet. We had good evidence that in many instances where the names were entirely unknown to us the communications were authentic, and saw no reason for rejecting a communication with a well-known name, nor

for comparing it with his earthly writings; had it been suppressed the journals referred to would not have been able to give a lesson from it.

A VALUABLE DISINFECTANT.

Most disinfectants, although they may destroy the disease germs arising from decomposition, only substitute one offensive odour for another. In a letter to the *Lancet*, Dr. Goulden gives a simple recipe for a disinfectant which not only destroys the virus of disease germs emanating from decomposing matter, but at the same time destroys all offensive smell. Some crucial experiments appear to have been made with it with perfect success, and although we have not yet personally tested it, a friend at Frankston who drew our attention to the subject has done so and assures us of its efficacy.

The following is the formula: Nitrate of lead, half a drachm; dissolve in about a pint of boiling water. Dissolve two drachms of common salt in a bucket of water, add the first solution to it, mix, and allow the sediment to subside. The clear supernatant fluid will be a saturated solution of chloride of lead. A cloth dipped in this solution and hung up in a room will sweeten the fetid atmosphere immediately, or the solution thrown down a closet or on decomposing refuse, will quickly remove its offensiveness.

A GREETING TO SOUTH AUSTRALIAN SPIRITUALISTS, AND A LOOK-OUT.

By CHRISTIAN REIMERS.

AFTER a three-months' sea voyage and equal period of seclusion from the busy world, one feels compelled to break the silence.

When about fourteen years of age I got hold of I. Kerner's "Seeress of Prevorst," and my deep interest for the mysterious received a turn, in which the absurd counter arguments, discarding testimonies and fairness alike, could not any longer check my growing desire to learn more. The great composer, Rob. Schumann, in whose musical home circles I enjoyed the most exalted impressions of Divine music (this most spiritual art) gave me a mighty impulse by his enthusiastic belief in Spiritualism, which, as then prophesied, would unfold in thirty years as a stupendous revelation. A reaction of fashionable scepticism came on me in Bonn, where I was in constant connection with eminent university lights, but my friend, Dr. Schmidt, now Director of the Observatory in Athens, lifted me over this disturbance by his profound philosophical investigation, which forced an acceptance of something grand at the bottom, in spite of that great Nestor of science, Alex. v. Humboldt's (with whom he was then in correspondence) sharp protests. I longed to witness some of the higher phenomena, as I found a spirit of inquiry everywhere alive. I went to Paris in hope to meet the medium Home, and the celebrated clairvoyant Alexis. The Prince of Bükburg, then my pupil, gave me a sealed parcel to test the power of Alexis and the young Prince Anton of Hohenzollern, whom to instruct I had also the honour (I was quite aristocratic at that time), evinced evident interest. Unfortunately both mediums were absent, but later on, marvellous experiences in Düsseldorf prepared me for dismissing doubts, which vanished like magic after a conversation with Dr. Robert Chambers, whom I met in England about '56. I settled in Manchester in '57, and on my visits to London, the remarkable manifestations of Williams and Herne inspired me for further study. In a strictly private circle in Manchester, regular sances developed in five months an evolution of phenomena up to "Materialisation," which eclipsed London results. The volumes of *Medium* and *Daybreak*, and London *Spiritualists* since '73, contain a rich store of reports, which stand supported by the most crucial test-conditions as rocks in the fire of jealous and over-scientific rival investigators.

Space permits of no detailed memoranda, but only an index of events for the present. If I should appear boasting now and then, I hope my own light will only be

taken as that of a lucifer match, which drops after setting the grand hall in a blaze of illumination. The distinction of my experiences from the ordinary ones, is best illustrated by Lord Bulwer Lytton's "Strange Story." Not only a development of spirit power, but of spirit-designs, plots, and intrigues for good or bad, with fatal worldly finale, stamps the last ten years of my life as a lesson beneficial to thousands and thousands, whilst I myself fell—that is, my dainty flesh-pot dropped—and a scoundrel and diabolical villain ran away with it.

I got pretty well over the almost natural temptation to do away with myself, and thought the smashed tree must not curse the thunderstorm which quickened whole fields into new life. My spirit-guide, or mysterious agency, rapped out to have been in earth-life a lady of honour to Queen Elizabeth. After about five months' development of all known phenomena (ring-test, with conditions like sewing together the sleeves, etc., being quite common), the first definite materialisation represented a most lovely face and bust in dress à la Marie Stuart.

Alternate sésances in my own room of the same circle confirmed the reality of unheard-of wonders, still I continued unto the very end to counteract my glowing enthusiasm (the mother of success in everything, if controlled), by almost cruel test-ingenuities. My mediums dreaded, hated me, until my reports turned them the other way. The host of this private circle, after these materialisations, etc., had been affirmed by the editor of the *Spiritualist* and Mr. Blackburn, turned traitor (to save his worldly being), and I continued researches with a prof. medium, Mad. Louise and her son Alfred. Against my anticipation, the same spirit took the lead, but her materialisation was a somewhat different appearance, but more life-like. I took particular notice of the beautiful small hands, and now obtaining casts of them, the comparison of its skin-markings with the living hands, totally different—by one and half inch in length, for instance—from the mediums, a very stout woman, was bewitchingly attractive and of course convincing. Now, my close spiritual partnership with William Oxley resulted in experiments and rewards, which said volumes will confirm. In Bristol, at Beattie's, I met the Hon. A. Aksakof, for whose "Psychic studies" I already reported. This interview resulted in a photographic test, equal to the mould and cast process. See "M.A., (Oxon.)'s" collection of photo-tests in "Human Nature." I published many reports, and my friend Oxley aided me in giving them strength.

I worked as servant for a grand mission, and felt hurt to be almost snubbed and ignored in London, but most hearty letters from Baroness V. Vay, addressing me as elected hon. member of the Hungarian Spiritists' Society, the same of Paris and Leipzig, and particularly of the Students of Psych. Society of Cambridge, made fully up for the blank. Sympathising private letters from W. Howitt, Prince Sayn-Wittgenstein, Count Wimpffen, the Hon. Alex. Aksakof, and later, Prof. Zollner, and F. F. Cook in Chicago, kept me in swing when I grumbled at probable national arrogance of the British, and wished a Count Moltke and Prince Bismark to call them to order.

My worldly affairs in Manchester began to get cracks, and a tremendous Feuilleton-article in the *Vienna Free Press*, lifting my natural talents and person to the skies, but with a sigh consigning me, as a Spiritualist, now to the mentally dead, gave me a death-blow by ignorants and truth-enemies, particularly some extra-clever Jews. A sad nervous affliction by over-study in my own profession made it easier for an unprincipled man to ruin me. A Yankee, Mr. Henry Stockton Firman, the husband of my medium, persuaded me, supported by a popular friend of position in London, to expect affluence by a patent of his for manure. After being totally psychologised to trust this man, I removed to Richmond, near London, where we took a cottage. He went to Paris to extend operations and intrigues.

Out of the reports of wonders of this period I take a brief outline of the indescribable sésance, with the Princes C. and A. of Solms and a Hungarian officer as guests, and Dr. Monck as additional, or rather chief, medium. Taking my place at the piano, and the guests

being seated, the entranced medium came out of the dark room (powers are prepared like plants, in darkness), with a white speck on his breast (we had a sufficient light), which expanded to a cloud, two columns of mist (for I beheld yet the transparency of the form) floated down to the carpet, two branching out for the arms, and my guide stood there in full life. After personal tests to the Princes, she whispered a "God bless you," and faded back (apparently) into the speck which disappeared, and the medium awoke in violent spasm. The next morning Prince Charles showed me photos. which explained one "form" which I could not make out that night. This glorious (even were it of the devil) sésance, or visitation, could only be rivalled, if not eclipsed, by that with Rev. Colley's (now Archdeacon of Natal) presence.

My pen recoils in attempting to touch this sublime favour of truth and its messenger's angelic form of perfect beauty, and refer to Colley's own reports. One stupendous sésance I must mention as adding to the climax of power unparalleled in the history of Spiritualism. The witnesses besides me were Dr. Malcomé and Mr. E. T. Bennett, of Richmond. The deeply entranced medium walked out of the dark (and secured) adjoining room with a lovely perfectly life-like form, keeping gracefully pace at her side in passing us, that we felt staggered, and the idea of a concealed fair stranger crossed even my mind—although it was my room and tests perfect. The medium retired, but soon returned with the same form, and my spirit-guide half formed, the angelic head and bust, with moving arms saluting us, emerging from a white cloud (like plucked cotton) attached to the body of the medium. It is hard for me to cut off further description, and I never forget the reply of Mr. Bennett when I requested him to write a report. "Who will believe this?" he said with a shake of the head. I understand it, knowing that the B. N. A. S. people knew only of 'doubles,' and therefore ignored my fairy tales."

Later on, Mr. Bennett wrote a very fair report in "Spiritual Notes." A test-sésance, under A. R. Wallace's direction, in my room, crowned my work with results which this eminent champion published in the *Spectator*.

I have to postpone the description of countless further results which, by their test conditions, defeat the super-stition of fraud now raging in the B. N. A. S. party. By this time (about '79) I wrote a lecture which I sent to A. R. Wallace, and met his approval and advice to give it in the St. George's Sciences' Hall. Mr. A. Calder kindly supported the enterprise, but meeting no further help its decided success had only limited scope. The *Spiritualist* gave not even a brief report of it. It struck me when I read the names of pioneers and writers in the list—permanently fixed in this journal that my name was not there, owing to the fact, I presume, that I could not furnish a title or letters adorning my signature. I thought for the good of the cause they might provide me somehow with a honorary degree; and I, being in some sense a master in my art (as Rob. Schumann would have it), I might with a blush accept "M.A." and cry Ma! when lost in the crowd, or have a "P.A." (Psychol. art), and appeal with Pa! but having got only a certain "degree" from above, I shout "Bah!" and snap my fingers at the letter-carriers, for in the lobby of the centre of truth, all these fiddsticks, crowns included, must be stripped off. The bare undisguised name suffices.

My visits to Prof. Zollner fully repaid me. He cured me of my doubts as to my efficiency in the task by the simple confession that my reports influenced him considerably towards belief. His condemnation of dictation of test-conditions before the fallacy of the old ones (and urged by spirit-guides), had been fully proved, impressed me most encouragingly, besides his glowing enthusiasm, to be well distinguished from that of credulous miracle-adventurers and sceptical would-knowalls. I started with my energetical, gallant friend, Chas. de Rappard, Vice-president of the Paris Society, a weekly for Germany—*Licht, more Licht (Light, more Light)*, some time before the London single *Light*. Interesting correspondences with Dr. Robt. Friese, of Breslau; C. W. Sellin, in Hamburg; a visit to Berlin and their champions for

the cause, kept me a-going until a Berlin Jew, Emil Z . . . y, crossed my path. Mr. Firman lost in a lawsuit his claims on the Patent (an old wrecked one), and although he had in course of proceedings paid back nearly my advance of cash, which however was lost again (apart from losing my position), and I was utterly ruined. I looked upon this remarkable medium, E. Z . . . y, as my rescue; his control, William Howitt, emphasising this hope to my utter confusion, which swept me off my own control.

Now, where thought-reading is a common fact, the intrigues of villainous spirits with scoundrels of mediums, and high and pure guides have easy explanation. I went through a terrible crisis, which even shook my moral principles, hitherto escaping from temptation. I wrote to friends in Manchester, condemning Spiritualism as diabolical imposture; asked forgiveness—and received no answer. Hon. A. Aksakow, then in London, generously took me for a change of surroundings to the paradise, Isle of Wight; but my inner misery could not be relieved, and returning to London to try for a living; my broken energies had more to do with my failure than want of brotherly sympathy and support, I presume. At a reception at Mr. W. Tebb's, in London, Mrs. Harding and her guides pulled me up. At Cora-Richmond's cosy fireside I received through her Indian guide likewise provision for further fight with fate. And I must here allude to a previous most sincere and encouraging remark on my steady work in the cause by Mrs. Penny (in the *Spiritualist*), which planted in me a seed of hope, as I read this lady's writings with greatest delight. My imagination conjured up a hope for substantial aid by re-collecting magnificent testimonials to fellow-workers, for I forgot that this was in the first glow of awakened brotherhood; but felt thankful to find the passage for this colony scraped together, and rejoice now in this result, for it leaves no pressure of obligation, and if my friends will study what has been done by me, the ticket-contributors may find such a return not to their disadvantage; but the true friends who clung to me with heart and hand have indeed helped me nobly over the chasm of utter despair. Their names (without titles or letters) are for ever sacred to me. In looking back on my cruel change of fate, I being a born Materialist in one sense (those who know my bodily frame understand me), think sometimes—had you not meddled with Spiritualism, you might be a happy man! I would be wealthy enough to enjoy the sweets of life. Could have the choicest dinners, the finest cigars, my opera-box, pew in church, etc., and enough to spare to patch up rents in the moral garments after indulging little gallant villainies; in short, might be a highly respectable man, and yet feel embarrassed should I get all those privileges back, minus my spiritual riches! Now I am here with dear relatives and enjoy life once more, and send my greetings to the Australian brethren, whose brave spokesman the *Harbinger* was the first of papers, cheering my mind after a three months' sea-voyage! Soon after settling here, the *Light* from misty London attracted my eyes, and the suggestion for public sances, with a host of signatures, broke the spell of my anticipations for further progress.

Shall by this new law of proceedings the whole past and basis of our science be questioned, discredited, ridiculed by triumphant sceptics and worse enemies of truth and light (lighting up too much), and Baron v. Reichenbach's, Crooke's and other philosophers' results about properties of Light be shelved, with the condescending allowance to heed these conditions in private circles? Was my first impression. Quaker-meetings might join this new arrangement, with additional advice to bring opera-glasses to still better spy the medium and *modus operandi*. Next, we stand on tip-toe and stretch the chin over the railing to see the *modus operandi* in God's own workshop, who will then call the fast spirits back to stop them from further manifesting. Is it not like pulling the root out of the soil to study growing, or petition the Almighty to stop sunsets? Of course the blind man is excluded from investigating a question dearest to his searching heart. Does night open only gates for the knaves, and thieves, and not for increased wit and sharpness? I venture to say that exposed fraud is a scandal

to the medium and a greater one to the circle or its managers. I was at one of the F. Cook's sances at Great Russell street, and must say, the silly talk with the "double" of the medium made me anticipate the attack of the Don Quixote with his Sancho Panza, Herr v. Buch and Sir Sitwell (would they ever sit-well!), and the Holland affair has not cleared from the alcoholismist around it; their spokesman should not come to the front any more.

Not very long ago, I was once at Williams's, where I found two strangers who wanted to upset the sance by striking a match, but were put to shame. These were Bishop and Cumberland, and I read the letter by Mr. Bishop congratulating Williams on his true power. Both figured shortly after as expositors. Bishop is, I presume, the same who now serves the thought-reading committee. We know that fraud has been committed in certain quarters, but we should feel obliged by knowing the complete *modus operandi* of fraud, enabling us to reproduce false manifestations instead of receiving assertions on trust.

(To be continued.)

Several contributions are unavoidably held over, for want of space.

The recent decision of trustees of the Public Library to open that Institution on Sunday, which now awaits the approbation of the Executive Council to take effect, is likely to lead to a thorough settlement of the Sunday question. It is gratifying to find Liberal Ministers like Revd. C. Strong and Revd. H. F. Tucker taking an active part in the fight for Sunday freedom. If progressionists put their shoulder to the wheel as they should do, there need be no fear as to the result.

"PSYCHIC" writes to correct a mistake which occurred in the latter part of his communication published in our last number, which should have read "then I venture to state that neither the mediumship of Mrs. Foye nor Mr. Foster (printed Mrs. Paton) could prove it."

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