

THE

Harbinger of Light.

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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 present issue of our paper leaves the press on the 31st March—the thirty-seventh anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. For many years past the day has been celebrated by our transpacific brothers and sisters as a day of rejoicing, and large assemblies are held in most of the centres of population to give expression to their feelings; a sort of thanksgiving and jubilation, where some of the most able speakers, acting as the mouthpieces of the multitude, review the blessings that have flown from the demonstration of a future life commenced at Hydesville in 1848, and the "outpourings of the spirit" which have continued to flow down upon the world since that time. Although Spiritualism has been more or less prominently before the Melbourne public for about sixteen years, the present is the first occasion when it has been thought advisable to publicly commemorate the day, and the response made by the friends of the movement to the invitation of the committee of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists will be a criterion of the interest taken in the event.

We have no intellectual luminary or inspirational speaker here at present to cast a brilliant light upon the proceedings and raise enthusiasm by his eloquence, but we have some earnest, intelligent men and women, who having derived comfort and happiness from the evidences and teachings of Modern Spiritualism, are desirous that others should participate with them in the good things they have acquired, and willing to work to that end.

Spiritualism, its proofs, teachings, and objects are all but unknown to the general public. Press, clergy, and Materialist all work with remarkable unanimity to obscure it, and prevent the people looking straight at it.

The shell and the excrescences thereon are freely exhibited, but the kernel is only found by the seeker who has been urged and encouraged to look for it by those who know by experience it is there. The meeting to-night will be composed principally of the latter, but it is not improbable that there will be a large number present impelled by curiosity or a slight interest in the subject to attend; and some of these will doubtless have the scales removed from their eyes and see more clearly when they come in contact with an intelligent body of men who testify to their knowledge by experience of facts demonstrating the continued existence of the soul as an intelligent entity after it has left the physical body; exhibiting at the same time numerous evidences of phenomena in proof of its objectivity and of the discrete intelligence producing it. Sceptics and scoffers affect to make light of the phenomena of Spiritualism, but they have never yet succeeded in giving an explanation of, or even a reasonable theory for, one of the most common phases of it of the past decade, viz., slate-writing. There would be no difficulty in finding a thousand intelligent persons, in all ranks of society, from the Premier of England downwards, who have or could testify to the reception of writing in closed slates under such conditions as precluded the possibility of such writing being produced either by human hands or physical means, and the jeers, gibes, and disbelief of one million sceptics will not alter the fact; the testimony of one intelligent witness who has seen is more reliable than that of a thousand prejudiced persons who have not seen; and in connection with a number of the phenomenal residuum to be exhibited at the Anniversary Conversazione, there is available the testimony, both written and oral, of several reputable citizens of this city as to the circumstances under which it was obtained, which (unless their credibility can be impugned), will prove that the phenomena, if not produced by disembodied spirits, was at all events the result of a force outside of known law and in many instances guided by intelligence. In another column we give a description of a few of the exhibits, and in our next we will continue the list and be prepared to answer any questions that may be submitted to us in regard to them.

THE TRUE ORIGIN AND MEANING OF CHRISTIANITY.

By C. W. ROHNER, M.D. (TUNGAMAH.)

MOTTO.—Christianity means Democracy.

THE man who said, or he who quoted the words of the man who said, that "the historical life of Jesus bears the same relationship to the individual on whom it was based as does the story of Robinson Crusoe, in Defoe's celebrated romance, to the adventures of Alexander Selkirk," must have read the gospels to little purpose, with his eyes shut to facts lying on the surface, and with the valves of his heart closed against the circulation of the essence of spiritual life, and against the sublimest manifestations of human emotion.

There is a saying among grammarians that *omnis similitudo claudicat*; but this simile of brother Browne is not only halt and lame, but it has positively no legs to stand on. Alexander Selkirk and Jesus of Nazara! This passage is offered by an irritated brother to an *irrepressible doctor*, as the only basis upon which the historical character of the life of Jesus is made to stand. Why, let it be said *en passant*, should brother Browne strive to repress me, or interfere with me in the free utterance of my opinions on any given subject, including his able lecture on Christianity, is what I cannot understand in a man of so highly cultured and liberal a mind. I am sure I have done brother Browne no intentional wrong in my interpretation of the spirit of his lecture, taken as a whole; and I am equally sure my brother himself has in his lecture done a far greater—let us charitably add, unconscious—wrong to the historicity of Jesus, to the spirit of his divine mission, and to the spirit of genuine Christianity of which Jesus was the indisputable founder, than I am able to repair by my humble efforts in the minds of the readers of his essay on "Christianity: its Origin and Esoteric Meaning."

No greater or more mischievous mistake could be made than the mistakes made by my spiritual brother in supposing or suggesting that what is termed genuine, living Christianity has had any other origin than the words and life of its author Jesus, or any other meaning than that which was infused into it by that master-mind whom even our enlightened century is still unable to understand fully in his creations left by him to future generations. As the grand man said himself, "My words shall not pass away." Neither did they, nor will they pass away, no matter what latter-day pigmies may say to the contrary. Jesus, whatever else he was, was no mystical dealer in esoteric wares, or misunderstood metaphysical or theosophical quibbles or quiddities; he spoke, even in his parables, openly, as no man spoke before him, that is, straight from his heart and shoulder; he truly called a spade a spade, a hypocrite a hypocrite, and a whitened sepulchre a whitened sepulchre; and what made the name of Jesus ring through the world for the last eighteen centuries, and what will keep it ringing through an eternity of centuries to come, is the fact that he was the sole founder of the only religion that ever was, or ever can be, the religion of universal love.

Away with the nonsensical though ingenious fiddle-de-dees of hidden origins and of esoteric or occult meanings of the life and works of an uneducated but intuitively highly gifted man of the people, who spoke to the people as one of them, as a sympathising friend of the innocently poor and oppressed of all times and climes. In my humble opinion, no man among Spiritualists has rendered the spirit of the life and work of Jesus so well and so fully as Dr. Eugene Crowell, and no man among biblical critics has done more justice to the true historical character of the great Galilean than Ernest Renan; both which authors and their well-known works I recommend to the careful study of all true Spiritualists, and I am sure they will learn more reliable truths from the pages of the works of these two writers alone than from any number of astro-theologists, Egyptologists, Zodiac-makers—*et hoc genus omne*.

Let us, in conclusion, once more revert to a brief contemplation of the high mission and real work of the man Jesus. The ever-active and immortal principles in the teachings of Jesus do not consist in what either the

doctors of the Greek Church or the scholastics of the Latin Middle Ages, have imposed upon the divine words and deeds of our incomparable master; and no amount of Roman Paganism, Greek speculation, or Egyptian theology is able adequately to explain the stubborn fact staring in our face from every page of the synoptical gospels, and partly of John's also, of the unparalleled words of Jesus and of his undying love for his human brother—words and a love repeated and imitated by the best and purest minds of all successive ages. How could his ever-memorable words, "My kingdom is not of this world," have emanated from a worldly Roman Paganism, from supreme Greek philosophers and sophists, or from a selfish caste of Egyptian priests, who set the poor people the unpleasant task of making eternally bricks—yes, bricks even without straw!

Who even now-a-days can truly say, "My kingdom is not of this world!" No one, and least of all those who tell us that they are followers of Jesus, and that they are privileged from on high to shew us the road to that eternal kingdom which is not of this world, but of a far higher world. These words alone contain in themselves the germs of an universal religious revolution, and until these words are literally fulfilled and lived up to by all men, it is no use looking forward to the second advent of Christ—on clouds or otherwise, and the millennium prophesied by so many false Christian prophets in and out of the pulpit, will remain an unrealised and unrealisable dream.

We are told by hypocritical fault-finders with the lives of Jesus, as represented by Matthew, Mark, and Luke, that his real life is so buried under a load of miracles, legends, and traditions, that its real import and true meaning cannot be made out any longer. Such is not the case, however, and the single heart will feel, and the loving eye of a true Christian will see, that the really greatest wonders and miracles in the life of Jesus are his words and deeds as a teacher and healer of the people, and not his descent from a vestal virgin, or his holy-ghostly paternity, or his co-equality with Almighty God, and all the rest of the absurd theological fabrications—Roman, Greek, or Egyptian—which have been heaped upon his devoted head by blind devotees or interested and selfish impostors of ages long past. The words and deeds of Jesus are still to our generation such impossible miracles that it appears easier and more practicable for us to transplant mountains than to love our neighbour as we love ourselves. These and such like miracles shine with far greater splendour from the pages of the gospels than the absurd inventions of false followers of Jesus; and what is more, they form and constitute by far the greatest portion of the biographical records at our disposal.

So far, then, from brother Browne's simile about Alexander Selkirk and Robinson Crusoe being applicable to the life of Jesus as related in the gospels, the miraculous superstructure which lies like an incubus on the pure and true spirit of Jesus, is actually the least significant and the least active part of his biography; and what regenerated the world, and let light into the dark places of it, was not the host of false miracles and false genealogies of Jesus—the former of which he detested and the latter he contradicted by calling himself plainly the Son of Man—but the high aims and the purity of his character and life, and above all, the sublime and hitherto unequalled spirituality of the man—a spirituality which scorned to supply its ullaage by a spirit of foreign distillation, as even some modern Spiritualists are apt to do. The real worth of Jesus was to shew the inalienable dignity of humanity which resides and inheres in Lazarus as well as in Dives, to demonstrate man's equality in the sight of God's eternal justice, and not to prove that he was of royal descent, or a Son of David, or of the Pneuma Hagion, or the second person in the Holy Trinity, or that stars stood still over his birthplace, and Eastern Kings came to worship him in his cradle, or that Herod got jealous of him and his powers before he was properly weaned. All these and similar legends, which are only fit to amuse children, had little or nothing to do with the spread of Christianity, especially not in the first days of primitive Christianity, when we see so many

martyrs laying down their lives for their belief and faith in their exalted master who taught them how much better it was to lose the whole world than losing their souls; and if we hear our modern pulpit-orators declaiming on the Divinity of Christ and his super-human character generally, we know full well that they do not speak under the influence of that genuine Pentecostal spirit which made their predecessors speak in all languages, *id est*, appeal to the hearts of all those who heard them; neither does brother Browne put a proper construction on the origin and meaning of Christianity when he allows it to become absorbed in an astronomical interpretation of the origin of the Zodiac. *Sapienti sat!*

HOW TO LIVE A CENTURY.*

DR. PEEBLES has been long and favourably known as a writer upon Spiritualism—Religion without dogma—and philosophical reflections on his experiences in the many countries through which he has travelled; but the book now before us is, we believe, his first published work on Hygiene, and the laws of health. Always a reformer in this direction, advocating and practising temperance in all things, he has for the last three or four years devoted the major part of his time to the study of Physiology, Hygiene, and Medicine, and has given hundreds of lectures on these subjects in various parts of America. With the view of making more widely known the laws of health and physical harmony, he has given to the world this volume wherein are written, in an easy and attractive form, many valuable truths which must commend themselves to all intelligent readers with reformatory proclivities.

Starting with an affirmation of the five forces, viz., the mechanical, chemical, vital, physical, and spiritual, co-related to the one divine force—"God," he says, if these five forces are kept in due balance, he sees no reason why we should not live a hundred years. He cites instances of longevity in trees, in animal life, and in man, giving in connection with the latter, twelve cases of individuals who attained ages varying from 103 to 169, most of whom are known to have led regular and temperate lives. Entering the practical part of the work, he shews the primary necessity of pure air and deep breathing to longevity. This is followed by instructions "how to sleep," which many a restless wight would be glad to learn. He is a strong advocate of early rising, and in this connection writes:—

"I say to my friends and patients, 'Get up; get up at five o'clock in the morning;' and I set them the example! If they want more sleep, I say, 'Take it; take all you want! Take eight hours, take nine hours, take ten hours, if you choose; but take them in the early hours of night rather than by daylight. Don't insult nature!'"

After analysing the causes of restlessness, and giving instruction for their avoidance, he enters into the food question by asking "What shall we eat to live a century?" and this is answered by shewing the superior value of grain as food, which with the addition of milk and fruit contains all that is essential to health and strength.

In analysing the question "What shall we drink?" a consideration of the influence of various fluids on the body leads to the conclusion that there is nothing better than pure water. Arguing against the use of alcoholic liquors as beverages, he says: "They do not quench thirst; they are not food; they do not make muscle, bone, or sinew, blood nerve, or brain cell; and further, they are nearly all adulterated."

A short chapter on clothing, advocating the use of light-coloured garments, is followed by another on the necessity of medicines, which are admitted to be such as a result of the inharmonious conditions by which many are environed; in this some prescriptions are incidentally introduced, and some instances given, of the old style of treatment by which men were literally murdered by the doctors.

Some advice to mothers in the treatment of their offspring, and a summary of the rules of health laid down, completes this very useful volume, from which we quote the author's concluding words:—

"Study to understand and strive to obey the laws of nature, for they are the laws of God—the laws of God with penalties. Resolve—*will*—to keep healthy. Make the soul positive to the body. Remember that health is the normal state of man. Cultivate the will-power. Cherish hope. Be full of faith. Exercise charity towards all. Control your passions; govern your appetites. Develop and manifest a sweet and peaceful spirit. Carefully observe the rules of health relative to pure air, drink, food, sleep, and clothing, and with a fair constitution to start with on the journey of life, you may easily live a full century; and in the evening-time of life's rugged journey, standing and waiting by death's peaceful river, you can say with one of our finest poets:

"Up and away like the dew of the morning
That soars from the earth to its home in the sun;
So let me steal away gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.
I need not be missed if another succeed me,
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown;
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the
reaper;
He is only remembered by what he has done."

W. EGLINTON AND RAY LANKESTER.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has admitted one letter into its columns, giving Dr. Lankester a deserved castigation, but it has refused to the gentleman who was insulted and attacked by him the opportunity of reply. Probably this was because his letter contained too much proof of the genuineness of the phenomena. As both the letters contain solid refutations of falsehoods, which are constantly being repeated by the opponents of Spiritualism, we republish them for our readers to utilize.

To the Editor of the PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—It is difficult to believe Professor Ray Lankester so ignorant as he must be if his letter to you is honest. But he may impose, in either case, on others innocently unacquainted with the facts. He certainly is notorious for having "prosecuted" Slade; but he never "caught him in the act" of cheating. The Magistrate, Flowers, said the evidence for the defence in that case was "overwhelming" but he excluded it from consideration, and based his decision, very strangely, on "inferences to be drawn from the known course of nature." Persecuted by ignorant hostility, Slade was convicted by a tribunal incapable of adapting itself to unfamiliar problems. Serious inquirers with open minds knew all the while, by scores, that the writing on Slade's slates was produced by some abnormal agency, and not by cheating on his part. When he escaped, through a legal flaw in the decision, from the penalty so shamefully awarded to him, Slade, through a friend, wrote from The Hague to Lankester, generously crediting him with good motives for what he had done, and showing no indignation, but offering to return to London, to visit the persecutor at his own house, to sit with him at his own table with his own slates, and convince him that the writing which would come upon them was not produced by trickery. Professor Lankester never answered this letter, thereby earning the deep and lasting contempt of every earnest inquirer into certain mysteries of nature of which the slate-writing under notice, trivial as its character often is, and wrong as Spiritualists may be in interpreting it, is certainly a casual manifestation. Intellectual ruffians who persecute spiritual mediums from bigoted hatred of the inquiries in which these persons are instrumental do mischief in two ways. With the help of clumsy laws, ill qualified to cope with questions concerning mediumship, they first of all bring about much horrible injustice. Secondly, they impede the growth of knowledge; for, though the more emotional Spiritualists cling to their persecuted faith more tenaciously than ever, the world at large is misled into supposing the bullies of Materialism to have proved (when they have merely won) their cases. I have used strong language in this letter, not because I like to do so as

* "How to Live a Century and Grow Old Gracefully;" by J. M. Peebles, M.D. New York: Holbrook & Co.

a rule, but because Professor Lankester's conduct in this matter has always seemed to me peculiarly despicable. In pluming himself upon it now, after he ought to have grown ashamed of it, by the light of later experience gathered by wiser men, his audacity claims a straightforward reply.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

A. P. SINNETT.

Ladbroke-gardens, Kensington Park, W.

To the EDITOR of the PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—As there seems to be no prospect of Signor Damiani and Mr. Labouchere coming to terms, I trust you will do me the justice of allowing me to remind your readers that I have not shrunk in any way from a fair investigation of the abnormal phenomena which occur in my presence. Since you did me the honour of inserting my letter in reply to Mr. Cumberland, the discussion of the question has entered upon another phase, and there is some danger of the fact being overlooked that I accepted Mr. Cumberland's challenge, stipulating only that the money element should be eliminated, and proposing that a committee of six gentlemen should be chosen, three by myself and three by the other side; that the committee should have six meetings for experiment; and that if their experiments were successful they should report the fact to Mr. Cumberland, should call upon him, in accordance with his promise, to "explain away such demonstrations by natural means," and should require him to reproduce the same phenomena under the same conditions. To this offer on my part Mr. Cumberland has never replied.

And yet it has been coolly assumed by some of your correspondents that I am simply an impostor; that the phenomena are jugglers' tricks; and that I am afraid to allow them to be put to the test by competent observers. Mr. Ray Lankester, indeed, goes so far as to indulge in such epithets as "Sludge," "pickpocket," "unsavoury specimen of natural history," "vermin," "skunk," &c. I am not going to imitate Mr. Ray Lankester. I refer to his language only to point out that this is the sort of gentleman that I am taunted with being unwilling to meet; and of whom I am asked to believe that he would enter upon an inquiry with perfectly unbiassed mind and quite open to conviction! I have no intention, sir, to waste my time with such men, or indeed with any who have publicly committed themselves to a hostile attitude without having ever attempted an honest and patient investigation of the phenomena and of the conditions under which they are produced. And I have no occasion for doing so, because my perfect rectitude in the matter, and my absolute freedom from any active part in the production of the slate-writing manifestations, have been abundantly testified by men the eminence of whose position in the scientific world even Mr. Ray Lankester himself would not venture to question for a single moment.

If it be urged that professional conjurers would be better observers than even men of science, then I reply that some of the most accomplished conjurers of the age have assured themselves of the genuineness of the phenomena.

Professor Jacobs, writing to the editor of *Licht*, *mehr Licht*, April 10th, 1881, in reference to phenomena which occurred in Paris through the Brothers Davenport, said, "As a prestidigitateur of repute, and a sincere Spiritualist, I affirm that the medianimic facts demonstrated by the two brothers, were absolutely true and belonged to the spiritualistic order of things in every respect. Messrs. Robin and Robert Houdin, when attempting to imitate these said facts, never presented to the public anything beyond an infantine and almost grotesque parody of the said phenomena."

Samuel Bellachini, Court Conjurer at Berlin, made a sworn declaration on the 6th December, 1877, in which he said, after describing his investigations with Dr. Slade, "I have not in the smallest degree found anything to be produced by means of prestidigitative manifestations, or by mechanical apparatus, and any explanation of the experiments which took place under the circumstances and

conditions then obtaining by any reference to prestidigitation is absolutely impossible."

Harry Kellar, a distinguished professor of legerdemain, happened to be giving his entertainments in Calcutta while I was there in the early part of 1882, and he addressed a letter to the *Indian Daily News*, in which he said that he should like to investigate the slate-writing phenomena in my presence. As I was assured that he was in every respect a gentleman, and would bring an honest and impartial mind to the inquiry, I consented to meet him. On the 25th January he wrote to the *Indian Daily News* as follows: "In your issue of the 13th January, I stated that I should be glad of an opportunity of participating in a *séance* with a view of giving an unbiassed opinion as to whether, in my capacity of a professional prestidigitateur, I could give a natural explanation of effects said to be produced by spiritual aid. I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Eglinton, now in Calcutta, and of his host, Mr. J. Meugens, for affording me the opportunity I craved. It is needless to say I went as a sceptic, but I must own that I have come away utterly unable to explain, by any natural means, the phenomena that I witnessed. . . . I can only say that I do not expect my account of them to gain general credence. Forty-eight hours before I should not have believed any one who described such manifestations under similar circumstances. . . . I repeat my inability to explain or account for what must have been an intelligent force that produced the writing on the slate, which, if my senses are to be relied on, was in no way the result of trickery or sleight of hand."

Now that you have kindly allowed me to place these facts before your readers, they will readily understand how it is that I am not greatly moved either by the violent language of Mr. Ray Lankester, or by the absurdly grotesque revelations of *Truth* as to "How it is done!" I can bide my time. The facts will be acknowledged some day, when prejudice has grown tired of its vain attempts to strangle them.

Yours respectfully,

11, Langham-street, W.
January 20th, 1885.

W. EGLINTON.

KAMA LOCA.

(From the "Religio-Philosophical Journal.")

A SINGULAR tendency still exists to people earth and heaven and the lower regions with beings unlike any creature below man, and unlike him also. The dryads and nymphs of old Greece, and the gnomes and fairies of the Middle Ages in Europe, are specimens of these beings. The legions of angels, celestial and fallen, whose panoplied splendor and high powers are described in the majestic verse of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and the beauteous-winged forms and seraphic faces pictured on the glowing canvasses of artists, illustrate the same tendency. This peopling the world with life, at times invisible yet always real, was probably an instinctive way of recognizing the existence of spiritual beings, of a future existence, and of the Creative Soul in all things. That the vast invisible spaces around us should be blank and barren, void of all life or thought, calls up a lonely and chilling feeling, a sense of depressing desolation, and therefore the poet sought relief in saying:

"Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

The lore of old Asia was full of like conceptions. The Ramayana, that wondrous poem of Nalmiki in old Sanscrit days, is the story of strong and malignant demons guarding and obstructing by turns the paths of Rama and of his beautiful wife Sita. It is full, too, of recognition of human beings once on earth, and still sometimes visible to mortals.

A few years ago we had an irruption of "astral beings" and gnomes into our spiritual kingdom, some correspondents calling up these weird creatures as real existences. But they played only a transient part, and lapsed back to mingle with the dim shadows from whence they came.

Lastly comes up the Esoteric Buddhism of A. P. Sinnett—a work of some merit as an effort to give us the mystic

side of that ancient religion—and gives the Buddhist conception of man's future condition; such, conception, that is, as was secretly discussed by the select few in the inner circle of the priesthood. Mr. Sinnett does not always agree with other authorities.

In the *Index* of Nov. 20th, W. A. Cram gives a lengthy sketch of some of these esoteric views.

In answer to the question: What is *Kama Loca*? he says:

"According to Esoteric Buddhism, as presented by Sinnett, man is not simply a material visible body, and a soul or spirit dwelling in that body manifesting life through it, as has been popularly accepted in Christendom. ... The human being, while living in this world, is constituted of seven distinct elements or principles, the five lower being developed and active, the two higher in a kind of embryonic state. This is their order, beginning with the lowest and grossest: first, the material body; second, vitality; third, the astral body; fourth, the animal soul; fifth, the human soul; sixth, the spiritual soul; seventh, the spirit—the two last in embryo here, and waiting for a higher life. The animal and the human souls are the active wills of the whole body throughout life here. The animal soul, being lower, is subject to the human. In the complete human being there are two bodies to these souls; the material one that we see, and a finer invisible one, called the astral body, which we may consider within the material one, and only of matter a degree more refined than we can see, a higher continuation of our visible world of matter, just over the border of the visible. The astral body is the body of the animal soul, the ethereal duplicate of the material one. The animal soul, being subject to the human soul in this life, is able to use the astral body here. At what we call death there is a wondrous separation of these elements or principles. The material body drops off and crumbles away. The human soul cuts loose from the animal soul, and with its embryonic spiritual soul and spirit ascends to a higher state of being.

"But what of the animal soul and its astral body?... Only a degree more refined than our gross matter the astral body gravitates to its own kind and degree, which is in the vast realm of invisible matter around our earth and adjoining us. But it may rise to a certain degree into the finer ether above our atmosphere. They give the name of *Kama Loca* to this region, or abode of those animal souls once in human organizations."

The animal soul having been on earth subject to the human soul, knowing its ways and aspects, can possibly, Mr. Cram suggests, personate that soul, speak, write, rap, move tables, materialize, etc., through sensitive persons. In brief, the phenomena of Spiritualism may come from these "animal souls," revisiting us from *Kama Loca*.

We can see, in these intuitive conceptions of meditative and introspective Buddhists, a glimpse of the bodies celestial and terrestrial of Paul and Wesley and the clairvoyant spirit-seer of our day, but these "seven distinct elements or principles" and these two souls, one with an astral body and one with no body at all, show the mystic tendency of ancient Orientalism. In the light of modern spiritual thought and experience they are simply childish and inconsequent. The spiritual philosophy holds man as "an intelligence served by bodily organs; as the ultimate type of creative evolution, with capacity for eternal progress and development as a spiritual being; as built to last, and never to divide into two souls or more; as having the terrestrial body, visible, and for use on earth, and the spiritual or celestial body within it, invisible save to the clairvoyant eye, but going out intact at death, to be the body of the spirit in the future beyond the grave.

Thus is man an indestructible personality—one, and no more or no other one, here or hereafter.

Did a single spirit, through a medium or in any way ever tell us it was the "animal soul" but not the "human soul," a seventh part of a man but not the whole man?

Those who come back represent themselves as the same persons whom we knew here, and often give strongest proof of their identity, but they never come as fragments, "animal souls" or any other detached part of a human spirit. Are they all ignorant, or all in evil league to

cheat us and palm themselves off for what they are not? Ignorant or deceptive persons doubtless come back from the life beyond, and we are "to test the spirits," but shall we charge the whole host of guardian angels with dense ignorance or gross deceit?

Kama Loca, with its animal souls in astral bodies coming back to earth, is but a dim gleam of broken light struggling through confused and misleading shadows.

The summer-land, from whence our friends can come to us in their own complete and beloved personality, stands in far clearer light, and the thought of it, and of them, is far more rational and inspiring. We say with Whittier, in his protest against all dim and impersonal or fragmentary conceptions of the future life:

"No!—I have friends in Spirit Land,—

Not shadows in a shadowy band,

Not others, but themselves are they,

And still I think of them the same

As when the Master's summons came;

Their change,—the holy morn-light breaking

Upon the dream-world sleeper waking,—

A change from twilight into day."

There is a singular and strong desire, in some minds, to so account for the facts of spirit presence as to rule out the people from the higher life, and to ignore and deny their power, and even their existence. Such a conclusion would be a great help to that materialism which inspires the desire, but the proofs constantly accumulate against it, and waiting souls call for "more light" from the life beyond. We do not say that Mr. Cram has this desire, for his questions may be put to call out thought and inquiry, but the *Kama Loca* theory of Esoteric Buddhism is absurd and unphilosophical. It destroys personal immortality, and peoples the unseen universe with fragmentary and anomalous creatures. The angels or heavenly messengers are translated and glorified human beings. The great truth of spirit intercourse, the real presence of our friends from the higher life, stands and will stand, confirmed by "a cloud of witnesses."

SPIRIT TEACHINGS.

Specimens of some of the early Automatic Writings received at Melbourne Circles.

"MAN'S mind is naturally occupied with what immediately surrounds him; but those who are living according to their own knowledge for a higher and another life, should learn to fix each world in its proper sphere of influence, or only allow the proper influence of each to affect him. This is what man should and does advance to—this is the world of *causes*, the other the world of *effects*. Man will, when ordinarily developed, find room in his mortal lifetime for full effect to both. Man, while in the body, can only, so far as the spirit is concerned, bring himself under influences—surrounding influences,—but when the spirit has left it will be found progressing, being surrounded with all that is progressive and in order of uses. The mere animal being can take *nothing* with, or rather the spirit can have nothing of, the mere animal, accompanying it to its own proper world; hence what if the mind (merely animal mind) expatiates in learning scientific knowledge, which does not touch the soul, he is a mere animal still. Can a being sunk in sensuality be elevated to a life among the simple, good, blessed, and happy, because he was master of the natural sciences as taught and studied by men?

The great object before the Societies in our circle is the progress of Truth and heavenly principles, first and thoroughly through the universal world. By whatever means other Societies may operate in the birth-world and with man, one purpose can only be aided, and we can only aid that other purpose and end by one means, and would that we could find a circle large enough, earnest enough, varied enough in development, and united enough in harmony, to carry into effect both, and all that could be done to benefit man temporally and spiritually. We want means only and leave you to find them for us, as well as in your power—the means, of course, are subjects."

"Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you."

"These words were, as you remember, spoken by Paul to the Athenians, when he found in their city a temple

or a monumental building erected and dedicated to 'the unknown God.' Paul was a truly inspired writer, and often indeed he seemed to have the knowledge of God, which all should have to be truly and really wise and happy. But at other times, like David, his knowledge of God was both a very limited and a very false one; he then only saw in Him the old traditional God of his youthful Jewish education, a God not of mercy but of judgment, a God not of love but of jealousy and revenge. Alas! how many Christians, as centuries have rolled on, have let slip from their minds the really genuinely inspired portions of Paul's writings! the portions by which he deserves his name of St. Paul, to gloat over, as it were, and descendant upon those parts which are really spots on the sun, clouds which mar the beauty of an otherwise lovely prospect. Paul was caught up into the seventh heaven, and saw and heard unspeakable things. Paul now sits at the right hand of God, in Scripture metaphor. His writings have all the vigour and power and originality of a mind fitted to lead and regulate the minds of others, and also they are characteristic of a medium capable of being used by very high intelligences to transmit to mankind eternal truth.

But Paul, by natural conformation of brain, was hot-headed, impulsive, and self-willed. He would not often allow himself to believe as inspired truth that which did not perfectly harmonise with his preconceived ideas of what the interpretation of the prophets should be, and what he conceived his own mission, and that of Jesus to be.

How fallible we all are while in our bodily shell! and so it has happened as ages have rolled on, the false portions of Paul's writings have come down to you resting on equal bases with those whose internal evidence and spirit proclaim their divinity with trumpet-toned vigour and clearness.

Alas! how many on earth now, aye and in the spheres too, ignorantly worship God; how many—sympathising rather by the faultiness of their education or generation, with the human side of God's character as depicted in the Bible—love rather to cling to that as the God of their worship, to pray to that as the Creator that they wished to adore, than to the great Author of all, whose love, mercy, and wisdom are so transcendent that to compare them with the like qualities in man would be as absurd as to place the light of a candle before the beams of the glorious sun in mid-day splendour.

Trace back in your minds, as you may readily do by comparison with young children, or with the heathen the origination of these man-like attributes of God, and you will readily see how half-educated men like Paul was (half educated we mean in the spiritual sense) may thoroughly deceive themselves in their conceptions of the Deity. The mind of Paul was thoroughly and deeply tinged with Jewish superstition and intolerance, which he could never thoroughly shake off. Though a great reformer he, like Luther, was constantly subject to the influence of lower but well-meaning intelligences, who often dictated through him sentiments completely at variance with the tenor of the general mass of his writings.

My friends, study the Bible, and more particularly the New Testament, as a historical work of exceeding interest, and one well calculated to teach you as to the hidden mysteries of spirit-intercourse; but beware of allowing, as men have done all these centuries, these writings to be 'your guide of faith,' as it has been called, for if you do so you will find that it will be indeed 'a blind guide' to you, and conduct you into mazes of dubious opinions which you will never be able to unravel, and which will only result in a perfect abnegation of all your reasoning powers, and a falling back upon that refuge of the destitute theologian, 'a blind faith,' than which nothing can be more debasing to the human reason—more insulting to the great central mind from which that reason flows. Read, we say, the Bible, but read it with care; mark, learn, and inwardly digest it, by the reasoning powers, that your great Creator has given you; take none of its statements for granted, bring them all to the touchstone that we have before given you, and sift what there is of truth and beauty in

them and retain it, and throw on one side the rest as merely interesting in a historical or psychical point of view, and nothing more.

The Unknown God! Who can know Him? We cannot, certainly; Paul did not even when he was caught up into the seventh heaven. Alas! how little the mass of religionists know of Him. The majority of them have not at heart even the cardinal and primordial facts of His nature; they have begun entirely at the wrong end of their studies of Him; instead of reading in their own hearts the long book of their own experiences, instead of searching with son-like love and ardour into the great fields of nature, in all its various manifestations, they merely look into history, see what other men have thought of Him; comment upon, declaim upon it, and end by finding themselves in confusion of thought, and utterly unable to come to any definite conclusion.

My friends! The real, one and only, commencement of the study of God is that He is Love. Love commences, ends, and is solely exemplified in Him. Without His all-present influence no love can exist; and if love does not exist, hate, evil passions, and all the foul influences of the undeveloped mind must exist. 'Ye cannot serve God and mammon;' there is no void in nature; there is no half-way on the road to God's truth; with Him there is either truth or its reverse. Man, starting with this great anxiety and this alone, keeping his mind steadily fixed on this bright pole star that no cloud can obscure, no possibility of a mistake can sully, must in the end arrive at a conception (remote indeed, but a correct one) of what God really is.

Paul, as you see by his writings, did not commence in this manner; he, like your modern theologians, instead of going to the fountain head, thence to draw inspiration, unsullied by any earthly inspirations, clung to the old traditions and partial inspirations of Jewish writings; many of which owed their origin to a very low source, and thus his conceptions of his Father were often faulty, ill-conceived, and ill-expressed in consequence. It is often wonderful to us in watching the operation of the religious sentiment in men's minds to see how completely they will allow their reason to sleep in matters connected with what they call their eternal salvation; while on earthly matters they would at once sit down and bring every fibre of their God-fashioned brain in its utmost reasoning power, to bear on the subject. What would you think of a mathematician, who if told of some extraordinary combination of numbers, which entirely contradicted all that was previously known of their powers, should he at once take this miraculous novelty for granted and pin his faith upon it? Or of a chemist who acted similarly when told that certain salts treated in a certain manner, would comport themselves in a way totally different from all previous experiences on the subject? Why, you would say that these men had a portion of their brain but poorly constituted, and indeed were to a certain extent feeble-minded and unworthy of being considered *really* great minds. But these very same men, who would think their intellects degraded, and would despise themselves did they act in such a manner, will quietly sit down and take for granted expositions of the nature of God and His dealings towards mankind, which they read in the Bible, simply because they are in the Bible, though their reasoning powers in every way they can consider the subject, positively revolt against the sentiments therein expressed. In fact they are content to allow their God, who is so near to them, and who may be approached through the medium of his purified and disembodied angels, to be to them an unknown God, one who is known only by hearsay, and that hearsay the result of other hearsays extending back over the human races, for hundreds, nay thousands of years.

My friends! the fountain-head—not indeed itself—but the pure God-begotten streams that flow from it are open to you now as they were to Paul, as they were to all the inspired writers of Scriptures.

Read Paul indeed; consider all he said, did, and wrote; profit by what your reason tells you is really the inspiration of progressed spirits, or the emanations of Paul's mind while in a progressed and properly organised

condition ; but never allow yourselves to be led captive by the dictum of any master, whether he lives now or hundreds of years ago, however he claimed to be inspired and however many generations of men since have believed him to be so. Believe us, we write in your interest and that of the world ; you yourselves are quite as capable of inspiration as Paul was, indeed several of you are better qualified mentally for inspirational mediumship than he was. Imitate his love for good, imitate his ardour for his work, imitate his invincible perseverance in following out his Master's directions, but do not allow yourselves to be led into making an idol either of him or of his writings—into making them your rule of faith and duty.

God in His mercy grant us all, both you in the body and us, a measure of true and pure inspiration from sources higher than ourselves ; grant that we may be able to receive it pure and untainted by the opinions of those less qualified to judge of it than ourselves. May He grant us never to leave on one side and neglect the great touchstone of our salvation in the future and the present life—the knowledge that God is Love, and that all that does not start from this has but a rotten foundation, and is but a house built upon the sand, which must, like all human edifices, however lofty and firm they may appear to be, soon crumble away at the touch of time and the truth which it always sooner or later reveals. Let this be the rock on which you build—the firm foundation on which your edifice of a knowledge of Him is built, and you will find it a rock of ages indeed, one which will shelter you from the weary heat of the world's troubles and fatigues—one from which will gush forth for you the pure, bright, sparkling waters of eternal life—one which will stand firm and steadfast as the Author of itself and of all.

THE HEROISM OF HERETICS.

By C. W. ROHNER, M.D.

I do like the word "heretic;" I always did like it, ever since I became conversant with its etymology, for there is something elevating (haireticon ti), in its very sound. An heretic, properly speaking, is a freethinker—a man who will not be led, who chooses his own road, who does his own thinking, and who above all has the courage to give public expression to his innermost honest thoughts for the benefit of mankind—and who, finally, has fortitude enough to die for his convictions, whether the mode of death be by the Cross, by torture, by a slow fire, as in olden days, or by a process of slow starvation, as is the prevalent mode of dealing with heretics, and non-conformists in a wider sense, in our own unchristian days.

The lives of the heretics, especially of those who suffered martyrdom for their heresies, or were otherwise persecuted during the terrestrial imprisonment of their great and independent souls, formed one of my earliest studies, and when even as a child I was told of John Huss and his suffering in the neighbouring town of Constance, I rejoiced to hear that the worsted martyr made the Emperor Sigismund blush and cast down his eyes for shame, because in spite of his imperial pledge of a safe conduct to Prague, he was weak enough to hand the royal soul of Huss over to rabid orthodoxy and ecclesiasticism. Who, I ask, was the emperor on this occasion, and in this case? Evidently John Huss; he was the hero, and the other fellow was simply an imperial coward—a crowned tool in the bloodthirsty hands of priests. Later on in life, when I stood on the spot where Huss expiated his divine crime of loyalty to the truth, I vowed a vow, which I have done my best ever since to keep, never to use my tongue or pen against the truth, and against my best convictions, no matter what the consequence might be from a material point of view; for, as another great heretic has said, of what use is it to win the whole world if the soul is lost in the transaction. Yes, John was right when he put those grand and truly royal words into his master's mouth before Pilate: "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." Do our vile ordained followers of this divine man carry out in their lives and teachings the words of him whom they call

their Saviour! Saviour, indeed! The Nazarene never was a Saviour of priests, and never will be. Nay, he is, and always will be, the greatest enemy that priestcraft ever had, because he was during his life the most uncompromising destroyer of all untruthfulness, all formalism, all ceremonialism, all churchism, and an out-and-out hater of all *padres* of lies, of all oily hypocrites, of all whitened sepulchres, and, in short, of all generations of vipers. All true heretics are necessarily heroes, demigods, who even on earth live among the gods, in direct communion with higher spirits, and who clairvoyantly, or intuitively, foresee that after what is falsely called death they will live in the society of a celestial *crème de la crème*, although on earth they were spurned as scum—*canaille*, radicals, disturbers of the peace or lethargy of conservatism, seditious fellows, innovators, *têtes folles*, and so forth.

Every Prometheus of human society, mythical or real, is necessarily bound, fixed with iron chains to a carcass of human woe, and their contemporary vultures and carrion-birds will live and get fat on their vitals and entrails, now as well as in the darker days of Olim. Such is life, especially divine life; it is a journey from the clay to the stars, or as the proverb has it, *per ardua ad astra*. But it is a noble journey, this journey of Titans storming an orthodox Olympus. The account of their travels and travails, and troubles, will live in the memory of the most distant generations of men; they will become the only genuine canonised saints in the calendar of future and more enlightened races; they will live when all the saints created by Rome will be forgotten; their mental photographs will be found enshrined in the albums of hero-worshippers of future ages, and whenever the words "benefactors," "progress," "liberty," "fraternity," and "equality" are mentioned, the names of all heroic heretics, both religious and political, will spontaneously suggest themselves, and the sweet fumes of incense offered to our martyred saints will rise to the sublime abodes of eternal bliss whither they have long since retired. Let us, therefore, strive to be all heretics, *id est*, souls who elevate other and weaker souls, and let us not faint on the road in view of the benefits we bestow by our examples on our fellow men during our lives, and in view also of the indelible mark we have made on the mind of mankind as unselfish benefactors of our brethren here below.

Tungamah, 18th March, 1885.

SPEAKING OF VICTORIEN SARDOU (regarded as the greatest, next to Victor Hugo, of living French dramatists, author of "Fedora," now being played in this city), the *Pictorial World* says:—It is very strange and worthy of note that this Parisian of the Parisians is a firm believer in Spiritualism. Yes, Sardou is a skeptic and a realist, a man who knows life in every phase, and human nature in its degradations and corruptions as in its nobilities and innocences, and yet in spite of his keen wit and logical understanding, he will deny the existence of God, while affirming his belief in the supernatural. And for the reasonableness of this belief he will, with all gravity and earnestness adduce proof after proof. For example, he will tell you he cannot make a sketch to save his life, and then produces a copper-plate on which is engraved a drawing representing with great exactness part of the house in which Moliere lived. O! this Sardou tells the following story: "Seated at my table one day, with this plate before me, I fell into a reverie. Unconsciously I took up the graver, and as if impelled by some secret influence, let my hand follow its own direction over that plate. The engraving you see here is the result of several hours of unconscious and purely mechanical toil." With intense and manifest conviction he asserts that this work would have occupied a professional engraver for at least a month, and calls upon you to notice that all the ornamental lines in it are made up of crotchets and double crotchets so small as scarcely to be visible to the naked eye. Clearly enough, continues the *World*, Sardou recognises that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in his philosophy, and we doubt not that this state of mind is a great advance upon that blameless ignorance of conceit which denies all that it cannot explain.

THE TEACHINGS OF SPIRITUALISTS.

THERE are at this moment vast forces of men and women both inside and outside of all religious systems, and belonging to all sections of society, convinced that the time is ripe for sweeping changes in both Church and State; and these forces have long ceased to believe in the necessity for keeping up an immense army of professional clergymen or their nostrums. These forces—heretical in the eyes of the Church—believe that the schoolmaster is a far more useful person to society than the clergyman, and all progressive Spiritualists join with them in this opinion, and in helping forward the noble work of reformation. But Spiritualists believe at the same time in the necessity of training up the young in a simple love of God, the Great Father of all, and in teaching them beautiful lessons of virtue and religion. And they, therefore, urge upon all parents the duty of setting a good example to their children. Love to God, and to our neighbour, as Jesus our elder brother taught, is the sum and substance of all true religion; and where this prevails in the heart and life, creeds, forms, and ceremonies are of secondary importance. The dogma of the life beyond the grave, where taught as the result of a belief founded upon evidence and knowledge of its truth, tends to reconcile and discipline the human family to an endurance of all the vicissitudes of this chequered life. All who are fortunate enough to possess this knowledge—and it is the heritage of all—feel their sympathies enlarged, and their love to God and man vitalised.

In the language of Gerald Massey, the poet, "Ours is a faith with all spirit-world about us as witnesses; a positive, vitalising faith in a living, communicating God." See to it, then, Spiritualists, that when in a spirit of love for all, you go forward seeking in your several ways to right the wrongs of humanity, you exhibit this faith in all you say and do. Exercise great toleration towards your brethren of the old faiths. Bear with them when they, in their ignorance of the facts of yours, rail at it. In your business be diligent, be just; and in striking a balance, as Mr. Leech once said, "Let the scale be turned on the side of the poor." Teach virtue and probity to your children, both by your example and precept. In your domestic relations of husband and wife let there be esteem and affection, and mutual companionship and confidence. If there be weakness on one side, let there be forbearance and forgiveness on the other; for whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder."

Mothers, you whose influence is so great in moulding the future characters of your offspring, a heavy responsibility rests upon you. See to it that your own souls are cheered and purified by your intimate knowledge of the divine life. See to it that your domestic duties are lightened by systematic habits of cleanliness and order, and that all your children are trained to be industrious, thrifty, and self-reliant. Only but attend to these simple rules in the conduct of your households, and you will be beacon lights to the world—"Living epistles, known and read of all men." Your children will grow up to be the joy of your old age; your neighbours and friends will take knowledge of you; your word of honour will be accepted everywhere as your bond; your sphere of usefulness will be extended, and above and around the good which you do, and the influence which you exercise, will shed blessings and glory upon you and yours; so that when your race is run, and the hour of your departure has come, you will hear the voices of those whom you loved and lost on earth welcoming you to the summer-land with the words, "Well done, good and faithful servants," enter into the joys of paradise. Says Massey:—

"Blessed are they whose treasures are in heaven!
Their griefs too rich for our poor comforting.
Let us put on the robe of readiness;
The golden trumpet will be sounding soon
That bids to the gathering in the heavens!
Let us press forward to their summit of life
Who have ceased to pant for breath, and won their rest;
And there is no more parting, no more pain!"

Demon's Evidences, pages 45 & 46.

GREYTOWN, NEW ZEALAND.

OUR correspondent writes under date March 14th:—

"Mr. W. A. Ellis, president of the Auckland Psychological Society, has paid the Spiritualistic centre a visit. He was accompanied by Mr. T. R. Walton, of Palmerston North, and both gentlemen were much interested in what they saw of the spread of Spiritualism in the district, and the development of mediums.

Mr. Ellis is clairvoyant, clairaudient, a trance-medium and a psychometrist. His latter gift is a remarkable one. Instead of going into a trance to diagnose a case, he, in his normal state, just takes the back of the patient's left hand, and presses it to his forehead. Then, beginning at the crown of the head, he passes downwards, accurately describing the internal organs and their ailments. I have been present several times when he has been diagnosing a patient, and one and all testify to the correctness of his readings. During his stay in Greytown Mr. Ellis gave a lecture on Spiritualism. He is now at Masterton, surprising the good folks there with his truly wonderful powers, and it is probable he will pay Melbourne a visit before long.

Last week we were favoured with a visit by Mr. Gerald Massey and Mrs. Lena Cooke. Mr. Massey delivered one of his stirring lectures the other evening.

On Monday evening last a few friends, composing the circle meeting at Mr. Nation's house, invited Mrs. Cooke, Mr. Massey, and Mr. Ellis to spend the evening with them. The ladies provided a good spread, and decorated the room prettily with flowers. After tea a large circle was formed, and an interesting time spent in trance speaking, clairvoyant's descriptions of departed ones, and rapping. The rapping through one of the ladies was very striking, and Mrs. Cooke, who has travelled a bit, said she had heard nothing like it this side of the line. Two spirits rapped with great power through this lady almost simultaneously, and one of them amused the company by rapping in imitation of hammering in tacks and of using the saw. At the conclusion of the sitting, the company expressed the pleasure they felt in entertaining their visitors, which was suitably responded to by Mr. Massey.

Next week we hope to welcome Signor Hüg in Greytown. He has made for himself a name in these parts, and the afflicted are glad to hear of his near approach. Mrs. Hüg will accompany her husband. After a quiet spell Greytown is taking up the work of investigation with spirit. Several young ladies are showing signs of valuable gifts, but I won't say anything about them just yet, "We shall see what we shall see."

NEW ZEALAND PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The first annual general meeting of the members of the above society was held in the Cook-street hall (Auckland) on the 8th March, 1885, at which there was a fair attendance of members. The report submitted, which was unanimously adopted, showed that there had been a steady increase in the membership of the society since its formation in October last. Sub-committees of investigation for thought-reading, mind transference, mesmerism, physical transference, mesmerism, physical phenomena, haunted houses, psychometry, clairvoyance and literature, have been formed, and reports will be submitted to meetings of the society at an early date.

The outgoing committee and officers were re-elected, with the exception of Mr. Ellis, the late President, who forwarded his written resignation, which, being accepted, and no other nomination having been made, it was resolved to leave the presidency vacant, and, at the suggestion of the committee, the Vice-President to undertake the duties temporarily.

The society contemplate opening their week evening meetings to the public meetings to the public at an early date, as soon as the reports of sub-committees are submitted, and the public may look forward to spending very interesting evenings investigating the psychic forces latent in man and occult phenomena generally.

THROUGH DAY TO NIGHT, AND NIGHT
TO DAY.

A LECTURE BY GEORGE CHAINÉY.

NATURE is full of correspondences and repetitions. History moves in cycles. Nations have their seasons of spring and summer, bud and leaf, flower and fruit. In thought, sometimes, they sweep through the day, and then in dreams sleep through the night. The ocean is mirrored in the deep drop, the majestic palm in the moss at its root, and the mighty oak in every leaf. The home is the forerunner of the state, while the experiences of centuries are shadowed in those of each individual. Man has a dual life of head and heart. He thinks and feels. The head is the type of day, the intuition of night. We cannot afford to waste our days in sleep, nor trespass on the hours of sleep in acquirement of knowledge or gain. I say that the day is intellectual because the mind is light. It is the inspiration of our activities. It drives us to work. There is no rest in thought. It is ever on and on, crying work, work. The night is the time of rest, amusement, inspiration and love. Through the innocent sleep, garlanded with dreams, we gather fresh hope and courage for the battle of life. The religious life of the world is ever alternating between day and night, when it takes a step nearer completeness in the marriage of the two.

Sometimes the day and night woo each other a long time before love wins its fruition. Materialism is the day. The intellect rules you, bring all to the test of reason. Dreams to you are but "The children of an idle brain, begot of nothing but vain fantasy." Love grows cold, and the tenderness is towards egotism or self-love. Joy is driven away in care and anxiety. You fight and struggle for the mastery of thought. You would overthrow all opinions but your own.

Many of this school care no more for the religious feelings of their neighbors than the Wall street speculator cares for the widows and orphans he is robbing through his clever manipulations. In this strife, care unknots the sleeve of life. The dust of selfishness settles down upon the soul. The mind becomes weary and jaded, until at last they say, "Who shall show us any truth," and often throw down the standard and rush into sensual enjoyment, saying, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Fortunate, then, will it be for them, if some sweet dream, or some true loving heart, recalls them to listen to the voice of their own heart, until it proclaims anew its deathless energy, and wins some confidence from the unseen world. It might be interesting to some, to trace this analogy of day and night through the various systems of religion; but it can only lead to practical results, when applied to the present.

Christianity has passed through successive days and nights. It was born in the night of love. It was corrupted in the day of creeds. It was partly regenerated in a night of mysticism. It was again corrupted by the day of ecclesiasticism. It was again revived in the intuitions and emotions of Methodism and beautiful sentiments of Unitarianism. But the fierce glaring day of scientific Materialism and Agnosticism swept down next, and banished faith and hope in the name of reason and common sense. But fortunately for our poor hearts, the holy hush of eventide has already drawn its beautiful veil over the blinding face of the sun. Soon will come again to all

"The innocent sleep;
Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care.
Death of each day's life.
Sore labors bath balm for hurt minds.
Great nature's second course.
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

Once more sweet and beautiful dreams re-adorn the inner chambers of the heart, and quicken the mind anew with faith in its own deathless energy. Once more we enter joyfully and thankfully the home of the soul, and feel around our necks the arms, and on our cheeks the sweet kisses, of eternal love. Once more the stars come out and teach us that this world is related to millions of others, and that this life is but the chrysalis, the mere vestibule, of existence. Once more the bride and bridegroom of reason and intuition meet in harmony and love,

until all the joy bells of the soul ring out in wild, sweet melody. But we must not forget the uses of the day, nor the evils of the night. Night's cloak is often the garment of deception. It is the time when,

"Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whilst night's black agents to their preys do rouse."

In the same way we find that the night of religion begets the horrible monsters of fear, and dogma of eternal pain. Under her black cloak swarms of priestly robbers plunder and fleece their flocks of innocent sheep. Fortunately the day follows the night to correct these evils. At the rising of the sun, these vultures and wolves, night's black agents, begin to slink away. The emancipation of reason and the light of positive science are both essential in the great work of human progress. The cast iron and inflexible creeds of Christianity, its horrible devil and eternal hell, were bound to bring in time a mental reaction against them. The best friends of the churches are those who have protested against these relics of barbarism. If all had remained within the church, it would long ago have sunk out of sight, through the weight of its own corruption. But thousands of earnest-hearted men and women have left the church. Why? It is a business and social advantage to belong to a church. It cannot then be for gain. For evil then? Nay. If you want to do wrong you will find it an advantage to cover your wolf's hide with a sheep's robe.

I can tell you that it is not often a selfish motive can carry you out of a church. It is your home. To leave it you must bruise and lacerate your heart, lose friends, whose love is dear to you. But when the light shines upon you in its fulness, you find that to respect yourself you must follow the truth wherever it leads you, though it be into uttermost infidelity. Better no truth than a lie. Better preserve your self-respect than lose it and gain the respect of the whole world.

Every martyr who accepted the fiery robe of martyrdom rather than betray his own conscience, made a good choice. But for such faithful souls, who have kept brightly burning the torch of thought, through the long night watches of the world's darkness of ignorance, the entire earth would to-day be a howling wilderness, a fit abode only for beasts of prey. These are the brave heroes who have stormed the dungeons of the inquisition and bastiles of tyranny, and made it possible for us to breathe the sweet air of liberty. They are the hardy pioneers who have opened up new lands, and sailed unknown seas, and so widened the skirts of light, and made the struggle with darkness narrower. What would the church be to-day but for the reforming influence of those who have come out from among them? Dungeons of ecclesiastical tyranny, and centres of strife and ism.

But under the light of reason they are so fast changing, that the time is not distant when they will be homes of liberty and true circles of loving human helpfulness. Of course we who have come out, have sometimes been as extreme and illiberal in our opposition to them as they ever were to us. An illiberal Liberal sounds strange. But consistency is a jewel. The pendulum pushed to the extreme end of the arc must rebound to the other. Such retributions are the evenhanded justice that returns the poisoned chalice of the church to her own lips. Heaven hath pleased it thus to punish us with them, and they with us, that we may be their courage and minister.

Some extreme Liberals, if they had the power, would destroy the churches, root and branch. But God or Nature, whichever you please to call it, has more economical means of working than this. The light of the day of Science is surely dispersing their darkness. For the old anthropomorphic Gods they are coming to regard God as the Infinite of the universe, the soul that is over all, through all and in all things, constantly individualizing itself anew. Thus, instead of worshipping God afar off, sitting on a great, white throne, they worship him in every manifestation of life, whether it shine from a distant star, or paint with beauty the dimpled cheek of a babe, give strength to a lion or blush in a rose, whether flooding the earth with the warmth and light of the sun or filling our hearts with joy and gladness in the light and warmth of friendship and love. In the place of the old demons and hell of punishment and pain, they are adopting a

philosophy of evil that reveals it to be the necessary counterpart of good, as cold is to heat, that hell is the descent of the soul towards animalism, and that nature is so kind, that when we become perfectly devilish we find a certain kind of happiness in our devilry. They are also, through the influence of Spiritualism, beginning to believe that when the soul reaches the lowest hell, it receives a shock that starts it, though blindly and unconsciously, on the upward path. In the place of Christ, as an atoning sacrifice, offering an excuse for crime, they are presenting Jesus as one of the Sublime Souls, in whom truth and righteousness perfected themselves, so that for all time they shine as stars, to light us through the darkest night. In the place of fixed and vain ceremonies, they are accepting the teachings of science, the ministrations of art, and the sweet charities of human helpfulness. In the place of local and partial inspiration in one book, they are beginning to accept inspiration as an eternal verity of the soul, accessible to all on the same terms as to any, so that in the place of one Bible we have many.

Many individual churches have already planted themselves squarely on this ground, and the time is coming when they must all move forward into this light or sink out of sight. When they shall have done this, the day and night of Christianity will be perfectly blended. This is the coming of the bridegroom spoken of by Jesus in the parable of the wise and foolish virgins. Those churches that replenish their waning lamps with the oil of wisdom, distilled from nature in the laboratory of Science, will be ready for his coming.

Those who spend their time watching the expiring flame of past truth, will, like the foolish virgins, find themselves banished from the feast at the marriage of wisdom and love, and condemned into outer darkness. From this marriage shall come new life and joy to the world. To-day is better than any yesterday, and tomorrow shall be better than to-day. Though the old sun hastes to its setting, a new one already begins to gild the horizon with beams of brighter glory than any former day. While this day of science reaches backward, and reforms the church, it also stands in the way of the coming of a still more inspiring night.

Let us be honest with ourselves both as Materialists and Spiritualists. I have confessed to you my own sins or deficiencies, while limiting my vision with Agnosticism. I know that the bride of my soul, the woman of my nature, was neglected. I know that if you have formed the conviction that this life is the be all and end all here, that upon this bank and shoal of time you will seek more and more after simply sensuous enjoyment, until you will become blind to anything above and beyond. This is confirmed by the universal law, shadowed forth in our analogy of night and day. After toiling through the heat and burden of the day, life seems almost insupportable. You can only bear it as you seek amusement at the theatre, or inspiration in the society of those you love, and rest in sleep. If, inspired by a thirst for wealth, you toil on into the night, robbing yourself of sleep, you murder your soul. This is what Jesus meant when he said, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." You become selfish and miserly, and thus lose the joy of love. Now, by Materialism, I do not mean simply those who profess it as a philosophy. We sometimes misname ourselves. I have known professed Materialists who were essentially Spiritual. I call them Spiritualists because they cultivate the heart as well as the head. Col. Ingersoll is one of this kind. The Spiritual nature is the feminine. Whoever crowns a pure and noble woman as the queen of his life, cultivates his Spiritual nature, whether he is professionally Spiritualist or Materialist. Col. Ingersoll has done this. The love and adoration he gives to woman saves him from becoming hard and dogmatic on the intellectual plane. I know many Materialists who see and know no good that is not material. They seldom read novels, because they cannot understand that fiction has often a higher mission than fact. They have toiled so long in the day, that they can now hardly rest at night. Life seems so little worth the living, that they flout at the idea of another life as an insult. If such seek the society of woman, it is only on the physical plain.

If they rest in sleep, it is only that they may prepare themselves for work again. They attach no value to dreams, nor to the upbuilding of the soul in sleep. This kind of Materialist is generally hard and close-fisted, little given to charity, and does next to nothing for the propaganda of his principles. It is the few who, like Ingersoll, are essentially spiritual, who sustain the public cause. Out of the five hundred who used to attend my lectures, the support came mostly from a few of this sort. Materialism can do but little to propagate itself because of this stinginess.

Think of all the papers that sail forth to carry these truths, manned with hearts beating high with hope, only to come to grief on the rocks of bankruptcy. Look at the Liberal League! Two hundred and fifty organized, and fifty really alive to-day.

It is often pleaded, as an excuse for those who profess this philosophy, that they are poor. Why, I know a number who do so, that are millionaires. When struggling with debt, I remember writing to one worth three millions, and asking him to help me by arranging for a lecture in his town, which at the outside would have cost \$35, and having him write back and plead poverty. I am often asked: "Why was you discouraged with your work as a Materialist?" I could give you hundreds of reasons. Here is one or two: One of the most discouraged moments I ever had was last winter, at Hornellsville, when, with my friend Mr. Watts, I went there to lecture. Two Freethought conventions have been held there. Two years had passed. Was it foolish to expect that the seed sown by those conventions had in that time borne a rich harvest? Was I weak and silly to be sick and discouraged with the work I was doing, when the audience was less than twenty? One time I found a volume called "Leaves of Grass," and saw in it a new Gospel, a new Bible, a cosmos of the modern world, charged with electric life, with moral inspiration of body and mind, into all delicacy and purity, written by grand old Walt Whitman, a very Titan, one of the world's Christs and Redeemers. I saw him mocked at, reviled, spit upon by wretches too vile in heart and life to understand the nature of purity when they saw it. At last I saw him officially nailed to the cross of this world's scorn and obloquy, through the low-minded schemes of that saintly scavenger, Anthony Comstock. I tried to wash off some of the mud by pointing out the great purity of his work, and to staunch the red blood flowing from those cruel wounds. But some of the most influential Liberals pointed at me the finger of scorn for doing so. I wish it to be understood that I condemn no one personally. I state facts. Let who wants to, disprove them. But while there are professed Materialists who are essentially Spiritualists, so there are professed Spiritualists who are essentially Materialists. With many, Spiritualism goes no farther than the phenomena. Then there are many church members who are Materialists. Their great and only concern is to get material wealth. They go to church because it is respectable, and through being respectable they prosper in business. This is the worst kind of Materialism. Such have committed the unpardonable sin. The dogmatic Materialist generally has some principle of justice, of free speech, or separation of Church and State, by which he keeps alive a little spark of the divine fire on the hearthstone of the soul. This may yet be kindled anew. But the one who makes a barter of conscience, has descended below the level of a beast, and will have to be re-incarnated in some animal form, to pay the penalty of his selfishness, before he can again enter into the human. Beware then, my friends, of the day. You think, because it is light about you, that you have all the truth. Remember that at night you can see myriads of worlds that are hidden from your sight now. If you will live in the intuitions of your nature, you will discover that you are related to them and all worlds. The true Spiritualist is the one whose life is symbolized by the night as well as the day. At night we often seek for rest and inspiration through the drama. The theatre is an important agency in helping to correct the abuses of the day. But it might be far more useful than it is. At present it is mostly in the hands of unscrupulous adventurers. The actors, too, often think more of financial than artistic success.

In their mad strife for wealth they overtax themselves, become physical wrecks, when they should be at their prime. Look at poor McCullough. There is such a thing as having too much of a good thing. Playing every night is like having honey as a sauce to sugar, and so becomes an artistic debauch, that ruins the health just the same as any other intemperance. The drama started as part of religion. It will revert to it again as soon as religion becomes once more a vital reality. It has already commenced to do this, in the children's lyceum and inspirational lectures. This is but 'the germ of a great unfolding. The church of the future will have a stage and furnish amusement as well as instruction. Our amusement will then be moral as well as entertaining. When we go to the theatre, it will be to see those we love, watch them unfolding as they pass from grace to grace. The best drama is an inspiration. The mystery of Shakespeare can only be explained by Spiritualism. He wrote upon scores of subjects, upon which he possessed no information. But he writes as though each one were a specialty. The truth is that each time he was instructed by some one who knew all about it. This is the law all through nature. The commonest plant is a growth. Take the majestic palm. It is prophesied in the simplest moss. Take the mosses. See how they pass upwards by scarcely recognizable steps into the fern. You cannot tell when you have reached the last moss. Take the ferns. You cannot tell when you come to the first palm. This is so in the development of the drama, the most majestic palm of literature. It is a growth. The idea passes from soul to soul through the ages, until complete in a Shakespeare.

All moral excellence would be preserved from age to age in a church that had the dramatic element underlying its ritual. We see the prophecy of this in a Spiritual meeting in which various gifts are revealed. That which is now produced in disorder will be done in order. There is nothing hid that is not to be revealed. We are coming on that time. The amusement of the night will then be the truth of the day. Men will no longer be entirely absorbed in the search for wealth. They will then seek to become, as well as to acquire. We shall judge and praise a man then for what he is or can do, rather than for what he has. This is the curse of to-day. Religion, as presented by the church, is full of the stench of the market place. The house of God is a den of thieves, full of traders and money changers. It is so much for so much. I do this for you, God, and you give me a crown and a harp, a mansion in the new Jerusalem. I pay the minister or go to church for an invitation to the charity ball and the right to be considered respectable. Out upon such huckstering in sacred things. The hour of judgment and of sifting the chaff from the wheat draws near. There is a second coming of Christ. The spirit of preparation for his advent is already abroad. This Christ is to come as a thief in the night. He is to creep upon you before you know it. He has done so. While you supposed nothing extraordinary in Boston was happening, he has been born in a manger of the outcast Spiritualism, and nurtured to maturity. His temple is now being built. He is entering every church with fan in hand. A sifting is going on. Those who are Spiritually minded will be gathered to him. The rest will fall away into the darkness of unbelief and the consuming fires of Materialism. He has come as he promised, surrounded with holy angels. These things to many seem as foolishness, and will prove a stumbling block, while to others they will be full of the truth of God, and will be a savor of life unto life. The night has come again, and with it the Christ principle, to whom death himself is to yield obedience. How think you shall we conquer death, save by the promise of Spiritualism? We can never triumph over death until we learn the perfect way of life, which is to live as well in both the visible and the invisible. I know this is possible.

Night also is the time of love. It is by moonlight the lovers wander mid the vineclad hills. It was at night when Romeo sought Juliet's balcony, and exclaimed:

"It is my lady. O, it is my love.

O, that she knew she were.

She speaks, yet she says nothing, what of that

Her eye discourses. I will answer it.

I am too bold. 'Tis not to me she speaks.

Two of the fairest stars in all the heavens,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night."

Love is to be reformed. What treasures have been lavished upon love, and yet how little we know of it! God is love. Those who love truly, or the pure in heart, see God. But alas! How many love falsely, allowing the body to rule rather than the soul. To learn to love aright is the finding of God, and the entrance into a new Paradise. Only a part of this truth can be put into words. The rest belongs only to the initiate into the mysteries. The intellect is masculine; the intuition feminine. Only through a perfect love can the divine of your own nature be brought to light. Night is also the cloak of lust. Under its shelter seduction and prostitution hold high carnival. How shall we suppress that poor, wretched woman, who is sooner or later the victim of horrible disease, or the policeman's club, for certainly the world will never be saved until a true Christ lifts up to purity and womanhood the last Magdalen. I know that this subject has been unwisely meddled with by the unskillful. Some people seem to always take hold of the hot end of the poker. Instead of presenting to us this subject only when transmitted into the flowers of beauty and fragrance, they empty the manure heap on our heads. But even this must not make us betray the cause of the soul's highest purity and truth. Holier than any temple of wood or stone, consecrated by divine rites and for diviner purposes in the human body. But we must also teach that the flowers of modesty are as beautiful as those of love. The rough feet of reformers must no more be allowed to trample on the pure modesty of nature than those of street loafers. Those who cannot see men and women mingle in pure and friendly relations without poisoning the air with slander and low-minded gossip, must be shown their own corruption, until they are shamed into silence.

Night is also the time of rest; of gathering up new strength. This is the great need. We are expending all our energies in the pursuit of wealth. We must spend them now on the upbuilding of our own powers. We are coming again on an age of consecration, of rest from money making. We shall seek again the rest of the body in the life of the soul. When the body sleeps, then the soul wakes and acts. Dreams are the memories of our soul-life. Many are so wedded to the day that the night can hardly make itself felt. When they wake in the morning a flash of another life dazzles them for a moment. But soon it is as though they had not slept. It is otherwise with those who live in the soul. I begin to remember more of what happens at night than of what is done in the day. I know I live half the time in another world. There are laws that underlie these phenomena as immutable as those of mathematics. We are to search for and know them. Thousands know these things are done, but they cannot tell how. That which is done by spirit out of the body may be done by spirit in the body.

All that is now done in the night will be soon done in the day. Love is to be purified from lust. Woman is to be honored above man. 'Tis far she has been trampled under foot. She is to be made mistress of her body as of her soul. She shall have only the love that she desires, instead of, as now, that which is forced upon her. Woman as the type of the intuition is nearer to the Divine than man. She is the centrifugal, man the centripetal. We have under masculine impulse been projecting ourselves outward. She is to attract us inward. The first shall be last and the last first. Woman, temple of love, mother of God, star of the sea, queen of Paradise, head of the sphynx, your day of victory is at hand, and the night of your subjection almost spent. A corrupt and celibate priesthood shall no longer enslave you. As of old, you shall again be the oracle and sybil of the temple, the true pythoness. The world shall be ruled by love instead of force. Only when man shall thus honor you, will armies be disbanded, prisons emptied, and health and sanity restored. Arise and shine then, O daughter of God, for thy star has appeared. I see the light dawn

ing in such glory that it blinds me. I see the black spirits of evil fleeing before this bridal of night and day, like wild beasts before the advance of civilization. I whisper to myself the words of Walt Whitman:

"O living always, always dying.
O the burials of me past and present.
O me, while I stride ahead.
Material visible, imperious as ever.
O me, what I was for years now dead.
I lament not. I am content.
O to disengage myself from those corpses of me, which I turn and look at where I cast them,
To pass on, O living, always living and leave the corpses behind.

I am lost in the splendor and magnitude of the thought. I see love rising, cleansed from the last stain of lust, and coming forth to fill the world with rejoicing and beauty unspeakable.

I see the time when death will be only a thin veil, which we can part at any time, and clasp to our hearts again the forms of departed friends and lovers.

I see the time when children will come into the world only through the garlanded portals of love, and greeted with the joy bells of welcome. I see the time when education will be equally bestowed, and made to cover the perfect and symmetrical unfolding of body, mind and heart. When each one will be and belong to himself. When life, saved from the lust of acquirement, will be consecrated by the highest culture. Friends, we are to live forever.

If I know anything, I know that our so-called dead are not dead. We are the children of the infinite and eternal. Let us live worthy of our immortal destiny. Are you living simply to amass a fortune for your children, that is more like to prove a curse than a blessing. Go home and spend it. Improve and beautify your home. Put in a bath if you have none already. Keep your body clean and sweet. Remember it is the temple of an immortal spirit. Buy the best books. Live to live. Add strength to strength, and grace to grace. Do not expect death to save you, nor rely upon any one else's magnetism. Worship no longer the God of the dead, but the God of the living, the God in you. Be large in mirth as well as free in thought, Liberal in deed as well as in profession. Help to spread the light.

The world-to-day is to me full of truth and beauty. I seem to be alive for the first time. Infinite possibilities ravish my vision. I have no more fear of death, but anticipate it with thoughts of pleasure. But whether Agnostic or Spiritualist, this is still the creed: To thine own self be true. Do the task that lies nearest. Follow the truth thou seest. Open thy heart to beauty. Make thy prayers thy duty, and for you shall unfurl the banner of victory. Let the good of both day and night blend in your life. Then, as a bridegroom going forth to meet his bride, as the bride waiting in thrilling ecstasy his coming, so shalt thou greet each returning day. As the pure and strong father, the wise and loving mother, through the garlanded gates of love and law, bless and redeem the world in their offspring. So shall all the fruit of thy life be for the healing of the nations. However dark the night around you, above you will gleam the stars of hope. Fear shall no more have power to touch you. The castle of doubt will be demolished, and the giant of despair slain. Though you walk through the valley of the shadow of death, you shall fear no evil. Palaces of beauty will give you rest and inspiration. Delectable mountains will widen your vision, until your feet shall come to the land of the immortals. Then, though ideals on earth remain unfulfilled, yet as you vanish from the pinnacle of time into the mists of eternity, you shall cry victory, as the promise of all their fulfilment shall burst upon your vision. Then there shall be no more night.

"Nights' candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

SPIRITUALISM rests on the fact of man's immortality, is the knowledge of everything pertaining to man, as a physical and as a spiritual being. It thus embraces all religions and all sciences; hence no man can stamp it with his name or individuality. Directly or indirectly, it thus embraces all truth. It is a religion of science, a grand eclectic system of philosophy.—*Hudson Tuttle.*

To Correspondents.

Communications intended for this Journal should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only.

THE LOSS OF THE YACHT "IOLANTHE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR,—I have abstained until now from commenting on the strictures which appeared in several newspapers on my letter published in your issue of 1st January relative to the drowning of my sons Hugh and William and their companion Murray, as, owing to the state of Mrs. Browne's health, I have refrained up to the present time from informing her of William's body, minus the left arm, having been found floating in the Bay, near Brighton, and of a portion of the right arm, parts of the clothing, watch, chain, etc., belonging to Hugh, having been discovered in the stomach of the large shark that was caught at Frankston.

In one of the evening papers it was asserted that nothing had been disclosed through the medium that was not at the time publicly known. This is simply contrary to fact; for the principal portion of the wonderful clairvoyant description, related in my letter to you of 20th December, was given on the morning of the 16th through Mr. George Spriggs, who at the time was not even aware that my sons were absent from home, far less as to their having gone out yachting; and on the 18th, both Hugh and William communicated with us, corroborating the clairvoyant's account of the cruise, stating that the "Iolanthe" foundered off Rickard's Point at nine o'clock on the morning of the 15th, and relating their experiences on their entrance into spirit-life; whereas it was not until the 21st, the day after my letter to you was written, that any earthly tidings were received as to the fate of the yacht or its occupants, when my son William's body was identified by his eldest surviving brother, news having been brought me very early that morning that a body, which had been found floating in the sea near Picnic Point, was at the Brighton Police Station awaiting identification; and further, it was not until the 27th of the month that the shark was caught at Frankston.

Another paper had the assurance to assert that no information was given through the clairvoyant "which was not readily available from purely mundane sources;" but it studiously refrained from stating where such information was available. As is only natural under the circumstances, I had employed all the ordinary means that lay in my power to obtain information regarding our missing boys, by telegraphing to the various townships on the Bay and sending messengers to make enquiries of the fishermen along the coast if they had seen anything of them. I also got the Government to dispatch a steamer to search the Bay and to have the beach from Brighton to Sorrento patrolled by the police in order to see if any traces of them could be discovered, but all without avail. The only information obtained through these sources was, that a boat was seen answering the description of the "Iolanthe" off Brighton pier on the 14th, and a similar boat was observed from Frankston at eight o'clock on the morning of the 15th, off Rickard's Point (which is about three miles nearer Frankston than Picnic Point), steering in the direction of Schnapper Point. Where, then, let me ask, were the purely mundane sources readily available from which information regarding the fate of my sons could have been obtained?

Another paper, for the purpose of proving that the utterances of the clairvoyant were erroneous, had the effrontery to misquote one of them by altering "I think you will have news of them to day" (which we had) to "I think you will have news from them to-day." Comment on such a mode of criticism would be superfluous.

The foregoing examples are, I consider, sufficient to illustrate to what subterfuges and quibblings opponents to spiritual truths will have recourse in order to confirm popular prejudice, to hide the light, and disprove this the greatest discovery that any age of the world has witnessed, which notwithstanding all their opposition, is destined in time to revolutionise the popular but absurd conceptions regarding the change called death and the

life to come. I may, however, observe that one critic asks why my sons, when communicating, did not tell us about their bodies having been attacked by sharks, instead of merely stating, when asked regarding their physical bodies, that they were greatly decomposed through having been several days in the water. This I consider to be a reasonable question, and in reply, though I may not be credited by those who do not know me, I have to state that my son Hugh, when communicating, called his elder brother aside, out of hearing of his mother, and informed him through the medium regarding the mutilation of his brother William's body by a shark. This I did not mention in my letter to you for obvious reasons. Hugh, also, the day previous to the shark being caught at Frankston, told a friend who was in Adelaide at the time, and who is a clairaudient, that a large fish had got part of one of the arms and had torn his waistcoat off the body. On being asked if it was a shark, he replied, "It may be, but I have never seen one like it before." The shark when caught was said to be a white or deep-sea shark, the head of which species is quite different in shape to that of the common blue shark with which Port Phillip Bay is infested. I may add, I received a letter from another friend in Adelaide, to whom the clairaudient mentioned the fact at the time, confirming his statement. On the shark being opened on the 27th of December, part of Hugh's waistcoat was discovered, in the pocket of which was found his gold watch with the hands pointing to nine o'clock, the very hour at which we had been informed through the medium on the 18th, or nine days previously, that the catastrophe had occurred. The watch, chain, keys, and some silver found with portions of his clothing, are now in my possession.

Nothing further has since been discovered of the yacht or its occupants. It evidently went down in deep water, as stated through the medium. I may here mention that at the inquest held on my son William's body, on the 23rd Dec., the Doctor who made the post-mortem examination stated that "there were no marks of injuries occurring before death," so that it must have been after he was drowned that the missing arm was torn off by the shark. The Dr. explained that the pericardium was full of blood, through the right auricle of the heart having ruptured at the moment of death, which the coroner said was not an unfrequent occurrence in cases of drowning. On my inquiring of the Dr. about an extraordinary statement he made as to his having found a plug of tobacco in the stomach, he informed me that it was only a small roll of leaf-tobacco, about half a pipeful, which had not been chewed, and which had evidently been swallowed to allay the desire for food, as they had only taken sufficient provisions to last them till the afternoon of the 14th. This is an old sailor's plan commonly resorted to under the circumstances, and it had doubtless been suggested by Murray, who was part owner of the yacht and accompanied my sons, and who held a second-mate's certificate.

I consider that the description of the yacht and its occupants, and of their cruise, given through Mr. Spriggs, is one of the best instances of clairvoyant power that I have either read or heard of, whatever may be said of it by those opposed thereto, who cannot possibly know as I do the circumstances under which it was given. Opponents should bear in mind that I have no object to gain in being deceived myself or in misleading others in this matter. I may here also state that on the evening of the 31st Dec., my son William materialised himself at Mr. Spriggs' circle, at which I was present. I recognised him distinctly, as did several others who were there and who knew him when he was in earth-life. He held up his left arm in order to show me that the injury to this limb of his physical body did not affect its spiritual counterpart. On another occasion my son Hugh partially materialised himself, but not distinctly enough for me to swear that it was him, as I could do in regard to his brother. I may add that both Hugh and William were over six feet in height, while the medium is not five feet seven inches high. We continue to hear from them once or twice every week, either through Mr. Spriggs or through one of the members of the family. Those ignorant of spiritual things may ridicule this statement, but let me remind such that all the ridicule in the world

cannot gainsay a single fact. I am aware that it is only those who have experienced the difference between a knowledge of these glorious facts and the mere belief in a future life based on the opinions of others, and who in the hour of trial have realised the grand truth of spirit-communication, that can appreciate the incalculable value of a knowledge of spiritual things. Unless I had possessed this knowledge I could not have addressed, as I did, the assemblage at the grave when the body of my son William was interred. A friend who was present on that occasion remarked "What a nerve you must have." To which I replied, "'tis the knowledge which I possess of the grand reality that gives me the nerve you speak of; without that knowledge my eyes would now be bathed in tears."

The great amount of sympathy received by my family and self from all quarters, from strangers as well as friends, during the trying ordeal through which we passed, has raised my estimate of humanity greatly. It is evident to me that in cases of bereavement human sympathy is much more powerful than religious prejudice, as I have found that it causes for the time all differences in regard to religious opinions to be cast aside, and heart seems to throb for heart irrespective of all such differences. Allow me, through your columns, to thank one and all for the kind sympathy so generously extended to my family and self, and let me ask those whose letters of condolence were unavoidably not acknowledged to kindly excuse this seeming want of courtesy on my part, as it was utterly impossible for me to reply to the numerous letters of inquiry and sympathy daily received for over a fortnight.

If it is not taking up too much of your valuable space I should like to add the following extracts from two of the letters referred to. The first is a quotation from one kindly sent by a lady of the Jewish persuasion, and is as follows:—

"Please read the enclosed narrative, taken from the Talmud. I have written it as well as I can remember my father relating it to me when I was a girl: 'Many years ago, in Jerusalem, lived a very good and learned Rabbi. One Friday, as was his usual custom, he dressed, bade his wife good evening, and went to the synagogue to pay to God his usual devotions. Upon his return home his wife met him, happy and smiling as usual, and put the following question to him: 'Some time ago,' she said, 'I had given to me for safe keeping a very valuable gem. Whilst you have been at the synagogue he who gave it to me came for it. What would you advise me to do in such a case?' The Rabbi, without hesitation answered, 'How can you ask such a question! The gem is not yours; return it at once.' 'Come with me,' she said, and taking him to her room she turned down the sheet that was on the bed, when the Rabbi beheld the dead body of his only son. 'See,' she said, 'God sent for him while you were from home, and I gave him.' The good Rabbi exclaimed, 'God gives and He takes; blessed be the name of the Lord.'" The writer concludes her letter with the following lines, which she has entitled

"BEYOND THE SEA."

"The glittering waves are sobbing to-night
A sorrowful dirge to me;
For they whom I loved, as but once we love,
Lie buried beneath the sea.
The waves are singing with joyous tone
The sweetest of songs to me:
'Rejoice! for they whom ye mourn'd as lost
Wait thy coming beyond life's sea."

The following is an inspirational Poem very kindly forwarded to me by a lady who is a spiritual medium. It is by her guide "Katie," and refers to Mrs. Browne's religious ideas and feelings at the times when our little daughter Ada passed to spirit-life many years ago; then to the passing on of our eldest son—"Archie"—some five years back; and lastly, to the sudden parting with the physical presence of our two sons Hugh and William. It is entitled,

"THE PERFECT MOTHERHOOD."

God had planted a fair garden, giving it a mother's care,
And she had to tend and cherish all the flowers that she found
there;

For she had to prune and train them, and to guide them to the light,
Though she knew not which was dearest, of those flowerets in her sight—
Yet one morning as she watched it, a pure tiny blossom fell;
And oh! the deep grief of losing, but a mother's heart can tell—
Then she tried to kiss Christ's mantle, and be humble in her loss,
But her nature cried against her, and she could not find the cross.
So she hushed her heart's great sorrow, for the flowerets that were left,

Though her garden seemed but barren, with the little bud bereft.
But fresh flowerets soon sprang earthward, and she watched them side by side
With those buds that first were given, e'er that tiny snowflake died;
Till one plant that had out-broadened, and spread upward to a tree
With its young limbs standing boldly, and its branches waving free
In its glorious morning splendour faded, drooping on her breast;
And though hot and fast her tears fell, still she said "God knoweth best."
"For my strong tree has not faded, but has folded as a flower,
"That will open in the morning, neath a higher better power."
And she knew that it was living in the unseen world around;
Not on Earth, but still in Nature, might her cherished plant be found.

Yet, again without a warning, and without a leaf's decay,
God once more, from her fair garden, took two strong young plants away.
But speak softly, here is mourning, Nature gives to sorrow tears—
Weep on, mother, though the future holds you many happy years—
But her tears fell fast and faster, what her thoughts were, He but knew
Who had given her the garden, and had watched the flowers that grew.

And He said, "I gave you many, two I wanted at their best,
"Two young spirits bright and daring, not world-weary needing rest—
"They are yours, no seas divide you, they are starting in the fight,
"That will yet overcome the Darkness, and show forth Eternal Light,

"But quite ready and all eager—your sad tears make their tears start.
"Mother, think your sons are soldiers, smile upon them as you part;
"Think that you have watched them for me, kept them only till I came,
"That I asked you for your treasures, and you gave them in my name."

Then the mother ceased her weeping, like the women of past years
Who could send their first-born boldly on to battle without tears,
And she felt that she gave little as compared with what they gave,
Who knew nothing but this Earth-life, yet sent darlings to a grave,
Thinking, that they plunged forever into Death's dark wide abyss,
They, on that side, and silent, she, alone, and sad on this.
Could they for one single instant have returned, then flown again,
Joy had lightened half her sorrow, poured its balm upon her pain—
Then, how joyful is this mother, who has soldiers in the fight,
Who can live and love beside her, though they battle for the Light.
And she said, "No tears shall stay them, I will cheer them day by day."

"For my garden is replanted with the flowers that seem away."
Death had narrowed to her vision, till he faded out of sight;
And the change that seemed but terror, had brought her Eternal Light.

This is Life as God intended, full and perfect, not to close
When this little dream is ended, full of bitter tears and woes.
Life is ever, never ceasing, Death, a door that leads from Earth,
None are lost that enter through it, Death but gives their spirits birth;

Tell this mother, e'er we leave her, that her garden still is there,
Needing all her lovely touches, needing mother, ev'rywhere.
She has Earth and Spirit flowers, perfect Motherhood of Love,
Anxious care to those who need it, smiles to those who work above.

Melbourne, Dec. 24th, 1884.

FROM KATIE.

Many others, of the kind and sympathetic letters received by us during the trying ordeal through which we passed, are well worthy of being quoted. Consideration for the space in your columns alone prevents me multiplying the extracts. In conclusion, allow me to say that all communications received were equally appreciated, and none more so than the few spontaneous and evidently heart-felt expressions sent me by your son William, who knew both of my sons who were drowned, but who, thank God, still live, and as they live so shall we live also.

I am, sir,

Yours, etc.,

HUGH JUNIOR BROWNE.

Park House, Wellington Parade, E. Melbourne,
March 21st, 1885.

It is impossible to remain long sick or out of health where Hop Pitters are used. See another.

PERPLEXING INTERRUPTIONS IN THE CURRENTS OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

Sir,—The highly impressive experiences of J. F. Babcock in your last issue, under heading, "Hand versus Mind," which might be read "Realities versus Expectations," have strongly reanimated my reflections in the same direction. I feel sure that all readers of some experience in continued study of an opened rapport between the two worlds will be likewise interested in this important problem, and if my present attempt to widen the basis by similar puzzles for a more fruitful result of speculation should influence our best authorities such as M.A. (Oxon), to give it their thought, and us the result of their conclusions, an obstruction will be removed which has doubtless prevented many from further persevering in the path of research, which so often stops by the perplexing and vexing cessation of progress naturally anticipated, and (what gives the disappointment the touch of despair) often positively promised by the spirits themselves. My resolution of times gone by, to drop once and for ever the method of handling and judging spiritual signs, either in isolated or connected developing successions, receives a kind of reconsideration, and I join Mr. Babcock most warmly in seeking for a clue to this mystery of dead silence, amounting in his case to a "challenge" for thinking investigators all over the world.

At once, after having read his remarkable experience, and suffered keenly with him the apparent closing up of his exciting narrative, I recollected what the well-known energetic worker in our cause, Mr. Tideman Martheze, told me with a shake of his head about his rather rough experience with the celebrated medium D. D. Home. He had with great expense arranged with him for a series of sittings in Holland, expressly and strictly private, for the *creme* of scientific people, and apart from offering D. D. Home all the advantages of comfort possible, the anticipation of exceptional results was finally most justified by Mr. Home's own unfeigned sympathy and delight with the enterprise. At the first (and last!) meeting, after waiting a long time for any sign, the more trying as the conditions were perfect in every respect, faint raps spelt out: "Power suspended for three months," and there ended the affair of sanguine hopes. Readers of that period in Home's activity will soon remember that interruption, as it formed the subject of many arguments. That his "controls" discovered the "break" only at the spot, seems acceptable since they would otherwise have warned beforehand. In Mr. Babcock's case, the wave of anti-influence, so to speak, swept even the last chance of explanation away from the spirit, and leaves us staring at the situation!

Another feature of equally vexing nature, and inducive for timid minds to leave spirits as queer folks alone, is the silence of the friends on the other side, even their "guides" when we long for a clearing up after the catastrophe and confusion of an "exposure" (not of the ordinary clap-trap kind, but of intricate handiwork) leaving poisons on the ground for cunning sceptics. In no case the spirits effected the desired "correction" by conclusive power to wipe off the disaster. I remember, when present at a seance of Florence Cook's at the B.N.A.S. rooms that I foreboded a disaster ere long, finding in the "form" the double of the medium in every feature of appearance and speech. The collapse came, and in vain I looked out for the after lessons by the controls. Here, as in all such cases, the skeptical world is allowed to carry away its triumph in full—for a while of course. With some mediums there is a "closing up" for ever after such "cuts," and they retire into oblivion, probably by their disgust settling chronically into their system. I myself might have expected, after my recent mishap, a kind of counter-conspiracy of my spirit-friends, but strangely enough I did not dream of such a probability (I don't say impossibility) at all, and closed on that score my book without further fond hope, but postponed my revenge in keeping with the course of time, and higher judges to reveal the boundaries

of genuine and shammed phenomena. This moment seems at hand, for one of the conspirators allowed himself to be caught confessing that a certain occurrence "he could not account for at all!" I wait only for a few more of such "let outs," particularly when these dupes find out that only they themselves were the *frauds*, and not conspiring, as they were instructed, *against fraud*. That I was put down as aiding in trickery by "the exposé" is plain enough to suggest further corrections of the muddled situation. From Mr. Bastian I received a letter informing me of his intended marriage; otherwise his prolonged silence after the Vienna farce would add another item to the awful perplexities which "exposures," or rather their "after effects" produce on the inquiring minds.

I must stop in further enlarging on the inconsistencies and caprices from the spheres beyond. The subject seems inexhaustible, but I hope to find my lines taken notice of by our esteemed M.A. (Oxon), and his vast experience and ability may furnish us with valuable instruction, and reanimate many students who pause after such "breaks" and give it up.

Yours truly,

O. REIMERS.

THE NORTH-EAST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR,—I was somewhat surprised while reading the *Harbinger* for March, to find my name figuring in its columns, under the heading of "Jottings from the North-East." Now as the *Harbinger* may possibly fall into the hands of some of the Spiritualists with whom I am acquainted, and it might create an impression in their minds that I have taken up the cudgel against a free-thinker and freethought generally, I would like to give the whole facts of the case, so as they can be truthfully understood. I take the credit, if credit there is any, of being the means of bringing Mr. Roper to Stanley. I worked as hard as my time would allow, to secure a good meeting, and I am proud to say I was rewarded beyond my expectations.

Mr. Roper delivered an excellent lecture which was listened to attentively, by a crowded house. This was all that should be desired as every one seemed satisfied, but a letter signed "Freethinker" "Hurdle Flat"—put a damper on the whole affair, he abused the audience for the good behaviour they displayed at the meeting, and made a special attack on one gentleman for absenting himself, without even taking the trouble to find out the reason of his non-appearance. Now Jotter from the North-East, would have the readers of the *Harbinger* to believe, "that when Freethinker made the startling statement that the continuity of the life of man after death can be scientifically demonstrated," that I was one of the "Thomasases" who objected to such reasoning, and took Freethinker to task in consequence. This is not so; I wrote against his abuse of my townsmen. I am proud to say I am a Freethinker and a Spiritualist—a Freethinker who would allow every one the same privilege I claim for myself—and a Spiritualist who has proved to my own satisfaction, that the continuity of the life of man after death, can be demonstrated by all who choose to investigate for themselves.

Hoping you will publish this, I remain yours &c.,
CHARLES KELLY.

Stanley.

We have received No. 1 of *Spirit Voices*, a monthly journal, edited by Geo. A. Fuller, and published at Boston, U.S.A. It has thirty-six pages of varied matter, and professes to have been started at the instigation of the spirit-world. A considerable portion of its space is taken up by the doings of the National Development Circle, an Association whose object appears to be the development of media, and which professes to be able to send its influence to other circles in want of assistance, and it contains several letters from persons who assert they have been assisted in this way.

The greatest nourishing tonic, appetiser, strengthener and curative on earth. Hop Bitters. Sec.

ADDRESS TO MY SPIRIT MOTHER.

Among the glittering gems of night
That stud the blue expanse;
I gaze with wonder and delight,
While fancy takes unbridled flight,
In speculative trance;
I wonder where can heaven be,
My Spirit Mother, dear to me!

Is it beyond the galaxy
That arches o'er the sky?
Beyond those twinkling luminaries
My utmost strength of vision see,
Now flashing in the eye!
Is there thy home, my Mother dear,
Thy mansion in the higher sphere?

I hear that spirits do return
To mortals here below,
To those they love and left to mourn;
To dry the tear, extract the thorn,
And soothe the aching brow.
Dear Mother, as thou used to be,
Be guardian, teacher, still to me.

Then will I trust thy faithful tongue
As ever in my youth;
Knowing that falsehood never hung
Upon those lips when I was young.
But only righteous truth;
Then just one word, my Mother dear,
All doubt shall flee, all things be clear.

Show me again thy loving form
That nursed and cared for me,
In the old home where I was born,
Where I was taught both night and morn
To worship at thy knee;
Still memory paints the old arm-chair,
And thee, my mother, sitting there.

Yea, palpable and plain to me
Some glorious truth impart,
That I may unmistakably
Have proof of immortality
To glad my anxious heart,
And with more faith triumphant sing,
O grave! O death! where is thy sting!

Then shall be healed the painful sting,
That racks the thoughtful mind,
When heavenly messengers shall bring
Glad tidings on their healing wing
To me and all mankind;
And gone for ever then will be
The doubt, "to be or not to be."

Then come, dear spirit; come to me
In this thy earthly home,
And prove thyself, yea, still to be
A living, conscious entity;
O come, my Mother, come,
E'er I the narrow portal tread
That leads the way among the dead.

A. W. EUSTACE.

January, 1885.

From the *Banner of Light*, of Jan. 24th, we see that Mrs. E. H. Britten has been addressing large audiences at Berkeley Hall, Boston, and received the congratulations of many friends there, including the *Banner of Light* representatives.

In the same journal, of Feb. 7th, is an account of a public materialisation séance, (Mrs. Fay being the medium), held in the Ladies' Aid Hall. The cabinet was provided by the Spiritualistic Phenomena Association, and had not been seen by the medium previously. About thirty forms materialised, a large proportion of them being recognised by persons in the audience.

THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF
MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

NOTES ON THE EXHIBITS.

AMONGST those contributed by Mr. Terry, one of the most remarkable phenomenal productions is a Spirit photograph obtained through Dr. Slade's mediumship *without exposure to the light*, a fact which points to the possibility of achieving very important results in connection with spirit-phenomena, by the aid of the wonderfully sensitive plate, when persistent research in this direction can be pursued. A Crayon drawing of intricate Scroll-work executed under spirit-influence in one continuous line, is a remarkable and highly interesting illustration of this particular phase, combining as it does both artistic and mechanical skill. Another exhibit, a "rose brought by spirits in response to an unspoken request," affords at the same time an illustration of another and elegant phase of mediumship, and a proof of the marvellous power sometimes manifested by the controls at a circle penetrating the thoughts of the sitters. Mr. Dinwiddie of New Zealand furnishes to the collection a photograph of writing done by a materialized spirit-hand visible at the time to all the sitters at a circle in Napier. A large volume of M.S.S. (contributed by Mr. Terry) contains Automatic Writings received at one of the earliest Melbourne Circles, and gives an excellent opportunity of observing the force, coherency, and beauty of the original spirit-teaching which may be presented through this form of mediumship. From Hobart we have photographs of spirit-drawings done at a circle there by a person ignorant of drawing, also some Oriental writing produced through an uneducated medium at Mr. Gillon's circle. Mr. Thompson, contributes some direct slate-writing through Dr. Slade's mediumship, also direct writing by the materialized spirit "Geordie," written in Mr. Thompson's presence at the circle. Mr. Denovan, of Sandhurst, sends another slate full of writing, received in Dr. Slade's presence, under circumstances fully detailed in his work, from which it transpires that the whole of the writing, comprising fifty-two words, was executed in his presence in less than a minute. That gentleman also sends, amongst others, a piece of materialised hair, of a light golden color, obtained at the Energetic circle, also various direct writings in minute characters produced at the circle, on papers previously marked, in pitch darkness, in some instances without any pencil having been supplied, and in one case on a sheet of paper initialed and placed inside an envelope, which was sealed, and otherwise carefully guarded against intrusion by a sceptic, (a gentleman holding an official position) for the purpose of testing the alleged phenomenon.

Mr. John Carson contributes a large number of interesting exhibits collected in various parts of the globe, including direct paintings, drawings, and writings, materialised hair and cloth, spirit photographs, and photographs of noted spiritualists and mediums. For the present, we may mention particularly some curious messages received through the mediumship of Kate Fox (Mrs. Jencken) and her sister Margaret, written in quite a free flowing hand, but *backwards*; also some strange hieroglyphic writing; also writings received at the Cardiff circle. Then there are four of the remarkable productions received by Mr. Carson through the mediumship of David Duguid, the well-known trance-painting medium, of Glasgow. These little paintings are produced in complete darkness, on pieces of card identified by means of tearing a piece off the corner, which the visitor keeps and fits in again on receiving the painting; the colors on which are still wet. Each such picture is complete, representing a landscape, or land and water, sometimes ships, and is executed in an incredibly short space of time, some two or three minutes. In the case of those so obtained by Mr. Carson, there is the further remarkable fact that one of them represents the wreck of one of his steamers at Sydney Heads, the correctness of which he afterwards discovered, while another, though executed at Glasgow, accurately represents Queenscliff. Along with these, there is a pencil drawing, obtained by Mr. Carson under the same conditions, and representing his spirit sifter.

Amongst the photographs contributed by Mr. Carson,

are some of the materialised spirit "Geordie," (manifesting through the mediumship of Miss Fairlamb) taken by an artistic gentleman of Edinburgh in his own private garden as an experiment.

Four more paintings by Duguid are contributed to the collection by Mr. W. H. Heginbottom. These and two others, beside a Greek quotation given to a Cambridge Professor, were all completed in the total space of time of seven minutes. The medium was tied hand and foot, and away from the table, the brushes were all clean, the paints in the boxes, oils in bottles, nothing mixed; the cards used were identified in the manner above described.

Mr. E. Finlason furnishes some direct writing given by the controls at the first circle for materialisation, held by Mr. G. Spriggs in Australia, at Castlemaine, also other writings by "Geordie" and "Peter" given at the Melbourne circle as replies to letters written by Mr. Finlason, and addressed to him.

We will, for the present, close our descriptive list by a reference to one more exhibit, which finds an appropriate place in any collection relating to Spiritualism, a sad but interesting relic, the last letter of our friend William Denton, written from New Guinea.

SPIRITUAL CONCEPTIONS.

THE following beautiful Poem is taken from an old book without cover, date, or title-page, but the typography and faded paper would indicate that it belonged to a previous century. The writer was evidently an impressional medium:—

Ah! who shall say,
But close beside us, ling'ring ever near,
Attend us on our way
The spirits of those we loved and cherished here.

How must they mourn,
Who in their memories their image see
At every year's return
Growing more dim, and fading silently.

Who, when they go
With us, through many an old familiar way
Which long, ah! long ago
They walked, the comrades dear of life's young day.

Seek—but in vain,
In our clear eye one beam of soft regret
One passing look of pain,
Whispering the joy they are remembered yet.

Or, when they steal
At evening's hour about the well-known hearth,
Oh! I think what they must feel
While listening to our songs and giddy mirth.

In which, alas!
Of them and all their love survives no trace,
No thought of all there was,
No painful memory of an absent face;

No vacant chair!
Another in their seat, they standing by!
While in the nightly prayer
No more their banished names are breathed on high

To them the creed
How heartless—branding with its hasty blame
The grateful deed
Which wafers to God some much-lamented name.

Pale phantom crowd!
Methinks I see you in your shapes of air,
Like a thin fleecy cloud,
Flitting in silence round me everywhere;

And from the throng
Above the rest, one melancholy gaze,
Earnest, and fixed, and long,
Beams on me with "the light of other days."

In the wan eyes,
Shining so sad thro' unsubstantial tears,
A mournful meaning lies,
Fraught with remembrances of vanished years.

Alas! my child!
(In trembling tears the vision seems to say),
By present cares beguiled,
How faint for thee the past, and far away.

Thou dost not think
The spirit of her you mourned as one departed
Is lingering on life's brink,
For ever near thee, yet ever parted.

To me 'tis given
By justice blended with compassion mild,
Kept for a time from Heaven,
To be the guardian angel of my child;

Yes, ever near,
Unrecked, unthought of, I in silence glide,
A penance sad, but still as dear,
Which binds my viewless spirit to thy side.

Yes, as of old,
I leaned in childhood o'er thy little cot,
With love not to be told,
And all too pure to be so soon forgot!

'Tis mine in sleep
To hold my nightly vigils round thy bed;
Mine, happy care, to keep
All evil chance from thy defenceless head;

And mine, my son,
To trace thy wand'rings up and down by day,
To mark each folly done,
And follow weeping on thy guilty way.

As in a glass
I read each thought inhabiting the mind;
Mirrored before me pass
The high resolve, the fancy light as wind.

What grief for me
To know these passion's unresisting prey;
To see thee gradually
Falling from early innocence away.

But oh! how blest
If childish memories have yet the power
Unstained to keep that breast
For peace and purity a chosen border.

Think then; ah! think;
'Tis yours to make a mother's penance nought,
Or yours to bid her drink
A cup whose bitterness surpasses thought.

VICTORIAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

The course of lectures carried on in the Lyceum Hall, Lonsdale-street, under the auspices of the above Association since August last, were brought to a close on Sunday, 29th ult., when Mr. J. O. Greenham gave a very excellent discourse on "Hope." The subject was treated from a Phenological and Spiritual standpoint, and gave great satisfaction to the audience. It is contemplated to discontinue the regular Sunday evening lectures for a time, pending more extended operations. Any special lectures that may be arranged for will be advertised in the daily papers, and when practicable in the *Harbinger*, and will invariably be announced from the Lyceum platform on Sunday morning.

DR. J. L. YORK, who has been lecturing with considerable success in Auckland, will, after a series of lectures in Dunedin, come on to Sydney, where arrangements have been made for him to commence in June next.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. G. P.—Your conclusions are undoubtedly correct, but the same line of satire has so frequently been used by secularist writers that it has lost its zest.

R. CALDECOTT.—Not conclusive enough.

COL. OLCOTT AND BUDDHISM.

The following letter has been sent to the "Pioneer," by Col. Olcott.

Adyar, Madras,
24th February, 1885.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "PIONEER."

Sir,—Pray excuse my troubling you about a matter, small in itself but potential for mischief. Your Rangoon correspondent, reporting my lecture at the Shway Daigon Pagoda, on the 27th ultimo, made me say that after deep research I had been "convinced that Buddhism was the only true religion, and had accordingly embraced it." He was misinformed. I certainly said I was a Buddhist, and have made no secret of the fact since I became such, in America, in the year 1875. But Buddhism, however misconceived, is a philosophy and no creed, as I have often attempted to show; among other places in the Appendix to my "Buddhist Catechism," of which I beg to send you a copy herewith. Nor do I maintain, or believe, that the teaching of Gautama Buddha esoterically considered (and I am concerned mainly with that), is essentially different from the esoteric basis of the other ancient world-faiths.

Not only Hinduism, but also Zoroastrianism, Judaism, Christianity, etc., with their so various surface aspects, are woven upon the same identical golden woof. So, although for convenience I may be classed as a Buddhist, yet it would be equally true to say that I find alike in all religions the same divine, absolute Truth, when I penetrate the hard and tough envelopes by which sectaries have enwrapped or swathed it. In one word, I am a *Theosophist*, and to the full extent permitted by my natural imperfections, a respecter and admirer of every man, of whatsoever faith, who accepts it and follows its best teachings in sincerity. If I do my duty by the Buddhists, I none the less try to help others as much as I can to discover, value, and practice the highest moralities embodied in their sacred books.

H. S. OLCOTT.

We are in receipt of *The General Reader* (Madras), for January and February; they are full of interesting matter, and in the January number we observe one of Dr. Rohner's translations of Baron Dupotet, from the *Harbinger of Light*.

MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANCE.

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4 Brunswick-st. South (off Albert-st.), E. Melbourne.

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HERBAL REMEDIES.

CHARLES GOUNOD'S MUSIC.

BIONDINA SERIES, 2/6 EACH.

Ho Quache Tempo.
Biondina Bella—Oh Fairest Maiden.
How Fair She Looked.
The Sweet and Gentle Smile.
I Pine in Silence.
Once more I Tune my Lute.
If I, thy Humble Bard.
Siam ti el Altro Giorno.
E le Campanne Harmo Suonato.
Ella e Malata.
Jer fu Mandata.
L'Ho Campagnata.
Intreat Me not to Leave Thee.

Granny's Nursery Rhyme Book, with Music by Mrs. Weldon. 1/3

The Blind Musician, by Mrs. E. L. Fowler, 2/6

VICTORIAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.
 CELEBRATION
 OF THE
 37th ANNIVERSARY
 OF
 MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

FIRST DAY, MARCH 31st, 1885.

ATHENÆUM HALL, COLLINS STREET,
 CONVERSAZIONE

AND

EXHIBITION OF SPIRITUAL CURIOS,

Illustrative of various Spiritual Phenomena—Beautiful Miniature Paintings done by Spirits—Drawings done by Spirit Influence through the organisation of persons ignorant of Drawing—Automatic Writing—The Table used by Dr Henry Slade when in Melbourne—Also Numerous Specimens of Direct Writing done between Closed Slates under strict Test Conditions—Writings done by Materialised Spirit-forms—Objects brought into Closed Rooms by Spirit Chemistry.—Portraits of Celebrated Spiritualists and Mediums—and other Interesting Exhibits, including Professor William Denton's last unfinished Letter.

SPIRITUALISTIC MUSIC, SOLOS AND CHORUSES,

Under the Direction of Miss FANNY SAMUEL, (*Royal Normal College, London*), assisted by Miss I. Dwight

ART-UNION of Spiritual Pictures & Spiritualistic Literature, &c.

ADMISSION 1s. Doors Open 7.15. Proceedings Commence at 8. p.m.

SECOND DAY, APRIL 1st.

TEMPERANCE HALL, RUSSELL ST.,
 AN EXHIBITION SESSION OF THE PROGRESSIVE
 LYCEUM,

Illustrative of the Harmonial Method of Education.
 —Golden Chain Recitations, Musical Calisthenics, Ornamental Marching &c.

To be followed by a Beautiful Little Moral Drama,
 Entitled

“THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.”

Characters:

Harry Hopeful (A Lyceum Boy) ...	Master F. Pailthorpe.
Ernest Grumble (A Juvenile Sir Charles Coldstream) ...	Master V. Burbank.
Minnie ...	Miss F. Flynn.
Guardian Angel ...	Miss M. Bamford.
Minnie's Mother ...	Miss E. King.

INTERLUDE.—Motto Address by 13 Lyceum Children.

To be followed by the charming operetta of

“THE HOME OF THE FAIRIES.”

Silverwing (Queen of the Fairies) ...	Miss Burbank.
Aurora (Queen of the Morning) ...	Miss F. Flynn.
Amphitrite (Queen of the Sea) ...	Miss A. Bamford.
Moonbeam (Queen of the Night) ...	Miss Bessie Everett.
Larkspur (Mischievous Elf) ...	Miss L. Fryer.
Messenger ...	Miss E. King.

Attendant Fairies, Spirits, &c., by Members of the Lyceum. Original Music, New and appropriate Dresses and Appointments. To conclude with a GRAND MARCH by the whole of the Lyceum, including the performers in character. The Hall being a very

large one, it has been determined by the Committee to charge only ONE SHILLING to witness the whole of this highly interesting Entertainment.

THIRD DAY, APRIL 2ND.

SELECT BALL

Will be held at the HORTICULTURAL HALL, Victoria-st.

TICKETS, Gentlemen, 5/; Ladies, 3/6; Double, 7/6,
 Including light refreshments.

Tickets for all at W. H. TERRY'S, 84 Russell-street, Melbourne.

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