FAREWELL TO MR. W. H. TERRY.

On the evening of Saturday, 26th August, the Spiritualists of Melbourne met their respected leader to bid him "good bye" on the eve of his departure for Chicago.

Mr. W. H. Terry has been the most prominent figure amongst the body for the past thirty years, and the event attracted a crowd of sympathisers. Foremost amongst them was George Spriggs, the well-known Cardiff materialising medium, who has been leading a useful life as a Psychopathic healer in the city for ten years past. This gentleman occupied the chair, and ably conducted the proceedings.

John Carson, who has been a prominent investigator in Australia, England, and the United States; George Milner Stephen, now 84 years of age, but retaining his vivacity and gentlemanly demeanour; Wm. Overton, one of the first pioneers in this colony, who was well known amongst London Spiritualists for ten years in the sixties; John Ross. the metaphysician of the body twenty years ago; J. S. Elliott, the efficient conductor of the Lyceum for three sessions; F. W. Debney, the present respected conductor; A. J. Hall, a former energetic secretary of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists; R. F. Cunningham; Henry Bamford and several members of his family; Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Moore, who have been genuine and energetic advocates of truth for many years; Mrs. Fletcher and her accomplished and amiable daughter; Thomas Lang, who is popular amongst the body as a truthful and an energetic worker in the good cause. These and many more were present on the occasion.

The proceedings opened with a brilliant pianoforte duet by Miss Stewart and a daughter of Mr. Terry. Miss Burbank, a young lady with a charming voice, followed with a song. Miss Fanny E. Samuel, the clever and active blind young lady, gave a delightful contralto song. Then followed a recitation, "The Sick Stock-Rider," by our gifted young friend, Miss Louie Fryer. This was given with much expression.

Mr. Spriggs then delivered the speech of the evening, observing that such was the high respect entertained for Mr. Terry by himself and all the audience, that he could not do better than accredit him as our representative to the Spiritualists of the United States. He wished him much happiness during his journey, and a safe return amongst us six months hence, reinvigorated in health, and furnished with many useful ideas wherewith to fill the columns of the *Harbinger of Light*.

Mr. John Carson followed with some kindly and friendly remarks, referring to the fact of Mr. Terry's name and that of the *Harbinger of Light* were very well known in America.

Mr. J. W. Debney and Mr. Robert Bamford made some appropriate remarks; and Mr. Thomas Lang spoke of the remarkable and mysterious manner in which Spiritualism had been introduced to Mr. Terry's father during a visit he paid to Mr. H. Moore, where he first met with one of the publications of that honest, fearless, and truthful American, Judge Edmonds, of New York. This book was brought to Melbourne and submitted to Mr. W. H. Terry, with the result that he believed in Spiritualism, and by-and-bye became a healing medium himself, and has continued ever since to practice the healing art with special success and great benefit to the community, and which led ultimately to the establishment of the *Harbinger of Light*, with promised assistance from the spirit-world.

Mr. Terry then replied briefly and feelingly, observing that in his transactions he had always felt guided by a sense of duty, and however much he might differ in opinion from those with whom he came in contact, he always felt that when he acted from principle he felt satisfaction and the approval of his conscience at the course he was pursuing. He thought there were many Spiritualists who ought to be bold enough to avow their opinions and defend them when attacked. We should let our light shine before our fellow men rather than keep our thoughts and our knowledge to ourselves. He thanked all for their good wishes, and hoped he would obtain and bring back some knowledge and some hints that would be of use to all of us.

The audience then partook of coffee and other refreshments. More music followed: a pianoforte duet by the Misses Fletcher, a song by Mr. Robert Williams, a well-played pianoforte piece by Mr. W. E. Naunton, and a young boy sang "Only to see thy face again," with much skill and power; Mr. Jos. White sang "The Demon King" with great taste and energy; the Misses Fletcher sang a duet with exquisite taste, and a very pleasant entertainment wound up with "Auld Lang Syne."

Wednesday, July 16th, was a Special Evening with the Thermopylæ Club, the members of which, on that occasion, tendered a farewell to Mr. W. H. Terry prior to his departure for America.

In addition to a full muster of members, a number of friends had been invited—the Spiritualists' Hall, where the Club meets, being full. The room was gaily decorated with flags; and over the platform (which had been curtained off for a dramatic performance) was inscribed "Thermopylæ Club wish you a pleasant trip and safe return.".

After some preliminary business, Mr. George Spriggs, the President, read the following address, prefacing it with a few kindly words expressive of his friendship and esteem for Mr. Terry, whom he had known intimately from the first day of his (Mr. Spriggs') arrival in Victoria, and he trusted that the friendship which existed would continue to the end :—

MR. TERRY,—On the eve of your departure on a visit to America, we, the Members of the Thermopylæ Club, take this opportunity of wishing you God-speed, good health, a pleasant trip, and a safe return.

In view of the very long period during which you have continuously sustained the cares of a business life, as well as constant activity in progressive work, we feel that no one has more fairly earned the brief season of rest to which you are now looking forward, and we congratulate you that the time has at length arrived when you can lay aside for a while these pressing duties, and seek "fresh fields and pastures new."

Our sincere hope is that you may return to these scenes invigorated in mind and body; and that, in due course, the Members of this Club may have the pleasure of welcoming you again amongst them, and possibly of hearing from you some of your interesting experiences in the land of wonders and about the friends you meet there.

We trust that, wherever you go, you will not forget the Thermopylæ Club; and that should you in your travels meet with any kindred institutions, you will convey to them, in our name, our best wishes and congratulations.

Again bidding you God-speed, we beg to subscribe ourselves your sincere friends and well-wishers,

The Officers and Members of the Thermopylæ Club,
GEORGE SPRIGGS, President.

16th August, 1893.

Mr. F. W. Debney, Vice-president, endorsed Mr Spriggs' remarks, supplementing them with some kindly words eulogistic of Mr Terry's labours in the Lyceum, etc., etc.

Mr. Terry, in rising to respond, said the position was a novel one for him; he had taken part in, and presided at, a number of "Farewells," but this was the first occasion that he had appeared as the principal character. He thanked the members of the Club and the President for the kind sentiments embodied in the address. Spiritualism had been a part of his life; he had lived and worked for its advancement, and had been satisfied with the results of his labours. For some time past he had lacked the energy that would enable him to take a leading part in the movement; had felt the need of mental rest and recuperation, and hoped his journey would fit him to do some more work amongst them.

At the conclsion of Mr. Terry's reply, a sparkling Comedietta, entitled "John Smith, of Charlton," was ably performed by members of the Club, and the evening's entertainment concluded with a ball.

A philosopher has said: "I know that I know nothing." He was a sage. Another philosopher has said: "I know that everything is naught." He was a fool.—*A. Houssaye.*

We must believe in the Unknown and the Invisible, in order to walk in the light.—*A. Houssaye.*

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF RELIGION.

By Dr. A. Mueller.

The Aryans.

(a) The Hindus.

By a study of the old Sanskrit and Zend languages preserved in the Vedas and the Zend Avesta, comparative philology in the hands of such men as Prof. Max Müller, Prof. Wilson, and others, has given us some priceless information about the third and to us most interesting branch of the human race, the Aryans.

The close relationship that has been traced between the languages of the Ancient Hindus and Persians, and those now spoken by all the leading nations of Europe, comprised under the collective name of Indo-Europeans, has given us the assurance safer than history itself, that all have descended from one stock, are brothers and sisters of one family, the Aryans. The exact region of Asia whence our adventurous ancestors, as nomads no doubt, migrated with their flocks, we do not know, nor can we form any idea as to the times when these probably successive migrations took place. What we may take for certain, however, is that their main direction was to the North-west, for we recognise in the principal nations of North western Asia and Europe, the Aryan descent clearly and unmistakably distinguishable by language from the Semitic and Turanian.

One section of the old Aryan race only, and the last one probably, that left the common home, took a southern direction. Whether they had lived closer to the south, or purposely avoided the course taken by their brethren, is immaterial. They found their way through the narrow passes of the Himalayas, that lead to India, and following the course of its northern rivers, they took possession of their fertile valleys, and established themselves in their new homes.

According to the Vedas, India was then occupied by a dark race called the Dasyus (enemies) in the Veda. These were either subdued and made slaves, or driven to the south. The Tamil, Teluga, Canarese, and other dialects now spoken by their descendants in the South of India, show them to have been of Turanian descent. They are perfectly distinct from Sanskrit and the modern Sanskrit dialects, the Hindustani, Bengali, and Maratti.

Despite the rigid Indian caste system, which no doubt partly dates from the time of the Aryan invasion, and kept conquerors and conquered much apart, the Hindus did not preserve, either physically or mentally, the pure Aryan type which we find in the Persians and the Greeks. The hot and sultry Indian climate, and the luxuriant vegetation yielding its products without much labour, emasculating the body, by engendering voluptuousness and sensuality, whilst lulling the mind into dreamy repose, partly account for the deterioration of those dashing warrior-nomads, who, more than 3000 years ago, issued from the Himalayan passes and swept all before them. But intercourse and contact with an inferior race, made the swarthy Hindu what he is now far more than the climate. "The blackskin," as the old Vedic poets called the Dasyus, has done most of the mischief. Two nations cannot live together for centuries without crossing and interblending, even if caste forbids marriage; but this can only be done at the expense of the superior race, as the offspring is necessarily inferior, the racial characteristics of the inferior race usually predominating.

Fortunately the Aryans of India must have written the earliest record of their religious conceptions, the Veda, at an early period of their Indian career. Many centuries in their old home beyond the Himalayas, had already given them a language of a grammatical construction, which they even knew how to write; and a nation thus far advanced in culture is never without a religion. The existence of the latter previous to the Aryan migration, is also proven to some extent by such words as Dyaus as a masculine in the Veda, signifying the god Dyaus, the Greek Zeus. The Veda thus may be considered as giving us an insight into the religious ideas of the Indian Aryans as well as the primitive religion of our own ancestors, and herein lies for us its priceless value and transcendent interest. It is free from idolatry, free from the taint that predominates in nearly all the later Hindu literature, and makes it repugnant to the western mind, the taint of priestcraft usurping supreme authority and aiming at supreme power. It stands unparalleled in the records of religious history, evolving the God-idea from a pure and poetical polytheism, rising gradually to spiritual conceptions of the Deity, and finally, though only in isolated passages, realising the idea of one God with attributes of mercy and forgiveness.

"Wise man," writes a Vedic poet, "made the beautiful-winged though he is One, manifold by words and another one: They call Him Indra, Mitra, Varuna, Agni, Yama;" then he is "the beautiful-winged, heavenly Garutmat: that which is One; the wise call in diverse manners."

"In the Hymns of the Veda," writes Max Müller, "we see man left to himself (?) to solve the riddle of this world. We see him crawling on like a creature of the earth, with *all* the desires and weaknesses of his animal nature. Food, wealth and power, a large family, and a long life, are the theme of his daily prayers. But he begins to lift up his eyes. He stares at the tent of heaven and asks, who supports it? He opens his ears to the winds and asks them whence and whither? He is awakened from darkness and slumber by the light of the sun and Him, whom his eyes cannot behold, and who seems to grant him the daily pittance of his existence, he calls his life his breath, his brilliant Lord and Protector. He gives names to all the powers of nature, and after he has called the fire Agni, the sunlight Indra, the storms Maruts, and the dawn Nohas, they all seem to grow naturally into beings like himself, nay greater than himself. He invokes them, he praises them, he worships them. But still with all these gods around him, beneath him, and above him, the early poet seems ill at ease within himself. There, too, in his own breast he has discovered a power nearer to him than all the gods of nature, a power that is never mute when he prays, never absent when he fears or trembles. It seems to inspire his prayers, and yet to listen to them, it seems to live in him and yet to support him and all around him. The only name he can find for this mysterious power is Brahman, for Brahman meant originally force, will, the propulsive power of creation.

But this impulsive Brahman, too, as soon as it is named, grows into something strange and divine. It ends by being one of the many gods, one of the great triad worshipped to the present day. And still the thought within him has no real name; that power which is nothing but itself, which supports the gods, the heavens, and every living being, floats before his mind, conceived, but not expressed. At last he calls it Atman, for atman, originally breath or spirit, comes to mean self and self alone. Self, whether divine or human; self, whether creating or suffering; self, whether one and all, but always; self, independent and free. "Who has seen the first-born?" asks the poet, "when he who had no bones (*i. e.* form) bore him that had bones? Where was the life, the self, the blood of the world? Who went to ask this from any that knew it? This idea of a Divine Self once expressed, everything else must acknowledge its supremacy. Self is the Lord of all things; Self is the King of all things. All the spokes of a wheel are contained in the nave and the circumference; all things are contained in this Self; all selves are contained in this Self. Brahman itself is but self, *i. e.*, self-conscious spirit.

Thus rising from matter to spirit, these old Aryans constructed their grand Theogony. It would have been strange indeed, if the immortality of the human soul had found no place in it, but the belief in immortality—in personal immortality—without which, as Max Müller truly says, religion is like an arch resting upon one pillar—like a bridge ending in a morass; this belief is there, firmly and clearly expressed. We read nothing of metempsychosis or reincarnation of souls. Both these beliefs belong to a later age, and are purely Brahmanic inventions.

In the Veda not only personal immortality, but personal responsibility, after death, are fully proclaimed.

"He who gives alms, goes to the highest place in heaven; he goes to the gods," writes one poet; and another one, after rebuking the uncharitable rich, says:—"The kind mortal is greater than the great in heaven." One goes even so far as to pray that he may see his father and mother again in heaven; and the prayer to Soma begins with the words: "Where there is eternal light in the world, where the sun is placed, in that immortal, imperishable world, place me, O Soma."

There is also, though not as frequently expressed, a belief in punishment after death. We read of the pit into which the lawless are hurled—into which Indra casts those who offer no sacrifices, and that those who break the commandments of Varuna and who speak lies are born for that deep place.

The ever present sense of human imperfection, out of which even in the best of us arises the consciousness of sin, is reconciled in the Veda by a firm belief in *Divine mercy*.

Here is a beautiful hymn to Varuna (R. V. VII., 8, 9.), which I cannot help transcribing in full:—

"1. Let me not yet, O Varuna, enter into the house of clay; have mercy, almighty, have mercy!
2. If I go along trembling, like a cloud driven by the wind; have mercy, almighty, have mercy!
3. Through want of strength, thou strong and bright god, have I gone wrong, have mercy, almighty, have mercy!
4. Thirst came upon the worshipper, though he stood in the midst of the waters. Have mercy, almighty, have mercy!
5. Whenever we men, O Varuna, commit an offence before the heavenly host; whenever we break the law through thoughtlessness, punish us not, O god, for that offence."

Implicit faith is another feature of the Aryan character; faith in the existence of the gods almost amounting to the certainty of knowledge.

How did these ancient worshippers acquire a faith so firm, that never a doubt could shake it? How, in fact, did they, mere children in knowledge, work out the highest problems of existence in a religion so simple and yet so grand and true?

The following hymn may help us to a solution of this problem:—

"If you wish for strength offer to Indra a hymn of praise—a true hymn—if Indra truly exists; for someone says, Indra does not exist! Who has ever seen him? Whom shall we praise?"

Then Indra answers: "Here I am, O worshipper; behold me here! In might I surpass all things!"

Prof. Max Müller, from whom all these quotations are taken, tells us that "similar visions" occur frequently; that the seer, after inviting a god to a sacrifice, or imploring his pardon for his offences, suddenly exclaims that he has seen the god, and feels that his prayer is granted. It is easy to pass these visions over as merely subjective, as hallucinations without the least basis of objective reality, as simple products of excited pious imagination, but this shallow explanation explains nothing, and does not meet the case. To be thus explained, these alleged appearances of supposed gods were far too frequent, and their effect was too convincing on those who witnessed them. The Old and even the New Testament, moreover, teem with accounts of similar occurrences. Can we relegate them all to the limbo of imgination?

Our present knowledge of the relation between man and the spirit-world supplies a far better answer to the questions at issue. The old Aryans were a highly intuitional race, thoroughly amenable to and receptive of, spirit guidance. As this guidance is now, and has always been in proportion to man's receptivity, they received it in full measure.

Groping alone, and left to themselves, unaided by the messengers of God to man, they could never have realised the highest truths of religion which were vouchsafed to them; they could never have given us a Veda. And when one of these messengers heard the prayer of a pious soul, when he saw a human heart overflowing with gratitude for the bounties of nature, or crushed by the consciousness of sin, imploring Divine mercy and forgiveness, is it more than we might expect of him that occasionally, under favourable conditions, he made himself visible to the worshipper, to strengthen his faith and assure him that his prayer was granted, even when he knew that he would be erroneously taken for the god who had been implored. Let us remember that these pious old worshippers were but children, innocent children of nature, and received the education and guidance which children require. If their spiritual guides had told them as was told to a later age: "Worship us not," it would have destroyed their worship. They would have desired to see the gods, would not otherwise have believed in their existence, and fallen into idolatry.

Their Persian brethren had a clearer perception of the true nature of spirit intercourse, but their religious system never rose to the grand simplicity of that disclosed to us in the Veda. The Persians more nearly resemble the Greeks. All three nations brought the rudiments, the first principles of their religion with them from their common home, and their purely anthropomorphic character justifies the conclusion that they were determined by spirit intercourse. Their gods were divine men, endowed with all the attributes of humanity, but with that superhuman power which their worship of nature's forces suggested. But whilst the Persians and the Greeks had to battle with nature and wring from her the means of subsistence, the Indian Aryans acquired them almost without toil.

The former were also frequently engaged in wars and conflicts with neighbouring nations, of which the latter, unless they quarrelled among themselves, had few to sustain, protected as they were from external foes by the Himalayas on one side, by the Indian Ocean on the other. Their early life in India, up to the time when the growing influence of the Brahmans, and their greed of power caused internal conflicts, was one of peaceful repose, unstained by strife.

It was in this early period, long before their subsequent deterioration, that they developed that rich Inner Life, that love of deep meditation and of almost mystic concentration on religious and philosophical questions, which never exists but it draws an influx of Divine Wisdom down from higher spheres. Such an influx alone can explain the phenomenal results attained by the poets of the Veda. By realising in Atman the Divine Self—the self-conscious, ubiquitous spirit and essence of themselves as well as of all things, they solved the great problem both of religion and of philosophy.

But it is one thing to acknowledge this, and to bestow on this venerable record of ancient religious thought the highest praise that can be bestowed on any book; it is a very different thing to admit the extravagant claim advanced for it by the Brahmans, that claim for absolute truth, final for all times, which the Christian churches maintain for the Bible—direct and plenary Divine inspiration of every word and letter, and every idea expressed by them, no matter how much it may jar against our judgment or our moral sense. It is scarcely necessary to affirm, how untenable this claim is in the one case as the other one.

The Veda, as the Bible, is a revelation of Divine truth, but in both, this truth is largely mixed with, and obscured by error. Not every one of the Vedic poets was touched at all times by the Divine afflatus, not every hymn is acceptable as the Word of God, and breathes the pure, exalted spirit of true religion. Some are quite absurd and childish, or ascribe attributes to the Deity which we condemn in man.

On the strength of this doctrine now, which has always been the stronghold of priestcraft, the Brahmans established a ceremonial system, which while professing to carry out the meaning and purpose of the Veda, was antagonistic to its letter and spirit, and had no higher object than to enlarge their power and privileges, and cramp all religious devotion into a set of formulas and ordinances, embracing every moment of a man's life, and making both his prayers and his sacrificial offerings serious and criminal offences, unless made through them. They established even social laws, that are to this day the very curse of the Hindus; the rigid

caste system making intermarriages between different castes a crime, and branding the children of such marriages with an indelible stigma; the horrid marriages of children, and the equally horrid exclusion of a child-widow from a second marriage; the inhuman and cruel burning of a widow with the corpse of her husband—all these abominations are not justified by a single letter of the Veda.

We find invariably that religious feeling and the true spirit of religion fade away and disappear the more people are priest-ridden. It is all swallowed up by empty ceremonial, and the priest instead of a help becomes an actual barrier between man and his God; because by his grasping for power he becomes irreligious himself. The history of religion proves this abundantly. With the Brahmans it was not "*Excelsia dixit, Deus dixit*," it was Veda *dixit, Deus dixit;* and the more the old Sanskrit, in which the Veda is written, emerged into the more modern dialects of it, the more it became unintelligible even to the great majority of the Brahmans themselves, and the more liberty they took with the Veda.

On its alleged authority, the most absurd and imagi. nary theories were propounded as to man's constitution and the fate of the soul after death. Man, they alleged, consists of seven distinct principles, which are separated at the death of the body. Only the highest of them is immortal, but according to the degree of development of the individual it must either go back into an animal, or it is sent to a place called Devachan, where it remains in unconscious repose for centuries. When the poor soul finally awakens from this lethargy, it is also sent back to earth again, and allowed to reincarnate in a human body; and this process — *horribile dictu* — it has to repeat seven times within 3000 years. What finally becomes of it we are not told.

Can anything be conceived of more dreary and more demoralising than this so-called law of Karma, anything more in direct contradiction to the simple faith of the old Aryans in an after life?

The whole Brahmanical teaching on this and kindred subjects is simply a phantastic play of Oriental imagination, not having a shadow of proof for a foundation.

That a rehash of these notions, flavoured with Buddhist ideas is dished up once more, at the close of the nineteenth century, under the name of Theosophy, and actually finds people who swallow it, and are proud to write "F. T. S." after their names, is a strange phenomenon, which the future historian will probably describe as one of the collective hallucinations of our century. The aim of Theosophy may be described as an attempt to dam back to its first source that mighty stream of Aryan thought which has been running westwards from the Himalayas for more than twenty centuries, and commencing in India as a rivulet has received so many tributaries that it is now a broad and deep river. The halo thrown by Theosophy around all Brahmanic teachings resolves itself, on a close examination, into a mere fog surrounding a spook, and it is significant for this movement that it was started by a clever adventuress, and that her mantle has fallen on another lady, who, once a bold and fearless leader in free-thought, now submits to the authority of the hypothetical Mahatmas, and devotes all her talents to their cause.

It must be stated that with all their greed for power and privilege, the Brahmans allowed unrestricted freedom of thought, and did not persecute "for conscience sake." Hence metaphysical philosophy, denying the existence of matter, or placing mind and matter in opposition to each other, down to pure materialism, explaining everything, mind included, from a fortuitous concurrence of atoms, were equally tolerated.

"The germs of all these systems," writes Max Müller, were "traced back to the Vedas, Brahmanas and the Upanishads, and the man who believed in any of them was considered as orthodox as the devout worshipper of the gods; the one was saved by knowledge and faith, the other by works and faith." Though all these systems show a certain aptitude for philosophic thought on the dart of the Hindu mind, and may even be taken as types of subsequent developments of that thought up to the present day, they can hardly be called systems of philosophy, unless we allow mere mystic thinking and imagining to be equivalent to logic and strict reasoning.

When priest rule and empty ceremonial usurp the place of religion, and stones are offered to the craving soul in the place of bread, there must necessarily, sooner or later, be a revolt. The revolt against Brahmanism was Buddhism. Buddha had gone through the schools of the Brahmans, performed their penances, and studied their philosophy, to find in all "but vanity and vexation of spirit." His courage in throwing over the whole of the ceremonial, with its sacrifices, superstitions, penances, and castes as utterly worthless; the zeal and devotion, the complete self-abnegation with which he pursued the stupendous task he essayed, cannot but rivet our admiration of his sublime character. All were called by him, even the lowest Pariah, whom the Brahmans looked upon as little better than an animal, to be partakers of the salvation he preached; but only the pure in heart, only those who abandoned self, and underwent a complete process of moral regeneration could ever hope to reach Nirvana, or freedom, if not from existence itself, at least from all suffering and pain, thought to be inseparable from that existence.

Such an appeal, placing the centre of gravity in each human heart, could not fail to have a powerful effect on the masses and bear good fruit.

Buddhism has no doubt effected a vast amount of good, but as a system either of religion or of philosophy it does not stand criticism, and shows grave and fatal defects. In fact it hardly deserves the name of a religion, for there can be no religion without a god, and Buddhism has no god; it is simply atheistic. It also knows of no after-life, except one of transmigration, and to avoid this it makes annihilation, freedom from existence—Nirvana—its principal aim.

To show how this utter extinction of self is to be attained, it would be necessary to enter into the subtleties of Buddhist metaphysics, which in these sketches would be out of place. Suffice it to say, that a more despairing hope and aimless pessimism was never preached under the name of religion. Its only redeeming feature is that of universal benevolence and altruism; but even this altruism falls from the sublime to the ridiculous. When, for instance, the great Buddha is alleged to have met a starving tigress with her cubs and freely given his body up for food to save the life of some beasts of prey, we can but regard this short cut to Nirvana as one of deliberate suicide—as altruism satirised.

The attempt lately made by Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Ollcot to revive Buddhism in India, where it has almost completely died out, is on a par with that of the theosophical school, to recast Western religions and philosophical thought in Indian moulds. Though as regards mere numbers, the Buddhists have a slight advantage over the Christians, they are almost exclusively of the Turanian race, China, Tibet, and Mongolia furnishing the greatest numbers.

A religion without a god like that of Buddha and Confucius, may suit the shallow Turanian, but can never satisfy the deep cravings of the Aryan mind. If this attempted resuscitation of what is a mere corpse in India, has been advised by Madame B.'s Tibetan friends, the Mahatmas, under whose guidance the lady always professed to act, it shows that even these "sapient beings" do not understand the situation in India at the present day. Buddhism was no donbt an advance on Brahmanism, as Protestantism was on the Roman Catholicism of Luther's time, but both are mere transition forms. Whilst one did not go far enough in emancipating the human mind from the trammels of authority, the other one in throwing over God and immortality altogether, completely overstepped the boundaries within which all religious reform must necessarily move, and could never take deep root among a people who possess a Veda. It is for this very reason that the narrow Exeter Hall Christianity preached to the Hindus by the Christian missionaries finds so little acceptance in India, and will never make much progress there.

But when this Christianity has expanded into that

broader and purer form which it is gradually assuming in the Churches; when it has stripped off its purely historical accessories and worn out dogmas, and has returned to the primitive purity and simplicity of its Divine Founder; when, moreover, the translations of the Vedas, which are now approaching completion, will make them accessible to the Christian missionaries, and enable them to see that the revelations of Divine truth vouchsafed to the ancient Aryans are not essentially differing from those forming the basis and life-principle of Christ's teachings — they will have a better chance of coping successfully with the wily Brahmans, and show the utter hollowness of their pretensions. Christian effort will then go hand-in-hand with the revolt against priest-rule and ceremonial, which is once more arising in India, and drawing the intelligent portion of the Hindus ever more widely into its beneficent sphere. It stands on a broad, humanitarian platform, and is thoroughly religious in its tone and its aims. As an evolutionary movement from within it is far more important and more promising of results than Christian proselytising, and should receive on this account the most hearty encouragement and support from the English government; for of all the impediments that stand in its way for reform and prevent cordial relations between the two branches of the great Aryan family — the Anglo-Saxons and the Southern Aryans living together in India—the bane of priest rule, the deep and widespread influence of the Brahmans is undoubtedly the most powerful and the most antagonistic.

IMMORTALISED.*

ELDER FREDERIC W. EVANS.

THE above remarkable man passed on to spirit life after a sojourn of 85 years on the physical plane, on the 6th March last. He was a Presiding Elder of the Shaker community for 57 years, and probably the best known representative of the order; his peculiar talent and indomitable energy particularly fitting him not only for missionary work, but for active participation in any reformatory work that was in harmony with his progressive ideas.

He was of English birth, but went to America when a boy. His studies when a young man led him from orthodoxy to materialism. The socialistic theories of Robert Owen attracted him, and he became a believer in Communism; and in 1830, when he paid a visit to the Shaker community at Mount Lebanon, the combination of Rationalism and Religion he found there, was a new feature to him, the latter coming to him in an entirely new and attractive light.

After three months' practical experience of Shakerism, he joined himself to the order and became a Shaker and an active worker for the promulgation of its principles, including Spiritualism.

A volume of 129 pages has just been published by his co-workers and friends, containing his biography, obituary, and funeral service, supplemented by numerous tributes to his memory, and extracts from his writings. These are contributed to principally by the members of the Communities, but largely supplemented by warm friends and admirers of the man and of his work outside of the order; amongst the latter was Mark M. Pomeroy, of New York, who attended and spoke some interesting words at the funeral, and Dr. J. M. Peebles, who entertained the most fraternal and affectionate feelings towards the good elder. We count ourselves amongst his friends, and received an affectionate message from him only a few months since. It is not improbable we shall hear from him again erelong. The little volume, apart from the biography, has many "live" thoughts in it, and gives a very good idea of Elder Evans's character and reformatory work, the last of which was a persistent agitation for the opening of the World's Fair on Sundays.

* Immortalised. Elder Frederic W. Evans. Affectionately inscribed to his Memory by his loving Gospel Friends. Eagle Pub. Co., Pitsfield, Mass. 1893.

THE EXPERIENCE OF AN INVESTIGATOR.

INTRODUCTION.

IT may be necessary to explain why I and the members of my family have investigated what is called Spiritualism. But, in the first place, it must be understood that the whole of our family have been brought up in the orthodox Christian Church; and as such we had a very great dislike to psychic phenomena. My wife's relations, I may own, were very pronounced against it, being of opinion that it was the work of a conjuror, aided by the Evil one, as described by the clergymen of the Christian church. I even went so far as to cast ridicule on the possibility of any of our friends being permitted to visit us after death, much more of their showing themselves to be clairvoyants; and as I was a teacher in the Sunday-school, I quoted passages from the New Testament, showing how the Evil one tried to tempt Jesus Christ, how evil spirits were cast out from the swine, etc.

As I wish to be as brief as possible, I will now tell my readers the reasons why I have been convinced that Spiritualism is a fact. Had I not been so strongly opposed to it in the first instance, it is quite possible that proofs would not have been so strong or so reliable.

Early in the month of September, 1885, I was sitting by the bedside of my mother, who had then been sick for some months; she was very weak, and fast passing away, although quite sensible. Whilst we were alone, she called my attention to the room being crowded with strange persons, and asked me who they were; but I told her it was fancy, as we were the only persons in the room. Then she pointed to and described the forms, complaining of one sitting on her feet. I was so overcome that I could not hide my emotion. She then rebuked me, and asked me what I was shedding tears for, and I told her I thought she wanted rest, as I believed her brain was so deranged that she must imagine she saw the forms she described. She then said, "Jack, my mind is quite sound, if my frame is weak; but should I pass away, and God will give me power to visit you, I will come and see you."

At that time my mother was in her 70th year, and passed away on the 4th of September, 1885. I then knew nothing as to how spiritualistic phenomena were obtained, and we were all opposed to any investigation. Then my father broke up his home and came to reside with me. He had not been very long with us before I was surprised and terrified by hearing my name called in a voice resembling that of my dear departed mother, and I looked in the direction whence it came, and there stood my mother, with a sorrowful look on her face, and said, "*Your father will be killed.*" I could not speak or move for some time, and she disappeared. I told my wife, and she thought it very strange, but we attributed it to the imagination. I had not even dreamt of my mother since her death, and we said nothing to my father or any of the children about her presentiment. A week before my father was killed, my mother came again, called me in the same tone of voice, and pointed in an opposite direction; looking thither, I saw what appeared to me the body of my father lying on a stone slab, in a strange looking stone room. I was so overcome that my wife asked me what was the matter, and I told her; but as it was so terrible, I urged her in no case to let my father know, as he would laugh at us. Up to this time we were pleased to see how healthy and happy the old gentleman was. A week after this, my daughter Jessie, who was the favourite of her grandfather, was woke up at about the same hour as I had been on the two previous occasions, namely, between twelve and one in the morning, by a form leaning over the child's bed, and when she woke up, she saw it appear to roll over and over, then disappear. The child was so frightened that we could not prevail upon her to go to her bed again, so she slept with us, but she got up early to tell her grandfather what she saw, which was on the morning of May 4th, 1887. He told her she must not be frightened, but if the same form came again, to call him and he would shoot it. This, however, was the day of his death, as he went out of town, and was returning home when he was killed whilst getting out of the railway train at Eveleigh.

Strangely enough, my mother had passed away one year and eight months to the very day. As we waited up late for his return home, we began to be afraid that something had happened. Next morning I heard of the accident and went to the morgue, and the room, the slab, and the position my father's body was lying in were identical with what I had seen in the vision.

I may here mention that I have never been in the morgue before or since.

After this, raps could be heard about the house; still we were averse to investigating their origin, our prejudice was so great against it. There had been an understanding between my father and myself, that which ever passed over first, the survivor should place two family relics in the museum; which, owing to the shock of the two deaths in so short a time I had omitted to do. One night, about midnight, I was awoke and saw what appeared to be my mother, father, and a third person who was dressed like the custodian of the museum. I knew what it meant, and I sent the things a few days after; nor did I trouble again for some considerable time, although a form would come and lean over our Jessie, on various occasions; she also saw the form of a small man come into the dining room at eight o'clock at night; the gas was burning full on at the time.

I then went to a public sitting, for the first time, to see for myself how they arranged their sittings; and I, with the help of some of my relations, began sittings, with very little result for some weeks, as I would not allow any strangers or persons who had been investigating to take part in our sittings: but whilst I was reading a book on the phenomena, one night, in the room that had formerly been my father's bedroom, my attention was called to three very loud raps on the door. I called out, "Who is there?" and got no reply. I then opened the door; but no one appeared, and our watch-dog was lying close by undisturbed, and the moon shone so clearly that no person could have passed the door unobserved. I had scarcely shut it again when three knocks, louder than before, came again.. My son, Frank, was woke up from his sleep by the sound, and asked me who it was, but I was still dumbfoundered. I searched and asked the other members of the house to try and discover the cause. I then locked the door, and the three raps came again. I then put the book away, and there were no more raps that night, but for several nights in succession one loud rap came on the door, and then all was silent. I may also mention that raps came on the door three nights before our first-born grandchild passed away; we cannot say whether it was a warning or not, as we were getting discouraged by the result of our investigation, and had decided to close our sittings on the following Monday night.

On the Wednesday night previous to what was to be our last sitting, I was sitting down by the dining-room table reading the evening paper, and waiting for the return of my eldest daughter from a tea-meeting. My wife had gone upstairs with the intention of going to bed; but soon came down again, as the raps on the dining-room table were so loud as to attract her attention, and she was in the act of putting the candlestick on the table, when a very loud rap made her start, and she dropped it, and at the same time asked me if I heard the raps. I answered "yes," and wanted to know why she had come down stairs again. She then explained that she could hear the sound of the rapping, and could not remain up stairs whilst it was going on. One strange thing was that there was no contact, as no hands were on the table, but the paper I held in my hands was tapped as if some one was dropping peas on it.

I could not prevail on my wife to put her hands on the table, so as to try if we could get any information. At this very moment my daughter returned home, and my wife went to unlock the door to let her in.

I then asked some questions, and got the name of the spirit friend who had caused the raps on the newspaper and on the table. It was Henry Thomas; he was buried that afternoon. I also asked them to attend our séance on the following Monday night, as I found that by the answers, there were a great many spirits present. My wife and daughter came into the dining-room, and I asked them both to put their hands on the table; but they were terror-stricken, and would not, or could not, and did not leave the room until I asked the spirit friends to rap good-night to each of us in the room; which they did, with three raps each. I was at a loss to know what the 12 raps were for, until it struck me that three raps were for my son, Frank, who was asleep on the couch.

Everything became quiet then, with the exception of raps on a chest of drawers as we were retiring to rest for the night.

On the following Monday night, which was to be our final sitting, we met at the usual time. All sitters took their places, and we opened by singing hymns. No results worth mentioning were obtained until 9-30, when, to our great surprise, a gust of wind passed over us with such force that my brother-in-law was sent back from the table, chair and all, about three feet. My hands were forced on to the table with such violence as to cause all present to join in a hearty laugh. But this was of short duration, as we all felt as if we were in a chamber of death with our dear departed friends, and tears flowed from the eyes of most of the sitters present; at the same time each of my three children saw a spirit form: My daughter, Mary Jane, saw her Grandmother, Frank saw his grandfather, and Ethel saw a strange-looking man, rather short, with uplifted arms in the position of a clergyman preaching; whilst my father and mother looked on as if studying what we were doing; after which they passed from the view of the clairvoyants. This was the first time our children had seen any forms at a sitting.

We closed the meeting, and as we retired to the dining-room, a large ball of light, about ten inches in diameter, passed out of the front door, and some unseen power tripped my brother-in-law up whilst examining the table that rapped without contact. Since that we have had plenty of raps.

As we kept up our regular sittings, I may now mention some of the principal things that took place; although the most important to us were special private messages written by a medium whilst under control. My daughter, Mary Jane, suddenly developed into a speaking, writing, and clairvoyant medium, and for a considerable time was clairaudient also. My sons, George and Frank, wrote under control, but George could also see clairvoyantly. My eldest daughter, who would never sit, has been controlled, but it was found too severe on her constitution, as she is very sensitive, and whilst under control wrote some very important information concerning our own family. She also spoke whilst under control for two hours, and sang and entered into a debate with a strange sitter who was permitted to attend one sitting. She also gave his name and the name of his departed brother, although she did not know him or any of his friends previous to her going under control. One of the spirits who controlled her had died in the South of England, some 24 years ago. This sitting took place in the month of September, 1888; and when she came to, she had no recollection what took place or the name of the gentleman which she had given whilst under control. My younger daughter, Mary Jane, was controlled at the same time, but by our own spirit friends. The information she gave was of a homely character, giving advice; also forbidding her elder sister from sitting, as she was so constituted that almost any control could take possession of her. We did not let her sit any more, further than to write some letters. Many of the letters that were written were very important, but we unfortunately thought they would not be of any value, and so destroyed them.

GEORGE JOHN SHERAR,
10, Jay Street, Redfern, near Sydney.

(To be continued.)

No thinker of the highest eminence has denied the action of invisible spirits. Solomon had his luminous genii. The Bible is the theatre of visionaries. Socrates had his familiar *daimon*. Plato had his presciences. In all the philosophers of antiquity we may perceive the images of God wandering upon the earth.—*A. Houssaye.*

THE ORIGINS AND THE ENDS.

(Concluded.)

XVII.

Continuation of the explanation of the groupings.

It will be useful to revert to our preceding explanations in order to enable you to comprehend the task of separating your fluids or particles, a task performed each time you re-enter the extra-terrestrial life, by your guides or brethren in space.

We have said that the pure and ethereal portion of your spirit goes to rejoin the superior grouping of its duality; that the heavy fluids, or unpurified particles, attract to themselves other and lower groupings, to form a new personality destined for an approaching incarnation. As to the mixed or intermediary particles, they are divided into two portions; one of which unites itself with the future incarnate, of whom it forms the elevated part; while the other remains in space, serving as a bond of union between its superior grouping and him. It is by that, it will receive the strength and light necessary to the accomplishment of its task; and it is towards that, will ascend the aspirations and impulses of its heart, to which nothing responds here below.

Thus, then, is explained the tie which unites you to the invisible, and the reason of that protection which you receive from it—a protection due to you by that part of yourselves, interested, equally with yourselves, in your advancement and progress. Thus, too, is explained the conflict which is incessantly taking place within your own consciences, a conflict occasioned by that mixture of pure fluid which aspires towards the light, and those dense elements which crave the grosser satisfactions of matter.

You have, therefore, every interest in striving for the purification of your spiritual substance, because the more you possess of those clear and luminous particles, and the less there will remain of your lower selves in the future personalities called upon to sustain the terrible conflict of human life, all the more rapidly will be reconstituted the duality of which one portion has already reached the elevated regions of space, while the other is still scattered to the four winds of heaven.

XVIII.

Development of the fluids by spontaneous contact with small groupings of lower particles.—Electricity.—Primitive groupings and their cause.—The law of attraction; of sympathy and affinity.—Conscience.

At the beginning of the world, when ebullient matter in fusion disengaged the vapours which were to constitute the atmosphere, the bewildered particles vainly endeavoured to reconstitute themselves. But when the process of cooling down commenced, then submissive, like matter, to the law of attraction, they were reciprocally drawn towards each other; and these spontaneous contacts gave rise to shocks from whence electricity, or the terrestrial fluid, arose. It was thus and then that the attractive force gave birth to the first groupings of particles; in the same way that it also originated material molecules by the grouping of the atoms disseminated in space.

Nevertheless, these particles presently escaped that law to which they had submitted almost unconsciously, and it was the law of affinity which was thenceforth to preside over their agglomeration. The fluids produced by these softened contacts, will be less heavy than heretofore. After this affinity comes the sympathy which will determine the task of reconstituting the particles; and this will be replaced, later on, by the developed conscience, which will be the sole regulator of your future evolutions. Each transformation of the groupings leads to a rejection of fluids, or *scoriæ*, which fall back into the common mass out of which matter is elaborated. In proportion as the superior groupings are purified, the fluidic *detritus* is equally purified. And so will it be until the day when the duality, entirely reconstituted, gives out nothing but ethereal emanations, free from all material alloy.

Work, therefore, in order to promptly achieve the task of purification and of reconstitution, which alone can lift you above the laws which govern matter. Strive to secure for your spirits so much power, conscience, and lucidity as will enable them freely to move towards those high destinies which await them in the hereafter.

THE END.

NOTE.—It may be mentioned for the information of those who have not read the earlier chapters of the foregoing communication, that it was given by means of mechanical writing to three ladies of Lyons, whose hands were superimposed, and whose minds were so completely exempt from all participation in the work of composition, that they were accustomed to engage in conversation while the writing was going on. M. Eugène Nus, who has edited and published *Les Origines et les Fins*, states that he has not altered a single word of the writings received by these three ladies.

THEOSOPHY AND SPIRITUALISM,

WITH A FEW WORDS ON REINCARNATION.

A valued correspondent in New Zealand, after alluding in gratifying terms to an article on the unnecessary antagonism which sometimes manifests itself between Theosophists and Spiritualists, which appeared to the July number of the *Harbinger*, proceeds to remark that there should be none. At the same time, he observes, "exception is taken by some to the pretentious claims of the Theosophical Society, and to the *ex cathedra* attitude which it assumes." "It is to be regretted," he goes on to say, "that studies and researches of such importance should be hampered by side-issues arising out of discussions of *persons*, and not of *principles*. But those who constitute themselves the present leaders of the "T.S." are in a great measure responsible for this state of things, and as a rule they are ignorant of the earlier history and incidents relating to the establishment of the T.S. I, for years, defended this attitude of H.P.B. while alive, but at the same time I did not accept all her dicta. I knew of the peculiar incongruities and contradictions which beset the life of one physically gifted, especially of those whose rapport and influence is not far removed from the physical plane, and so I made allowances. Now, however, all that is changed, and we have enthusiastic disciples setting up a species of deification and claiming for her an absolute infallibility.

"There is a yearning and craving on the part of a vast number of thinking people for something more satisfying than the rattling of "dry bones" of orthodoxy and its "Christianity," and they seize with avidity on any new expression tending to expand ideas or give new light; hence we see the rapid reception of Seventh Day Adventism, and of Worthington's Theosophy or Christian Services in Christchurch and other N. Z. towns, these were the first things offered to these spiritually-starving people. It was better than the vapid inanities hitherto doled out to them, and they accepted it. The Theosophy of the T. S. is accepted by many in this same way—I fear without well-grounded conviction.

"It may, of course, always be said, that even such a procedure is better than stagnation. This is true, no doubt, but we cannot help regretting that more candour and straightforwardness are not practised by those who must *know*.

"I read with much pleasure the communication from Stainton Moses (who is my 'Blavatsky' theosophically).

"Did you ever see the Second Series of Spirit Teachings in the early volumes of *Light?* There are in that series two or three allusions to Reincarnation, from 'Imperator,' which have always much impressed me.

"I note in the latter part of the communication published in the *Harbinger*, the sentence—'He cometh attended by legions of angels: and *there are being born into the world numbers of souls* from the seventh or higher sphere, etc., etc. Does this imply that they were ever before incarnated in this world, or in some other, or never before? It would be interesting; to many, fresh information. I, for one, have come to the conclusion, from my experience occultly and from reading, that some mystery surrounds the whole subject of reincarnation.

"'Imperator' distinctly says in one place that the facts are not as understood by those advocating reincarnation. A similar statement has been made to me through various mediums. Any light on this would be interesting."

We have referred our correspondent's query to the contributor from whom we received the communication above. He is himself, and has been for upwards of twenty years, a firm believer in reincarnation—a subject upon which the editor of the *Harbinger* holds his judgment in suspense; and our contributor writes:—

"The impression I received from conversing with, and being controlled by, Stainton Moses for writing purposes was, that his views upon the question were in harmony with all the teachings I have been accustomed to receive upon the subject from the very first, namely, that we each lead seven lives upon the earth; the spirit passing into the first sphere after the close of the first life; into the second after the second; and so on, until the highest, or seventh, has been reached. This having been attained, there is no further necessity for the assumption of the garments of mortality; and if these are assumed again, it is a purely voluntary act arising out of an intense love for humanity and a noble spirit of self-sacrifice. So far as I can learn, Jesus of Nazareth was the only glorified spirit who ever quitted the seventh sphere, and voluntarily endured a life of humiliation, poverty, ignominy, and suffering, in order to exhibit to mankind a life animated by the most intense love for mankind, and by the most perfect obedience to the will of his heavenly Father. And he was controlled and often possessed by the great Christ-Spirit, to whom God has assigned the government of our own world. That sublime Spirit, who is the Son of God, as contradistinguished from Jesus the Son of Man, entered into Jesus at his baptism by John, withdrew from him during the forty days' temptation, and also before the Crucifixion, and hence the agonising sense of loneliness experienced by the poor sufferer, when he uttered the pathetic cry, "My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" His death was not a sacrifice for sin, not an atonement in any sense of the word, nor a placation of the "wrath of God;" but a testimony of his obedience unto death. In fact, long before his judicial murder, Jesus earnestly thanked his heavenly Father for having permitted him to *finish* the work he had been given to do.

"Reincarnation *is* sadly misunderstood. Yet it is, when rightly comprehended, simplicity itself. Most thoughtful persons, I should imagine, believe with Wordsworth, that

> "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
> The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar.

"It takes possession of its embryonic habitation at that pre-natal period popularly known as the "quickening," The very expression seems to have been an inspiration; for it is entirely true that 'the first Adam,' in each of us, was 'a living soul,' that is to say, a vitalized mind and body derived from our parents; and that "the last Adam is a quickening spirit." And the attraction of the spirit to its future habitation appears to be governed by an immutable law. A pure spirit is naturally drawn towards a pure body, and *vice versa*.

"It will be obvious, therefore, that while heredity plays an important part in determining the character of the mind and body of every human child, its spirit is something apart and exempt from hereditary influences; because it "cometh from afar." Only, as I have said, a mysterious attraction operates in bringing like to like; and the implantation of the spirit in its future corporeal and life-long home, is watched over by its spiritual parents, who thenceforth became—in all probability—its guardian angels. "Unless a man be born again, he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." This wise and true saying has been a stumbling-block to the Churches, and foolishness to the scoffers. But let any man picture to himself an Australian aboriginal, or a New Guinea cannibal, passing after death into the companionship of Plato, Gautama, Zoroaster, Shakspeare and Milton, let us say; and would he not be miserable; would he not sigh for his old life on earth and wish himself back again? And so with millions of beings much higher in the scale of humanity than the dark-skinned savage. But look upon him as only just planting his foot on the first rung of the ladder of existence; watch him being born again and again, each life an advance upon the last, the physical form less coarse, the crown of the head less depressed, the profile of the face finer, the brain more highly developed, the mind more expansive, the dormant spiritual faculties awakening into activity, and his conceptions of God less anthropomorphous and superstitious, and as you follow this gradual evolution of a Tennyson from a troglodyte, occupying many thousands of years in the process, I think you will be more profoundly impressed than ever with the Infinite Wisdom of God, and with the wonderful methods by which he educates every one of us for the high destinies which await us when "this mortal shall have put on immortality," and shall lay aside its earthly garments for the last time. If we did not enjoy a plurality of existences, we could hardly refrain from accusing God of injustice, for making of one man a Shakespeare, and of another a bruitish creature, little better than Caliban or his dam Sycorax."

A MAIMED CONTROVERSY.

THE *Warrnambool Echo* recently opened its columns to some letters entitled "Spiritualism in All Ages." They consisted for ths most part of the rubbish which is written or printed by illiterate persons, who are wholly ignorant of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and of the history of these phenomena as recorded in the Old and New Testament, and in a mass of ancient and modern literature. They were promptly replied to by a local and a Melbourne writer. Then a Mr. Dennis Moore, of Donnington, struck in, and the gist of his letter was contained in the following paragraphs:—

"I feel confident that 'Investigator' and 'Spiritualist' will find it hard to get the majority of Warrnambool people to believe the unbelievable; that the spirits of their departed friends can be placed on 'tap' by the aid of a seedy professional medium, and can contribute no higher information than to rock tables, play bad music, and talk nonsense. . . . .

"Take the case of ghosts for instance, as these are the principal support of Spiritism. Now I feel confident that the whole of Victoria could be searched at the present moment without finding one individual whose statement is worthy of credence, having a personal interview with these strangers. . . . . Spiritualism leads us to the grossest form of materialism imaginable—a materialism beyond the grave."

Here, it will be seen, was a distinct challenge to any person worthy of credence, to describe a personal interview with a so-called ghost. The challenge was immediately taken up, and the subjoined letter was sent to the editor of the *Warrnambool Echo*; but it was refused insertion, and therefore we print it here:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ECHO."

SIR,—If Mr. Dennis Moore had ever investigated the phenomena of Spiritualism, and discussed the subject with any well-informed Spiritualist, he would have ascertained that its investigators are bringing those phenomena within the domain of natural law; and that they confidently anticipate, before the end of the present century, to see Spiritualism take its place among the positive sciences; for we are proceeding by scientific methods in our experiments and inquiries, and are accumulating in all parts of the world an immense mass of observed facts to serve as the basis of a new science. I can inform your correspondent that we have no belief whatever in the supernatural. Whether a spirit raps on a table, or a wall; whether it writes messages without the intervention of a human hand; whether it controls a sensitive; whether it takes possession of a mortal organism and speaks through his or her lips; or whether it materialises and reveals itself as an objective, tangible, visible, vocal and mobile form—it does so, everywhere and always, by the operation of a natural law; the nature and working of which, will be as fully understood

and as generally recognised ere long as the law of gravitation.

Your correspondent talks about the "unbelievable." What is "the unbelievable," but the unknown? How long is it since the wonders of the electric telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph, photography, electric lighting, anæsthetics, and spectral analysis were entirely "unbelievable" by the Dennis Moores of a former generation? Does he know that the existence of the antipodes was once regarded as "unbelievable," and that a really good and great man, St. Boniface, declared any belief in such a thing to be a terrible heresy? Does he know that the helio-centric system of the universe was quite "unbelievable" in the middle of the sixteenth century, and that Copernicus's "Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies," in which he declared that the earth moved round the sun, was solemnly condemned by the Church of Rome, which declared that to read it was to risk damnation; while Martin Luther stigmatised its immortal author as "an upstart astrologer," and said, "the fool wishes to reverse the entire science of astronomy; but sacred Scripture tells us that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still and not the earth."

All the great discoverers of science have been sneered at by sciolists like Mr. Dennis Moore, who gibes at spirits who "can contribute no higher information than to rock tables, play bad music, and talk nonsense." But if they do all these things, is it not a proof of their existence and of their action? Granting that some of them do talk twaddle, what else could be expected of people who were twaddlers while in the flesh? Supposing Mr. Dennis Moore should condescend to come back again, what more natural than that he should control some writing medium's hand to indite letters as foolish, as illogical and as ignorant as that which now lies before me?

In that letter he defies any person worthy of credence to state that he has had a personal interview with a ghost. I accept the challenge and shall be happy to satisfy him as to my credibility. In the presence of nine other persons, one of them a sceptical Scotchman, at that time Professor of Logic in the University of Sydney, I saw five spirits, touched them, spoke to them, and induced one of them to write a few words on a sheet of paper, which I still preserve. If Mr. Moore will take the trouble to procure Mr. William Crookes' "Researches in the phenomena of Spiritualism" (reprinted from *The Quarterly Journal of Science*, 1874), he will find full details of the numerous photographs taken by the aid of the electric light. If Mr. Moore will take the further trouble to read "Do the Dead Return?" written by a clergyman of the Church of England, which reached Melbourne by the last mail, he will find many such phenomena recorded, as having been obtained under rigorous test conditions, and in circumstances excluding the possibility of fraud or delusion.

Your correspondent talks of Spiritualism leading to the grossest form of materialism! Why the two things are as wide apart as the Earth and Sirius. Spiritualism is destined to overthrow and destroy materialism. It holds with St. Paul that "there is a natural body and there is a spiritual body;" and that while the former is perishable, the latter is "eternal in the heavens." And that, in external aspect, they resemble each other, so that persoual recognition is just as easy in the spiritual as in the natural world; for, as we have borne the image of the earthly, so shall we bear that of the heavenly.

Does Mr. Dennis Moore believe in a future life, and in the immortality of the soul? If so, does he imagine that we lose our individuality in the other world, that we are "without form and void," and that we go wandering through space as so many amorphous fragments of gas or vapour, or cloud mist?

Spiritualism answers all such questions with no uncertain sound. It solves some of the most intricate problems that have ever darkened and confused the human mind. It elevates all our conceptions of God. It sends a splendid ray of search-light across the dark mysteries of the future, which it illuminates, as it has never been illuminated before.

Mesmerism, which is now called hypnotism, so far from confuting Spiritualism, is, in reality, its handmaid and auxiliary. By it we can throw a medium into such a condition of trance, that a spirit can take possession of him or her, and use his or her brain and vocal organs. I have employed it scores of times for that purpose, and have been spoken to in foreign languages, of which the medium has not known a single word. I have received communications, embodying ideas so lofty, and expressed in language so eloquent as could not possibly have emanated from any other than an intelligence greatly superior to my own and to that of the medium. I have been invited to ask questions upon any topic—other than sordid and worldly ones—upon which I might desire information; and those questions have been immediately answered; and the knowledge conveyed has been singularly lucid and concise, and has had relation to the origin and structure of the universe, biology, geology, ontology, and embryology, to the spiritual meaning of the Scriptures, to the personality of Jesus, and the nature of the Christ, to life on other planets, to the plurality of existences, the future of the human soul, the judgment it undergoes, the expiation and atonement which have to be made by itself for every sin it has committed, the finite character of all such punishments of evil, and the infinite duration of the recompense for good, and a thousand other questions such as naturally arise in every thoughtful and reverent mind.

I speak of what I know, and I think my testimony is at least as trustworthy as that of professional mountebanks, like Messrs. Maskelyne and Cook, and the Steins.

But in the mean while the editor of the *Echo* admitted to his columns a fresh attack on Spiritualism, signed "Anti-Humbug," the purport of which will be sufficiently indicated by the following rejoinder. *And this also was refused insertion.* Comment is unnecessary, and we may leave the reply to speak for itself:—

To the Editor of the Echo.

Sir,—There are some things Spiritualists cannot do. They cannot provide their critics and opponents with common sense, much less with the reasoning faculty. Neither can they prevent them from deliberately misrepresenting the statements of such poor "misguided" persons as myself.

This is what "Anti-Humbug" does. In a former letter I spoke of the ministrations of spirits to Christ, and of their releasing Peter from Prison. "Anti-Humbug" accuses me of saying "that Peter was delivered from prison by Spiritualism." He next aserts that I am "evidently of opinion that spiritualistic mediums are more powerful than the Almighty." I defy him to point to any statement of mine warranting so monstrous a conclusion. Then I am told that to assume that Christ and his apostles were Spiritualists is a blasphemous theory. Now, what is a Spiritualist? He is one who not only believes, but knows, that the inhabitants of the unseen world can and do communicate with mortals, and can and do under certain conditions, render themselves visible to and tangible by mortals. Christ and his apostles had precisely the same knowledge and belief. The spirits of Moses and Elijah appeared to our Lord; the spirit of Jesus appeared several times to his disciples; Paul and Peter saw spirits, and so did John. Paul defines the various kinds of mediumship (1. Cor. xii., 4.); and the phenomena of spirit intercourse were so familiar in those days, that Christ told his disciples that they should rejoice "that the spirits are subject unto them;" the writer of the Acts speaks of people who were "vexed with unclean spirits;" Paul speaks of those who have the gift of "discerning spirits;" he sets forth the danger of "giving heed to seducing spirits;" he also speaks of "ministering spirits who are sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation;" and John admonishes those to whom he addressed his epistles to "believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God."

If, then, Christ and his apostles were not Spiritualists, what were they! And where does the blasphemy come in?

"Anti-Humbug"? asks "whether widows marrying again, commit bigamy?" I should have thought he

might have remembered the answer of Christ to the Sadducees, that in heaven "they neither marry, nor are given in marriage." "Anti-Humbug" makes me to say, "that the spirits reveal all things unto true believers." I never made such a preposterous statement in my life, and consequently the string of foolish questions which proceeds to propose may be passed over in silence, like his sneer at the "decrepid, weak-minded followers of Spiritualism." For my part, I should like to be as decrepid and weak-minded as Christ and his apostles, as John Milton, Alfred Tennyson, John Ruskin, Michelet, V. Sardou, Flammarion, Wallace, Crooks, Victor Hugo, Professor Zollner, and hundreds of the foremost thinkers of the day, in all parts of the world, who are avowed Spiritualists. I hope I shall be pardoned for rating their intelligence above that of even "Anti-Humbug."

As to the long story with which he concludes his letter —if the particulars are true—it merely serves to illustrate the practical value of the Apostolic advice to "try the spirits whether they be of God;" for there is assuredly great danger in cultivating relations with evil spirits, which are naturally attracted by, and exercise an influence upon, the evil-minded, prompting them to "bear false witness against their neighbour," as I have shown that your correspondent does.

Freedom of the press, as understood by the *Warrnambool Echo*, evidently means freedom for calumniators to assail, but not for the calumniated to defend themselves; freedom to distort, to misrepresent, to misconstrue, and to defame; but not freedom to expose such distortions, misrepresentations, misconstructions, and defamations. Happily we remember the brave and noble words of Milton, in his Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing, and we quote them for the purpose of showing how futile are all attempts to suppress the utterances of opinions which happen to clash with popular ignorance, vulgar prejudice, or with venerable superstitions:—

"Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and *prohibiting*, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple: whoever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter." But "a free and open encounter" is the very thing that Falsehood dreads; and therefore it resorts to the tactics of suppression, adopted by the *Warrnambool Echo*; which finding it is impossible to confute, quietly imposed silence upon, an opponent it feared and could not reply to.

ANOTHER GHOST STORY.

In some "Further Recollections of a Happy Life," by the late Marianne North, occurs the following narrative of an apparition, communicated to her in January, 1860, by Captain Russell, who was in command of a merchant steamer in which that lady and her father, at that time a member of the House of Commons, made the voyage from Cadiz to England:—

"When a cabin-boy sailing on his first voyage, he was one stormy night ordered aloft for some work among the rigging. And up there, amid the whistling of the storm, he saw, as he thought, his father's face looking wistfully at him between the shrouds. Young Russell was naturally frightened, and when he came down he told the captain what he had seen, who advised him to make a note of time and date. When at home again, months afterwards, the circumstance of that night having almost faded from his memory, his mother was one day unpacking the box when she exclaimed: "Why, Jack, what made you write down these dates here? That was the night and the hour when your father died, and his last words were a message to you!"

"The old recurring story, so often told! but in this case the witness was an undoubtedly honest man, and he fully believed it." And why not? What more natural than that the departing spirit should be drawn towards the son who claimed his last earthly thoughts, and should succeed in making himself visible to the survivor?

FROM HERE AND THERE.

By C. N. R.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage recently preached a sermon on dreams, which included the following remarks:—

ALL DREAMS HAVE AN IMPORTANT MEANING.

They prove that the soul is comparatively independent of the body. The eyes are closed, the senses are dull, the entire body goes into a lethargy which in all languages is used as a type of death, and then the soul spreads its wings and never sleeps. It leaps the Atlantic Ocean and mingles in scenes three thousand miles away. It travels great reaches of time, flashes back eighty years, and the octogenarian is a boy again in his father's house. If the soul, before it has entirely broken its chain of flesh, can do all this, how far can it leap, what circles can it cut when it is fully liberated! Every dream, whether agreeable or harassing, whether sunshiny or tempestuous, means so much that, rising from your couch, you ought to kneel down and say: "O God! am I immortal? Whence? Whither? Two natures. My soul caged now—what when the door of the cage is opened. If my soul can fly so far in the few hours in which my body is asleep in the night, how far can it fly when my body sleeps the long sleep of the grave?" Oh, this power to dream, how startling, how overwhelming!

Mr. Powderly, the head of the Knights of Labour, in a letter to Mr. Frank Herriott, of Baltimore, says:—

"Your belief and impressions that our organisation 'does not get the help from the church and ministers that they could easily give' are correct. You can count on the ends of your fingers all of the clergymen who take any interest in the labor problem. We seldom hear a word in condemnation of child and woman labor from the pulpit; and while it may be true that we have the mere 'passive sympathy' of the clergy, they take particular pains not to allow that sympathy to become known to the employers of women and children."

A visitor to Monte Carlo gambling hell thus describes the appearance of the gamblers:—

"Even the physique of the gambler is affected by his transports. He has a lean and hungry look. His furrowed features and attenuated frame, his belief in 'systems,' and the impossibility of arousing in him any of the generous emotions, are evidences of fearful degradation in mind, body, and soul."

C. H. Spurgeon is the author of the subjoined happy remarks:—

"Believers are getting to be rather scarce things now-a-days: the doubters have it: they are the men who claim all the wisdom of the period. There is scarcely a single historical fact but what is doubted now. I fancy the existence of the human race must be a matter of question with some persons. I believe some imagine that not even themselves are actually existent; certain ideas of themselves exist, but not themselves! We know not how far the human mind will go in this direction: but surely there must be a limit to doubting. Wonderful is the capacity of unbelief. The most credulous persons in the world are unbelievers. He who refuses to swallow the gnat of scriptural difficulty, usually swallows camels in large quantities of other difficulties of all sorts."

While thinking the other day of the extraordinary and world-wide unrest which is so marked a feature of our time, it recalled to my mind what the spirit of a nun, who died in a convent outside Melbourne, told us at a circle held some two years ago at Mrs. Nevien's. The spirit said that all those who were present would live to see "a dreadful war, which for three years would bathe the world in blood." The present aspect of things leads me to fear that the nun will prove to be a true prophetess.

What is a poet other than an eolian harp, which vibrates, trembles, and sings by the voice of the Unknown?—*A. Houssaye.*

SPIRITUALISM IN THE POETS.

No. VII.

The Nature of Spirits.

Spirits, when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both, so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure;
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Not founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh, but in what light they choose.
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their aery purposes.
And works of love or enmity fulfil.

MILTON.

Their Aliment.

What He gives—
Whose praise be ever sung—to man in part
Spiritual, may of purest spirits be found
No ungrateful food; and food alike those pure
Intelligential substances require
As doth your rational; and both contain
Within them every lower faculty
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
Tasting, concoct, digest assimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn;
For know, whatever was created needs
To be sustain'd and fed: of elements
The grosser feeds the purer; earth the sea;
Earth and the sea feed air; the air those fires
Ethereal. . . . Though in heaven the trees
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield nectar; though from off the boughs each morn
We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain; yet God hath here *
Varied His bounty so with new delights,
As may compare with heaven.

IBID.

From Matter to Spirit.

One Almighty is, from Whom
All things proceed, and up to Him return,
If not depraved from good; created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Endued with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and in things that live, of life;
But more refined, more spiritous and pure,
As nearer to Him placed, or nearer tending
Each in their several active spheres assigned,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk; from thence the leaves
More aery; last, the bright consummate flower
Spirits odorous breathes; flowers and their fruit,
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublimed.
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual, give both life and sense,
Fancy and understanding; whence the soul
Reason receives, and reason is her being,
Discursive or intuitive.

IBID.

A Vision of the Seventh Sphere.

In the first Canto of the *Paradiso*, Dante describes himself as lifted for a while, like Paul, into the Seventh Heaven, in which the glorified spirit of Beatrice dwells, and she is his interlocutor in the following passage, which bears the stamp of inspiration:—

The newness of the sound and the great light
Kindled in me a longing for their cause,
Never before with such acuteness felt;
Whence she, who saw me as I saw myself,
To quiet in me my perturbed mind,
Opened her mouth, ere I did mine, to ask;
And she began: "Thou makest thyself so dull
With false imagining, that thou seest not
What thou wouldst see if thou hadst shaken it off.
Thou art not upon earth, as thou believest;
But lightning, fleeing its appropriate site,
Ne'er ran as thou, who thitherward returnest."
If of former doubt I was divested
By these brief little words more smiled than spoken,
I in a new one was the more ensnared;
And said: "Already did I rest content
From great amazement; but am now amazed
In what way I transcend these bodies light."
Whereupon she, after a pitying sigh,
Her eyes directed tow'rds me with that look
A mother casts on a delirious child:
And she began: "All things whate'er they be
Have order among themselves, and this is form
That makes the universe resemble God.
Here do the higher creatures see the footprints
Of the Eternal Power, which is the end
Whereto is made the law already mentioned,
In the order that I speak of, are inclined
All natures by their destinies diverse,
More or less near unto their origin;
Hence they move onward unto ports diverse
O'er the great sea of being; and each one
With instinct given it which bears it on.
This bears away the fire towards the moon;
This is in mortal hearts the motive power;
This binds together and unites the earth.
Nor only the creative things that are
Without intelligence this bow shoots forth,
But those that have both intellect and love.

DANTE.

* *I. e.*—Upon the earth.

To Correspondents.

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

PROFESSOR MUELLER AND MADAME BLAVATSKY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR,—Your contributor's review of Professor Mueller's article, touching the late Madame Blavatsky was, like its text, based upon a misapprehension. In the first place, your contributor wrote respecting "a number of worthy people who have pinned their faith, without due consideration, upon a lady who, as the Professor shows, knew nothing whatever of Pali or Sanscrit, without which it is impossible to study Buddhism."

It seems fair to assume that Theosphists are the "worthy people" referred to; but as faith in any individual forms no part of the Theosophic cult, it is probable that the Professor's article has already proved a source of error. To save further misapprehension, it should be known by all who sit in judgment on Esoteric Theosophy, that it comprises:—

"(1.) A belief in one absolute, incomprehensible, and supreme Deity, or infinite Essence, which is the root of all nature, and of all that is, visible and invisible.

"(2.) Belief in man's eternal, immortal nature, because being a radiation of the Universal Soul, it is of an identical essence with it.

"(3.) *Theurgy*, or 'divine work.' . . . . "It was a mystic belief—practically woven by initiated adepts and priests—that by making oneself as pure as the incorporeal beings; *i. e.*, by returning to one's pristine purity of nature, man could move the gods to impart to him Divine mysteries, and even cause them to become occasionally visible, either subjectively or objectively. It was the transcendental aspect of what is now called Spiritualism; but having been abused and misconceived by the populace, it had come to be regarded as necromancy, and was generally forbidden."

The quotation is from Madame Blavatsky's "Key to Theosophy," pp. 2 and 3. On p. 12 of the same work, she writes, "You are spoken of as Esoteric Buddhists. Are you then all followers of Gautama Buddha? No

more than musicians are all followers of Wagner. Some of us are Buddhists by religion; yet there are far more Hindus and Brahmins than Buddhists among us, and more Christian-born Europeans and Americans than converted Buddhists. The mistake has arisen from a misunderstanding of the real meaning of the title of Mr. Sinnett's excellent work, "Esoteric Buddhism," which last word ought to have been spelt with *one instead of two* d's; as then Budhism would have meant what it was intended for, merely "Wisdomism" (Bodha, bedhi," "intelligence," "wisdom"), instead of Bu*dd*hism, Gautama's religious philosophy.

Theosophy, as already said, is the "Wisdom-Religion." Could any explanation be more explicit? This shows conclusively that the Professor, when he wrote the article in the *Nineteenth Century*, was doggedly "barking up the wrong tree." Verily might he affirm "what she taught as Esoteric Buddhism was nothing more than Buddhism misunderstood, distorted, caricatured," for the simple reason that the Professor's Buddhism and Madame's Buddhism are as dissimilar in their origin and nature as chalk is from cheese.

A few *lapsus calami* in Madame's "Isis Unveiled" are seized upon by the Professor as sufficient ground for proclaiming the author a charlatan and deceiver. Your readers can estimate the bulk from one sample. In a passage of "Isis" there appear in juxtaposition the words "agathodaimon" and "kakothodaimon"—the good spirit and the bad one. A rank philological heresy was involved in placing the syllable *tho* after *kako* in the latter word quoted. Any one with a spark of manliness or a grain of fairness in his composition, will admit that such a slip might easily creep in, owing to the close association of "kakodaimon" with its antithesis "agathodaimon."

With this impish tale the learned Professor gravely informs the world he plucked a theosophic brand from its Buddhist burning! There are numerous Pali and Sanscrit scholars in India, fellows of the Theosophical Society, at whose feet the Professor might sit, whom Madame could have consulted had she been in receipt of ancient manuscripts beyond her own power of translation. It is more than likely, however, that adepts transmit their thoughts to their pupils in much the same way as Mr. Stead's living friends transmit theirs to him, the hand being used merely to focus the writer's thoughts and to translate the projected idea into the language of the recipient. Be this as it may, the intrinsic value of the teachings embodied in the "Secret Doctrine," and "The Key to Theosophy," will not be seriously affected by the failure of either the author of "The Land of the Lamas," or of Captain Bower, to interview the Mahatmas. Had Capt. Bower, who is stated to have traversed the mountains of Thibet from west to east in search of a being he wouldn't recognise in his porridge, reasoned from the known to the unknown, he should have recognised that one trip along the ranges mentioned was hardly likely to prove successful. The probabilities of his success may be arrived at by working out the following problem:—

On a range of mountains in Victoria, which has an extreme length of 100 miles, a mean breadth of five miles, and a mean height of 1000 feet, it took four men six months to capture two foot-sore, half-starved men whose physiognomical characteristics were well known—how long should it take the said Bower on the Himalaya mountains, whose extreme length is 1500 miles, whose mean height approaches the snow line, 16,000 ft., and whose mean breadth is 230 miles, to take by surprise a Mahatma whose colour and features he was completely ignorant of, but who is reputed to possess the sight of a seer and the wings of a spirit?

For the successful accomplishment of the Royal Captain's self-imposed task, your readers will admit the necessity for an infinite number of incarnations. Probably before success crowned his efforts, the universe—like his judgment—would have gone into *Pralaya*.

In truth, Mr. Editor, if adepts exist, they must be approached from within rather than from without, in spirit and in earnestness, rather than on horseback. The kingdom of heaven is not in such evil case, even in these degenerate days, as to fall beneath a Quixotic tilt.

Spiritualists generally seem to misunderstand the attitudeof Theosophy regarding genuine Spiritualistic phenomena. Dr. Hartmann, than whom I know no higher authority on the subject, writes:—"This sentence may seem to throw discredit upon the practices of Modern Spiritualism, but not all the practices of Spiritualists consist in dealing with the sidereal bodies of the dead. Such practices do not deserve the name of *Spiritualism*, but ought to be looked upon as *Spiritism*; and when the laws upon which our Modern Spiritualism and Spiritism are based are known, it will be easy enough to make a distinction. Spiritualism means a dealing with spiritual intelligences; Spiritism, a dealing with unintelligent or semi-intelligent, invisible forms. A Spiritualist enters into the sphere of a spirit; that is to say, he enters into *rapport* with a certain mind, and writes or speaks in the spirit of the latter, making himself a medium through which the intellectual power of the latter may not, and by which means *he may, obtain great truths.*" The italics are mine. *Paracelsus*, p. 72. Note.

On pp. 96 and 97 of the same work, we are told that "Flagac" (good spirits, genii), can communicate with mortals by *becoming visible* and *talking*; also by exercising an invisible influence upon the minds of mortals.

Further: "In the practice of divination by sortilegium, etc., the Flagac guide the hand. Such arts are neither from God nor from the devil, but they are from the Flagac."

Madame Blavatsky, though probably embittered by the personal gibes directed against her by innumerable Spiritualists, wrote in "Key to Theosophy, p. 30, "In the cases of purely *Psychic and Spiritual manifestations*, we believe in the intercommunication of the spirit of the living with that of disembodied personalities." Nevertheless, Theosophists recognise in self-knowledge, self-culture, self-control, and self-abnegation the only means to our desired end.

Apologising for occupying so much of your valuable space,

I am, yours, etc.,

C. F. L.

Enfield, Aug. 8th, 1893.

[We have received another letter on the same subject from "Theosophist," which reached us too late for publication this month.—Ed. *H. of L.*]

ADELAIDE PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The half-yearly meeting of the above Society was held on Thursday, July 20th. Mr. J. R. Douglas was unanimously re-elected President. In point of numbers it was the most successful and enthusiastic half-yearly meeting yet held by the Society. The other offices were filled as follows:—Vice-presidents, Messrs. Webb and Clark; Committee-men, E. T. Mitchell, Busch, and Redin; Librarian, W. Freeth; Secretary, W. Mitchell.

On Sunday, July 23rd, Mr. J. Atterly gave a trance-address with great force and eloquence, the control being "Hermes," who said that the spirit-world was determined to revolutionise religion (so called), as it was only carried on in a commercial spirit at the present day, and that women would be to the front in the coming reform.

On the previous day a Members' Tea Meeting was held to bid farewell to Mr. Atterly, who has since left for England. During his stay in Adelaide—about ten days—he gave up nearly the whole of his time to the Society. He is specially good for Medical Diagnosis, and has benefited several in Adelaide. We deeply regret his departure from us.

In the presence of the pacific and fraternal church of the future, what will philosophy do? It will submit man to spirit, earth to heaven, matter to God. He who is not a Spiritualist is not a philosopher. He will only pass along the road to science in order to arrive more speedily at faith. The more wonderful the world becomes, the greater man's conquests in the regions of the unknown, the more clearly will the philosopher recognise the grandeur of the Infinite.—*A. Houssaye.*

PROFESSOR LOMBROSO AND SPIRITUALISM.*

THE editor of the *Reformador*, the organ of the Brazilian Federation of Spiritists, has done well to publish a French translation of his able reply to Professor Lombroso's extraordinary attempt to explain the phenomena through the mediumship of Eusapia Paladino, so rigorously investigated by a committee of scientific experts at Milan. As our readers are aware, that committee drew up and published a report, in which it was acknowledged that, without any human agency whatsoever, tables and chairs were raised in the air, a bell was rung high above their heads; a cold small hand was passed over the face of Professor Vizioli; flames of yellow light flitted about the room; a table answered to numerous questions proposed by the sitters; a ponderous piece of furniture moved along the floor like a huge quadruped; a chair was transported to the top of a table; a banker named Hirsch saw and spoke to the spirit of his wife, who conversed with him in French, and Dr. Barth perceived the spirit of his father, and was twice kissed by him. All the persons present signed a document attesting the occurrence of these manifestations, and declaring that fraud was quite out of the question.

Still, Professor Lombroso, as a materialist and a sceptic, refused to admit that these phenomena were the work of spirits, and cast about for some other explanation of them; and he hit upon one of the wildest and most preposterous hypotheses, we think, which ever entered the human mind. Briefly stated it is this: that certain of the celebral organs of the medium are paralysed, and that, by way of compensation, there is a greater excitation of other centres, and a transposition, transmission, and transformation of her psychic forces, which thus become a luminous and a motive force!

"It is, then," as our colleague of the *Reformador* observes, "one of the cortical centres of the brain of the medium which sets furniture in motion, which causes a bell to wander about in the air, and which caresses in the form of a hand the persons who are present. The transmission of force is no longer effected by the muscles but by the ether!"

The mere statement of the Professor's explanation is enough to condemn it in the eyes of every reasonable being. Not long ago he published a work entitled "The Man of Genius," the principal object of which was to show that "genius is a neurosis," and that, as "it depends on irritation of the cerebral cortex, it may take on different aspects, according to the spot attacked, while preserving the same nature."

Now, the Professor is himself a man of genius; and therefore, according to his own showing, he is afflicted with neurosis, which attacks him in that region of the brain in which phrenologists locate the highest of the perceptive faculties. Perhaps these are paralysed, thus disqualifying him for perceiving in the universe anything but matter; while by a strange perversity of his reasoning faculties, he is led to assume that that matter, in its rarest and most sublimated form, namely, that of ether, can move ponderous pieces of furniture when it is acted upon, in some mysterious way by a psychic force transmitted from the neuropathic brain of an ordinary or extraordinary medium. If Swift were living, he would place Professor Lombroso among the insane philosophers in his flying island of Laputa.

* Le Professor Lombroso et Le Spiritisme. Analyse faite par *Le Reformador*. Rio Janeiro: Redagao do Reformador.

INFORMATION WANTED.

SPIRITUALISM will erelong take its place among the positive sciences. But in order to enable it to do so, the collection of facts should be so extensive as to admit of the laws or principles inductively derived from them, resting on a basis so broad and deep that they will be quite unassailable. To this end, the Committee of Propaganda appointed at the Paris Congress of Spiritists and Spiritualists in 1889, have formulated a series of questions, to which they are inviting answers from observers of psychic phenomena in all parts of the world; such answers to be directed to the Secretary General of the Committee,

M. LAURENT DE FAGET,
28, Rue des Lilas,
Bagnolet (Seine),
Le France.

The questions, to which replies are solicited, are these:—

1. By what kind of mediumship have you obtained proof of the identity of the spirit who has communicated? Specify the precise method.

2. What are the proofs of identity given by the spirit who has manifested himself? These should be precisely and minutely detailed, and carefully authenticated.

3. Was the spirit who communicated completely unknown to the persons present and to the inhabitants of the locality?

4. In all that concerns the identities obtained by clairvoyant mediums or lucid somnambulists who see the spirit, it is indispensable to mention, in the statement of facts, whether the medium or the lucid had known in his or her lifetime the spirit of whom he or she has given exact description; stating in what terms that description has been made, and omitting none of the peculiarities which enabled the spirits to be recognised.

5. In communications obtained from spirits by means of mediumistic or of direct writing, explain how you were able to identify the handwriting with that of the spirit while he was in the flesh; and also whether you have compared the writing of the spirit with examples in the hands of his relations or of his surviving friends?

6. Make known the names of the persons who can guarantee the exactitude of the facts set forth in the report; better still, endeavour to induce such persons to verify reports by their own signatures, together with their place of abode and occupation.

Such of our readers as are in a position to supply the kind of information asked for, cannot be too scrupulously accurate in statement, or too particular with respect to corroborative evidence; remembering the value of such unimpeachable testimony. And we may confidently anticipate that the result of this invitation from the Committee of Propaganda in Paris will be the accumulation of such an overwhelming mass of facts, in substantiation of the great truth of spirit-return, that the scoffers and sceptics will hide their heads in the darkness they love, just as bats and owls conceal themseves in their coverts, when the light of day breaks over the earth.

RECENTLY the consideration of automatic writing, and other presentments of what Mr. Myers calls the "subliminal consciousness," have put aside another question of great importance—that of "spirit indentity." In connection with this subject it may now not be wrong to give one proof of that identity which occurred in the life of Stainton Moses, though he did not publish the account at the time the occurrence happened, because it involved using the names of people who might have objected. Even now the country house is not named, though the story is correct. In the "Records of Séances by Mrs. S." the musical sound of G. is Grocyn, the scholar and friend of Erasmus. A few years ago, about 1887 or 1888, Stainton Moses went to spend Whitsuntide at the house of a friend a few miles out of London. The house was old, but had a somewhat modern frontage. During the first night of Stainton Moses' stay, the musical note of G. was sounded in his bedroom. Stainton Moses being used to these notes paid but little regard, and wondering what Grocyn wanted there, went to sleep again. The next morning after breakfast, his host said to Stainton Moses, "I must leave you for awhile, but here are some archæological books that may interest you. By the way Grocyn, the scholar, once lived here. You slept in his room last night."—*Light*.

DR. ADAM CLARKE wrote:—"I believe there is a supernatural and spiritual world in which spirits live and have intercourse with this world, and become visible to mortals."

ASSOCIATION OF

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

If and Perhaps.

If every one were wise and sweet,
And every one were jolly;
If every heart with gladness beat,
And none were melancholy;
If none should grumble or complain,
And nobody should labour
In evil work, but each were fain
To love and help his neighbour—
Oh, what a happy world 'twould be
For you and me—for you and me!

And if, perhaps, we both should try
That glorious time to hurry;
If you and I—just you and I—
Should laugh instead of worry;
If we should grow—just you and I—
Kinder and sweeter hearted—
Perhaps in some near by-and-by
That good time might get started;
Then what a happy world 'twould be
For you and me—for you and me!

Selection.

What the Mouse Says.

Can any one tell me the reason
Why most of the folks I see
Will start and run away screaming,
If they catch but one glimpse of *me?*

Now if I were a savage monster,
A tiger, or even a bear,
It wouldn't be so surprising
If I gave them a little scare.

But I'm such a tiny creature,
Not a bit like a beast of prey;
Besides, if they only knew it,
I'm always more frightened than they.

Why are men and women so stingy?
There's plenty of bread and meat
And cake—yes, and cheese in the pantry—
Yet they grudge me the little I eat!

Last night I was nibbling a biscuit—
Do you think that was *very* wrong?
But Bridget rushed in with the poker,
And shrieks that were loud and long.

One of the boys called, "Pussy,
Come, pussy!" and when he said *that,*
I was not only grieved, but offended,
For they know how I hate a cat.

Back to my house then I skurried,
And supperless went to bed
While the family—cruel wretches!—
On numberless dainties fed.

When I ventured out this morning,
Now what do you think I saw?
Why, a horrid thing called a *mouse-trap,*
Exactly in front of my door?

So I'm going to write a letter
To that kind S.P.C.A.;
I'll ask them if *they* will protect me,
And I'll let you know what they say.

Selection.

Minnie's Michaelmas.

Little Minnie was very ill. The dread fever that had burst even into the well guarded houses of the rich had stalked through the narrow cottage doorway and laid its grim hand on the eldest little one. Week after week Minnie had tossed in her hard wooden cot, while the boarded ceiling had seemed to close over her; and, tiny and poor as the room was, horrible shapes lurked in the corners, and grinned and clutched above her. Night after night had her mother sat up to calm her ravings and soothe her dreadful sufferings. Day after day she worked to feed the hungry little ones and keep them quiet. They could not go to school—they had no boots.

It was the feast of St. Michael and All Angels. No high and holy thoughts of heavenly beings did the day bring to the inmates of the cottage; only troubling recollections of father out of work and rent day coming. But that very morning the scarce work was got; boots to be finished off, blackened, and fixed for sale. They had to be done by 5 o'clock, when the factory closed. So the poor mother, at her post by the sick bed, was obliged to help in rubbing the shiny black stuff on to the soles and heels, till her hands, her dress, and even her face were besmeared with it. Ugh! how the leather smelt! it was like a tannery.

Minnie was lying still, gazing at nothing at all, it seemed, though her eyes were fixed on a broken mug on the window ledge which held some daffodils. Poor little flowers! They tried so hard to send out their sweet scent to fill the room, but the other odours fought against them, and they drooped and hung their heads. Mother's tired eyes rested once or twice upon them as she followed anxiously Minnie's gaze; then the weary eyelids dropped, but opened quickly with a start, as she again bent over her work. Did Minnie see the flowers, though? She was dimly conscious of the tiny window and torn curtain, of the china spotted spaniel on the mantelshelf, and of mother sitting close beside her; she felt she was lying in her hard little bed, but yet——

What a pretty place it was! Far as eye could reach stretched plains yellow with daffodils; a light like the sun at early morning shone from under them till the whole place was filled with a golden radiance. A little girl stood among the flowers; Minnie saw it was herself. A thought came to her—'I have been ill a long, long time; and this is heaven!' The air felt like velvet or soft rose leaves against her cheek; the flowers nodded in it and smiled up at her. The softest, sweetest singing came from them; thousands of flowers though there were, it sounded like the angels, far away. Minnie felt as if she had wings herself; it seemed so easy to float among the flowers. They were happy to be gathered, too; she filled her lap with them; and their singing sank into a sweet perfume that wafted itself around her.

'But,' thought little Minnie, 'heaven is so big and lonely; I would like somebody with me.'

The daffodils sang louder, and the words seemed, 'Only patient ones can enter here;' and far away Minnie saw a figure that moved towards her—a form in shimmering golden silk, a crown of daffodils above the dear familiar face, not worn and anxious, but restful and smiling.

'It's mother!' cried the happy little voice; and Minnie flew into the encircling arms. The daffodils sang louder; they rose—each an angel with a golden crown—and flew with them up and up, till the air lost its golden hue, till forms began to glimmer through it, and—

There was mother's tired head resting on the counterpane; the unfinished boots had fallen from her listless hand upon the floor. But, with a divine instinct, she woke and saw her darling would get better now. A tiny smile quivered on Minnie's lips as two warm tears fell with mother's kiss upon her cheek. Her eyes looked longingly at the drooping daffodils on the window ledge, and mother, guessing what she wished, placed them in her hand.

'They come from heaven,' whispered Minnie; 'the angels brought them.'

One tiny wasted hand closed over the fading yellow flowers, the other pillowed the pale cheek; and Minnie sank into sleep fanned by the soft white wings of the Michaelmas angels.—*Selection.*

John Wesley, whose house was beset with spirit rappings, at a time such phenomena were very unfrequent and not at all understood, left on record the following striking words:—"If our eyes were opened we should see they (the angels) are more that are for us than they that are against us. We should see

"A convoy attends;
A ministering host of invisible friends.

In all ages God has used the ministry both of men and angels."

DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY.

THE following excellent letter, signed Mary Everett Boole, appears in *Light* of July 8, and is deserving of the widest circulation we can give it:—

"There is one element in the attitude of prominent opponents of Spiritualism which, I am sure, would be eliminated if they themselves were conscious of its existence; and that is what one cannot call less than an element of unconscious cruelty. They do not realise that they are speaking of those who, *to us*, are personal friends. Some months ago I mentioned, in writing to a well known 'Evangelical' opponent of Spiritualism, a spirit-friend who won my deepest affection in childhood, and whom I have had no reason to distrust since. The gentleman calmly wrote in reply that I have been for half-a-century beset by a demon, and that he begs me to pray to the Lord Jesus to rid me of him! Suppose I were to write to that gentleman's wife (in answer to a statement of his unvarying trustworthiness) and say that she has been 'for several years, married to an emissary of Satan, and that I beseech her to sue for a divorce,' everyone would know that I was not arguing, but simply indulging in insolence: in what respect do the cases differ?

"The writer referred to by no means disputes the living existence of our spirit-friends; he has a theory that they are all 'dæmons.' Many of our opponents are in the position of not seeing any reason to believe in the actual existence of our friends. The coolness with which such persons often assert that our friends are 'spooks,' and have no living existence, is amazing.

"We have all been reading Mrs. Besant's touching account of her baby's suffering, and her mother's affection. I know nothing of either of these persons, except what Mrs. Besant tells; but I have seen people whom I loved suffer, in body and in mind, (persons in the flesh). Nothing I ever saw of that kind conveyed to me a more vivid sense of living agony than did a spirit who came to tell me of a mistake which he had made in his earth-life and which he wished me to repair. The cheerful and patronising calmness with which Theosophists (Madame Blavatsky and others) assert that our visitors are 'spooks,' and do not really feel, suggests the question: What would Mrs. Besant think of me if I asserted that her baby was a spook, and her mother's anxiety a got-up theatrical performance? I know quite as much about the matter as Theosophists know about my spirit-friends; *i.e.*, nothing at all. I only know that Mrs. Besant has described a deep and sorrowful experience which it behoves me to think of with tender reverence. Why are my friendships, and the pain which I say I have witnessed, to be more lightly treated?

"When Theosophists, or Christians, or anyone else, tell us of serious experiences which they have gone through, we ought to listen with respect; but when these very same persons advance theories which can only be supported by summarily denying the equal validity of our experiences, and by calling our nearest and dearest friends, 'spooks,' 'hallucinations,' or 'devils,' we have a right to say that they have gone wrong somehow, and that we do not care to investigate any theory the propounders of which found their arguments on refusing to our friendships and affections that respect which they are claiming for their own."

A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

ONE of the most explicit statements of the important fact of spiritual inspiration or impression is to be found in the words of Elihu and Eliphaz, the Temanite, as recorded in the Book of Job, where it is said: "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding. . . . . He speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction."

A remarkable illustration of this is furnished by an incident in the life of Louis Agassiz, the famous naturalist, as related in the biography of him just published by Charles Frederick Hilder, LL.D. It will be found at the end of the seventh chapter, and is to the following effect—

"He was now at work upon a fossil fish which is known to-day as *syclopoma spinosum*. For a long time it puzzled him, and he put a more than ordinary amount of work upon it; but one night, after having laboured over the problem, he awoke, feeling that he had seen the characteristics of the fish which he had so long been vainly endeavouring to determine. He sat up in bed wonderingly trying to recall the dream, but it passed away, merely leaving a strong impression.

"The following night the dream was repeated, but eluded him again. On the third night he prepared for a recurrence of the singular psychological phenomenon, by placing paper and pencil by his bedside. Again the nocturnal mental picture was presented, and half awake the young naturalist traced in the darkness as well as he could what he considered an improbable outline of the fish. The day following he took his sketch to the Jardin des Plantes, and by using the midnight and mysterious sketch as a guide, he cut away the stone and found identical characteristics hitherto unknown, hidden away, making his work of classification an easy one."

PSYCHIC PICTURES.

THE *Review of Reviews*, for May, illustrates the report of Mr. J. Traill Taylor's experiments in spirit photography (which we reprinted in our last issue) with two pictures of the photographs obtained, the first a shadowy female form obtained on a plate not exposed in camera, the other a more distinct and younger looking female figure at the side of, and apparently nearer, the camera than the material sitter. The features are very distinct, and there is a luminous haze over and behind the head. There is also a portrait of Mr. Glendinning, at whose house the experiments were made. A photographic journal, the *Amateur Photographer*, commenting upon the matter, suggested the possibility of fraud on the part of Mr. Duguid, the medium, or Mr. Glendinning, which led to Mr. G. consulting his solicitors, and the correspondence which ensued led to an apology being tendered by that journal. The correspondence was not made public, but we have seen a private copy it, and commend the firm stand made by Mr. Glendinning for the honor of his friend and guest as much as himself.

WE have received from the Dev Dharm Mission, Lahore, a pamphlet on India's National Degradation, the tenor of which is to show that the decadence of morality and spirituality invariably leads to national degradation, and that neither intellectual nor political education are adequate to check this degradation and restore a healthy vitality. The theory is that nothing is adequate for this but the "saving and living power of Godliness as manifested in concrete human agencies, and that these agencies are those great human souls, commonly known as Saviours to humanity who appear on this earth under God's design according to need of the times and capacity of humanity, under the law of human evolution, bringing with them, not only character and saving power, but a new Ideal of humanity." Such an one it is claimed is the "Dev Guru" who is at the head of their mission. We think the proposition is a sound one, and if the "Dev Guru" is all that is claimed for him by his followers, there is little doubt but that his influence will grow and bear fruit. No doubt his claims to inspiration will be laughed at by outsiders, but the moral teachings professed are excellent, and if the actions of the cult correspond with them, no amount of ridicule will stay the progress of the movement.

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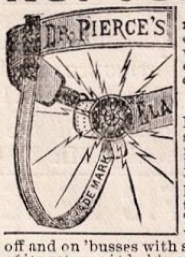
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