

THE Harbinger of Light.

A
MONTHLY JOURNAL
DEVOTED TO
ZOISTIC SCIENCE, FREE THOUGHT, SPIRITUALISM,
AND THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

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

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Nor fifty miles from Melbourne, on the shores of Corio Bay, there is a city called Geelong. There is nothing peculiar in its history, save that it once aspired to be the capital of Victoria; but such lofty aspirations have long since departed from the minds of its people. They are a quiet, contented race, whose ideas on social and religious subjects appear to belong to a previous decade. In harmony with this condition of things are the recent deliverances of two of its religious lights—the Revs. W. C. Bunning and C. S. Y. Price—who have apparently heard rumours of the innovations of Spiritualism into their otherwise orderly and orthodox city. These holy men are filled with consternation at the approach of such an enemy to their repose, and the quietude of their flocks; and, foreseeing the probable decimation that would ensue should the enemy gain a foothold amongst them, they proceed to furbish up their weapons to place their followers on their guard against it. But their armoury is very badly furnished. Arguments that are worn out and obsolete in Melbourne and other parts of the civilized world, are spread before these simple and confiding flocks, who, unaware of the improved position of their supposed enemy, receive with perfect trust the rusty muskets which are to overthrow the needle guns of the Spiritualists. Yet it would seem that one of these teachers of the people lacks faith in his weapons, and has to make use of mud and filth in the shape of falsehood and slander, his only apparent object being to fill his hearers with a holy horror of Spiritualists and Spiritualism. In his lecture entitled "The Bible and Spiritualism," Mr. Bunning labors hard to show that spiritual manifestations cannot possibly occur, and that the reputed manifestations are the result of trickery or delusion. It does not appear to strike him that the very arguments he brings to bear are fatal to his own

Bible miracles. He is evidently conscious that his argument so far will not satisfy all his hearers, for he suggests that if the manifestations really do take place they are the work of the Devil. Still conscious of the weakness of his position he adopts the legal maxim—"No case abuse the witnesses;" and he does so in the following manner:—"The sect called Progressive Spiritualists sought to destroy the ties of marriage, and gloried in open adultery and vice." What can justify this man (called Reverend) in the utterance of such a scandalous libel? The Secretary of the Victorian Association of Progressive Spiritualists sent an indignant repudiation of the scandal to the "Geelong Advertiser;" but, while we deprecate coercive measures, we think that an action at law, which would have compelled an apology or mulcted him in damages, would have had a beneficial effect upon such calumniators, who are a disgrace and source of weakness to the church they represent. The Rev Mr. Price's discourse is of a somewhat different stamp. He looks upon the modern, and many of the Biblical manifestations as hallucinations; in reference to Saul and the witch of Endor he argued that Saul was taken in and deceived, and that Samuel did not appear as described. This is a new idea which we fear will not go down with the Rev. gentleman's compeers. Indeed, nearly the whole of Mr. Price's arguments are of the materialistic stamp, and contrast strangely with the concluding portion of his address, in which he says "He believed the Devil had much to do with Spiritism, and that the men who tempted others to sin—who preyed upon their credulity—were his most active agents. He considered it one of the greatest and most damnable of sins to distrust God's revealed truths, and to seek to discover what he has wisely determined to keep secret." Is it possible that the good people of Geelong are so far behind the times as to swallow such trash as this? Is the Devil still an entity with them? If so, Mr. Tyerman, you are wanted in Geelong to drive that bugbear from his last resting-place in Victoria.

The question naturally arises—do these men believe what they state? are they "blind leaders of the blind," or wilful perverters of the truth? It is difficult to believe that men of ordinary intelligence, occupying the

position of religious teachers, should be so grossly ignorant of what has, and is, transpiring in connection with the important subject they have taken upon themselves to denounce; but, even giving them the benefit of the doubt, nothing can justify their denunciations of a matter which they have not investigated, or the imputations cast by them upon people of whom they know nothing. Truly these Christians require to be referred to their Master. It may well be asked who are the Christians? is it the professors of Christian dogmas, or the practitioners of Christian virtues? If the latter, there are more Christians outside the Church than within it. In conclusion we would recommend these two gentlemen to study more closely the character and teachings of him they call their Master; and, by a closer following of his precepts and example, acquire the reputation of Christians, in the truest and highest sense of the word.

DIRECT SPIRIT-WRITING.—EXTRAORDINARY MANIFESTATIONS.

DEAR HARBINGER,—Last month I gave you an account of the appearance, in mortal form, of spirits seen by all our circle by means of John King's wonderful light which he has invented for the purpose. In the early part of this month these extraordinary manifestations were continued, to the wonder and delight of every member of the Energetic Circle and its friends. We were also informed that King himself would in four months from date (last Sunday fortnight) show himself to us, also Alfred Longmore and George Abell, and from then we should begin to see our various friends and relations and be able to recognise them. And that in one year and a half more, if we persevered and continued in harmony, we should have made greater progress than any circle on the globe. This, to some, may appear a great deal to say, but to those who have carefully watched the progress we have already made and seen that all the previous promises of our spirit guides have been fulfilled or are in a fair way of being so, they will see nothing unlikely or improbable about it. It is not more improbable than the promise made to us some year and eight months ago, by Alfred Longmore, that we should have "as good manifestations as the Fox family, but would require to wait a little longer for them." And your readers are the judges if that promise has not been fulfilled to the very letter. And so will all the others if the circle be as true to its purpose in the future as it has been in the past.

Our manifestations received a check by reason of our lady medium having been suddenly called home to her friends, her dear father being dangerously ill; but last night, again, the materialisation of spirit faces through the male medium seemed to have recovered their power, as the spirit Katie, the late sister Richards, and the face of a very old man, who gave Mr. W. a piece of his robe, were seen by eleven out of thirteen members present, and these two saw a face or the outlines of one, though but indistinctly. The others saw the faces quite distinctly, and several felt them. They all wore turbans or other drapery about their heads. But the light, though luminous, did not seem as yet to have regained its power as when the lady medium was present, King remarking that they had more power to manifest when both mediums were present. The circle, however, are all much pleased with these materialised spirit-faces in the absence of the lady medium, as it proves conclusively their genuine character when she was present. Her absence will only be temporary, and the circle are reconciled to it, knowing that it is unavoidable, and that the change of air will be highly beneficial to her health.

But one of the most startling items of spirit intelligence I have to communicate to your readers this month, is the interesting and important tests we have received from our guides in the shape of direct spirit-writing. I have the pleasure and honor of informing them that we have had this phase of spirit phenomena and under such

stringent test conditions too that there can be not the shadow of a doubt of its genuineness, and done in such a manner as to carry conviction to the minds of all who are open to be convinced. Permit me to give you a short account of it. A few weeks ago I was told by the spirit John King to give the male medium one of our numbered papers, and to tell him to keep it on his person always, and George Abell would come and write on it. I did so, but the injunction was only partially complied with at first, as the medium did not seem to place much faith in it. However, he at last was prevailed on to take more care, and the result was that on Sunday fortnight the controlling spirit told me to say nothing about it, but to quietly ask him for the paper before the seance commenced on the following Friday. This I did, and on opening it up—much to the medium's own surprise as well as to that of the circle—found four lines of remarkably small writing on it. This was in the usual hand-writing of the spirit George Abell, and was the best proof of its genuineness apart from our confidence in the integrity of the medium himself. It was, however, the best test to himself. The message was worded so mysteriously that I asked the spirit during the seance to explain it to us. He said "after the seance mark another paper, and ask him for it next Friday." On lighting up we all resolved not only to number the paper, but three of us wrote our respective initials on it, with the date of the month and year, and carefully examined it to see that there was no writing on it. The medium also examined it. I then folded it, enclosed it in an envelope, and sealed it in the presence of all the circle, using my own signet to stamp the wax with, and also addressed the envelope, and then handed it to the medium, who at once put it in his pocket. On last Friday accordingly, and before the seance commenced—there being ten members then present—I asked the medium for the letter which I gave him on the Sunday. He pulled it out of his pocket and gave it to me, a smile of incredulity being seen on the faces of most present as he did so. Seven gentlemen then carefully examined the seal to see that it had not been tampered with, and finding it still intact, I at once broke it and opened the letter. On doing so I could scarcely believe my eyesight, for though the paper seemed not to have been disturbed even in its folding, it was, on one side, full of a whole series of messages in pencil, written in the smallest characters I ever witnessed, the letters for the most part beautifully formed, and showing clearly and unmistakably that it was the work of an independent and intelligent mind apart from the medium, and of no mean order either, if one may judge from the manner in which the messages to the circle were written, and the good sound Saxon English in which they were expressed. I send you the original after having had a photograph of it taken; and if you can manage by some means to publish a fac-simile of it in the "Harbinger" you will be conferring on the spiritual cause a great service. It is, as you will see, on one side, all in the handwriting of George Abell, and between some of the writings are strange drawings of some sort, one of these being shaped like an arm with a claw-like hand. On the other side of the paper, which is numbered 3, there are the respective handwritings and signatures of the spirits Alfred Longmore and John Robinson. Thus within this sealed envelope were three distinct handwritings of spirits. These are the plain unvarnished facts connected with this extraordinary manifestation, and one and all of us are ready, if deemed necessary, to make an affidavit of their truth. The Spiritualist portion of your readers can guess how astonished and delighted all our circle were on receiving this undoubted proof of direct spirit-writing; and those who are not Spiritualists, but who take an interest in our investigations, must feel surprised at the progress we are making, and the extraordinary character of the phenomena we are obtaining. For the satisfaction of all your readers, I may state that our medium is a young man of excellent moral character, of a very amiable disposition, and, like the lady medium, is held in high esteem by all the circle. But had it been otherwise, there was no possibility of deception in the production of this direct spirit-writing, as he has no knowledge of chemicals whatever, and none of the

three samples of writing bear the smallest resemblance to his own hand. John King told us that they (the spirits) had left sufficient force in him after the seance on Sunday eight days to enable them to write with it in the manner I have already described. Here, then, without the medium ever having been controlled or entranced during the whole five days and nights in which the sealed envelope was in his possession, we have intelligent agents without his knowledge and consent in any shape or form, writing in some mysterious manner, and in three distinct handwritings, a series of messages in the English language, correctly spelled and worded, and yet the seal remained unbroken, and no human being wrote it. Sergeant Cox would most probably call this "Psychic force," and say that the medium was the source of the intelligence himself. But in a case like this such a theory does not, nor cannot, account for the phenomena, because the medium was in perfect ignorance not only of what had been written on the paper, but of any writing being on it at all. If, then, it was not his mind, and the facts conclusively show it was not, whose was it? There was not only mind required in the production of such writing, but mechanical power and very considerable ingenuity as well. From whence, then, came these essential requisites? The three intelligent agents all possessing English names, declare that they are the spirits of men who once lived in this world. Does the evidence warrant us in believing them? is a question which can only be answered in one way, if we are to be guided in our opinions of it in the same way as we are in the affairs of every-day life, namely, by the evidence of our senses.

Sandhurst, 20th July, 1874. THE CHAIRMAN.

MORE DIRECT SPIRIT WRITING.

Since my last letter, two gentlemen, very sceptical of our last writing, and not connected with any circle, proposed to seal up a slip of paper without giving any of us any information of what was on it. This was done accordingly, and by direction of our spirit-guides I gave the sealed packet into the possession of the male medium last Sunday night, at the close of the seance. This seal could not be tampered with, without those who sealed it, knowing it. This evening, (Friday), at the close by request, one of the gentlemen who sealed the packet, attended to see it opened. Much interest was evinced by all present, some fourteen in number, but before the letter was opened, the gentleman and every member of the Circle, thirteen in number, carefully examined the seal, and found it intact. A small knife was then got, and the envelope cut on one side, and two ends, and the slip taken out. I must now inform you that the Medium while entranced, told us that the paper was letter paper, that it was printed on, and also had the initials "T. C. S." written at the top of it. This proved true to the letter. I, in the light, and in the presence of all, opened the paper, and there sure enough was three separate and distinct hand writings, that of George Abell being even smaller than on the previous one. There were also several small drawings on it. The paper was an ordinary sheet of note paper, with two names printed on it; and the spirits John Robinson and Alfred Longmore had written on the inside page. The two gentlemen who had sealed the packet had unknown to any one placed two hairs inside it; the one laid lightly on the note paper, and the other beneath the seal, so that if the note paper had been taken out or the seal broken, the hairs unknown or unnoticed would have fallen out. Both the hairs, however, were found in their places, and the one on the note paper was found fastened to it by a small black spec of some adhesive matter. I need scarcely say that this crucial test caused unbounded astonishment and gratification to every one of us, the gentleman who sealed the packet declaring openly his firm conviction that no one in the flesh had in any way interfered with the seal or paper, and being very much pleased with the excellent test given of the presence of an independent intelligence which must have done the writing, as it could not have come there itself.

At this late hour your readers will excuse me enlarging. I will forward the paper as soon as it can be got from its owner, for your inspection.

Sandhurst,

THE CHAIRMAN.

24th. July, 1874.

The envelope which contained the writing, is an ordinary large cream laid one, it is first rivetted with a metal rivet, the flap being covered with sealing wax and sealed with the signet of "T. C. S." one of the sceptical gentlemen who prepared the test. The hair is passed through a small hole which appears to have been burnt through the paper, there are six distinct messages written in very minute characters, beside a signature "John Robinson," and the words "be united" in large letters. The paper is a printed office heading of the gentleman who sent it, and on the top of it he has written his initials, which the spirits have surrounded with a border, on the second page are the initials of Alfred Longmore, one of the controlling spirits. On the front of the envelope is written, "will the Spirit Guides of the Energetic Circle be good enough to give me a proof of their power, by writing on the enclosed envelope without breaking the seal T. C. S."—Ed. H. L.

AN AMERICAN HOME FOR WOMEN.

THE spacious iron structure which, for more than three years has been gradually rising on Fourth Avenue, and is now approaching completion, is intended to be a Home for Women. It is the gift of Mr. A. T. Stewart. The frontage on Fourth Avenue is 192 feet 6 inches; on Thirty-second Street 205 feet, and the same on Thirty-third Street. The area covered by the whole edifice is 41,000 square feet. The main building is six stories high, and the central portions of each front, 100 feet in width, has an additional story. The building is of iron, painted white, with filling and interior walls of brick. The principal entrance, through a two-story portico, is 48 feet wide. The first story contains 24 stores, each 52 feet deep by 17 feet wide. On the second floor—directly over the kitchen in the basement—will be a dining-room, conducted on the restaurant plan. Two "elevators," in addition to the wide staircase, will afford access to the upper stories. The height of the several stories is as follows:—Basement 16 feet; 1st floor 19½ feet (stores); 2nd floor 14 feet; 3rd floor 13½ feet; 4th floor 12½ feet; 5th floor 12 feet; 6th floor 11½ feet; the roof-floor 7 feet 11 inches. The entire upper portion of the building is to be partitioned off in such a manner as to best suit the needs of a vast hotel. The sleeping rooms will be of two classes—the large ones, 10 x 18 feet, intended for two sisters or two friends; the smaller ones, 8 x 9 intended for one person only. It is hoped to furnish—at even a less rate than would be asked for apartments in a squalid tenement—warm, light, comfortable, healthy quarters for the working girls of the city of New York. In the centre of this vast edifice is reserved a large courtyard 94 x 116 feet, which will contain a fountain and all the flowers of a conservatory. There will be in the building halls for lectures, concerts, &c., in addition to a library and reading-room. The cost has already exceeded £200,000, and £100,000 more will be required to place it in a condition for occupying.

How long shall this and other notable examples of wealthy Americans, devoting a portion of their substance for the comfort and elevation of the labouring classes, be permitted to pass without emulation by the successful men of the Australian colonies? Here is something practical, too, in the way of co-operation, by which a greater degree of comfort, health, and education can be obtained by union, than could be possible without it, while the freedom of the individual is not interfered with further than would be necessary in any well-ordered city or community. The vexed question of religious differences would have no foothold in such an institution, simply good neighbourly conduct towards each other being the one thing requisite for peace and harmony.

RAILING.

Rail at your foe, you may succeed
In injuring his fame;
But recollect the wicked deed
Will damage your own name!

A VISIT TO THE "ENERGETIC CIRCLE." TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

DEAR SIR,—As I had on a former occasion in your company a very interesting visit to the Energetic Circle at Sandhurst, and intending again to visit that city, with three of my sons of from fourteen to eighteen years of age, I made application to the worthy Chairman for admission. The guides of the Circle having approved, the members also kindly consenting, we were admitted. I now beg to hand you an account of what we experienced during a meeting of two hours and half duration.

The Chairman having read the minutes of the previous meeting, read an interesting article from "the (London) Spiritualist." A lady sang, (accompanying herself on the organ,) some of the Church Service, in a very superior manner. The Chairman then repeated the Lord's Prayer. The small table used, having been placed in an outer apartment, the lights were put out, the Circle joining in singing, which was continued frequently throughout the evening. Before describing what occurred to myself, let me explain that when I say John King, or Katie King, I mean the male or lady Mediums of the Circle, under control of J. K., or his daughter—unless otherwise stated. Shortly after the lights were put out, a cooling breeze was felt to play over self and sons where we were seated in a corner of the room, this becoming so strong that it felt as if a large fan was being powerfully used, while we knew that the Chairman's directions to join hands had been complied with by the Circle; Our hands laying on our knees soon became cold. In about ten minutes after the the light was put out, J. K., took my right hand, shaking it, raised me on my feet, and whispered to me, "the female will be here presently," he then took my left hand as high up as I could reach, and brought it down on a head enveloped in soft gauze. The head was slowly thrown back so as to draw my hand over a small face that had a told or more of the covering over it. This, and most of what I have to narrate was repeated to all the boys. Shortly after this, J. K., showed his light in the Circle, and coming out to us, it grew less, it was twice held back again, and became stronger. When coming close to me he said, "Do you see anything? Look." With that, I saw a face close to me, as if coming out of the darkness. "Yes, yes, thank you." The light brightened and showed me the lower half of the face, the neck, the upper part of the chest and shoulders of a female. Shortly after this, he returned to me and placed my right hand over the face, the neck, and the upper part of the bust of a female. I asked who it was; he said, "Katie." She felt as natural as could well be. This face was pressed to mine and felt cool, but not disagreeably so. In reply to the Chairman, I mentioned what had taken place, two of the boys saying they had the same Manifestations. Most of the members had something to report. J. K., came to me again, taking my hands, he placed my left while he held the right, on as much as I could grasp of a soft muslin dress, drawing my hand nearly down to the floor, where the dress that had been gradually getting less, finished as a handful of flax would do.

While J. K., was going round the Circle with his light, self and boys heard him opposite us, but inside the Circle, say, "come forward," but not taking it to ourselves, sat still till he said in rather an impatient tone, "well if you won't come forward, you can't see." So we rose and stepped close to the Circle, he said, "lean over. Do you see? Lean forward." I saw a face and did lean forward, till my face touched the one lighted by his lamp, I asked that the boys might see. "Let them stand where you are then." I placed them in front of me, when they had the same sight and expression. This face felt naturally warm.

Shortly after this, the event of the evening that interested me most, took place, the Circle singing, the Mediums passive. The whole of the room in the centre of the Circle appeared to me, filled by a soft light, like a Summer cloud, that slowly condensed into the human form, then came straight to me. My hands that were on my knees were taken up by two small perfectly formed hands, the fine tapering fingers of which, had

evidently come in contact with no rough work. After placing mine in one hand, and shutting them with the other, my face was gently patted. Then Katie—per her Medium—seemed to press the hands and the owner of them aside, and placed the medium's hands in mine. The latter at once showed that they belonged to one that did not spend her time in idleness. In addition to a ring on the third finger, the boys felt one on the first. The Medium had them only on the third. While J. K., was giving instructions to his usual attendants, and holding out to them the most encouraging prospects, yet all depending on their being in harmony, Katie came round to me, taking my hand, and asked for the other Medium. I placed my youngest son's hands in hers also, she retained them, making passes over them. I said how pleased we were with the attention which we had received, and hoped that the boys would benefit by what they had seen and felt. She said they had done so already. I then asked, whose was the face I touched, and the hand my hand was placed in, in the early part of evening. "Your sister's," was the reply. (My only sister died at the age of three and a half years.) Then taking my hands alone, she raised my right as high as possible, and brought it down as at first, on the small head, which was then thrown back till the face was almost horizontal. My hand was drawn slowly over the face, the fingers detained when passing over the lips for some seconds, the breath and lips being warm and life-like.

Some other things occurred, that to tell, would make this letter too long for your patience and that of your readers. When the seance was drawing to a close, I became anxious to make my report to the Chairman, while it was fresh in my mind, and seeing little chance of doing so, as the members were busy giving theirs, Katie came to me and whispered that I would get time for my report presently, and that I was not to forget that my sister had come. She said, "I am going presently," and bid us all good night, shaking hands with self and boys. Good night was then said by J. K., and K. K., to all, and a most wonderful and interesting meeting was ended. Now as the worthy and earnest minded Chairman told me that not one promise that he has had from his Spirit friends has ever been broken, and they tell him that this is only the opening bud,—what will the flower be, when fully expanded? This wonderful development is the result of about two years and half sitting, but it has been gone about in an earnest spirit in search of truth, all in a solemn manner engaging not to deceive, nor if possible to permit themselves, to be deceived. And this engagement is often by the Chairman recalled to their recollection. In conclusion, let me hope that they will go on and prosper. J. C.

DEATH OF MRS. B. S. NAYLER.

THE above estimable lady departed to the summerland from her husband's residence, Stawell, on Saturday, July 18th. Mrs. Nayler was a true and earnest Spiritualist, and ably seconded the efforts of her husband to disseminate a knowledge of the spiritual philosophy from which they had mutually derived much happiness. Amongst other accomplishments Mrs. Nayler was an artist in water colors, her specialties being fruits and birds. During her earlier investigation of spiritualistic phenomena her hand was frequently controlled whilst holding the pencil, and a number of very curious drawings produced, totally different in style and design to her normal productions. She was a woman of more than ordinary intelligence, kindly and sympathetic in her manner; and whilst her many friends will regret her departure from amongst them, they will rejoice in the knowledge that she is now a happy spirit, released from the encumbrance of a worn-out body, working still for the good of humanity, supporting still her brave but temporarily bereaved partner and awaiting with patient hope his advent on the other shore.

The *Pleasant Creek News* gives an interesting account of the funeral which concludes as follows:—"The chief difference between the ceremony and those of other denominations consisted in the persistency with which everything betokening sorrow at the bereavement was discarded, as evidencing the firm belief of the survivors that the separation was only temporary and partial."

THE RESURRECTION.

IN spite of the march of Science and the progress of human intelligence in general—in spite of Logic and reason—in spite of the light which has poured in from the spiritual world during the last century, and especially the absolute demonstrations of the last quarter of it:—in spite of all these things Orthodoxy still goes on mumbling its antiquated creed, "I believe in the Resurrection of the Body." A few of the more intelligent, when they come to this stumbling stone of the Creed, will substitute "Resurrection of the Dead," and so pass on with no further protest against this materialistic idea. The many, however, make no pretensions to think upon the subject; on the contrary, they prefer taking their Religion without protest or question, and almost shudder at the thought of critically scanning the spiritual pabulum presented to them from the "sacred" desk, as though it were criticising God, and taking exception to Divine Truth. Now such blind unreasoning faith is the legitimate fruit of priestcraft and ignorance, and dates back far beyond the rise of the Christian religion. It is still fostered by the priests of our day, and they stand ready to put an extinguisher upon anyone or anything that tends to disturb this state of false security and peace. But the darkness cannot much longer resist the influence of the rising sun. Already in the eastern horizon of the mental sky are to be seen the foregleams of the coming day. The very scepticism of the time is indicative of a healthier state of mind—that cannot receive anything upon trust, not even religion. The work of enlightenment is bound to go on. The hammer of the Geologist, the crucible of the Chemist, the telescope and spectroscope of the Astronomer, combined with experimental Spiritualism, will yet succeed in routing the monstrous form of Superstition, which broods over a world lying in ignorance and evil, and fosters them as its only hope of continued existence.

These reflections are called up by reading in the daily press a story of what became of a human body in the lapse of a couple of centuries, and the suggestive commentaries thereupon. Over the grave of Roger Williams, the founder of the colony of Providence (now Rhode Island, the smallest of the American States), has always been kept a careful watch; and it has at last been opened under the supervision of the Rhode Island Historical Society. The result has been quite disappointing. Not a fragment of the remains could be found. The root of an adjacent apple tree had been pushed downwards in a sloping direction and nearly a straight course towards the precise spot occupied by the skull of Roger Williams. Thence it followed the direction of the backbone to the hips, where it divided into two branches, each following a leg-bone to the heel, where they both turned up to the extremity of the toes of the skeleton. One of the roots even formed a slight crook at the knee joint, thus producing an increased resemblance to the leg. There was not a vestige of the body or bones left, however; the apple tree had absorbed everything. Shakespeare makes Hamlet say:—

"Imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away!"

But who, says our daily contemporary, would have dreamed of Roger Williams in the form of a marketable fruit—perhaps sliced and dried, and exported to Australia, and served up as sauce at a Melbourne dinner party! Some people will think Sir H. Thompson's project of cremation is better than this. Others will still prefer to take their chance of conversion into a tree bearing beautiful fruit, enjoying the sunshine and the breeze, with children playing beneath it.

It is an old and trite argument against a material resurrection, that in the lapse of time the physical form in which the spirit was enshrined would decay, and be resolved into its original elements; and that it would thence be absorbed by other organisations, vegetable, animal, human—again to disintegrate, and again to be taken up into other forms. This argument has been illustrated in many ways, with the object of convincing the advocates of the materialistic theory, but usually with very little effect, for a faith that reposes serenely upon authority, without regard to the rationality of its

beliefs, is not easily disturbed in its equanimity. It has been shown that the body of a drowned man might be eaten by fishes, and some of those fishes eaten in their turn by men,—and the question asked, how could those human bodies possibly be raised in their integrity, seeing that portions of one went to compose the others. The bodies, again, upon a battle field, which have so enriched it that for years afterwards its fertility was doubled; and the grain which it produced, when manufactured into flour, and then into bread, was eaten and assimilated by another generation of men; and the cattle and sheep that grazed upon its fertile plains were also eaten by men, and thus the gases and phosphates of the decomposed warriors became integral components of a peasantry who were followers after peace. But we have never seen a finer illustration of the absurdity of this doctrine than is furnished by the case of Roger Williams and his apple tree. It would seem that the voracious and impatient tree was not content to wait until the bones of the old patriot had become decomposed by the frosts and thaws, the rains and droughts, of centuries, and absorbed into the surrounding soil; but it went *after* *hem*, and its emissary roots, with a completeness scarcely credible, actually devoured the skeleton, even to the last cartilaginous atom! It would seem that the believers in a literal resurrection of the body have not a leg left to stand upon after this. It is not stated how old the apple tree was; but supposing it to have been twenty years old even, it must be conceded that thousands of persons had probably eaten of the fruit, and thus participated *second hand* in the substance of that skeleton. And the question is quite pertinent, as in the cases already stated—how is it possible that all these bodies should be raised in their integrity? Whatever any of them had appropriated from the body of Roger Williams, to that extent would their bodies suffer diminution in order that his should be complete; and to raise those thousands complete, would simply leave poor Roger without a backbone, in short—and history indicates that he was not wanting in that useful article in his lifetime here!

WRECKED, BUT NOT LOST.

The denizens and habitués of Flinders Lane West are familiar with the gaunt form of a poor creature who for years has haunted that busy and bustling locality. But there are probably few who have any clear knowledge of what he is, or has been. There are seasons when his dress is in such tatters as to be scarcely decent, or capable of holding together and clinging to his hungry and shivering body. But even then the rags seem to impress one as having once been the habiliments of a gentleman—usually of black cloth, and of fashionable cut. He never wears any other than a high bell-crowned hat, which is also black, but with scarcely a remnant left of the nap which once adorned it, so often and so desperately has it been brushed with the greasy coat-sleeve. In this sombre suit of sable rags—his dark restless eyes, those "windows of the soul," gleaming out from his swarthy visage, surmounted by his black dishevelled hair—this poor man is remarkable to the most heedless passer-by; and no doubt many a kind heart has wished to know the secret of his wanderings up and down that small pent-up street, from the Western Market to Elizabeth-street, and would fain have given a trifle to relieve what was evidently a most distressing case of penury. But there is at the same time something repellant in the poor fellow's manner, and it is likely that this has turned aside many a sixpence or shilling that would otherwise have found a lodgment in his ill-furnished pouch. In fact, there is a crazy gleam from those piercing black eyes that is quite sufficient to bring to a pause any well meant intention of the kind. You feel that the poor shaken and weather-beaten man might take serious offence at the pitying offer, and perhaps resent it by springing at you like a beast of prey. And yet it is pretty evident that his necessities are supplied in some way, for he at rare intervals "sheds" his wretched rags, and presents himself in raiment a little less dilapidated. His hat, of similar pattern to the last one, is not quite so napless

and faded; his hairy breast is covered by a dirt-begrimed shirt (which is better than having none!) while upon his stockingless feet are some gentleman's cast off boots, a little less worn and burst than those he wore when we saw him last.

He has a roll of paper under his arm, perhaps, which he mysteriously unrolls and contemplates with an air of attaching some importance to it; or he has a small blank book and pencil, and pausing in his walk, he opens the book, makes a memo, and closes it with a queer smile of gratification. And thus he may be seen almost any day, pacing up and down that narrow street, by the old tumble-down flour mill, the printing offices, and the warehouses,—seldom out of that street, his favourite haunt being the vicinity of the Oriental Bank. The draymen who congregate there know him as well as they do the great stone lion, that seems ever on the point of springing from the upper front of the stately Bank building upon the unwary passers in the street. The children who vend matches and cigars know him, and are never by any chance so cruel as to ask him to buy their wares. It is not unusual to see the carters and labourers, at noontide, regaling themselves upon the stone steps; but he, God help him! never seems to munch an apple or nibble a bit of lunch there, and we are almost led to doubt whether he ever eats at all! It was said that he might be seen upon his walk daily; but this must be taken with some allowance. There are days, possibly many days together, when his familiar form is not to be seen there; and the imagination would gladly follow to his place of retirement, and learn how it fares with him there. Perhaps he lies in pain, neglected and comfortless, and even—one shudders at the thought! not far from plenty, *starves*.

Where this miserable creature lives, by what means he keeps the flickering life in his body, one cannot guess. It is said that he was once a prosperous man of business in Melbourne, and that misfortune, or the roguery of some with whom he had dealings, turned his otherwise clear mind into a muddle, from which it has never recovered. If there are any now riding in their carriages, and living in luxury upon means gained by defrauding this poor man,—or if there are those here who have poisoned him with drink, and wrung from him their golden guerdon, at the expense of his mental wreck,—perhaps they stumble upon him occasionally, and shiver as their quickened conscience whispers, "*This is your doing!*" As he haunts the bluestone precincts of Flinders Lane, so possibly the memory of him haunts their lonely hours, makes restless their heads in the still watches of the night, though on downy pillows, and gives a flavour of remorseless bitterness to their sweetest cup of pleasure. And, beyond a doubt, their works will follow them to the world of Realities, (not of Shadows, as it is usually termed in elegant writing,) and things may be anything but "serene" with them, if in that other world their books require to be honestly balanced before they can obtain a "discharge."

Perchance some sin of his own is the cause of this man's decay and poverty. Who knows? Did he indulge the greed of gain until it became an over-mastering passion, turning him aside from intellectual and social culture, prompting him to trample under foot his finer instincts, leading him on in the pursuit of wealth, reckless of others, reckless of his own health and moral rectitude—until, in a luckless hour, the chances of speculation went against him and swept away his wealth, and with it *his reason*? The secret is enveloped in obscurity, from which it may never be relieved on this side the stream of Death. It is with the angels, and is doubtless kept by them for a future occasion, when it may be disclosed with profit to him who now suffers under the ban of fortune and beneath the shadow of an unknown trial.

The leaves shaken down in Autumn, and whistled in eddying circles to the ground, lie nestling together in some sheltered nook, where the wind reaches them not, and where they seem to sleep away their remaining vitality in a tranquillity they knew not till then. And so it often seems with the faculties of the human mind, stranded and broken up by the storms of life.

Gathered unto some haven of quiet and repose, they lie *perdu*, while the body lives on a semi-conscious life, with just sufficient mental activity to shrink from the rain and the cold, or to feed the craving stomach. But let no one suppose, therefore, that the noble faculties of either heart or brain are dead. In the midst of this mental chaos there are occasional gleams of light. Instincts of a high order sometimes manifest themselves in noble impulses, and in actions that put to shame those who are in the full enjoyment of their powers. And so in the case before us. As Prospero's tricky Ariel, imprisoned in the guarded and ruined pine, and making itself heard in the sighing music of the foliage, gave promise of what that spirit should become when freed from its enthrallment,—so the incident which follows, and which is here set down simply as it occurred, is doubtless one of those foregleams of the brighter future of the spirit now imprisoned in that frail and shaken body, and contains a promise and a prophecy so clear that he who runs may read.

One morning recently, in passing from the H.B. Railway station, the writer saw one of the blind men who frequent the neighborhood crossing Little Flinders Street, and feeling his way carefully with his stick. The crowd flowed on, each individual to his or her specific aim, regardless of the poor mendicant; and he, doubtless, would have been unheeded by the stream, but for the pitiful act of the one in all that crowd least able and most unlikely to tender alms to any person. It was our gaunt friend of the hollow cheek and hungry eyes. Forth from the shadows of the little street, almost stealthily, he urged his way, and with a sweet smile of gratification on his haggard face, took from his pocket a poor penny, and hurriedly placed it in the blind man's hand—then turned from the glare and crush of the great thoroughfare in which he was like a leaf in a stream and made his way slowly back to his usual haunts, in the shadows of the high bluestone buildings. So quietly was the act performed, it is probable that none but the writer witnessed it. The fruitseller on the corner did not observe it. The benevolent looking old gentleman, with such a sleek well-kept appearance, if he saw what my poor friend was doing, passed on as though the poverty of the poor had never entered his mind. The two well-dressed ladies who stepped so daintily by, evidently thought of the blind man only as an obstruction. Of all the passing throng of well-to-do people, not one turned, amazed, to look after the retreating form of the alms-giver, poorer, perhaps, than he with the painted label on his breast, (except in the possession of his sight,) but rich in generous-feeling, and heroic in self-denial. Who, indeed, can estimate the struggle in that hungry breast, craving the penny for its own necessities, not to speak of the indulgence of some trifling luxury?

There is but one story in history that surpasses this of our nameless friend. More than eighteen centuries ago, a poor Jewish widow was seen to cast into the poor-box of the period two mites, which make a farthing, while the rich were ostentatiously throwing in their gifts; and One who observed the proceedings declared that the poor widow had cast in more than all the others, for they had given of their abundance, while she of her penury had given all she had. The widow is nameless, though her act of self-denial has been embalmed, and will echo and re-echo down the ages. Beside it we take pleasure in placing this simple story of our nameless hero. If all of us were actuated by similar heavenly impulses, there would be no hungry ones on earth.

Good

THE half-yearly *Conversazione* of the Victorian Association of Progressive Spiritualists was held at the Masonic Hall on Tuesday, July 14th. After tea an excellent concert was provided by Professor Hughes, several of the Lady performers being encored. The concert was followed by dancing, which was kept up with spirit until half-past 12, when the company dispersed, apparently well pleased with their evening's entertainment.

WINDOW-PANE SPECTRES.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Faces at the window furnish a theme for poetry; bright eyes kindle at the coming of loved ones; sad eyes gaze after the departing. Faces at the window are engraved on the tablets of memory; sweet and gentle faces of friends; of the near and dearly loved. They have passed away. They are known no more on earth forever. All of them have perished in dust—all but their faces stamped on memory's walls. If the souls of the dead retain identity and consciousness, if they, in their journeys through the trackless void of ether deign to revisit this troubled earth, will they not at times pause at our windows, and with rapid glance measure our worthiness by our employments? Who shall say? who can know? for there is no sensitive solution with which to coat the glass, so that it shall touch the outline of the ghostly shadow. The idea is uncomfortable. Is concealment desirable, that amid this visible, tangible world of men is another unseen, intangible one of spirit, which is constantly present, with argus eyes, recording the fall of every sparrow, Nine-tenths, if not more, of all the deeds and thoughts of the world were better unseen and unspoken for the parties concerned. And what will they say of a herald on the house-top, with eyes to which roof and wall and human heart offer no opacity? If this be so, none need ask the rocks and mountains to fall on and conceal them, for rocks and mountains are as glass and creation furnishes no nook or cranny where a soul ashamed of itself may for a moment skulk out of eyesight.

Such were reflections when looking at the spectre-window picture, which a year ago excited the community in Milan, and one of which made its appearance in the window of a Sandusky hotel. The various theories presented to account for these appearances have never been more than conjectures, often indicative of unpardonable ignorance. That chemical change takes place in the glass, by which its transparency is impaired and an iridescent surface created, is quite plausible; and when it is found that, of a hundred panes on which this cloudiness and play of colours arise, not more than one presents any approach to a picture, this theory becomes still more probable; for this one might be from chance, as clouds sometimes take the form of animals. That they are the work of designing persons, is not for a moment to be entertained, as the structure of the glass itself is changed, and there is nothing on its surface that can be rubbed or washed off.

Recently I heard that one of these pictures had appeared on the window in the residence of Mr. Milton Laughlin, of Berlin, Ohio, and it was represented as being so vivid and unmistakable that my curiosity was aroused, and the more with the legend connected therewith, which will presently be narrated. This legend seemed to connect the picture with design, and gave an intent to it which otherwise it would not possess. So dim, shadowy, and uncertain were the best of the Milan pictures, that it seemed that, if the ghostly dead had broken the quietude of their slumbers, while we sinning mortals reposed in the arms of sleep, to paint each other's portraits, they, too, had better been asleep. A cloudy pane, in which one person saw a "perfect" likeness of a prominent man; another thought a remarkable picture of a dog; and the writer failed to detect more than a cloudiness, which imagination could torture into no form, terrestrial or celestial. I expected to find nothing more in the window of Mr. Laughlin, and confess to being greatly surprised, when the reality was better than reported. We were received by Mr. Laughlin, in a cordial manner, and found several others present, examining the picture, among whom was Mr. H. Hoak, the well-known agriculturist, enthusiastic as usual, and unabashed by ghostly paintings or ghosts themselves. There it was on the lower right hand corner pane of the lower window! Mr. Laughlin adjusted the lamp, and when we gained the right pristine all exclaimed, "It is Mr. Tucker." There were the exceedingly characteristic features, the sharp nose, the small and contracted mouth, the thick white beard, the short and snowy hair. Not on the glass as a picture,

but as an intangible shadow behind the glass, looking in upon us. That glass, in the daytime, is the clearest in the window, for it is washed and scrubbed and rinsed, to wash away, if possible, the picture; but when night throws a black background against it, the light shines on the before-invisible face. It is not drawn with sharp lines, and light and shade well defined, and they who expect to find these will be disappointed. It resembles a dim daguerreotype. The bright surface of the glass reflects the light, and only in one position can the picture be seen. Then it is a shadow defined and undefined, yet, as a whole, unmistakable and impressive.

On repairing to the sitting-room, Mrs. Laughlin narrated the circumstances connected with the appearance, which I have spoken of as the legend. Mr. Hardin A. Tucker was well and favourably known in this vicinity as one of the pioneer inhabitants, and an upright, honest, and intelligent man. He accepted the doctrines of Spiritualism, and was, as usual with him when he had come to a conclusion, fixed and unswerving in his belief. Shortly previous to his death, in conversation with Mrs. L., who is opposed to what she honestly considers a delusion into which many good people are misled, he said that it was useless for them to argue longer, but he should soon discover the truthfulness of his belief, and if he found it possible he would return and compel her to believe.

Said Mrs. Laughlin, "As I was sitting in the kitchen one evening in last April, alone, a sudden impulse made me look up at the window. There I saw the face of Mr. Tucker looking in at me. I was terribly frightened, and yet I continued to look. I should think I steadily looked at him for half-an-hour. When I moved it grew indistinct, and I gained courage to take the lamp and leave the room."

What shall we say of this story and the attendant phenomena? Its truthfulness rests on unimpeachable testimony. The stream of visitors it draws are necessarily annoying, and there is not the least gain to Mr. L. pecuniarily or otherwise. In the great hereafter, do the pledges and obligations made in this life press on the soul until redeemed? Are we to believe that the spirit of Mr. H. could not depart from this weary earth in peace until he had fulfilled his promise, and, finding no other method, either himself, or securing assistance of other spectre hands, fastened his shadowy features on the window glass? If so, then the souls of the dead are good chemists, and possess some subtle photographic knowledge unknown to us.

Mr. and Mrs. Laughlin have no prepossession in favour of Modern Spiritualism, in fact have been opposed to it, and derided it. The picture is the first "manifestation" they have witnessed, and may be considered decidedly a good one. Several liberal offers have been made for it, but Mr. L. would for no amount part with it.

Mr. Hoak, with an eye ever to business, even if his speculations be in the works of the sainted dead, made a bid, off hand, for the use of that kitchen for the winter months, proposing to make it a show-room, a proposition at once declined. As the spectre face came freely, it shall, says Mr. L., be seen by all freely, and the hospitality he exhibits is exceedingly approvable to the curious visitor.

"I THINK Heaven will not shut forevermore,
Without a Knocker left upon the door,
Lest some belated Wanderer should come,
Heart-broken, asking just to die at home,
So that the Father will at last forgive,
And, looking on his face, that soul shall live."

—Gerald Massey.

LIGHT.—The more light admitted to apartments, the better for those who occupy them. Light is as necessary to sound health as it is to vegetable life. Exclude it from plants, and the consequences are disastrous. They cannot be perfected without its vivifying influence. Let in the light often, and fresh air, too, or suffer the penalty of aches and pains, and long doctors' bills, which might have been avoided by more light.

THE WAIL OF A LOST SPIRIT.

In the *Christian Spiritualist* of February last appears an article written by the Rev. Rowland Young (its editor) with the above caption. The experience therein related is particularly interesting and instructive. As the paper referred to is little known here, we reprint the article for the benefit of our readers:—

"On Monday afternoon, December 23rd, 1872, I was reading the *Standard* report of Mr. Gladstone's speech delivered at Liverpool on the previous Saturday, and commenting upon portions of it, in the presence of two members of my family circle—Mrs. Wreford and her daughter. Suddenly, and while in the act of making my comments, I began to feel extremely faint, from what I thought to be the heat of the room, and desired that the window might be opened for the ingress of fresh air. I also went from the fire-place to the open window, hoping that in a few minutes the feeling of faintness might pass away. Very shortly after this change, I was entranced, and slid off the chair on to the floor, in a kneeling position, and then began to crawl on hands and knees, very slowly, groping about like a person might who was in the dark, and trying to find his way through it. While in this position, and watched eagerly by those present, a spirit began to utter through me certain lines of verse, which were taken down in shorthand at the time. 'Suiting,' as Shakspeare says, 'the action to the word and the word to the action,' the spirit began as follows, every word being illustrated by the movements my body made:—

"I wander on—I wander far,
No light of sun—no blink of star;
I wander on—no voice I hear,
No word to guide, but all is drear;
I wander on, 'mid darkness deep,
No hand to touch, no rest, no sleep.
O heart, so foul and full of sin;
Without—without—and not within!
I might have been 'within' the gate,
But scoffed and scowled, till all too late;
I heard a voice, a voice for years,
I turned away—no hope appears;
I wander on—where shall I go?
I say 'this way'—a voice says 'No!'
I wander on—I cry with pain,
I ne'er shall hear that voice again,
The voice of pity, power and love,
The voice on earth of God above.
I wander on, and stumble—fall:
And all is gone, for ever—all;
O sisters, brothers, in the land below,
If I could tell you all I know;
'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,
How can I cleanse you, filthy heart?
I cannot wander—I must stay,
And wait the beams of brighter day,
Feel out for help, and strain these eyes
For light, from yonder closed skies:
O God, O Christ, O Holy Ghost!
List to the cries of one that's lost!
Perhaps some Angel hears my word,
And may be sent here by its Lord
To pick up me, to guide my feet,
And bring my wandering steps to meet
My Judge, my oft-offended Lord,
And hear from Him my doomful word?

"At this point I think the spirit's own mention of the word 'Angel,' must have suggested to her mind the fact that she had at some time in the past been herself called an 'Angel,' and the contrast between the really angelic character and her own was at once felt to be so striking that she burst out into the following disclaimer:—

"An angel? no, a woman fell,
Who dragged her dupes the way to hell;
Who smiled, caressed, spoke words of love,
And strove by meretricious acts to prove
The words all true—

"Here it would seem that the spirit was not satisfied with the way in which she was expressing herself; partly, perhaps, because the lines of verse were not properly measured out, so she revised her composition, beginning again as follows:—

"An angel? no a woman fell,
Who dragged her dupes the road to hell,
With words all bland, with smiles and tears,
With laughter, shouts, with hopes and fears;
They paid me well—they did their deed—
They paid on garbage foul to feed:

I know it now—I see it all,
And here I am, no voice to call,
No voice to say 'Reach forth thy hand,
A guide is here to Spirit-land!'
I wander on—all dark and foul
Begrimed—a hated, spotted soul;
The sin was mine and only mine:
I died, and gave the world no sign;
I died, to live—I lived to know
The meaning of a spirit's woe.
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Is there no hope for spirits lost,
No help for sin—no word—no sign?
The sin was mine and only mine.

"The friends present tell me that nothing could more painfully and entirely illustrate intense agony of mind than the movements and tones of the spirit, while the expression of the face was indescribable. My friends interjected, here and there, a word of consolation and advice, but no notice would seem to have been taken of it. I have no clue by which to tell the name, or history of this spirit, and where the ignorance is absolute, silence should be equally so. It is, however, apparent that the speaker was a woman; a woman who in earth-life had been what is familiarly known as a 'prostitute,' but one of higher grade than usual, and certainly one of education and poetic feeling. Orthodox Christians talk much about hell, and delight themselves and their hearers with vivid and painful pictures of what they themselves conceive hell to be, pictures made up largely of material images, and appealing to the merely physical feelings of pain or pleasure. But here at least one may know, however faintly, what hell must be in the future to a soul that has abused its nature in earth-life, and been disobedient to the heavenly vision, the heavenly voice. If spiritual phenomena were worth nothing more than for the insight they give into the spiritual state of those who have passed away, they would be of incalculable benefit, for they show us, beyond all possibility of cavil, that the eternal order reigns supreme in all worlds, and that 'Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap,' that not what we have, or where we are is the great matter, but *what* we are, and that however 'case-hardened' a spirit may be on this side of the Border Land, the time must come, sooner or later, when that spirit will realise its own condition, its own surroundings, the 'place' (1 *Acts*, xxv. verse) it has made for itself by its whole earth-life. Let smoke and fire, and bodily torment continue to be used as figures of the retribution of the future, and we shall not object, but let them be used simply as figures, and as nothing else, for it is evident that the spirit's torment in the land beyond is the torment of spirit and not of body.

"I cannot but indulge the hope that at some future time this poor spirit, wandering on and groping its way blindly, may be permitted to entrance me again, and give some particulars of name, residence, and such other details as may help one to trace out portions of her earthly life; and if I am so far favoured my readers may rest assured that I shall give them all the information that is given to me. Meanwhile, I place this entrenchment on record, because it is, in itself, an extremely valuable one; and because, however many who hear of it may disbelieve, or be in doubt, there are those who will accept the amount for what it really is, a truthful and carefully composed history of one of the most solemn and impressive spiritual experiences to which I have been subjected since my mediumistic powers have been brought into action.

"I ought to say, what, of course, my readers will assume, that I myself have punctuated and emphasized these lines of verse, in order to make them more readable. The words in italics are those which the spirit herself strongly emphasized.

"December 30th, 1872.—Exactly a week from the time since the above particulars transpired, the faintness I have described above came over me again, and eventually I was entranced. My hands were clasped in an attitude of prayer, and of evident thankfulness, and then unclasped; but no words were uttered. The spirit was then asked to speak, but a shake of the head was the only answer. I then came out of my trance; but only for about two minutes, when to my surprise I was entranced again. I was made to spring up with a sudden

movement, and clasp my hands, and then the spirit repeated through me the following lines, which are here punctuated and emphasized, to express, as well as one can do, the significance of the utterances—the meanings attempted to be expressed:—

"My groping's ceased,—I've heard the sound!
The dead's alive! The lost is found!
The seeking hand has found out me
I'm *his* through all *eternity*!
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
I've found there's hope for one that's lost!
Glory, honour, praise and power,
Be unto our God for ever!

(Here my hands were folded across my breast).

"I cross my hands o'er this wild heart;
We meet,—and meet no more to part!
On earth my sin lost all his love;
I've died to find it all above!
With guilt and stain he loves me still,
Forgives my wrong, my hellish ill.
O bridegroom! keep thy soiled bride,
And let no ill from hence betide!
I *will* be good, I *will* be true;
The wrong—the sin—I *can't* undo!
That I *may* earn my peace at length,
(And with the peace must come the strength)
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Give help to me, the spirit lost!
And bless the waiting love that's found,
And now will keep me safe and sound.

(Here the spirit slightly paused, and evidently addressed herself to the spirit who had sought and found her).

"Thou think'st the blame was partly thine,
The sin was mine and only mine.
My eyes were blind,—I did not know;
I see it now! I see it now!
The praise be yours,—the blame be mine;
The sin was mine,—and *only* mine!

Here the poem, if poem it may be called, comes to an end, and seems to tell its own tale, the tale of a woman who had acted falsely towards some man whom she had loved, and who had loved her; but who was at length found by that same man in the spirit-world, who was made the instrument, in the hands of God, of awakening her not only to a right sense of her sin, but to hope for deliverance from some of its spiritual embarrassments. We must all be pardoned for cherishing the desire that we may one day or other be permitted to know the name, and some of the particulars of the mortal history of this poor lost and found one. In the meantime, the history itself just as it is a most solemn and impressive warning to all evil doers; while it equally shows how the eternal love of the Infinite Father is always seeking after His wanderers, and is engaged in bringing back His prodigal banished ones.

"The theory of 'unconscious cerebration,' by which many of the opponents of Spiritualism seek to explain some of its phenomena, utterly fails in this case. The brain cannot give out what it does not contain; and that poem was no more the product of my brain than some poem of a language utterly and absolutely unknown to me would be. In my waking moments I could not have written it, as all who know my peculiar cast of mind could easily testify. No; it is a genuine spirit utterance, plain, pointed, practical, and extremely painful; but carrying with it in every particular the signature of reality; and proving how 'he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption;' and that 'judgment against an evil work,' although 'not executed speedily,' is always executed in the long run.

"I also think that it is one more proof added to several which the thoughtful and observant may easily accumulate, that what we call fallen, lost women are not, after all, the very worst people in the world; that there are sins of a far more difficult and apparently hopeless kind than what we call 'sins of the flesh,'—morally and physically bad as they are. A woman's fall from a state of chastity to a state of *unchastity*, is very often only an inverted and misdirected form of self-sacrifice; and self-sacrifice is in itself so noble a thing, that even when it takes wrong directions, it may contain within itself the elements of its own recovery to a right state."

COST AND BENEFIT OF THE CLERGY

BY HUDSON TUTTLE

Michelet in his history of France (vol. 1, p. 204, note), estimates the revenue of the Church of England at \$47,297,825, and of the Christian clergy throughout the rest of the world at \$44,995,000. That is an aggregate in round numbers of \$92,000,000 paid to the clergy of the Christian world. What equivalent is returned for this vast outlay, which is only a drop in the ocean of expenses incurred for churches, theological colleges, schools, support of the families of clergymen, and running expenses generally.

There was a time when books were rare, and copied with pen on parchment. The Bible was chained to the desk, and there was necessity of a public reader, as the people could not read, themselves. The church quietly ignores the diffusion of knowledge, the multiplication of books, the facility granted everyone to read for themselves, and the reader now the preacher, as graciously reads the Bible from the pulpit, as though it was the only copy in his parish, and there was not a printing press in existence. The reading of the morning chapter, and reiteration of commentaries thereon from countless pulpits, is the equivalent for the vast outlay. These preachers as a body indoctrinated in the theories of the past, blind to progress, science, and infidel—that is secular, knowledge, stand directly in the way of advancement. They are Rip Van Winkles, yet sleeping, only remembering the events that transpired a thousand years ago. Unhappily unlike the disenchanted Rip, nothing awakens them, except occasionally they start from dead slumber and blink and mouth at the strange light in the world. Occasionally one with a stronger eye, becomes fully awakened to find that as a preacher there is no use for him, and that the world will move quite as well, if he stop the theological dog-churn, the clacker of which he has unflinchingly advocated as the voice of God.

They walk and talk in a somnambulic sleep, dead to the procession of passing events. All say the same lesson, parrot-like, and success depends on the smoothness of saying it. As a body the clergy of the world are the most benighted class. Learning theology is equivalent to a wry-neck, a twist setting the vision backwards, accompanied with an inflammation of the liver that casts a gloom over the present, and makes life a living-death. The clergy hold the churches together, and by a display of cheap charities, beguile the laity into the belief that they are the salt of the earth—no equivalent is returned. It were better that \$92,000,000 be annually sunk in the sea than thus expended. The national debt is not as severe a burden as this. Its fruit is ignorance, bigotry and superstition. If by any means they could be awakened, or have their vision properly adjusted, there might be a prospect of some remote advantage. But there is no hope of their awakening; there is more of the resurrection of the dead, as civilization advances. They follow afar off, in a nightmare sleep, dragging the corpse of the past, once beautiful, but now unsightly, and of pity asking a decent burial; dragging it, and mistaking its forced movements for the potency of life, its mouthings as utterances from heaven. The priest is everywhere, and ever arrogant, intolerant, conceited with the love of God, thrusting himself unasked on the attention. Nearly a hundred millions annually they absorb from the production of the Christian world. They are to be pitied more than censured. Saving souls is at best an ungracious business, when the souls are not lost, nor desire to be saved.

The money is raised by free contributions made in fear of hell-fire and the devil, by united societies, by donations, and countless other ways known only to the churches, and year after year sunk in this insatiate abyss, and for it, doctrines mummified in past centuries are paraded, and made to play the antics of life. Around is the plenitude of living activity, yet they find wisdom of wisdom in endeavoring to galvanize the barnacles that clung to Noah's Ark.

Repeatedly are they assured that the course of events is not intended in their employment. I suppose some antediluvian built an ark. What of it? If it is all true,

it was a bad job on the part of Noah, and especially on the part of God. Suppose the history of the Hebrews true, and two thousand years ago their clergy crucified in insane bigotry, after the manner usual to clergy, a man who had more light than they, is that sufficient cause that we support an army of paupers at a yearly cost of ninety-two million dollars, an army, every hand of which is clutched at the throat of civilization? It is of little consequence to us if three or three thousand "Hebrew children" were cast into the furnace. We are sure few of the clergy from that time till now would escape, except as soot and ashes. If a whale swallowed Jonah, or Jonah a whale, it is all the same to us. If the Apostles ran up and down, like the "mission men" of to-day, and John became clairvoyant and attempted to describe "unutterable things" and made bad work of it, we will not quarrel over it. Jesus may have had twelve or twenty Apostles, and the sun will rise.

If the dead will not bury the dead, the living should assist from charity.

Berlin Heights, Ohio.

TWO SEANCES WITH DR. MONCK.

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON, of Melbourne, now residing in England, reports two *séances* he has had with Dr. Monck, which we give as a pendant to the article by Dr. Sexton in our last number. He says:—

"I had an opportunity of being present at two *séances* with the Rev. Dr. Monck, and a short notice of these may not be uninteresting. There was a strong sceptical element present, but in spite of this the epiphanies were excellent. There occurred the usual percussive sounds called raps, and table movements; large lights flitted about the room; an accordion was bound round with half a dozen turns of strong cord, and sealed; being placed upon a reporter's shoulder a loud chord was sounded. The medium was entranced, and was carried about the room, writing on the ceiling. Hammering on the cornice was heard 12 or 15 feet away from the medium. Control was taken by several spirits, who announced themselves and their mission, one of the most impressive being by the spirit of my late teacher, Professor Gregory, of Edinburgh. I distinctly recognised his voice, and his verbosity of diction; he sent a message by me to one alive. We had the direct spirit-voice from three different spirits. One was recognised as the voice of one who had been drowned, and who shouted 'Ship ahoy!' Another, as of an old master of one present. These were delivered in full tone, and one at least 14 feet from where the medium stood, with his hands on my shoulders, no tube or trumpet being in the room. The manifestation of the evening, however, is yet to be told. I pressed earnestly to see a spirit-form. We sat at Mr. Tommy's, at Bristol, and no displeasure was expressed at the room being searched before the *séance*. We extemporised a cabinet by hanging an oil-cloth curtain, with a square hole in it, across one corner of the room. I and others distinctly saw, by candlelight, the bust of the spirit and the medium at the same time. I have seen other forms said to be materialised spirits, but none ever resembled this. I can best describe it as a shining white marble bust; no features were observable, but it glowed in the somewhat obscure recess by its own light. He, she, or it, came forward three times by request, complaining, however, through the medium, that the light caused pain. We searched the cabinet before and after the *séance*, and the medium was directed by his controlling guide to be searched also. During the entrancement of the medium, 'Samuel' stated that he was employed in demonstrating the phenomena by a circle of higher spirits, who again were directed by others above them. He was selected owing to his being a mediumistic spirit, as he said, some spirits, like 'humans,' were mediums, and some not. He explained that he was attracted to the medium by his love for him, and by his desire to repay him for kindness received from him in earth-life. I had an opportunity to examine the state of the medium's eyes during the return to consciousness, and found them in the peculiar condition indicative of trance. I am persuaded that the mediumship of this gentleman is of the very highest order.—*Spiritual Magazine*.

MANIFESTATIONS AT DONCASTER.

A correspondent at Doncaster sends us the following account of the progress of a circle, formed there a few months since. The family are homely but intelligent people, and were, until recently members of the Christian Church:—"Our circle, at its commencement in October last, consisted of only three persons, two ladies and a gentleman. We continued sitting twice a week until February, when one of the lady members became entranced, the manifestations on that occasion were very powerful. Our circle now numbers five, the medium being controlled by many kind spirits giving the circle good lectures and strong physical manifestations. One of our members was lifted from one corner of the room to another, and two spirit forms were seen in the room. Hymns have been sung by the controlling spirits, which the medium did not know. We enclose a communication from a spirit who was well-known to all the circle except the medium, he died in Melbourne seven or eight years ago:—"I was a very unhappy spirit here for some time. I have no one belonging to me to whom I can communicate. You are the only friends I am able to tell about my home here. The thought about my unkindness to my wife and family made me unhappy, but now I am happy and more so since you have become spiritually-minded people. But for all that I am not very high; I am only in the second sphere, but by degrees I will progress, as my punishment is over. The sphere I am in is very beautiful to me, but not so grand as the others are which I hope I shall soon be in. Oh! I was a drunkard and very unkind to my wife, but if I had my earth life to live over again I would lead a different life, I would walk in true Spiritualism, and bring my family up to the same. But take my advice, young friends; do not get a wife if you cannot be kind to her and her children, because you will suffer as I did. I am notable to speak to my friends who have passed before, yet I can see them sometimes, but I trust your circle will continue on so that you may help me, as I have no friends of my own to communicate with, neither have I power to help them, but will help you when I can. I have no power to say more. Good night."

The medium's name is C—— F——.

Yours, &c.,

M.F.

A WRITING MEDIUM AGED FIVE MONTHS FIFTEEN DAYS.—LITTLE DIFFICULTY FOR CARPENTERIAN PSYCHOLOGY.

"THOSE who think that the phenomena of writing mediumship may be explained by the 'unconscious cerebration' theory, will have a difficult point to explain away, when babies too young to talk begin to write intelligible messages under the influence of an invisible power.

"Last Sunday evening we were at a *séance* at the private residence of Mr. H. D. Jencken, Barrister-at-Law, of Goldsmith Buildings, Temple, E.C.; and Mr. James Wason, solicitor, of Wason's Buildings, Liverpool, who was also present, favoured us with the following narrative:—

"On the 5th of this month (March) I was in Mr. Jencken's apartments, at 3, Lansdowne Terrace East, Western Road, Brighton, while Mrs. Jencken's baby was in the lap of the wet nurse, near the fire. It was about 1.30 p.m., in a well lighted room facing the south. Mrs. Jencken was also present.

"Suddenly the nurse exclaimed, 'Baby has got a pencil in his hand,' but as she did not then add that the pencil had been placed in the child's hand by invisible agency, I paid little attention to the remark. The nurse next exclaimed, 'Baby is writing!' Upon this Mrs. Jencken rushed forwards, and called me to come and see. I then looked over Mrs. Jencken's shoulder, and saw the pencil in the hand of the child. It had just finished writing; and Mrs. Jencken, remembering what her medical man had told her about the manifestations injuring the baby's health, snatched the pencil out of the child's hand in a very excited manner. The nurse, who was frightened, said that 'she must give up her situation.'

Mrs. Jencken at first told her that 'she might go,' but afterwards reasoned her out of her resolve.

"The message written by the baby was:—

"I love this little child. God bless him. Advise his father to go back to London on Monday by all means.—SUSAN."

"Susan was the name of my departed wife.

"The age of the infant boy of Mr. and Mrs. Jencken on the day when the above was written was five months fifteen days. The message, as written, has since been photographed."

"Mr. H. D. Jencken made the following statement to us last Sunday evening:—

"The writing power of the infant medium appears to continue. On the 11th March I was seated at dinner with my wife; the nurse was in the room with the baby, and seated opposite to me. Whilst so seated a pencil was placed in the right hand of the baby; Mrs. Jencken then placed a piece of paper on the knee of the nurse, under the hand of the baby. The child's hand then, with great rapidity, wrote the following sentence:—

"I love this little boy, God bless his mama.

"I am happy.

"J. B. T."

"I then expressed the hope that the little boy might write an address to his grandmother, who is now more than 90 years of age. A few minutes afterwards a piece of paper was taken by invisible agency from a side table and placed on the knee of the nurse. At the same time a pencil was placed in the hand of my little boy, who wrote with great rapidity:—

"I love my grandmama."

"The paper and pencil were then jerked away from the knee of the nurse, and loud raps told me that the spirits had complied with my request.

"Another instance of the unusual power of this medial child occurred some few weeks ago, when I entered the nursery to kindle a night-light. On approaching the bed I noticed a halo round the head of the little boy; it gradually enveloped the whole of his body, casting a luminosity over the under-side of the tent bed-curtains. Raps spelt out—'Notice the halo.' Mrs. Jencken was not in the room, nor even on the same landing at the time, so the manifestations were not produced through her medial power. The nurse was the only other person present."—*The "Spiritualist," March 20th.*

SEANCES OF PETER WEST.

Manifestations in the Light—Slate Writing—The Spirit Drummer—Mental Phenomena, etc.

PROBABLY Boston never before offered to the investigator so many and varied phases of spiritual phenomena as at the present time.

In addition to those mentioned in our last paper, there is now in this city a medium in whose presence both physical and mental manifestations occur of a most positive and satisfactory character. Public seances, limited to twenty persons, are held at the rooms of Dr. Storer, in the Banner of Light Building, on Sunday, Tuesday and Friday evenings, where about the following order of manifestations occur. The party assembled gather around a table in the centre of a well-lighted room, sitting closely together, and joining hands upon the table, under which a drum and drum-sticks are placed. The medium, with one hand upon the table, and thus connected with the circle, holds a slate with the other hand under the table for a few minutes, and then requests each person to touch it, and pass it to his neighbor, until it has made the circuit of the company. This is to magnetize the slate, and complete the vital connection with all present. The medium then draws out the slate into full view, exposing it so that both sides are seen to be free from writing, and one of the company places upon it a mere crumb of slate-pencil. The medium instantly elevates the slate as high as he can reach above the lamp on the table, and the sound of writing is immediately heard. Without being out of sight at all, the slate is then found to contain one or more sentences, written sometimes by the controlling spirit of the circle, and sometimes by personal friends of parties present.

After the slate-writing, and with the medium in the same position as before, the hand beneath the table holding the slate, and constantly knocking it against the under side of the table, the drum is beaten, evidently with both drum-sticks, in as perfect and artistic a manner as though handled by human muscles, accompanying any air that is furnished by whistling, singing, or otherwise. The drummer is evidently an expert.

Soon, also, whistling is heard in different parts of the room, and occasionally the glistening silver whistle is seen flashing in the light, as with lightning-like rapidity it darts about. In some instances all parties are touched or grasped by hands beneath the table, and when conditions are very favorable, the materialized hands are brought into the view of all present.

The physical manifestations being over, the medium enters another room, and submits to the influence under which questions are perceived and answered. This is a very interesting and satisfactory process, clearly demonstrating that somebody possesses the power of reading without material eyes, and of offering pertinent and direct answers to the questions asked. Each person writes a question upon a slip of paper, either before or after coming to the circle, and folds it twice. These papers are sometimes thrown together in a heap and taken up at random, no one knowing the nature of the question, or, if preferred, the visitor presents his own question. The medium holds the unopened paper between his thumb and finger, and soon sees upon what to him looks like a background of fluent light, the answer distinctly written, which, as the questions involve a great variety of interests and subjects are certainly marvellous in their comprehensiveness. We understand that, as a business medium as well as a physician, Dr. West's time is fully occupied in doing the work of the spirits and helping humanity.—*Banner of Light.*

PROFESSOR WALLACE ON SPIRITUALISM.

The *Fortnightly Review*, of May, 1874, contains the first part of an article entitled "A Defence of Modern Spiritualism," by Alfred R. Wallace, F.R.S., which, following in the wake of Mr. Crookes' paper, must exercise a very powerful influence upon the minds of all unprejudiced persons, and satisfy them that the subject treated upon is worthy of, and indeed demands, the most serious investigation. In his introduction, Mr. Wallace says:—

"It is with great diffidence, but under an imperative sense of duty, that the present writer accepts the opportunity afforded him of submitting to the readers of the *Fortnightly Review* some general account of a widespread movement, which, though for the most part treated with ridicule or contempt, he believes to embody truths of the most vital importance to human progress. The subject to be treated is of such vast extent, the evidence concerning it is so varied and so extraordinary, the prejudices that surround it are so inveterate, that it is not possible to do it justice without entering into considerable detail. The reader who ventures on the perusal of the succeeding pages may, therefore, have his patience tried; but if he is able to throw aside his preconceived ideas of what is possible and what is impossible, and in the acceptance or rejection of the evidence submitted to him will carefully weigh and be solely guided by the nature of the concurrent testimony, the writer ventures to believe that he will not find his time and patience ill-bestowed."

He then proceeds to point out the incompetency of Lord Amberley, Mr. Carpenter, and others, who have, after a most superficial examination of a single phase of the phenomena, considered themselves competent to analyse and condemn the whole subject. The writer gives a brief account of the rise and progress of modern Spiritualism, followed by a condensation of the most powerful evidences in support of its varied phenomena, and on page 652 refers to Mr. Crookes as follows:—

"Yet one more witness to these marvellous phenomena we must bring before our readers—a trained and experienced physicist, who has experimented in his own laboratory, and has applied tests and measurements of the most rigid and conclusive character. When Mr. Crookes—the discoverer of the metal thallium, and a Fellow of the Royal Society—first announced that he

was going to investigate so-called spiritual phenomena, many public writers were all approval; for the complaint had long been that men of science were not permitted by mediums to inquire too scrupulously into the facts. One expressed "profound satisfaction that the subject was about to be investigated by a man so well qualified;" another was "gratified to learn that the matter is now receiving the attention of cool and clear-headed men of recognised position in science;" while a third declared that "no one could doubt Mr. Crookes' ability to conduct the investigation with rigid philosophical impartiality." But these expressions were evidently insincere, and were only meant to apply, in case the result was in accordance with the writers' notions of what it ought to be. Of course, a "scientific investigation" would explode the whole thing. Had not Faraday exploded table-turning? They hailed Mr. Crookes as the Daniel come to judgment—as the prophet who would curse their enemy, Spiritualism, by detecting imposture and illusion. But when the judge, after a patient trial lasting several years, decided against them, and their accepted prophet blessed the hated thing as an undoubted truth, their tone changed; and they began to suspect the judge's ability, and to pick holes in the evidence on which he founded his judgment."

As the article is as yet incomplete, we shall defer further comment until our next issue.

SPIRITUALISM SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

A Glasgow gentleman has favoured us with the following copy of a letter written in 1800 by the Rev. W. Lauder, Harbottle, to the then Lord Advocate, on the subject of Spiritualism:—

Harbottle, 21st April, 1800.

Amongst the wonderful trifles of this eventful period, the phenomenon anent which you inquire in your letter, known in this region by the name of the Ghaist of Larkhall or Borrowdoun (a village about four miles east from this), is none of the least surprising. It brings to my recollection the ignorance and superstition, and of course, the credulity of the dark ages: nay, it leads me back to the early ages of the world, when the Almighty was pleased to communicate with man in a more visible manner than at present; at which time also evil spirits, I apprehend for different good reasons, were allowed a more visible exertion. But what to say or what conclusion to draw on this affair is a matter of considerable difficulty. Persons destitute of brains see a variety of wonders, and a weak understanding delights in the marvellous. The belief, however, of the existence of evil spirits has obtained place in every age; and from the best evidence we are assured of the reality of their operations. But amidst the Christian era, emphatically said to be destruction to the works of the devil, a belief in such things ought to be guarded with caution and supported with evidence. When I was called to visit the place, I was as much a sceptic as any in the kingdom on such matters, and perhaps treated the information of the messenger, and the messenger himself, in a manner unbecoming my profession. A mixture of idle amusement and pastime, attended with a little curiosity subservient to the wish of the people, led me at last to the place, which was crowded with people whose countenances bespoke particular feelings; and the peculiarity of the scene—when I entered the apartments I was amazed to see furniture of different kinds broken and scattered on the floors; and if you can attach credit to the word of any man living, you may farther believe that I was not long in the house before I saw plates, chairs, boxes, and the table, &c., &c., flying about from place to place. Still, I could not believe; but with the same hand I am now employing, I took up a knife-box full of knives and forks which was thrown down, examined it throughout, and changed its place, and still it was the same. I took two or three chairs from off a woman's back, and placed them differently, and the same operation was carried on with a water barrel, which moved often from the place which I had fixed it in, and, in a movement different from anything I ever saw, began to blunt the edge of my ridicule and excite my astonishment. In this manner was I kept for six hours in

attention to what I lately believed my eyes should never see. These are only a few of the many things which occurred at that time, and are nothing in comparison with what others tell me they have as certainly seen; and you can form an opinion of them as well as me. All I shall remark is that these effects were seen by me at the time in company of several respectable persons, and were performed by some invisible agent; and as I cannot distinguish the line betwixt natural and supernatural agents, I will leave every man to form an idea of the matter most agreeable to himself. I may add, however, that such trifling seems to be beneath the dignity of a devil; nor can I see how he can promote the interests of his kingdom by any such means, farther than it hath succeeded in poisoning the atmosphere of conversation with lying and falsehood, and rendered the place a proverb and a reproach among men. Opinions here differ about the matter. Some who never were favoured with a sight or exhibition of the dramatic power of the agent, and along with some relations of the family will have it to be a trick, and ascribe it to persons who are as unqualified for it as they are to be Prime Minister. Others, who have seen different operations, are of another opinion, and from some alleged moral reasons view it as a visitation of God, &c. My opinion was—if it was a trick it would be discovered; if not, it would in time discover itself. Neither of these has yet happened. It is on this account I have been so long in answering your very genteel letter, which I hope you will excuse. Some say the operations are ceased, others that they are continuing as usual; intercourse being refused by the friends, few persons of character wish to go near the place. One thing, however, you may believe—the old woman told me she had been long troubled before she complained, for in her own words she said, "If I could have lived with him I never would have outlived him." If anything should occur worth mentioning in future, I will be glad to communicate the same, and will always be proud of your correspondence. I am, your most obedient servant,

—*Glasgow Weekly Mail.*

WILLIAM LAUDER.

A FIRST SORROW.

BY MISS PROCTOR.

Arise! this day shall shine
For evermore,
To thee a star divine
On time's dark shore.
Till now thy soul has been
All glad and gay;
Bid it awake, and look
At grief to-day.
No shade has come between
Thee and the sun;
Like some long childish dream
Thy life has run.
But now the stream has reached
A deep dark sea,
And sorrow, dim and crowned,
Is waiting thee.
Each of God's soldiers bears
A sword divine:
Stretch out thy trembling hands
To-day for thine!
To each anointed priest
God's summons came;
Oh, soul, he speaks to-day,
And calls thy name.
Then, with slow, reverent step,
And beating heart,
From out thy joyous days,
Thou must depart;
And, leaving all behind,
Come forth alone,
To join the chosen band
Around the throne.
Raise up thine eyes—be strong;
Nor cast away
The crown that God has given
Thy soul to-day!

SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

THE first soiree to inaugurate the British National Association of Spiritualists was a splendid success. There were some 200 ladies and gentlemen present, the majority in evening dress. I saw Mr. Voysey and other clergymen. Mr. Crookes promenaded Miss Cook about, and finally occupied with her a conspicuous seat on the platform. An inspirational address was given by Mrs. Tappan's guides, during which loud raps were heard in the vicinity of Mrs. Jencken, formerly Kate Fox. Mr. Morse followed, passing under control without effort, and a most eloquent address, which would have done credit to a most accomplished orator, was delivered. When it is known that this young man was only a few years since a barman in a tavern and totally uneducated his mediumship is convincing. The first of the May meetings on Spiritualism was held last month in a fashionable neighbourhood, and the hall was crowded with a well-dressed and attentive auditory. I saw five clergymen present. Questions and objections were invited and answered, and leaflets distributed. Sergeant Cox is becoming a contributor to the spiritual journals—he adheres to his psychic theory, and stoutly opposes the idea of the materialization or incarnation of spirit-forms. Mr. Crookes declares that he has seen the Florence of Miss Showers, and the Katie of Miss Cook, walking in his laboratory with their arms entwined like schoolgirls. The learned Sergeant declares the evidence of their identity and individuality is not sufficient for his legal mind, and from one single experiment at his own house with Miss Showers, he asserts that he suspects fraud. Mrs. Showers charges him and his family with gross inhospitality, ignorance of the entire subject and the necessary conditions, and with causing her daughter serious illness. The subject is so important, and the consequences so tremendous, that great allowance must be made for suspicion and unbelief. I have every confidence in Miss Showers' mediumship, and feel convinced that she will emerge from scientific inquiry as spotless, as has done that much maligned and villified Florence Cook. She and her incarnated spirit-friend Katie have been repeatedly seen and felt at the same time, and none but the most jealous or ignorant persist in maligning her. That devoted labourer in the angelic cause, Judge Edmonds, who so lately passed on to a higher life, delivered an address through Mrs. Tappan on the last occasion of her giving one for the present season. The Rev. Chas. Voysey has been calling attention to the spread of Spiritualism. He admits the facts as every one not an ignoramus must, but is not satisfied with the explanation of them. When we remember that it has required 27 years to obtain the admission of the genuineness of the phenomena we must be prepared for another 27 years opposition to the only logical explanation. The absolute and scientific demonstration of the power of the dead to communicate will I believe come from spirit photography, and that this branch of the subject is being cultivated with increased attention by the spirit-world, we have ample evidence. In the May and June numbers of the *Fortnightly Review* two articles entitled *A Defence of Modern Spiritualism*, by Alfred R. Wallace, have appeared, and as the periodical may not be accessible to all your readers, and as the case is well put, some extracts may be interesting. He gives a lengthy sketch of the history, progress, and phases of the movement, with abundance of facts. He says:—"Clergymen of all sects, literary men and lawyers, physicians in large numbers, men of science, not a few secularists, philosophical sceptics, pure materialists, all have become converts through the overwhelming logic of the phenomena which Spiritualism has brought before them. And what have we *per contra*? Neither science nor philosophy, neither religion nor scepticism has ever yet in this quarter of a century made one single convert from the ranks of Spiritualism. This being the case, and fully appreciating the amount of candour, and knowledge of the subject that has been exhibited by their opponents, is it to be wondered at that a large proportion of Spiritualists are now profoundly indifferent to the opinion of men of science, and would not go one step out of their way to con-

vince them. They say that the movement is going on quite fast enough—that it is spreading by its own inherent force of truth, and slowly pervading all classes of society. It has thriven in spite of abuse and persecution, ridicule and argument, and will continue to thrive whether endorsed by great names or not. The rejection of its truths by scientific men is their own loss, but cannot in the slightest degree affect the progress of Spiritualism." In the June number he goes fully into the critical test, and intricate problem of spirit-photography. He says the evidence is of such a nature as to satisfy any who take the trouble carefully to examine it. He narrates how he and Mr. Howitt, the Guppys, Dr. Thomson of Clifton, Thomas Slater, and others, have obtained unmistakable likenesses of departed friends. He mentions what all must have observed who have investigated this branch of the subject, viz., that "the actinic action of the spirit-forms is peculiar and much more rapid than that of the light reflected from ordinary material forms; for the figures start out the moment the developing fluid touches them, while the figure of the sitter appears much later. Another singular thing is the copious drapery in which these forms are almost always enveloped, so as to show only just what is necessary for recognition of the face and figure. The explanation given of this is, that the human form is more difficult to materialise than drapery. The conventional white-sheeted ghost was not then all fancy, but had a foundation in fact, a fact too of deep significance dependent on the laws of a yet unknown chemistry." His account of the historical and moral teachings of Spiritualism are well worth the attention of all clergy and teachers; his replies to the sneers of Huxley, the cavils of the ignorant, and the shallow criticisms of such writers as Lord Amberly render the articles the best yet presented to the literary world. Yet recent as they are from his pen, such are the progressive strides made by Spiritualism that since he compiled them, further evidence of an exact kind has been presented by Mr. Crookes and M. Buguet of Paris. To the materialist and secularist his concluding paragraphs are noteworthy. He says—"A science of human nature which is founded on observed facts; which appeals only to facts and experiments; which takes no belief on trust: which inculcates investigation and self-reliance as the first duties of intelligent beings, which teaches that happiness in a future life can be secured by cultivating and developing to the utmost the higher faculties of our intellectual and moral nature, and *by no other method*, is and must be the natural enemy of all superstition. Spiritualism is an experimental science, and affords the only sure foundation for a true philosophy and a pure religion. It abolishes the term supernatural and miracle, by an extension of the sphere of law and the realm of nature: and in doing so it takes up and explains whatever is true in the superstitions and so-called miracles of all ages. It and it alone is able to harmonise conflicting creeds, and it must ultimately lead to concord among mankind in the matter of religion, which has for so many ages been the source of unceasing discord and evil."

New mediums are being developed through England. The Rev. Dr. Monck is devoting himself especially to select seances. Mrs. Tappan had an auditory of some 1500 at Brighton lately. Miss Cook's Katie has given her farewell seance, and recognisable spirit-faces are to be the new form of mediumship. In a letter to me lately she wrote—"I had 40 letters last week applying for permission to be present at the seances." Cremation has become an accomplished fact in America. The Cambridge University Union of England has adopted a motion by 101 to 42 in favour of its introduction. The University of London has decided—"That in the opinion of convocation it is desirable that women should be permitted to take degrees in the University of London." The Rev. H. R. Harvey has published another volume of advanced ideas which will create a sensation, entitled, *Speech in Season*. These are some of his utterances—"The clergy have lost the ear of the press and the people, because they have shown themselves afraid of discussing the real doubts and difficulties

of the age in a fair spirit; they waste their time over theological figments and fossil liturgies, and the sorely-pressed men and women who have no time to waste go their way without them. They are for ever tying together the old bones of shaking skeletons, while the world is sighing for a new creature, a new heaven and a new earth."

London, June, 1874.

W. L. R.

SCIENTIFIC RELIGION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR—From my former letter you will naturally conclude that I approve of your refraining from attacks against the Scriptures till something better has been substituted in their room as foundation or standard for morality; I would prefer to

Let truth reflect superior light,
Then error will decline,
As solar rays dispel the night,
And all the stars out shine.

Attacks on the Bible may assist in drawing an audience of the irreligious and profane; but may tend to repel searchers after truth; the former love to hear the Scriptures defamed; they use the only standard of morality they know of, which condemns their follies, and awakens their convictions; and a belief that they are untrue flatters their vanity, soothes their consciences, and comforts them with the idea that there is neither God, soul, nor future state; and consequently no evil resulting from moral depravity; they think that they may therefore "eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow they die."

It will, however, be requisite for me to examine the Scriptures critically in order to prove that they do not supply a reliable foundation on which to build a universal, indestructible, scientific religion, which the advanced intelligence of the age demands.

Nothing certain can be built upon an uncertainty, and nothing will satisfy science but incontrovertible truth—a sure foundation to be built upon, by tried stones, chosen and precious; as the stones of the temple of old were all prepared for their places, before they were brought to the building; so our religion, or spiritual temple, should be a system of accumulated moral truths. Truth is always consistent with itself, in harmony with reason, the laws of nature, and the welfare and happiness of mankind. There is no more useful man on this earth, no nobler character than the truth-seeker! Scientific men are true priests of nature and of God; and have done more to reveal to us the works, laws, and the will of the Great Supreme, and for the welfare and happiness of mankind within this century, than the accumulated prayers of the professors of theology for eighteen hundred years previously.

That I may be clearly understood I must explain the terms I am about to use to my reader.

By "Truth" I mean accuracy; by Science, an accurate account of facts, things, laws, causes, effects. With science truth is indispensable; it takes nothing upon credit; demands indisputable evidence, or satisfactory demonstration, for all it accepts as truth; and refuses whatever is doubtful, as you would a suspicious Bill, which might prove dangerous to your character and interest. Where there is insufficient proof science suspends judgment till it obtains further evidence.

Pure religion means moral science! religion that cannot stand the test of science is error; error deceives, and error and excess are sinful and injurious!

Most religions are of a mixed character; all of them contain some truth; it usually predominates; but scientific religion aims at the exclusion of all doubts, without which accuracy, truth, happiness, and security, are impossible.

Science is ever inexorable in its demand for proof.

See there imperious science criticise
The wisdom of the great, the good, the wise;
From grave theology demanding proof,
Nor will accept his sacred word as truth!
The holy priest with pious anger burns,
And curses on the offender's head returns;
Whose sober mind, intent on truth and light,

Holds time too precious to contend and fight;
Smiles on his reverend foe, for truth he knows,
A ray of heavenly light around it throws;
While truth, the image of his God above,
Sheds through his soul peace, confidence, and love,
And faith assures him 'twill victorious prove.

But some will ask—Does science acknowledge the facts of Spiritism?

We reply science is not a bigot, neither is it a respecter of positions; it receives evidence from any class of society, provided the persons are respectable and intelligent; I surely need not remind my readers of the long list of intelligent men, of first-class character, who have borne witness in its favour; our readers themselves can hardly fail to be acquainted with some who do so. I ask, then, will they reject the testimony of so many respectable living witnesses, as insufficient to prove the truth of Spiritism, while they accept Christianity as true, on no other evidence than that of ancient historical traditions, many of which are not only opposed to the sciences but to reason, and the laws of nature; yet Christians are our chief accusers!

But some may ask—What do you mean by religion?

We reply, a "knowledge of good and evil," sound morality, consistent with reason and the laws of nature; or in other words, our duty to God, our fellow men, and ourselves; including the cultivation of the highest aspirations of our natures, which are conducive to the elevation of our characters, our security, and happiness.

The late revelations to man through the spirits has aroused the attention of many great minds, who are waiting on in confident expectation of farther and more glorious developments respecting our future state.

Many are anxiously looking round for the rise of some great leader who, like Moses, will deliver the scattered disorganised Spiritists, who are labouring to make bricks without straw among all nations, under the bondage of ignorance and superstition, and unite them together upon a simple, natural, clear, and indestructible belief, without which there can be no harmony. We must unite upon some clearly defined moral standard, without which there cannot be a sound union. "How can two walk together except they agree?" We must separate ourselves from the lawless and disobedient who rebel against their Father!

Let us resuscitate the noble aim of Jesus, the establishment of the kingdom, or "Reign of Heaven" upon earth, and a universal brotherhood of mankind, walking in love and obedience to our Great Common Father, in whom we live, and move, and have our being.

Our great, first, fundamental principle, which will include all other duties (such as holiness, justice, mercy, and truth), must be THE WILL OF GOD, as revealed to us through His works, the works and laws of nature; in other words, "GOD'S WILL BE DONE." This is consistent with reason, and with science and nature. We must have co-operation, or we cannot have power; supervision, or we cannot have order and security; organization, or we cannot have progression, and extension, and higher developments.

Hoping, with your permission, to continue this subject in your next—

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,
R.

POPULAR ERRORS.—To think that the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he will become. To believe that the more hours children study the faster they will learn. To conclude that if exercise is good, the more violent it is the more good is done. To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained. To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough for a bed-room. To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel better is good for the system, without regard to more ulterior effects. To eat without an appetite, or to continue to eat after it has been gratified. To eat a hearty supper for the mere pleasure experienced during the brief period it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed rest, and a weary waking in the morning.

J. M. PEEBLES.

The following is an extract from a letter recently received from the Pilgrim, J. M. Peebles:—

"Spiritualism as a phenomenon and a philosophy is constantly gaining ground in America. Gerald Massey the English Reviewer and Poet, has proved a success, both as a lecturer before our literary Associations, and upon Spiritualism, he sails soon for London.

Judge Edmonds, one of our most royal souls, officiating seventeen years in a judicial capacity, has passed on to Heaven. The secular press without one exception, in the cities, spoke of him in the highest terms, and of his connections with Spiritualism in such terms of respect, as are done to every man's religious convictions. Mr. Foster who is now with you, is one of our best test Mediums. Never shall I forget the kindness of Australian Spiritualists. Heaven bless them all."

ITEMS OF NEWS BY THE MAIL.

THE *Medium* of May 8th contains a fac-simile of the communication written through the hand of the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Jenckyn (alluded to in our last issue), with the attestation of the three witnesses of the phenomena; also an account of various extraordinary manifestations which appear to be constantly occurring through the mediumship of this remarkable infant. In the same paper is a letter from Mr. Cox, giving an account of a seance with Miss Showers, and affirming that he has proved that the spirit-form calling itself Florence Maples, and the medium are one and the same. In the following number Mrs. Showers gives her account of the seance, and charges Mr. Cox with deliberate misrepresentation. Mrs. Tappan concluded her last series of lectures at Cleveland Hall, London, on Sunday, May 17th, on which occasion she was controlled by the late Judge Edmonds, who gave a most interesting account of his entrance into the spirit-world, and his first experiences there.

The *Spiritualist* of May 29th gives an interesting account of the farewell seances of Katie King with Miss Florence Cook, at which a number of notabilities were present, including Mr. Crookes, Mr. Dunphy, Mr. W. H. Harrison, Mrs. Macdougall Gregory, &c., who testify most emphatically to the separate identity of the spirit-form of Katie and the medium. It appears that, having accomplished the development of the medium, Katie feels it incumbent upon her to leave her, in order that she may be more at liberty for the development of others.

A two nights' debate on Spiritualism between Mr. G. W. Foote (Materialist) and Dr. Sexton (Spiritualist) came off at the New Hall of Science, London, on March the 24th and 26th, the proposition being "That the doctrine of a future life is unphilosophical and illusory." The arguments on both sides were able, but the Doctor's were decidedly the most philosophical and telling. The British Natural Association has held its first May meeting in London in connection with Spiritualism. Mrs. Tappan and Mr. Morse, who were present, were both entranced, and answered several questions which were propounded by the audience.

WE understand that Mr. Tyerman has taken the Princess' Theatre for a series of Sunday evening lectures, and will deliver the first one to-morrow, August 2nd. Mr. Tyerman was compelled to leave the Polytechnic Hall through the action of the Christian Young Men's Association, who displayed their Christian spirit by taking the hall over his head, the first intimation of the transaction being a notice to quit.

DR. ROHNER, of Chiltern, delivered a lecture entitled "Life after death, or my Experiences in Spiritualism," at the Wangaratta Athenæum, on July 22nd, the attendance at which (according to the *Ovens and Murray Advertiser*) was the largest known there for many years. The paper referred to gives a very full abstract of the lecture, which appears to have been both able and telling, the lecturer concluding amidst loud applause.

Report of Sandhurst Spiritualistic Association and other matter unavoidably held over, for want of space.

Advertisements.

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On the 18th inst., at Stawell, MRS. MARIA E. NAYLER, wife of Mr. B. S. Nayler (formerly of Stephen Street, Melbourne, and Pembrokeshire, England). Aged 72 years.

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