

THE Harbinger of Light.

MONTHLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

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

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

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A FEW weeks since a lecture was delivered at the Collins street Independent Church, by the Rev. D. Jones Hamer, on "Some Fallacies of Current Skepticism," which as a plea or argument for the existence and persistence of spiritual forces in nature is about the best we have met with from a Christian clergyman.

In his preliminary remarks the reverend gentleman alludes to a brochure which had come under his notice, wherein are depicted individuals environed by one and two dimensional conditions, and palpably unable to comprehend those things which are simple to three dimensional beings; and from this he infers that, we three dimensional beings, may not unreasonably extend our ideas beyond our physical environment, and conceive the existence of a mightier universe than our language can yet describe, or our faculties grasp.

After scouting the once popular idea that plagues and pestilences were punishments sent by God upon the world for its evil-doing, he says: "There can be no reasonable doubt that men are daily influenced by the impact of moral forces, to which they have not as yet learned to give either description or name." Mr. Hamer is evidently an intuitionist, and feels what he says; to him it is a fact, he has not the slightest doubt, but he would find it hard to convince anyone of materialistic tendencies who have to be reached through the intellect alone. His faith and feeling are no evidence to such. A certain section of the community called Spiritualists have learned to give the moral forces referred to a description and a name, and to demonstrate them as discrete intelligencies acting individually and collectively upon humanity for its elevation and advancement. If, argues Mr. Hamer, "all this be true, it is a smaller thing to say that we live not altogether in the sphere o

that which is seen and temporal, and that the mightiest factors of our life belong to things that are unseen and eternal."

This truth is realised by all intelligent Spiritualists: experience in mesmerism, clairvoyance, trance and inspiration demonstrate to them the superiority of psychic and spiritual forces over the physical and material ones cognised by the scientists, and give them intellectual evidence as well as intuitional conviction, substituting knowledge for faith. Combating the argument of the scientific world that the most approved instruments fail to disclose man's soul or God's presence, he justly points out that physical instruments are not apropos to the discernment of spiritual things, and it is a palpable error on the part of such men to argue from so unphilosophical a standpoint. "The fact is," he says, "that strictly physical research stops short at the impassable line of what is seen and temporal, and it is not by scientific instruments or methods that anything is discerned beyond." This to us is a truism, but the enquiry of the skeptic would naturally be "where are the instruments, and what are the methods?" and we doubt whether our reverend friend could give a satisfactory answer to these very natural queries. No; it is to the Spiritualist he must refer them, and from him the enquirer will learn that certain sensitive persons called "mediums" are the instruments, and that the methods are being tabulated by thousands of intelligent men who have devoted years to research in the broad and ever-widening field of Psychology, demonstrating by carefully conducted experiment what Mr. Hamer holds by faith alone; and yet men of his class fight shy of Spiritualism and even revile it when it is the only thing that will give substance to their teachings. We have not far, however, to look for the cause of this. Creeds and dogmas are in danger; the tendency is to disintegration, and those who live upon them know that cohesion of all the parts is necessary. If ministers, who are the visible embodiments of the Church's creed, get away from the mass, light shines in the gap they leave and disintegration goes on apace; hence at every indication of a minister moving away from the credal bounds he is pulled back by the body, and if he resists, the most condign punishment is meted

out to him. It is the fear of consequences that restrains free enquiry and action amongst the liberally disposed ministers of religion, whilst the natural bias towards authority acquired by the influence of early training is a terrible weight, serving as a break to check their impulse towards a broader field of thought and action. There are, doubtless, many men struggling against these drawbacks, and the most enlightened of these will sooner or later break their bonds, and coming untrammelled into the light, manifest to the world the religion which is in them.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG PRONOUNCED A LUNATIC BY W. H. CHAINEY.

"SAVE me from my friends," is an old and often a true proverb. It has been proved as such lately and forcibly illustrated by no less a person than the recently converted Spiritualist and Theosophist, W. H. Chainey, in an article, "Swedenborgism v. Spiritualism," contributed by the above gentleman to the columns of the *Religio Philosophical Journal* of the 25th July.

In that article Emanuel Swedenborg, one of the most eminent precursors of modern Spiritualism, is arraigned as a madman, and as suffering from softening of the brain, *ramollissement*, epileptic fits, and a hereditary taint of insanity. Had this most unsupported charge been made against the Swedish seer, equally honoured by his contemporary, Emanuel Kant, and by Ralph Waldo Emerson, by a materialistic doctor of medicine, and an authority on mental alienation, there would have been little cause for surprise; but to see such a vain accusation emanating from an avowed Spiritualist, from a man thoroughly acquainted both with the history and phenomena of modern Spiritualism, is a little more than surprising.

I have read carefully the works as well as several lives of Swedenborg within the last twenty years, but in neither the former nor the latter could I find the slightest trace of a suspicion lurking or mentioned, that the author of the grand work of *Arcania Coelestia* was a constitutional lunatic; which constitution he is alleged to have inherited from his grandfather and father. At the very outset of his article, Chainey lays down the false axiom, principally directed against Rev. Samuel O. Eby, a Swedenborgian minister at St. Louis, that whoever has an "ism" or hobby to support, is incapable of reasoning clearly and impartially upon any subject with which the hobby is in conflict. Without stopping to enquire into the particular phase of his own "ism," (Spiritualism), and without caring to investigate the grounds upon which he holds the doctrines of Spiritualism, the cause of which he seems to have lately deserted by joining the ranks of the Theosophists, and following in the wake of Madame Blavatsky at a time when the warmest and sincerest supporters of Spiritualism have declared her to be under a cloud of the darkest description; I say, without attempting to look too closely into all these doubtful antecedents of Chainey's personal speculations on the subject of Spiritualism or Theosophy, I not only declare the above broad axiom of his as utterly false and unsupported by facts, but I also declare that its author no sooner opens his brief against Swedenborg when he clearly argues himself out of court by the very pronouncement of his proposition and indictment of insanity against Swedenborg.

Chainey's hobby evidently consists in a most unreasonable and uncalculated antagonism against Swedenborg and anything that can in any way be construed into a semblance of evidence against the mental sanity of the forerunner of Spiritualism is received with a ready welcome and with open arms. If this is not a hobby of the most pronounced description; a hobby, moreover, most cruelly ridden to death by Chainey, we openly confess not to know what a hobby is, or means. Strange and apparently eccentric as many of Swedenborg's ways and mode of living may have appeared to his contemporaries,

we never had an opportunity of seeing or hearing any one of them even hinting at a charge of mental imbecility and alienation against one of the greatest minds of the eighteenth century, until nearly at the end of the nineteenth century versatile and shifty Chainey steps out of the ranks of admirers of Swedenborg and pronounces him point blank an epileptic, a lunatic, a man suffering from softening of the brain.

Had Chainey made himself acquainted, in never so slight a degree, with the pathology and symptomatology of *ramollissement* before uttering this his unfounded *post mortem* diagnosis on a man who was befriended and honoured by Kant and extolled to the skies by Emerson, he would have very soon discovered that no man who ever suffered from softening of the brain lived for thirty years after the manifestation of the first symptoms of that most fatal cerebral disorganisation. But such a proceeding did not suit the purpose of Chainey's hobby, who utterly oblivious of the adage "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*," impeaches a man unable to defend himself, unless from the yonder shore of the ocean of human life, with insanity; a man, moreover, the latchets of whose shoes he is wholly unworthy to loose; a man so grand in every aspect of his unblemished life and unequalled career as a scientist, philosopher, and Spiritualist, that a Chainey appears as a very pigmy along side of him who, more than a hundred years ago, pronounced modern Christianity as defunct, and attempted to find a solid and positive basis for a new living belief in the immortality of the soul; thus giving the first unmistakable impetus to what we now unanimously call modern Spiritualism.

To dilate any further on the childish quibblings and faultfindings of Chainey, in connection with Swedenborg's lunacy would be paying too high a compliment to the vacillating rider of a hobby of the flimsiest description. One thing we are certain of, viz., the name of Swedenborg will live and be honoured by mankind long after this wretched *advocatus diaboli* of Swedenborg's great soul will be buried in oblivion. May Chainey live to sing the praises of his female hobby—Blavatsky, who herself had far more respect for Swedenborg, and was possessed of a far profounder appreciation of the immortal seer, who did more for the establishment of our present Spiritualism than any man who lived before him or after him. This *Apologia Swedenborgii* I feel as much to be a duty of mine and of every sincere Spiritualist as Plato must have felt it his duty to write his *Apologia Socratis*, another equally ill-used and abused man, whom after-ages, however, have placed on the same pedestal as our historical prophet and seer of Nazara. A man has only to be great to rouse the petty jealousy of his inferiors. Alas, ingratitude has always been one of the most conspicuous rewards of sterling merit and unblemished virtue.

C. W. ROHNER, M.D.

Tungamah, Nov. 11th, 1885.

THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

THE following is a communication recently received by a contributor from a spirit to whom the recipient has been indebted for many previous deliverances of the kind:—

"The unreality of the phenomena of the visible world is not more certain than the reality of the noumena, of which they are the outward presentments and obvious signs. Could you stand where we do you would perceive this—as you will perceive it some day quite as clearly as we do. The things that are seen, as was said of old, are temporal; whereas the things which are unseen—by the physical eye—are eternal. The former are but the fugitive manifestations of the latter. For just as the human being is animated and governed, moved and directed by his mind, which is impalpable, imponderable, and undiscernible by the human vision, so is it with every object in nature. *The anima mundi* is the basis, the vital principle of everything you see. Without it there could be no real existence, or more correctly speaking, no obvious existence; for being is quite independent of its material garment. This is a concession to man's finite

senses; he is so organised and limited that he can only take cognisance of that which is apprehensible by tact or touch—of that which impinges on the eye, the ear, the palate, the pituitary lining of the nostrils, or the fine nerves which lie near the surface of the body, and are of more especial activity and sensibility at the points of the fingers.

The Materialist finds it impossible to perceive or understand anything but matter. This is not his fault, but his misfortune. His mind and soul have not yet reached that stage of development in which it is possible for him to exercise the inner vision; for "spiritual things are spiritually discerned," and where the spiritual faculty is only in an embryonic condition, as it were, there can be no such discernment. To the blind man the external world is devoid of form and colour, and he has but a dim perception of the light. Shall we blame him for disbelieving in the prismatic colours of the rainbow, and for being skeptical as to the brilliancy and lustre of the sunshine? Shall we not rather compassionate him on account of the privation he undergoes? And so with the Materialist, his spiritual blindness is a personal calamity. It springs from the immaturity of the faculties of his soul and mind. A time will come—it may be centuries hence—when both will have acquired that growth and expansion that will qualify them to apprehend and appropriate those truths which are now strange and repugnant to them. In the meanwhile there are numbers at the present time, as there have been in all ages, who have attained that phase of development which enables them to see the inner realities of what men consider to be substantial things. And the more they reflect on the mutability of outward forms, and on the persistency and continuity of the inner life of the natural world, the deeper, the stronger, the more durable must be their conviction of the absolute reality of the essential and eternal principles which underlie all forms of life. And there is nothing in the world that can be truly called dead. That which appears so is merely in a state of transition; the life-force passing from one habitation to another, just as the human being quits a dilapidated tenement for a dwelling that is newer or in better repair. To us this stream of life perpetually flowing through its appointed channels, never ebbing, never stagnating, is one of the sublimest spectacles we are acquainted with. Its course resembles that of a mighty river pursuing its appointed course through the most varied scenery, and reflecting from its surface the most diversified aspects of earth and sky; but still holding on its way regardless of the variability of the successive landscapes through which it sweeps downward to the sea, thence to be lifted in vapour by the tremendous power of the equatorial sun, transported by currents of the wind to Alpine regions of distant continents, and there, congealed as snow and ice, to form the majestic glaciers which feed the springs and rivers that carry freshness and fertility to a thousand valleys.

"Such is the grand current of life, ever flowing, from its origin in the spiritual world, to its outfall in the great ocean of being. It matters not that the blind, who are unable to perceive its majestic volume, or that the deaf who are incapacitated to listen to the music of its progress, obstinately deny the existence of the current. There it is; from everlasting to everlasting, like its sublime Fountain Head. Underneath the garment of matter lives and works the informing spirit, which is as the breath of his nostrils. This is the Logos which was from the beginning—the origin, the sustainer, the preserver, the foundation, the reason of all things. It is enshrined in the atom; it is the immortal principle in man; for it alone is eternal, inasmuch as it is an effluence from Him in whom eternity resides. It pervades infinite space and holds together the universe. It manifests itself in myriads upon myriads of shapes, and their infinite variety attests the unspeakable variety of the Creative Mind. For the suns and systems which revolve in their appointed order through immeasurable space, are but the visible ideas—the concrete thoughts—of Eternal Wisdom. From Him hath proceeded all that the eye beholds, and in Him is everything that shall take form and substance in the

endless future, or that has been in the inconceivable past. The spiritual world in which we live and move and have our being is the only reality. The mere shows of things are transitory in the extreme, fleeting apparitions, unsubstantial shadows, dim images, the pictures by which mortality is beguiled as well as instructed during its passage through the womb of matter. With us are the things signified; with us are the verities of which the visible world presents the symbols and fugitive phantasms."

SPIRIT COMMUNICATION FROM AN EARLY MELBOURNE CIRCLE.

To be recipients of God's bounteous goodness requires no peculiar merit. God is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all His works. Ye easily perceive what constitutes the distinction between those who gratefully acknowledge and apply themselves to a life of gratitude and obedience to those laws revealed and known to man, and those who only selfishly regard all God's gifts and goodnesses—as their just inheritance. One reflects from an honest nature, the nature and image of God as in His works He is manifested. Oh that man were like Him in his nature, that the earth might be but the nursery of angels.

Man, if applying as assiduously to good all the facilities to make his fellow men happy, as to render him the reverse, could soon convert the world into an enchanting spirit-land.

The glory of the highest spirits is in honoring God; let it be your chief delight to honour good.

The good that is in man constantly seeks a corresponding wisdom, and tends always to a union with God; hence the worship of God and adoration of Him. As any seed sown in the ground, springing up to development of its kind, draws to itself whatever harmonises with its nature; so whatever good in man's disposition, always finding some principles in harmony with itself, draws towards and appropriates it; hence the strong in principle, and this constantly progressing to all eternity.

We say to you in good faith that man can find no better standard of self-judgment than what he sympathises with, what he approves, what he admires in others, what qualities he would make his own; judging then of their tendencies and qualities, he may know his own; by your fruits you may know yourselves, and your natural fruit would be as that you would appropriate. The knowledge of self is the first step to improvement of self.

Man is not improved by external or extraordinary outward means, but from within his own heart by means of what is there implanted, and will readily conjoin to just and pure principles, and so upwards to the highest state. Man must be true to himself, and he will be true to God. Man only requires to know what is within him to desire to be fully developed to the highest angelic existence.

The greatest progress is in those who have the greatest confidence in the truth of man's nature, and its Godlike tendency and ultimate attainments.

God has in man an image of himself, however much it may be clouded or deformed, but it may be more or less apparent as his image; it may or may not be seen, but there deeply and securely placed it is. You need little beyond the knowledge of that fact, and all would be applied to the object of development of that good germ within himself.

Mrs. M. S. E. MOORE has been lecturing in Foxton Palmerston, and Fielding, N.Z., with great success. Her last new lecture, "Gems from the Dear Old Book," is wonderfully taking, and she has received a perfect ovation wherever it was delivered. We hear that Mrs. Moore has been elected President of the Fielding Lyceum and Rationalistic Association.

Dr. J. L. YORK, the well-known Free thought speaker, has taken the Bijou Theatre for a Series of Sunday Evening Lectures, commencing Sunday next, December 6th. A sketch of Dr. York's career and report of his success in Sydney (by Mr. Cyril Haviland), appeared in our October issue.

To Correspondents.

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

THE SYMES PROSECUTION.

[MOTTO.]

"I will pursue you until your garments are rags, until your children cry for bread, until your cheeks are furrowed with tears. I will hunt you to the very portals of the tomb, and then my God will do the rest. I will not imprison you—the law prevents my doing that."—"The Gods," by R. G. Ingersoll, pages 248 and 249.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR,—This letter was written for your November number, but I now recast it at your suggestion for the December number of the *Harbinger*.

The subject cannot be out of date, for it is yet pending, and it is one most certainly to be noticed by you or your correspondents, for the very title of the *Harbinger of Light* indicates that the Modern Spiritualists and Freethinkers are very much mixed up together, and in the minds of most confounded the one with the other. I have often felt a little indignant at hearing the free expression of such sentiments, and I have further felt that the Spiritualists want a notice-board pointing to the Symes Lecture Hall, with the inscription, "No connexion with next door."

In short, I think this letter is designed to do duty for that board.

First, then, I premise that the jury, in the prosecution we are considering, were equally divided—six of them (as I surmise) governed by such thoughts and feelings as Col. Ingersoll puts into language above, and of the other six I will speak further on.

I should be answering a matter without hearing it if I were to give an opinion as to whether these six jurymen were right in judging of the spirit of the Government prosecutions. I only say that I think they felt the Government measures leaned towards persecution for heterodox opinions, honestly entertained, and therefore they would not fall in with the spirit of the prosecution.

Now for the other six jurors, who were with the Government, and in whose ranks I think I should have been disposed to rank myself. I am under the impression (though subject to correction, never having heard Mr. Symes) that his teachings are such as those of Col. Ingersoll, who says:—"Some give up everything except the idea that there is a Personal God, and that in some wonderful way we are the objects of His care. Even this, in my opinion, as science (which is the great iconoclast) marches on, will have to be abandoned with the rest. The Great Ghost, will surely share the fate of the little ones. Until then the independence of man is little more than a dream." I say that I think, and think six of the jurors thought, these were about the teachings of Mr. Symes, and that (as the law stands) such teachings on a Sunday evening in public lectures were not within the grant of law, and surely unlawful doings within the walls of a house should dub it a *disorderly house*. I have now explained how far, and why and wherefore I should have been with the first-mentioned six jurors, and how far, and why and wherefore, with the Government, and the other six jurors.

My last quotation from this very freethinking Colonel demonstrates as clearly as words can do that their tone of thought is just as wide apart from that of Modern Spiritualists as the north pole from the south pole. Why therefore should we be confounded? Spiritualists not only believe in a world of ministering spirits, and are so far at one with orthodox religion, but they further believe that these spirits are to day found to be materialising themselves to the recognition of surviving relations, that they make their voices heard, and their hands felt, and their faces to appear on the photographer's plates, and deliver messages in their well-known and distinctly recognised handwritings.

Messrs. Ingersoll, Symes & Co., therefore, who deny

the existence of a world of spirits obeying the behests of the Great Father of Spirits, can claim no relationship with us, for we are theists of the most pronounced type. Should we not say, "No connexion with next door" when vulgar error confounds us, as it constantly does.

I am induced to think my letter opportune just now, from the probability of our receiving visits from other parts of the world shortly of some of the great lights of the Agnostic school of thought.

It seems hard to conjecture how a man, by confessing he knows nothing can enlighten his fellow-man, but the Agnostics attempt it, and are to have a great gathering in this metropolis of the southern hemisphere from the most distant lands.

I am, Sir, etc.,

ROBERT CALDECOTT.

Raglan Street, Port Melbourne,
Saturday, Nov. 13th, 1885.

[We are at one with our correspondent in drawing the line between Materialism and Spiritualism, which are often confused through the medium of the word Free-thought, which is by many confounded with Atheism and Iconoclasm. A Materialist may be a Freethinker, but it is not essential for a Freethinker to be a Materialist. Spiritualists are mostly Freethinkers, but our correspondent is evidently one of the exceptions. He would interfere with the freedom of thought and action of the Secularists because he does not approve of their teachings. Now we maintain that they have a perfect right to hold and express their opinions so long as they do not obtrude them on those to whom they are offensive, or by their method of expressing them disturb the peace and comfort of the community. Toleration is an essential principle of Free-thought, and of the religion of Spiritualism, and should be exercised by all those who profess to be progressionists.—Ed. H. of L.]

A THEOSOPHICAL MANIFESTO.

[Extract from the Minutes of a Session of the American Board of Control of the Theosophical Society, held at Cincinnati, Ohio, July 4th, 1885.]

* * * * *
RESOLVED, That it is expedient, in the interest of Psychic Science, that The Theosophical Society shall assume and exercise supervision of the American Society for Psychical Research, and the Board of Control of The Theosophical Society does hereby assume and proceed to exercise such supervision.

In pursuance whereof, the Board of Control does hereby authorise and require one of their number, Professor Elliott Coues, Member of the National Academy of Sciences, etc., to act as Censor of the said American Society for Psychical Research, and to publicly review and criticise any and all of the Proceedings, Transactions, Bulletins, or other printed matter which the said Society may publish, at his judgment and discretion.

The Board of Control desires their worthy colleague to interfere in no way with the conduct or management of the said Society, but the Board expressly requires him, when any fact in Psychic Science shall have been satisfactorily established by the American Society for Psychical research, to explain such fact to the said Society, according to the doctrines and upon the principles of Psychic Science, of which The Theosophical Society is the custodian in the United States.

And it is further RESOLVED, that this resolution be published, and that a printed copy be furnished to each Member and Associate of the American Society for Psychical Research.

By Order of the Board,

ELLIOTT B. PAGE, F.T.S.

Gen. Sec'y for America

LIBELS ON THE EDITOR OF THE
HARBINGER.

BOOKS RESTORED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

IN our last we gave the particulars of a great wrong that had been done the editor of this paper in connexion with the detention of a case of books imported by him from America. It will be remembered that the three morning papers published paragraphs describing the books as a case of blasphemous and obscene literature, and that at the time we went to press it had transpired that the only books considered objectionable by the Government were "The trial of D. M. Bennett," and "Truthseeker Tracts." After repeated applications for copies of these, we were on the 11th ult. furnished with them, and took them home for perusal. Amongst the "Truthseeker Tracts," which consist of about two hundred, it appears there are only two that are taken exception to. These are "Sinful Saints and Sensual Shepherds," and an "Open Letter to Jesus Christ." The former speaks in very plain language of the dark side of the characters of Moses, Noah, David, and other biblical heroes, and follows with a list of modern divines who have conducted themselves in a manner unbecoming their position. We do not like this sort of thing, and would not knowingly have anything to do with it. It is only justifiable in retaliation to charges of immorality brought by professing Christians against Freethinkers, but we have seen plenty of coarser matter pass unchallenged. Of these pamphlets there were 60 cents worth (two and sixpence English) in the case, but one of them happened to be bound with others in a volume, and this made the volume objectionable. The other pamphlet, "An Open Letter to Jesus Christ," is from a Secularist standpoint a legitimate satire on the dogma of the divinity of Christ. The "Trial of D. M. Bennett" is similar to that of Charles Bradlaugh in the matter of Knowlton's Fruits of Philosophy. Bennett insisted upon his right to sell a book called "Cupid's Yokes," and an informer named Comstock, who it appears had a great animus against him, laid a trap to get him to send a copy through the mail, as there were some lines in it which were calculated to bring it within the reading of an act which prohibits certain literature to pass through the mails. The trap succeeded, and a trial ensued. The judge showed an evident determination to convict, narrowing the issue down to the few lines referred to, refusing to have the book read as a whole, to hear the author as to the intention of the book, and other witnesses for the defence, including 38 booksellers and publishers, who attended to give their evidence as experts as to the classification of the book in the trade. The result was the conviction of Mr. Bennett in spite of numerous testimonials to his character as a man and citizen. The trial and press comments were subsequently published by him as an appeal to the public, and a vindication in the eyes of unprejudiced men of his character. Immediately after perusal of these books we forwarded to the Collector of Customs the following letter:—

"84 Russell St.,
Melbourne, Nov. 12th, 1885.

A. W. MUSGROVE, Esq.,

Dear Sir,—I have gone over the books and pamphlets objected to. The pamphlet, "Sinful Saints" is undoubtedly coarse, and such a thing as I would not knowingly admit into my stock. The other pamphlet, "An Open Letter to Jesus Christ," I fail to see any substantial objection to except in a (doctrinal) religious point of view. The object of the writer is evidently to show from a rational standpoint the untenability of certain leading dogmas of the Christian church. I also fail to see how a report of a public trial printed as an appeal to the world by a man who felt that he had suffered from prejudice in a more limited tribunal can be objectionable. There is nothing coarse, revolting, or obscene in its tone, and it appeals to the intellect, not to the feelings. I really think that the detention and destruction of the pamphlets "Sinful Saints" and the volumes of tracts, with which one of them is incorporated, would meet the case. I have no desire to introduce or circulate anything of an offensive or immoral nature, and would willingly

acquiesce to the destruction of any literature consigned to me upon its being shown to be of that nature. My whole public work has been in the opposite direction, as the paper I have edited for the past fifteen years will show. Commending the foregoing to your earnest consideration, and hoping for a speedy settlement of the matter, I am, dear sir, yours respectfully,

W. H. TERRY.

On the 13th we received the following in reply:—

Department of Trade and Customs,
Melbourne, 13th Nov. 1885.

Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 12th inst., having further reference to the detention of goods imported by you. The matter has received the consideration of the Hon. the Commissioner of Trade and Customs, and it has been decided to deliver the case to you minus the books in the importation to which objection is taken.

In communicating this decision the Minister wishes me to add that the facts and circumstances as adduced by you have satisfied him that you were unaware of the character of the publications objected to.

I have the honour to be, sir,
Your obedient servant,
A. W. MUSGROVE, Secretary.

W. H. TERRY, Esq., Melbourne.

There is one point gained in the above, the admission by the Government that they were satisfied the importer was ignorant of the nature of the pamphlets objected to; had they been all that was said of them by the Press, we could have proved this to anyone who would have taken the trouble to investigate the matter, but had we been cognizant of the nature of the three items objected to, there is only one of them we should have deemed objectionable, or had any scruples about importing, and we venture to say that there is scarcely a case of assorted literature comes into Melbourne that could be submitted to the same scrutiny (a three weeks' examination), without something objectionable being found in it. The case having been stopped, and all the stir made about it by the Press, something had to be done to justify the detention of it, and we are the sufferers thereby. But the detention of the goods and the keeping back of a few shillings' worth of them, is nothing in comparison to the blackening of our character by the false and libellous statements originated by the Melbourne Press, and eagerly copied by scores of papers all over the colonies, and failing reparation on the part of the newspapers who originated the scandalous and untruthful statements, we have no alternative but an action at law to bring the facts before the public, and if possible check the persecuting spirit which is manifest especially in the conduct of the *Argus*, which not content with printing falsehoods, distorts facts to our prejudice. We have, therefore, initiated proceedings against that journal, and hope for the sympathy and help of the lovers of justice and freedom amongst our readers. As to the justice of our case there can be no doubt in the mind of any unprejudiced person, but we shall have to contend with orthodox Christians whom experience shows are prejudiced against those whose religious opinions conflict with theirs. Hence the need for moral and practical support from those who are emancipated from the thralldom of creeds and dogmas.

A HARD CASE.

AMONGST the few country papers who have noticed and commented upon the injustice done us, none have put the case better than the *Coronac Free Press*. We extract the following from its issue of November 13th:—

In his profound respect for the common law, based upon an utter ignorance of its scope and principles, the average Briton is wont to believe that the law of libel amply protects the public from the attacks of slanderous and venomous tongues. Nothing was ever farther from the truth. The hard and dry technicalities of the measure altogether fail to control so slippery a faculty as human speech. If the victim can prove, after an expensive course of litigation, that his pocket has suffered actual

injury an exhaustive code of punishments is provided for the benefit of his aggressor. For the deeper wounds that can be inflicted upon his feelings or upon his reputation apart from his commercial integrity—he has in the majority of cases no remedy at all. Such an instance we find chronicled in the current number of the *Harbinger of Light*, a journal professedly devoted to the advancement of Spiritualism and the Harmonial Philosophy. It seems that the Customs authorities at Melbourne detained a package of publications addressed to the proprietor of the *Harbinger*, on the ground that two of the pamphlets were blasphemous. The details of the circumstances under which the seizure was made will be found in the letter addressed by Mr. W. H. TERRY, the consignee, to the Commissioner of Customs:—

84 Russell-street, Melbourne, 22nd Oct., 1885.
The Hon. Commissioner of Customs.

SIR,—A case of books imported by me from America has been detained in the Customs-house, and delivery refused me, ostensibly on the ground of its containing ten small pamphlets entitled 'Jesus Christ an Infidel.' I was given to understand to-day that the matter has been submitted to you, and therefore thought it advisable that you should be seized of the circumstances of the case, with the view of facilitating your decision. A journal, 'The Truth-seeker's Annual,' being brought under my notice commended itself to me by its freedom from the coarseness which characterises many of the F.T. journals. This induced me to send the order to the publishers from a catalogue which it contained. I have not read the pamphlet which is taken exception to, have only seen a few lines which were brought under my notice by Mr. Gordon at the Customs-house, which, though objectionable, if obtruded upon the reverend mind, did not, in my opinion, justify the detention of my goods. Froethought literature is, and has been, a branch of my business for many years past, and whilst I have no desire to hurt the feelings of the orthodox portion of the community, it would be unreasonable to expect me to be responsible for the opinions of its writers. I make no ostentatious display of this class of literature. It is simply catalogued for the benefit of those who appreciate it, and who, I apprehend, have as much right to it as orthodox people have for their own literature. I shall feel obliged by your early decision.—I am, &c.,

W. H. TERRY.

So far so good. The Commissioner was perfectly justified in exercising his judgment in the matter, as Mr. TERRY was equally within his right in taking what steps he thought best for his own protection. On the next morning, however, the following short paragraph appeared in the *Argus*:—

The Customs Department has seized a case of blasphemous and indecent publications, imported from America and addressed to a bookseller in Russell-street, Melbourne. The author of many of them is D. M. Bennet, who has served a year's imprisonment and been fined 300 dollars in America for an offence committed in contravention to the Indecent Books Act. The whole of the publications are to be destroyed.

The *Age* of the same date also repeated the same charges, delicately alluding to Mr. Terry as a "person who combines the sale of patent medicines and spiritualistic literature," and the *Daily Telegraph* followed suit. The two latter papers on learning the true facts of the case apologised with more or less promptitude for their error, but the *Argus* was obdurate. In plain words it first accused Mr. Terry of being a panderer to immorality, and then, being so far committed, stuck to its text and refused to acknowledge itself in the wrong. If we glance once more at the *Argus* paragraph we find that the whole contents of the case are included in the same stigma, as not only blasphemous but indecent. And the latter and more severe portion of the charge is specially impressed upon the public by the inclusion of the sentence referring to Mr. D. M. Bennet's imprisonment under the Indecent Books Act. The only possible interpretation to be placed upon such a statement is that the books were actually obscene. It remains to be seen upon what grounds the *Argus* preferred such a serious accusation. Later on, when pressed for an answer upon this subject, the editor named the Minister of Customs as his informant. Here is a strange anomaly. The sole reason alleged by the Customs authorities for the seizure was that two of the pamphlets were indecent, and the books specially marked out as black sheep were the *Trial of Mr. Bennet in the U.S. Circuit Court upon a charge of depositing prohibited matter in the mail* and two sets of *Truth-seeker tracts*, bound in volumes of 525 pages, and forming, as Mr. Terry naively explains, "a library within themselves of most entertaining Radical reading matter at a low price." This is the sole ground upon which the

Argus bases its sweeping assertion. It will be easily seen how unfair a proceeding this is. Whether the rest of the consignment consisted of immoral books or not was a matter in no way concerning the *Argus* editor. He had nothing to do with Mr. Terry the Spiritualist, and he had nothing to do with any publications other than those marked by the Customs. His sole duty was to chronicle the fact of the seizure without comment and without bias. Mr. Terry is evidently a Spiritualist. He may, therefore, according to the *Argus* logic, be a fool. It by no means follows that he is not an honest man. Had every one of the books in the consignment been unfit for publication, we fail to see that he could have had any knowledge whatever of their contents, or have been placed in other position than that of a victim. As it is he will probably suffer a considerable monetary loss. It is a cruel wrong that he should in addition have to bear an unproven slur upon his character. Of Mr. Terry himself, either as a Spiritualist or as an individual, we know nothing. We simply assert that he as well as anyone else has a right to claim common fairness and common liberty; and we do this remembering one broad principle laid down in *Magna Charta*, and running as follows:—

"We will sell to no man, we will deny to no man, justice or right."

We commend the motto to the *Argus*.

LOVE IS LIFE.

Love is the soul of all virtues, or rather it is the great virtue which comprehends all. St. Paul well said that without love we are "as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal, though we may speak with the tongues of men and of angels," without love one is nothing though one may have "the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge." The heart that does not love is dead. "Love, like the opening of the heavens to the saints, shows for a moment, even to the dullest man, the possibilities of the human race." Love reveals to us unnumbered vistas such as the soul delights in. The heart of man is at eternal war with the finite: it can never be contented with small things. When passion leads it astray, it mistakes small things for great ones, it attributes the virtues of the infinite to little things. But sooner or later, the mistake is found out, and the heart appeals to God to give it that which it had in vain sought from low attachments. The soul is by instinct the seeker of infinity, but it despairs of that which it seeks, until love discloses to it the infinite depth of life, until love teaches it to believe that its highest visions are not in vain, that there is a Reality to satisfy its yearnings. Love is the revelation of God to the soul, a revelation often dimmed by earthly surroundings and base earthly relations, but in its best moments flashing forth upon the soul the pure light of heaven. The poor heart of man, oppressed by sin and misery, is too often barren and languid; but love, stealing through these mists, now and then lifts it up to a perception of the divineness of life, of the beauty of God. It is tenderness that associates with the meaneast flower that blows "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Love makes the soul see its own great mission; it feels immortality. Love is truly the eye with which the soul "beholds itself and knows itself divine." Love sees eternity; love makes the soul conscious of its imperishableness. It knows that it cannot die. What are our poor reasoning powers? They are too little to fathom the meaning of things. But love is the faculty by which the soul sees truth. No inferences and proofs can give to the soul that strength of belief in its own high destiny which love gives. Love perceives that this life is but a beginning, a fragment; it is a prospect which must continue to be realised through eternity.

Love makes purity natural and instinctive. True affection cannot endure the presence of impure thoughts. The domestic circle is the home of purity, for affection is its vital principle. Sympathy in joy and sorrow, sacrifice of self for the sake of others, keeping together through the vicissitudes of life, lift the family relations above impurities; and to extend to men and women outside the

small circle of home the sympathy and the affection which is ordinarily confined to that circle alone, to look upon them as our brothers and sisters, is to be pure in the best sense. It is true that the worst things have been called by the name of 'love,' but such has been the fate of many a word. The wicked element of human nature has degraded noble words, applying them to ignoble things through some superficial and misleading likeness. True love, the affection that seeks—not its own pleasure, nor the gratification of the follies of others—but the well-being of others, can know no stain; such love is true strength; it is the widening of the soul, the opening of "a new infinity on every side."

To love is to live truly. Life cannot be a phantom, the world cannot be a dream, to him who loves. It is selfishness that draws a veil over the beauty of the world. We do not know how it is, but we know it by experience that life and nature, become sweeter and profounder in proportion as we are liberated from the narrow limits of self. Selfishness brings with it a certain dimness of vision, which by making all things seem dull and commonplace, makes life a burden. Thus is selfishness punished. He who seeks self, loses all; he who forgets self wins more and more. Love makes the current of life flow free and deep, permitting no dulness of aspect to settle upon things, sounding depths unimagined by the narrow heart, reaching up to heights of which eternity is the prospect. In this world of bereavement and of miseries which strain our utmost capacity of sympathy, often are we tempted to contract the range of the heart. But vain is the hope of thus attaining peace. It is not by restraining the flow of our affections, but by stimulating it so as to give it a strength and width that defies earthly accidents and touches the shores of the invisible spiritual world where death is not, that we can attain tranquillity. The tender heart, that throbs with the throbbing of other souls, receives many a wound; but to bleed inwardly for others is of the very essence of our life-teaching; to seek to avoid it is to deny to ourselves what is best in life. To escape trials and sorrows by selfishness, even if that were possible, would be to live for nothing; but in truth selfishness cannot make life easy. Love is the highest law, and whoever seeks to avoid fulfilling it will have his horizon narrowed more and more, till the very ease that he seeks will become a misery; he will have no contentment though he may have no want to complain of; no repose, though no fatigue. In our moments of suffering, we are often soothed by a secret spring of joy, a consciousness that all is not in vain; and when we seem most happy outwardly, there is a secret sense of pain, of poverty and barrenness, within us. Love brings with it the consciousness of depth, the consciousness that life is an unceasing revelation. Ah! what a boon is it to be enabled to feel that with all its pain life is worth living. Love brings to us moments when we feel

"like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken."

—Indian Messenger.

SPIRITUALISM IN RUSSIA.

MAKING MORE SCIENTIFIC THAN POPULAR PROGRESS.

(From an Occasional Correspondent of the N.Y. Tribune.
[We are indebted to the Religio-Philosophical Journal for the following interesting extract.]

ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 5.

The eccentric modern movement termed Spiritualism, so widely spread in Europe and America, has also visited Russia, and penetrated even into the most remote of her provinces. The Colossus has passed through all the phases of table turning, rapping, spirit materialisation and similar marvels, and has had by no means a scant harvest of writing, rapping, curing, and prophesying "mediums." The Russian "mediums," however, have never attained the world-wide reputation of the Humes, Davenport, Katie Kings, and *tutti quanti*. They have been generally of a familiar domestic description, and their doings and sayings, however remarkable, have been

mostly confined to the narrow circle of home and friends. But, strange to say, it is in this country that Spiritualism as a development of the science of psychology, has found its most earnest interpreters, and it is in St. Petersburg and Moscow that these curious manifestations have attracted and interested such men as Professor Boutlerof, of European celebrity, and Professor Wagner, both attached to the Petersburg University; the Russian *sevent*, Mr. Alexander Aksakof, Professor Tourkevitch, Dr. Basil Mihailoff, and many more distinguished men of science and letters, such as Datoensky, Solovief, and Dimitri Tseretelef.

Having found hospitality in such an exalted circle, Spiritualism ceased to be an amusement for the drawing-room idlers, and became a problem with pretensions to a scientific solution. The public was lost in amazement at first to behold three scientific stars of capital magnitude pay the most concentrated and serious attention to this question in its modern form, to the moving and rapping of tables, the trances of somnambulists and the pranks and antics of so-called "mediums," which the conclave of experimenters had over from England, Germany, and even America, regarded with expense. Both Mr. Boutlerof and Mr. Wagner had previously been declared enemies of this movement and the most inveterate materialists withal, so that at first they were supposed by their colleagues at the University and by the students to have gone out of their minds.

It may be said here that such a collection of *chevaliers d'industrie* and bold addresses as those "mediums" proved to be was rarely met with anywhere out of a fair. The scientific investigators were at first much disconcerted at the evident deception played on them, but nevertheless persevered and carried on a series of the most minutely and carefully controlled observations upon and investigations into the more genuine of those phenomenal organisations called "mediums," and finally came to the positive conclusion that there was something in it after all. They then proceeded with marvellous patience to ferret out the small grains of truth in the midst of deception, but faith and greed for money. The result of this most tedious task, which lasted for years, were as follows: Professor Boutlerof came to the conclusion that the manifestations called spiritual are founded upon a series of curious facts having their source in some force hitherto unknown, but by no means unknowable. He admits, together with the English specialist in chemistry, Mr. Crookes, the existence of a more subtle and refined state of matter than those hitherto known, which can become perceptible only in a certain condition of the body, a condition usually produced by magnetism and more easily attained by so-called "mediums," i.e., organisations more than ordinarily susceptible and nervous. Professor Boutlerof has given a great deal of time and care to the research of this mysterious agent, and his experiments have confirmed the discovery of Mr. Crookes.

The Russian Spiritualists, who have few adherents among their compatriots, and have had to put up with a great deal of annoyance on the part of the public as well as on that of the Government, do not seek to popularise their ideas as yet, but rather to consolidate them and gather them into a scientific formula. They consequently seek to attract into their circle men of science, doctors, materialists; in short, persons deprived of romantic sentimentality and religious enthusiasm, so as fairly to place the question upon a new ground, not letting it degenerate into sectarianism, giving no food whatever to the imagination, and so rendering it interesting to positive and serious minds.

Had this programme been perseveringly adhered to, the question might have made progress; but both Professors Boutlerof and Wagner adopted (although most unwillingly at first) the hypothesis that these manifestations must be produced by the spirits of former inhabitants of this planet, and this point of view having been prematurely given to the world in a series of articles principally due to the pen of Professor Wagner and published in one of the best periodicals, threw great discredit on the cause at the very outset, and made people open their eyes in astonishment at the credulity of the

professors. Perceiving their imprudence and the blows this hypothesis was going to strike at the whole structure, Messrs. Boutlerof and Wagner turned abruptly on another track, and in subsequent articles endeavoured to keep on strictly objective ground concerning the cause of the manifestations. Russia now possesses a considerable literature on the subject which totally differs from productions of the same kind abroad, inasmuch as these articles are stamped with a spirit of genuine scientific research and present the subject in quite a new light.

The Government does all in its power to discourage the movement, as it is supposed to be closely allied to Socialism. Any one having read the books of Andrew Jackson Davis will easily understand that such reading would not do for Russian people at present, and of course all such works are strictly forbidden and are only read by a few persons. Spiritual manifestations are regarded not only by the clergy but even by the Holy Synod itself as having their origin in the source of all evil. Newspapers most unwillingly publish articles in favor of the question, though they eagerly accept anything against it. The censor is extremely severe, and it is in vain that Mr. Aksakof, who is a man of ample means, ready to sacrifice any sum, has endeavored to start some organ through which to acquaint persons interested therein with the results of the experiments made. Thus it will be seen that Messrs. Boutlerof, Wagner and Aksakof and their friends have to struggle against no ordinary difficulties. But they are men of no common energy and character, and, moreover, deeply convinced of the truth of the greater part of the doctrines taught by Spiritualists, and though they move but slowly they have been able to draw into their circle persons of talent and distinction who, if not all yet fully convinced, are greatly interested in the experiments.

Among the more cultivated members of the Russian clergy one sometimes meets with persons interested in Spiritualism. They talk of it timidly and are visibly afraid of compromising themselves, but it is evident that the subject possesses great attraction for them. I lately spoke with a very respectable and erudite orthodox priest, and asked him to give me his opinion concerning the manifestations. He told me that he fully believed in them and could perceive nothing in these facts contrary to the teachings of the Church. Among the common people in Russia the belief in ghosts, spirits and all kinds of fantastic beings, is almost universal, there not being p rhaps in the world a more superstitious people. But all attempts to communicate with the spirits of the dead inspire them with terror and they consider persons who do so as magicians and sorcerers. As to the middle classes, there are among them a good many believers in Spiritualism who even sometimes organise circles, but this is usually done in an off-and-on amateur sort of way, showing little genuine interest in the subject.—*Tribune* (N. Y.) Sept. 27.

VICTORIAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

THE above Association resumed Sunday Evening Services, at the Horticultural Hall, on the 15th ult., the opening address being given by the President, Mr. Rutherford, supplemented by some remarks on "Organisation," by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou.

On the 22d ult., the service was preceded by the following appeal by the President:—

"I feel that I am in a very responsible position. I have the *well being* and advancement of Spiritualism in my trust; but with your help I am going to try to deserve the position and the trust that is placed in my hands. Mr. Lang and myself are determined to work the affairs of the Association in a business like manner; and if these principles we have adopted, of *UNITY, HARMONY, and Sociability* are agreeable to you, we expect you will show your appreciation of these by joining hand in hand with us for the good of the cause. To be a proper organisation, we want members, and then, when the necessary funds are in hand, all that would be satisfactory to you in the management of the Association on these principles would be sure to follow. I am fully aware of the necessity of *manful, vigorous action*, and I

mean to act vigorously if you will back me up. If it is our intention to work on these principles, what excuse can any one have from becoming a member? We can only show our power as an organisation by our number of members. And the showing of that power is one of the benefits of membership. It is no use talking about getting a Hall of our own, or a new office that would be accessible to us at all hours unless we are all heartily united. We are making a new start, as you perceive, and it depends upon each of you and all of you individually and collectively to strengthen our efforts to make the Association a success. All who desire to add strength to our position by becoming members, can do so by applying to Mr. Lang. Our motto henceforth is to be—"Fraternity, Sociability, and Harmony." We want no internal quarreling, wrangling, or debating. Spiritualists ought to be as glad and as full of music and song as the birds are when they warble for joy in the morning of Spring. What we ought to be, we are now going to try to be. Let us all join hands and work with Spiritualism for Spiritualism, and in the very best way we can, that the *Goodness, Grandeur, Beauty, and Use of Spiritualism* might become visible, through the effect of the harmony it establishes among ourselves."

After which Mrs. Greenham gave a reading from Wm. Denton's "Soul of Things." This was followed by a solo on the violin, beautifully rendered by Miss Pride (a member of the Lyceum).

The address of the evening was given by Mr. Cunningham; his subject being taken from Mark, chap. ii., v. 7, which, to use an orthodox phrase, he "improved upon" to the evident satisfaction of his audience.

The service being through rather early, Mrs. Ballou was asked to speak a few words, and in response she supplemented her remarks of the previous Sunday on "Organisation," endorsing at the same time the platform presented by the President. It is probable the meetings will be suspended during the time Dr. York is lecturing here.

NO BLACK FOR ME.

No black for me; dear love, when I am dead,
Shroud not that precious face in funeral fold,
But wear a soft white veil upon your head,
As fits a saintly woman growing old.

No black for me; why—when eternal day
Has burst in glory on my dazzled sight,
And God's own angels bear my soul away—
Should my twin-spirit bow in woe and night?

There may be tears, but let them fall, sweet wife,
As feeling one more pilgrim safe at rest—
One changed from dying clay to breathless life,
Whose head has often lain upon your breast.

One roaming 'mid an Eden's flowers and trees,
Whose weary, wasting feet no walks could share;
One drinking heaven's breath with rapturous ease,
Who scarce could breathe a blessing or a prayer.

Let me be carried from my cheerful home,
Like sunshine out of sunshine, flowers from flowers;
Let maids in spotless white and children come,
And cheer with tender songs your lonesome hours.

For you will miss me, though some paths from heaven
May lead straight from my glory to your heart;
And I may come, like Jacob's angel, given
Some thrill, some joyous message, to impart.

So keep the light about you; death is light,
And life, and power, to pure and chastened love;
And death is only dark to doubt, and sight
That has no vision from the world above.

No black for me; when I am gone, dear love,
Shroud not that face in funeral fold,
But wear a soft white veil upon your head,
As fits a saintly woman growing old.

—Alice Robbins.

AN AMERICAN JUDGE ON SPIRITUALISM.

A "Salem" paper just received, contains a report of a lecture by Judge H. N. Maguire, given in reply to a lecture in the same city, by an Archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church, who had been enlarging on the terrors of hell with the view of frightening people into the arms of the Church. Reviewing the Archbishop's arguments which were based upon the records of "revealed" religion, the Judge showed that no sound argument had been adduced by him for the immortality of the soul. The grounds upon which the speaker and thinkers of his class based their belief in the soul's immortality, were reason, intuition and spiritual evidence. We extract the following portions of his lecture as pertinent of his argument and interesting as experiences of spiritual phenomena:—

The speaker said thinkers of his class believe in the soul's immortality on two grounds—that of reason, and of intuition and spiritual evidences.

Every earthly enjoyment or material possession which fails in the end (as they all do) to satisfy the mind [soul], is a sound argument in favor of the soul's immortality, for the Designer of all that bears the impress of design has made nothing without a continuing motive until all purposes are finally accomplished. Reason tells us our hope of immortality can not be an idle dream—"the stars do not mock us with their ineffable glory in vain." But the intellectual argument becomes almost conclusive—is quite so to some very bright minds—when we reflect that we know of nothing which can absorb or interblend with the soul or spiritual nature so as to obliterate personal identity. Everything else—even the animating principle called life—is destructible by diffusion and absorption. The soul's identity alone stands unmoved amidst all of nature's destroying and reconstructing forces. We can not feel the loss of anything that goes out from the soul—the more it pours forth the more it becomes individualized. It can throw off nothing, it can take on nothing, by which individual existence is annihilated. We may lose limbs by amputation, or we may be drained of vital energies, but we can feel the loss of nothing that goes out from the spiritual being—the oftener we give an idea or express a soul emotion to others the more deeply it is impressed upon and becomes a part of our own minds [souls]. The soul must, therefore, be a perfect entity, an absolute existence in and of itself, and, here falling into the line of the physical philosopher's demonstrations, it, like the atom, must be indestructible.

In passing to the second ground—that of intuition and spiritual evidences—the speaker said his hearers would be called upon to receive his testimony in regard to those things the existence of which Hume and Voltaire, and thinkers of their class, had declared to be impossible of occurrence. Christians should not reject it, for why should living witnesses be denied a hearing, and the doubtful published reports be received which have come down through eighteen centuries of time, subjected to innumerable changes and varying interpretations? Why invoke the long-departed shades of Matthew, and drive him [the speaker] from the witness-stand? "I know immortality to be a fact, by intuition," he said, with emphasis. "Accept this unsupported (to you) evidence at your estimate of its worth."

As to the external evidences, the speaker gave some remarkable personal experiences. He had, he said, in a good light, and in the presence of over thirty witnesses, locked arms and walked and familiarly talked with a friend, in a parlor in Boston, whose mortal body, over three months before, had been buried in the Rocky Mountains, two thousand miles away; and all the witnesses, being examined separately, gave concurring descriptions as to the color and style of clothes worn by this materialized spirit, and of his personal appearance otherwise. "Now," was asked, "is it likely that thirty intelligent witnesses, their minds diversely occupied—each expecting his or her own particular spirit friend—could imagine, or in any way be deluded into thinking, they saw that which did not exist, the imagination, or delusion, impressing in exactly the same way all these different minds? The apparition apparently came out of nothing and resolved itself back into nothing."

Referring to the Archbishop's terrible description of the crucifixional sufferings, he said all ministers seemed to delight in making that picture as awful as possible, and then in "rolling it as a sweet morsel under their tongues"—all the priests and preachers strove to add to it some original touches of horror. *Cui bono!* Have we not had enough of this pulpit savagery? But, after all, was not that terrible cross scene, in harmony with the disposition of that God who, it had been asserted, could ever outdo Iroquois Indians in fiendishness of nature—that is on the hell side of His Omnipotency? He believed Jesus Christ had existed, as, in the main, claimed by the record; and, as crucifixion in that age was a legal and common mode of execution, he thought it probable that he was crucified, as reformers were then, as they are now, and always will be the fated objects of the vengeance and persecution of old-idea advocates; but, admitting the crucifixion, he said he did not believe there were any physical sufferings attending it at all. Common sense recoils at the idea that as a God He would submit to this self-torture—which practically it must have been—when He might as well have feigned the sufferings, even supposing them necessary to carry out some (to common mortals) inscrutable "divine plan of salvation;" and if he was only a human being of remarkable spiritual development—his real character, in the opinion of the speaker—then, with the assistance of his attending spirit friends he was above and master of physical sufferings. The speaker said he had stood at the bed-side of one who was suffering indescribably, when a spiritual or invisible anæsthetic was administered, throwing the sufferer into a state of unconsciousness, when a painful surgical operation was performed, requiring a great loss of blood—that though no instrument and no mortal agency of any kind was visible, the operation was actually performed, and he had seen and handled the blood after it was over. As improbable as these facts of Modern Spiritualism may seem to those who know nothing about them, if the spiritual teachers would intelligently investigate them they might give common sense explanations of some things, which, without such explanations, are received by sensible people as absurdities. The world has too many spiritual teachers without spirituality; but, thanks to the inquiring spirit of the age, the number is fast diminishing.

Where free thought prevails to the greatest extent, there, said the speaker, intelligence and material prosperity reach their highest development. This is an age of free thought, and we free thinkers do not shrink from comparing results with all the institutionalised systems of religion combined. Theological shackles are bursting asunder everywhere. The shafts of ridicule and of the opposing material philosopher have been hurled in vain against the truth-cemented wall of Modern Spiritualism. Its impregnability is established, and it grows stronger with the advance of time. There are seventy-five millions of Spiritualists in Europe and America. There are four journals devoted to our philosophy in Italy—within the very shadow of the Vatican free thought is at work undermining creedal authority in its strongest hold. There are nineteen such journals in France, sixteen in Spain, seven in Mexico, four in Austria; three in Brazil, and two in Cuba (all Catholic countries), and in our own free America they are increasing in number and improving in character. There are over one hundred in the world; and all the churches combined are not making converts as fast as men are becoming convinced that priests and preachers can no more think for them than they can eat or drink for them.

THE *Golden Gate* copies from a Portland paper an account of the Spontaneous development of Spirit Photography at the Galleries of Severance and Yocum of that city. Quite a number of the spirit photographs have been recognised by persons ignorant of Spiritualism.

THE *South Australian Times* of Nov. 21st contains a bold, outspoken article, signed by the editor, giving his experiences in Spiritual Phenomena during recent investigations in Melbourne and Adelaide.

The only safe and sure cure for Gravel or Urinary troubles, is American Co.'s Hop Bitters. Prove it. Read.

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS IN ADELAIDE.

BY C. REIMERS.

THE vibrations sent all over the world by the collapse of old but sadly neglected occult forces with the adopted system of possibilities by laboratorists and pulpitists, seem to have subsided into isolated remnants of stray waves of the universal shake.

To work for the cause in the spirit of a dutiful pioneer, to keep watch over the returning possibility of finding once more the grand warning of the Great Spirit overtaken by the priestcraft of science, and again shown into the waiting-room for another century, begins to appear foolish and savoring of the heroism of Don Quixote.

My recorded materialisation, a stupendous visitation indeed, has been belittled as not satisfying under the microscope of test examinations. I forgive distant observers of recorded phenomena any attempt of dragging the greatest facts under the still befooling superstition of trickery and illusion, and I have to suffer suspicion of my observational powers even from quarters where my pretty exhaustive exposition of the Marshall Evans farce should have taught the degrading blunder of hastily accepting conjuring-traps, particularly where an old tested hand is the hero of a conspiracy and controversy.

Nobody who would have been present in beholding "Servius," in his dignified form and speech, could have dared to snub the sublime "exception" in the ordinary run of described phenomena, either from a scientific point of analysing visible beings as temporary-incarnations, nor from a social sentimentality, finding the nostrils on the scent of legitimate identity not quite satisfied. For me a phenomena of any description begins to be interesting from the moment I discover downright failures and foolery on part of scientists in criticising tokens from God's own workshop.

I discover my error in dreaming of a co-operative spirit in our increment! Nothing of the kind! Everybody is the Pope, and rarely extends his horizon by lifting the nose over the railings of his own cabbage garden in the "truth naturalisation," and hence my task of describing more of local experiences finds its impulse by the pure good intention that this miserable spirit of selfhood may be vanquished ere long at the realisation of our obligation to respond to the privilege of premature information by imparting it to others individually and collectively.

If the accumulation of new facts is still the aim of practical Spiritualism, as I firmly believe it is and will be for some time to come, I give a condensed series of such over several months:—

A young gentleman, Mr. Schwarz, in Rundle-street, invited me to test his mediumship, as he felt convinced that something mysterious attached to his organism. At the first sitting with him, his wife, and self, I was so positively convinced of an exceptional chance for development that I, in a season of little professional work, gladly joined in the suggestion of the interested and excited young couple to have sances every night after closing their shop. Of the remarkable raps, those on the windowpane, close to my head, which pane (ground glass) we could see in the darkness, were most strange. On the fourth night we folded our arms, and the table, without contact, kicked, tilted, and lifted in a surprising manner. By degrees our young lady got over the nervous shocks naturally caused by such antics, but was in no way prepared to receive calmly the signs to come. Raps ordered light, and a ring of hers was on the table, whilst it ought to have been, by rights of infallible science, in her portmanteau, where she put it in a locked case. A novice must be forgiven in not taking such feats without some sort of explanation, and a quarrel between the couple began to mount which cost me trouble to convert into laughter. No sooner was the light out than a signal for it revealed another article from that box, and the whole contents were thus deposited, and I had quite a heap of lucifer matches at my feet. As a finale this truly grand display of spirit-science tricks closed with a big box being put on the table, and my two newly converted fully enjoyed the fun at so-called skeptics and the childish idea of ascribing all to trickery!

At the next sance the medium (hitherto being in his waking condition) fell into a trance, and the pretended spirit of the wife's father addressed us in a long speech, and the medium on awakening seeing the light (which the control ordered) looked perplexed, but more so when the wife told of the spirit who couldn't have been really her father, but must have been, as she added, a "humbugging spirit." This doubtful control was the first perplexing break in our hope to enjoy a smooth development of regular power, and left a very uncomfortable mark since the sudden turn of fate made this the last but few meetings, and Mr. Schwarz left Adelaide.

After some months he returned to try another chance for situation, and he and I sat at his hotel, and the spirit promised important results. Strange to say, Mr. and Mrs. Schwarz tried every evening at their table in Albany, then their abode, and no movement, no rap would come—dead silence! Mr. Schwarz remained after one of the first sances here, with cloudy, muddled results, for nearly two days in a trance, talking like a lunatic, and we had great trouble at that period indeed.

We formed now with Mr. Barrow, the editor of the *S. A. Times*, and two other friends, a regular circle, and on the first occasion a spirit warned us not to trust in that control of our first powerful sances in the shop, as it was a bad spirit. We were promised extraordinary manifestations on a certain night, and strange incidents encouraged our hopes for something grand, but it proved all false, and this warning spirit was the real impostor, and begged our pardon for his impudent intrusion, and accepted gratefully my request that he would leave our circle and return, to be welcomed after so long absence as to give our circle scope to develop firmly. Still, after a few sittings he came again and again to trouble us, until at last we learned to show him off in the name of his wife, whom he brutally treated on earth, as another spirit informed us.

The control of the first meetings now returning, produced only stray results of strong physical phenomena, but nothing like those in Rundle-street, although the conditions should be considered far more favourable, as we were bent to give this first control our united sympathy. The "power" seems in a manner to depend on the "soil" to some extent, and the shifting of a medium therefore may be of great moment. The unsettled state of mind, of situation and regular employment-seeking, medium may in part account for the extraordinary and often painful disappointing manifestations which kaleidoscope-fashion allow of no fixed design and tried our patience and perseverance in a degree not exactly suitable for sightseers. Occasionally most remarkable controls, however, renew our hope for something regularly shaping, but I despair of expecting anything like systematic development as long as the medium himself oscillates between hope and disappointment and suffers the pressure of inactivity, which tells particularly on a mediumistic organism.

With this explanation of the situation my further records may furnish interesting items for collecting such "fragments" of power which may attract the searcher for a design or philosophy in the senseless evolution of disconnected messages and facts.

At one sitting, after divers voices coming and going and a silence to be broken by the expected reply of the questioned control, as we hoped, a sentence in German of the most vulgar character shocked me in the extreme, and my only consolation for the moment was the fact that only I understood the abominable outrage on sober society. No connection whatever with preceding conversation and a total new intruder added another instance of an isolated phrase uttered with positive disregard to company and situation, conveying the impression as if the low spirit meant it as an answer to another vulgar spirit-mate, but suddenly shifted into our scene.

Several similar discordant surprises gave our reflections a violent jerk, and in this case represented a test of a very impressive character, as the medium could have no connection with it, and his knowledge of German did not grasp the meaning at all when I explained to him the sentence.

At each sitting we were surprised and often annoyed

with new controls, as their quickly taking possession and leaving had overcome our apprehensions after the first experiences of terrible convulsions and struggles (often painfully long) of the sensitive. Lifting up of the table and bell-ringing kept us alive in expectations, but faithfully observed conditions for announced materialisations came to nothing, save once or twice a faint spark or patch of light. Remembering still the "warning impostor" I felt embarrassed between the impressions of a group of tomfooling and dabbling spirits who don't know the technique of manifesting. The voice-modulations of the controls at times indeed destroying the last trace of the medium's organ and dialect are truly astonishing, and if such impersonations would be the results of the medium's normal genius he would be a fool indeed not to attract crowded houses on the stage! Of such visitors by voice we had in the last séance a marvellous instance, a perfect realisation of a stranger being in the room, concealed by the medium and coming out in the darkness. He accepted my naming him "Sincere," and I give part of our chat, although he touched in strong sympathetic accents on my lecture, as being rather useful if circulated as a pamphlet.

If I dismiss that part as too close with the medium's own view as a test or encouragement, the impression of having positively a stranger before me led me to continue the discourse as with a totally fresh and interesting acquaintance. After answering several theological questions in the manner we know already as suggestive proofs of the enormous percentage of habitual or forced views, a lady, still clinging to the comforts of inherited views, asked about the Divinity of Christ, and I was not a little curious how our new friend, of evidently obliging disposition, would steer clear between his own views and the influence of courtesy. He referred to the uncertainty of records of Christ's own words on that score, and quoted from my lecture remarks on the stupendous influence of Christ's presence over centuries, although not a single manuscript or even word indisputable was left behind by him. My query, "is it not possible that the followers of Christ converted facts of imagination into dogmas, or so to speak, dramatised events true in their occurrence into a poetic whole?" To this his reply was somewhat unexpected: "you must have been informed from our side," he said, after some silence, as if regretful of spinning out what both parties were agreeing with. Well, I said, in my lecture, which is a kind of collective deposit of my views, I have sentences which made me at their entrance into my brain jump out of my bed to put the points down. "Because," he broke in, "you live already half-way on our side!" On the question of his age on earth he said: "I do not remember, but only know the day of my death, or real birthday as I call that."

The perfect muddle of memory in surveying the past of the earth-relieved spirit seems to be a feature of the new born or old spirit. The first contact with the new sphere sweeps off all minor influences, and a long sojourn makes them die off for want of interest. Hence our methods of testing a spirit's identity are very foolish, as we are deceived already here on earth of the hidden identity, and should the reincarnation hypothesis be more than a speculation, the difficulty is still more increased. The spirit in the new home may have dropped from memory every item which seemed most important between it and the test-feeler.

Frequent changes in the members of our circles give me no right to ascribe the vexing irregularity to the restless state of the medium alone, but I believe and hope that with the satisfaction of his desire for regular activity the reports of results from this highly gifted sensitive will furnish interesting matter.

How strange and discouraging. Here we shun no trial of patience and sacrifice to offer full scope to the invisibles, and only fragmentary results encourage us to persevere in devoting all our attention to a grand cause, which in its full enfoldment might do away with the most distressing bickerings in matters of religion. In the other circle, or rather casual meeting, a materialisation bordering on the sublime thrills and frightens the others, until after its departure one feeling of awe fills us all—

the most stupendous result, rarely granted even to circles, who spend month after month in sitting with the regularity worthy of pew-renters, here displayed on an occasion of trying the much-talked-of table moving! "Our clergyman might object to it," was the timid doubt of the hostess, when I touched next day on the grand aspect of courting this beautiful chance of information, and the medium, too, seems to weigh his reason, and interests against a direct token of grace and trust from the higher spheres. To receive even no reply to cautious inquiries: this revolting proof of demoralisation by a dry outworn hypocritical Christianity hiding its decay by Sunday-polish, raises my cry against the open enemies of progress, who as slaves of habit and automatical following defy *God's own messengers* to defend their creed-stables! Let the world learn that not the skeptics but those interested against information keep us back, and the whole policy of advancing will change its course!

Two rather notable cases of "prediction" are here the talk of some hard-resisting skeptics, and may complete my sketch of our spiritual topics. Four months ago, a young gentleman told me that he dreamt having visited my séance, and that he asked the spirits "which horse would win in the Melbourne race." "Of course," I replied "that could be only a dream, for in my circle no such mean tests are allowed; Spiritualism is to fill souls, but not pockets." "Well," he said, "I saw a name written on a slate, which struck me as never seen or heard of. Next day I found that name, 'Uralla,' on the list, and at once fixed on it." A month before the race he told me that a large sum was offered to him for his bet, but that he would stick to it. The cup day came and Uralla got a "scratch," and my friend, the hopeful race-convert, expressed vexation with the "sell;" but Uralla won on the oaks day, and as the dream seemed not clear about the day of victory, my friend told me triumphantly that he bet on all three chances, and thus the prediction was literally fulfilled! Whether my young convert will be led by the jockey to the temple of Spiritualism proper, I don't know. He is surrounded by so many skeptics of the highest cleverness that his tug towards truth may be overridden.

The other case is less striking, but of some value. A very little skeptic, who fumed at the name of Zollner (whom he thought to have been mad), promised me to be on my side if the prediction of a recent séance should prove correct. The relative was to cross over in the middle of September, but died (by some mistake I suppose) at the end of August, and my skeptic rides his hobby of disbelief with his enlightened club-mates as before, only with a less liberal display of suspicion on my reasoning faculties, and with some slight symptoms of chance to turn that suspicion towards their own brains, and then there is hope for some amicable arrangement which I effected in many similar cases already by gently recommending to think less of self and more of others.

I may say in conclusion, that I succeeded after all in keeping up such a spirit of confused skepticism that a visit of a thoroughly developed lecturer would now produce a splendid effect, and I hope that my remarks may be helping to realise such a most desirable event.

MRS. ADDIE L. BALLOU.

MRS. BALLOU lectured twice during the past month, at the Bijou Theatre, under the management of Mr. Hulett, of Richmond Lyceum. The first lecture was on Religious and Governmental Intolerance; in the course of which she animadverted upon the conduct of the Government and the Press in connection with the detention of books belonging to the editor of this paper.

The second lecture was a compound one, based upon several subjects given by the audience.

Mrs. Ballou was in good form, and her addresses were attentively listened to and applauded by the audience.

Take Hop Bitters three times a day, and you will have no doctors' bills to pay. That is, if made by American Co. See.

SPIRITUALISM IN VENICE.

(From the Pall Mall Budget.)

THE crescent moon is glimmering over the languid lagoons, its two horns mirrored in grey blue water; while over the domes and towers of the Salute Church crimson glories still vibrate in the evening sky. Gondolas steal silently across the broad path of light on the waters, and the purple sails of a fishing boat drift slowly towards the opening. In the dusk, singing voices come plaintively from swarthy rowers, the measured music of plashing oars beating out a homely rhythm.

Glup! glup! says the oozing tide as it swirls round the black slippery stairway of an old palazzo in a crowded part of the city, and is sucked away under the ebony piles. Glupp! glupp! say the black rats as they splash into the dark, slimy flood. The cold walls rise up all around the water yard, dank and chill like the sides of a well, and the only outlet is through the narrow iron-grated water gate, which is now open to admit the black, lantern-eyed gondolas which will presently arrive.

At the top of a winding flight of stone steps, close under the projecting eaves of the roof, is a large room arranged as if for a lecture. The green-baized table with its bottle of water is divided off from the regiment of chairs which face it by some deal benches. While the room is filling let us glance at some of the strange crowd of shaggy men who have crept up the dark staircase by the aid of those wax tapers which every dweller in Venice carries. There is a grey beard yonder who has outlived all the friends of his youth, save his books, and who is the last of the house of a proud Doge of the golden age of Venice. His wife and children are all dead, but by the spiritual aid that is vouchsafed to him from the other world he can at times grasp his dead wife's hand, and feel the small warm fingers of his little children touch his own. With his last surviving friend years ago he made a solemn compact that whichever of them should die first should appear to the other, were it permitted to spirits to do so. Not long ago, while this forlorn old man was with a shooting party in the country, the comrade of his youth suddenly appeared to him when returning to his inn in a storm of rain. The apparition made such an impression upon him that on reaching the inn he determined to return home upon the morrow. That evening a letter came announcing the grave illness of his friend, and the next morning the news came of his death at the very hour at which his spirit had appeared some forty miles away! But let us ask that reserved-looking woman yonder why she trusts the spirits. Her Russian husband deserted her, and all her children died within a few months, and but for strange communications which began in Vienna some years ago she had ceased to believe in God or devil. Now, after long patience and "trying the spirits," she regularly receives comfortable messages from the other world, messages written by the pencil which lies inert in her hand until moved by spiritual agency. There is a young man here who receives other tokens from the unseen. Although but a blacksmith by trade, the great artists of the Renaissance choose him as a means of continuing their labours in this upper world, and nightly through his willing hand Botticelli and Giotto, Fra Angelico and Benozzo Gozzoli draw wondrous Madonnas and Christs or angels and St. Johns. Titian and Paolo Veronese, not to mention Tintoretto, dash off a head or two—but to the uninitiated it seems that all these great men have got a new manner "down there" which they slavishly follow, and which does not resemble their old style; perhaps it is an improvement which it takes a special training to appreciate. A German doctor who has just come in, and who devotes himself to nerves, pathology, and the spirits, has curious tales to tell. On one occasion the spirit of a defunct pork butcher, which had assumed the character of Louis Quatorze, but which was immediately discovered by its bad language, blasphemed so violently that our doctor rebuked it in no unmeasured terms, and sent it back to the shades, humbled and thoughtful. Later on its conversion to a sense of the justice of God was completed, and it confessed that in the flesh as the porkbutcher it

had murdered its mother—some hundred and fifty years ago—and been guillotined in consequence. This spirit is now incarnated, and dwells in the body of a young girl destined for the cloister.

Russians, Spaniards, and Orientals are here to-night; but the business is about to begin, for the president medium and other officials are in their places. Silence reigns. A communication from a very prominent member of the society in another city of Italy has been received, and is to be read to the meeting. It deals with Spiritualism as revealed by the spirits themselves at various times to the writer, and although not verbally inspired, as we learn in answer to a solemn question put by a respectable looking artisan of the company, yet is a *résumé* of inspiration. Spiritualism, the speaker informs us, is confirmed by the miracles of the Bible story. If it existed in those times, why not now? But the modern spirits must be tried by the standards of Christianity, and it will be found that they stand the test. What then do they teach? They teach that the spirits of men coming from God must return to God who gave them. Sown in imperfection, they must be reaped in perfection; through much tribulation and after many trials they must enter into the kingdom of heaven. Hell does not exist in the strict sense of the word; there is no hell but that which a man shall make in his own breast. A place for departed spirits there is, where spirits of the dead await reincarnation, by which great means man is allowed step by step to work out his perfection. In this halting place the significance of past lives is apparent to spirits, and all things are seen in their right relations. Life by life the spirit works towards perfection—delayed perhaps for a time by sin, but never retrograding. It is, when a certain purity has been attained, translated to higher worlds, from which it shall at last enter spotless into the presence of its Maker, to take its part in the government of the universe. God, then, is just: apparent inequalities in mundane things are reconciled. All spirits in their turn must be ignorant, and the bodies they inhabit be poor and miserable: these are but phases. "Little children, love one another," then, for you are all destined to shining immortality. It is a Christian duty, too, to communicate with the spirits, for they can teach us the realities. A good medium is a person whose moral and physical condition offers exceptional facilities to the spirits for communication. Material signs are because of the hardness of men's hearts; but incarnated spirit may commune with disembodied spirit, as friend with friend, and when we seem to be alone we are never less alone. We shall go to them, and they can come to us. In an eloquent peroration the speaker warns the audience against coldness, and invites them to the sacramental duty of communicating with the unseen. After a few questions and a little routine of business, the chairs are moved to make room for several heavy tables, at one of which the medium takes his seat. He is joined by others who, placing their hands reverently upon the table, make the circuit complete, and await communications in solemn silence—for are they not in very contact with the unseen? Old men and women, worn with the troubles of life, hang anxiously over the table, and listen with affectionate sympathy to its enigmatical replies. Their faith is great, but indeed what have they left to live for should they have been deceived? An old fellow explains with tears of joy in his eyes how on a previous occasion the table had galloped round the apartment with all the chairs in the room miraculously heaped upon it—so powerful were the spirits! But let us not intrude further upon the solemn mysteries; the cold black tide is already turning towards the sea, and the echoing bells are tolling out the midnight hour.

The *Banner of Light* for Sept. 5th contains an admirable lecture on Physical Science and Spiritual Truth, by Prof. Henry Kiddle, demonstrating the unphilosophic attitude of the physical scientists towards Spiritualism. The same journal for Oct. 3rd contains an account of the Dedication and Opening of the First Spiritualist Temple in Boston, built by Mr. Ayer, at a cost of 250,000 dollars.

LYCEUM PICNIC.

THE Annual Picnic of the Melbourne and Richmond Progressive Lyceums was held as usual on Nov. 9th, at the Survey Paddock, Richmond. The Melbourne Lyceum arrived at Picnic Station shortly before 10 a.m., and headed by a military band marched to a pleasant camping ground selected by the Watchman, (Mr. Nelson), between the station and the river; and after a song and recitations, were dismissed to amuse themselves as they listed until noon, when they were called to order by the Conductor, Mr. Hall, and in conjunction with the Richmond Lyceum (conducted by Mr. Hulet) went through a series of Golden Chain recitations, calisthenics, and marching, to the evident interest of a large number of spectators. Dinner was served about 1 p.m., and at 2 o'clock the sports commenced, consisting of jingling matches, races, etc., and finishing with a "go as you please," the following being a list of the winners:—

Jingling match, boys 14 to 18; prize, Universal Instructor	T. Stuart.
Adult jingling match; prize, Babbitt's Principles of Light and Colour	G. Day.
100 yards race, boys	G. Macnamara.
Do. girls	Minnie Werelt.
150 yards race, boys	McPhee.
Do. girls	Florrie Stow.
Matrimonial race	...	T. Stuart & Bessie Everett.	
Siamese do.	Stuart & Day.
"Go as you please," first	G. Day.
second	P. Nelson.

Tea was served about 5 p.m., and the Lyceums left the ground soon after 6.

The provisions were ample in quantity and excellent in quality; the weather was all that could be desired, and a very pleasant day was spent by all.

We are requested by the Conductor to return thanks to the numerous friends who contributed in money and prizes to the picnic fund. The total contributions amounted to upwards of twelve pounds exclusive of a Reticule, Inkstand, and two Books given as prizes.

PROGRESS IN NEW ZEALAND.

To Spiritualists in Australia it may doubtless be cheering to hear of the progress being made in this colony in the matter of disseminating light and truth, through the infinite goodness of Nature, or God, and with your kind permission, sir, I shall be glad to supply you with information such as comes within my knowledge.

Before proceeding further, however, I might just remark, that owing to the scarcity of good Spiritualistic literature and persons of sufficient independence of character, our cause is somewhat slow in making itself well known. However, patience is a virtue of rare quality, and as there are in Napier, New Zealand, the town from which I now write, a number of circles of earnest, intelligent investigators, there are bright hopes for the not distant future; and it gives me pleasure in stating that more than one of our local clergymen are now viewing the Spiritualistic movement as they would a tidal wave seen afar on the bosom of the mighty ocean, and slowly but surely rolling its overwhelming power along, threatening to swamp all ancient, mythical, and traditional superstitions in its course. Yea, the church of the antipodes may tremble, for a brief space of time and she shall have been stripped of her vainglorious, vaunted pomp and glory.

On this topic I could say much, but it is not my purpose, and as the priestly dogmatism of by-gone ages has already begun to languish in its death-throes, I will not strike a harsh blow.

It is but a brief period since Natural Religion, or shall I term it the science of Occultism or Spirit Communion, came into practice, for the reason that under the fearful ministrations of parsons, and the terribly solemn invectives against what they were fond of designating "the works of the evil one, the demon," etc., people having the old school dogmatic superstitions of their priestly rulers engrained upon their minds, actually did, and have

forborne to investigate that for which many a heart yearns to know—the truth or otherwise of Spirit Communion.

The truth having been told, however, whenever an opportunity presented itself, by men who dared the open expression of their opinions, and who had learned the truth regarding the immortality of the soul by the solemn investigation of the phenomena; the wave soon spread, and to-day there are thousands of good Spiritualists in this colony who are now fearlessly making known the truth under the dictation of their Natural God. Such is the glorious truth, and we rejoice in it.

I have made use of the term "God of Nature," because as all Spiritualists know, Nature is the expression of God. The question is, we know, distasteful to priestcraft, for to disrobe them of their Bible God, devil, and regions of outer darkness and torment, is to take from them their holy calling.

Be it understood I do not reject the highly moral and intellectual teachings of that great Mediator called Christ; nor of St. Paul; but I do assert that even in Christ's teachings there are many incidents which are clearly fallacious, showing that His utterances as a medium have been accepted *ad lib.* when they should have been fairly tested by the light of reason, and the chaff extracted from the grain. In this was the error made. Then we should even now in receiving communications from friends on the other side the vale, carefully submit them to reason because of their usually being delivered in symbolical terms not readily understood.

I should much liked to have gone farther into the all-absorbing subject of the Universal God, and with your permission will write you on that topic next month, and later on give you an interesting detailed account of communications received in my own circle of highly reliable friends.

V. HARRISON.

Napier, New Zealand,
Oct. 16th, 1885.

MR. C. REIMERS' ADELAIDE LECTURE.

(From a Report by Mr. E. Schwarz.)

THE lecture was certainly out of the common, and might have served for at least half a dozen others, but to the thinker its practical value would be manifest.

After briefly alluding to the scandalous treatment he had received at the hands of "a local religious enterprise, called the Y.M.C.A.," the lecturer passed on to the valuable influence of Mesmerism with its wonderful healing and relieving powers, and spoke of its neglect as a "blunder in monetary economy, and an insult to humanity." We certainly agree with Mr. Reimers here, for Nature did not endow us with this power for no purpose, and it has been seen in London in some of the Hospitals to what use it can be applied; but in this age of steam everything must be done quickly, and so, when chloroform and ether were discovered, which act very much quicker (but not safer) than the Mesmeric passes, the latter were done away with. The *Advertiser* recently published a very interesting case of Mesmeric power on a horse, and Mr. Reimers remarked, "And I shouldn't wonder at an attempt on an Editor, who might also succumb like the restive horse, and give over kicking at psychology." The trance state was next dealt with, and it was pointed out how difficult it is to distinguish between the state of trance and that of death, which fact was verified by the French Academy offering a prize of 3,000 fcs. for the best essay on the trance. Surely this is important, and deserves investigation! The lecturer himself said he would feel comfortable in knowing that the doctor would "polish him off" by dissection, and the last spark of life from his lips would be a "thank you, much obliged." There is not the slightest doubt that mistakes have been made in mistaking trance for death, and from a gentleman who was at Newstead some 5 years ago we hear that on visiting a cemetery there he was struck with a strange building in the grounds. The house contained several whitewashed rooms. In the centre of each stood a plain table, and

from the ceiling hung two cords. This he could not explain, and on asking an old man who lived in this building he was enlightened. When a coffin was brought with its charge, before being consigned to the earth it was placed on one of these tables, the lid was removed, and the cords fastened to the wrists of the corpse. These cords led up to a room where the old man slept, and were attached to bells, so that on the slightest movement of the supposed corpse these bells would be set in motion, and thus waked the sleeper above, who would immediately proceed below and render assistance. This arrangement must have been adopted on account of mistakes that had been made in pronouncing death.

Exposure swindles were next dealt with, and if Mr. Reimers has sometimes been rather vehement in his denunciations of the so-called "exposers," it is not to be wondered at, for these persons are men (!) who either fear to investigate the grand truth of Spiritualism, or do not take the trouble, and find that "exposing" is more lucrative. It is also a notable fact, as the lecturer pointed out, that hundreds of strong genuine facts are required to convince a single sceptic, whilst one *trick*, and performed on the stage too, suffices to persuade thousands that all is moonshine! Another important point was put forth in the following words:—"If all the celebrated 'exposures' had to be re-investigated, none of them would stand the test of having its facts reproduced, as should be possible if all were fraud. The condemnation rests on ignorance of the extent of mediunistic interferences."

Mr. Reimers' experiences have been very remarkable as a Spiritualist, and when his good name is mixed up with trickery, and he has suffered very considerably in a monetary point of view by devoting his time as he has done for many years to furthering the grand and sublime truth of Spiritualism we do not blame him for dwelling at some length on the absurdity and pitiable ignorance of sceptics in attempting to palm off as an explanation for the materialised spirit-hand—a stuffed glove!—and giving their conviction that "raps" are produced by rats! There is certainly no doubt that rats possess a certain amount of intelligence, but we entertain some grave doubts whether they are so far advanced in their education as to spell out sentences in different parts of the room. It is impossible to criticise Spiritualism without having first investigated it, therefore we would advise all so-called "Exposers" to beware what they say, for they only make fools of themselves, and are in reality below contempt. Mr. Reimers affirms that "the majority of thinking people are Spiritualists, and fashion alone prevents correct statistics." Further—"There is official denial but private confessions." There is certainly a very great amount of truth in this statement, and in our Adelaide there are numbers of people who have their "circles," but at the same time mortally afraid of having it known. I look upon it as a sin for a medium, at least one who is developed, to keep the affair "dark," for the powers possessed by such are given to him for a purpose, and what other can that purpose be than to enlighten his fellow-men? What is greatly needed here is a *Society*, and not until this is formed shall we see to what an extent Spiritualism is being carried on in our midst. A Protestant has no scruples in telling a Catholic that he is a Protestant—why should a Spiritualist (I allude to those who have not the courage to step forward) hesitate, nay deny that he believes the great truth? Fashion—this we agree with Mr. Reimers is what holds them back. Truth is stranger than fiction, and rather more hard to swallow sometimes, but in spite of all it *will* rise to the surface, and ere long we shall see the old creeds tottering and fall, and Truth will reign.

It was next shown how much might be saved in education by the culture of psychology. It was said: "With the overwhelming number of Spiritualists in proportion it represents millions of pounds. The closer inspection of inborn propensities facilitates choice of future profession of children, and saves amounts for dabbling." Indeed, to us, the practical value and immense profits by studying and utilising psychic force seems

overwhelming—even deducting a percentage for the lecturer's enthusiasm.

After alluding to some of Christ's beautiful teachings, and pointing out how all our great heroes had left "a mark of their direct authorship or handiwork within our grasp, yet of Christ we have not a single manuscript or even an indisputable word left, yet centuries vibrate in increased dimensions by his influence and glory!"

Mr. Reimers next called reporters' attention to the following words, which he ascribed to the Rev. B. I. Woods:—"The wisdom of God is manifest in the economy of nature, and the harmonising between terror and blessings, repugnant and fascinating growths, and the more we get revealed from His hidden workings the nearer we get to happiness by studying every phenomena, and hence I pronounce enemies of modern Psychology or Spiritualism as traitors to progress and humanity, and to God." Although the lecturer drew special attention of reporters to these words they have appeared nowhere in print. This seems strange.

Reporters were next requested to write down the following:—"When the Great Spirit reveals new phenomena, and kindly shifts them before our gaze, all boasted authorities of science and theology, and editors, the bakers of public-opinion-buns, have to hold their tongues, and obey the call of 'order,' until *personal investigation gives them a right* to measure their wits with the wisdom of the Lord, whose ways are strange and incomprehensible." I would ask why these words were also omitted in the reports.

Mr. Reimers, after briefly alluding to some recent manifestations in Adelaide experienced by himself at private circle, spoke very bitterly of the open hypocrisy displayed by church goers, and closed the lecture by pointing out the necessity of having a Psychological Society which would "stand as a rock against the waves of animalism."

We have received from Mr. Rees Lewis, of Cardiff, a very pretty memorial card of the transition of Mrs. Lewis, who passed over to spirit-life Sept 9th last. Silver is substituted for the usual black border, relieved with fine inner lines. It is a folding card, one of the inner faces contains the particulars, whilst opposite it are the following lines:—

There is no death—'tis but a shade;
Be not of outward loss afraid.
There is no death—it is a birth,
A rising heavenward from the earth!
Showing that life's unbounded span
Eternity, is thine, O man!
Think of the future as a sphere
Where roses blossom all the year.

On the back is a boat sailing over a tranquil river, bearing a passenger towards a bright star on the other side.

THE THEOSOPHIST.

THE above journal at the commencement of its seventh volume reaches us in a new and more convenient form, being reduced to 8vo, the ordinary magazine size. The journal itself, however, is rather enlarged in matter, the October number (which is a special one) containing 90 pages; and the November number, 50 pages of highly interesting matter pertaining to the spiritual side of man's nature. Amongst this may be noticed "Light on the Path," by a fellow of the Theosophical Society, which is intended to assist less experienced searchers in the field of Occultism.

DR. ROHNER ON SWEDENBORG.

JUST as we are going to press we discover that our friend Dr. Rohner has mistaken W. H. Chainey, of Portland, for George Chainey the lecturer. It is unfortunately too late to advise him of the error or to lift his article. An *amende* will appear in our next.

IMPRESSIONAL POEM. A BUNCH OF FADED VIOLETS.

The following poem was written by a lady, who, though fond of poetry has never attempted composition before. Having sent a bunch of violets in a letter to England, the recipient of it wrote back to say that "their odour filled the room." Whilst meditating on this she was seized with a strong impression to write, and yielding to the impulse the poem was the result:—

A bunch of faded violets;
But where did they grow, I pray?
Listen, my little darling,
For a tale to tell have they.
They grew in a shady hollow,
By the side of a rippling stream,
Where she and I had rested
To indulge in love's young dream.
We spoke of a happy future,
For life seemed bright and fair,
And rich in each other's unchanging love
We built our castles there.

She rose and picked the violets
Carefully one by one,
As though 'twere a task she had to do,
And a labour of love in one.
A smile played o'er her features,
And she raised her eyes to mine
With a look so full of tender love
Though bright as the stars that shine.
"We'll keep this bunch of violets
As long as we live," she said,
"And if I should die before you
You'll keep them when I am dead."

I placed my arm around her
And drew her to my breast,
And tears fell fast—I let her weep,
It seemed to soothe her best.
The shadows fell around us,
The birds had ceased to sing,
Though the little stream went murm'ring on
No comfort did it bring.
For it told of the mighty river,
It told of the distant sea,
And seemed to tell of the coming time
That would part my love from me.

"Think not of death, my darling"—
I tried to cheer her now;
And I raised her tear-dimmed eyes to mine
And kissed her snowy brow.
But a strange cold thrill passed o'er me,
And a sweet voice seemed to say
"Fix not your heart on things of earth,
For soon they must pass away;
And the beautiful dark-eyed maiden
You are leading by the hand
Will be yours for a time on this beautiful earth,
But for aye in the Summerland."

But how can I tell the story?—
She faded day by day;
Pure as the snow and unstained by sin,
My darling passed away.
I often go in the spring time,
And sit in the shady dell
Beside the murmuring streamlet
My dear one loved so well;
And a spell comes softly o'er me,
And I hear her voice again
In a strange sweet song, and the angels
Join in the glad refrain.

And soon mid the flowers and sunshine
In the glorious Summerland
We will meet and talk of the violets
You are holding in your hand.

M. A. M.

Yackandandah, 25th Aug., 1885.

A REPRESENTATIVE SPIRITUALIST ON LIFE AND DEATH.

EPES SARGENT was well known to the literary world as a man of rare and versatile ability; he was equally well known to Spiritualists as a staunch exponent of Spiritualism. He was familiar with every school of philosophy, a profound student and a vigorous writer. His departure from earth was a great loss to the Spiritualist movement and his place has not yet been filled. The following private letter written by him when he knew his days on earth were numbered, so forcibly answers some of the objections raised against Spiritualism that it is here published, although it has already appeared in a previous publication.—*Publisher Home Circle.*

"Boston, December 2, 1880.

My dear Bundy: * * * It seems as if two contending forces were at work—one party trying to pull me over, the other, to keep me at my post. God knows how it will end; and I look upon it all with the utmost reverence, death being to my eyes a gracious, loving angel, ready to let down the bars at the fitting time, and to welcome me to the great realities of the unseen world. It is no spectral, ghastly thing to me, but a process full of tenderness and love, carrying some wise purpose which, if veiled to me now, will all be very clear soon.

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

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

Affectionately and truly,
EPES SARGENT."

GHOSTS AND VISIONS.

A MOST REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

Indicating the power of the soul instantly to traverse space independent of the body, is that of a young lady who has recently developed strong clairvoyant powers. Her husband was last winter travelling to Europe; was in France, and when last heard from was intending to go to Italy. One day she suddenly found herself standing, in spirit, by his side in a room at a hotel just as he seated himself by a table to write her a letter. He dated the letter "Madrid," told how he had decided to change his plans and go to Spain instead of Italy, and described various experiences, writing at length. All this she remembered accurately, and told to an intimate friend, a lady of a high literary reputation, who wrote it down. In due course of time a letter arrived from Madrid, and it corresponded almost exactly with that which had been written down in Boston. Other instances, even more wonderful, are related of this lady, but the foregoing is sufficient.

A HAUNTED BUILDING.

Among the multitudinous instances of ghostly visitations which have been told, an interesting one is the story of a haunted building on one of the principal thoroughfares of the city. This building is devoted to offices and studios, among the latter being those of two prominent artists. Unaccountable noises have been heard, bells rung, and various disturbances made. One of the artists, while making a considerable visit in New

York, left his studio occupied by a fellow-artist, who had heard nothing of the phenomena, but who, after a stay of a few days, was made so nervous that he could endure it no longer. Among the things which occurred to him was, when he came in at night and opened the door to his room, the feeling of a ghostly form passing out, with rustling garments.

The artist who regularly occupies the room became so used to his ghostly visitor that he paid little heed to it, and he even came to feel a pleasant sense of companionship when he sat alone, reading, and saw the invisible presence near him, sometimes seemingly looking over his shoulder, and shifting its position with a slight rustling noise from time to time. One time his door was gently opened after he had closed and locked it behind him. When in bed he would sometimes feel the invisible hands touch his head and pass over his face. A dressmaker, who occupied a room on the same floor, had the same experiences, and being also annoyed by having her bell rung at unreasonable times, she left the building. It might be said that these things could be explained as hallucinations or delusions arising from natural causes, such as noises by rats and mice, the rustling of wind, etc., except for the fact that precisely the same experiences were had by at least three different persons unknown to each other, and who described their experiences independently, their accounts agreeing exactly.

"HOMES AND WORK in the Future Life" is the title of a pamphlet by F. J. Theobald (author of *More Forget Me Not's*, etc.), recently published by the Psychological Press Association of London. It contains a number of interesting and characteristic communications from the spirit-world, including one on the Laws of Mediumship. The compiler is a Christian Spiritualist, and the communications are tinged with ideas in harmony with her belief.

W. H. TERRY'S SUPPLEMENTARY CATALOGUE,

Containing a number of Books and Pamphlets omitted in the classified lists; also, NEW BOOKS since added to stock.

August, 1885.

Continued.

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