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

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THE Sunday editions of the *New York Herald*, from the 9th to 22nd of April last, contained a series of articles on religion and the future life of man, which are significant of the widespread influence of Spiritualism on the religious thought of the age. The *Herald* is in America what the *Times* is in England—the leading conservative journal, having an enormous circulation and a world-wide influence. The articles referred to (the first of which we reproduce in another column), will probably be read by millions, and cannot fail to have a salutary influence in the promotion of spiritualistic investigation.

It will be seen in the article entitled "Where is Heaven?" that the writer, after arguing for the rationality of a belief in a literal heaven, refers to the evidence that is forthcoming, speaks of the "men of science, of large reputations, whose word has weight the globe over, who look us straight in the face and tell us wonderful stories" of the psychical societies and the inexplicable things they have met with, and asks, "Is it true that in this latter quarter of the nineteenth century there is a spiritual as well as a material revelation?" This question has been answered affirmatively by thousands of competent persons, who speak from knowledge gained by careful investigation; and no unbiased mind can read the standard literature of Spiritualism without admitting that evidentially the fact of spirit intercourse is proved; moreover, the revelations given through cultured media are so much in harmony with our aspirations, and consistent with humanity's requirements, as to commend themselves intuitively to the unbiased truth-seeker.

It is evident that the writer—who, if not the editor himself, is one of the principals, his articles occupying the position of first leaders—is impressed with the spiritualistic activities that are everywhere apparent, as in his second article, speaking of the enormous strides of science, he says:—"But no less marvellous are the spiritual signs of the times. It might be safely asserted that there never was an age of such religious fervour as this. We are not optimists, but impartial critics, when we say that the average man is more interested in finding out whether or no he has a soul, and if so, what is to become of it, than ever before. The largest hall in New York can be readily filled if the subject discussed is the certainty of two worlds, and the possibility of communication between them. . . . . Scepticism veils its face because it is impotent; ridicule sneers in private, but seldom openly; sarcasm has discovered that the edge of its sword is dulled. Right or wrong this teased and fretted world is looking anxiously for some light which the pulpits of Christendom do not as yet furnish."

These are words of truth, and are as applicable here in Melbourne as in distant New York. There is a decadence of the old incredulity about Spiritualism and psychic phenomena; those who affect to disbelieve, push in to the front whenever there is a chance of seeing phenomena or getting evidence, and those who will not admit "there is something in it," are in the minority. But why does not the Church supply the want which its ministers must be conscious is abroad. Here and there a minister with more courage than the rest, will edge upon the subject, but none outside of the Unitarian church have openly avowed their belief in it; even the writer of "Do the Dead Return?" a clergyman of the Church of England, keeps his name from the public. Possibly he fears persecution, but let two or three ministers speak out boldly and justify their position as Christian ministers and Spiritualists, and they would find the public sentiment with them. There is an identity between Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism, but the latter is more adapted to the intellectual requirements of to-day. The dogmas of Modern Christianity, which are the barriers, are rapidly crumbling, and when they go the assimilation of Spiritualism will be easy; meantime Spiritualists may

congratulate themselves that their facts are rapidly gaining recognition, and their principles advancing; and though our local conservative journal still shuts its eyes to the signs of the times in this particular, the time is not far off when it will have to recognise them, though it may not be so gracefully done as by its great American contemporary.

OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

La Irradiacion (Madrid), is publishing a highly interesting contribution to the literature of Spiritualism in the shape of the autobiography of Don José Amigo y Pellicer, the editor of *El Buen Sentido*.

Like many other convinced believers, he commenced his investigations of psychic phenomena with an actual repugnance towards them; but was ultimately compelled to yield to the irresistible logic of indisputable facts.

From the office of our contemporary we have also received a copy of a brochure of 32 pages, entitled "The First of May," and forming part of an Economic Library, which is being issued in order to contribute to the solution of the great social problem which is now agitating men's minds all over the world.

La Revista de Estudios Psicologicos (Barcelona), quotes from *Lux ex Tenebris*, which is published in Mexico, we believe, an excellent article on Scientific Spiritualism, in which considerable stress is laid upon the necessity of collecting and classifying facts, and of studying the phenomena from a purely scientific point of view, and by rigidly experimental methods, just as they have been in Milan, Rome, Naples, and Warsaw.

People, it is observed, are very much inclined to look at Spiritualism from a religious rather than from a scientific point of view. But it is all important that Spiritualism should lay its foundations on the solid bed rock of facts: should take its place among the positive sciences in fact; and upon this can be built up a beautiful superstructure of doctrine which will be quite unassailable, because resting upon such a massive and enduring foundation.

The *Sphinx*, published at Brunswick, continues to be one of the most influential and important of the German periodicals devoted to the cause of psychic science. Its editor, Mr. Hübbe-Schleiden, explains the signification of the Theosophic movement; and M. Paul Lanzky related his personal intercourse with Fredrich Dieksche, of whose writings we now hear for the first time.

This is followed by a short paper on some of the phenomena of telepathy by M. Ludwig Last; an essay on the parodox of suicides by M. W. von Saintgeorge; with an appropriate sequel, translated from the *Pacific Coast Spiritualist*, entitled "The Suicide after Death," being the narrative of an unhappy self-murderer, who shot himself in New York, in the year 1872, and described, through a medium, his sufferings in the world or sphere of remorse. We may add that we have conversed with poor spirits, similarly circumstanced, and that whenever the nature and reality of the future world come to be widely known and recognised, suicides and murders will be of much less frequent occurrence than they are at present.

Some curious facts are brought to light by M. R. Hager, in an essay on the chemical elements in the magic square; and Dr. F. Maack follows it up by exhibiting the bearing which Mr. Hager's conclusions have upon polarisation. Under the general heading of "More than is dreamt of in your philosophy," the editor brings together, from various sources, some interesting narratives of psychic phenomena; one of which, quoted from the August number of the *Russkaja Skarina*, relates to two brothers in Anspruch, named Alexander and Wladimir R——sky. The latter died, and from the year 1839, his surviving brother seems to have been controlled, or to have been spoken to, by him. The particulars, we should add, are derived from a memoir written and published by Valerian Allexandrowitsch Panajew, in the periodical referred to.

La Revue Spirite (Paris) contains evidence, like so many of our high class contemporaries, that Spiritualism has entered upon a nobler phase of its development. In its infancy it occupied itself chiefly with signs and wonders, and with physical manifestations. At a later period, communications with departed friends and relatives engrossed the chief attention of investigators; but now, our guides and teachers in the unseen are everywhere leading men's minds into the loftier regions of spiritual philosophy and science, and showing us that their instructions are directed to purify and ennoble our lives on earth, in order that we may be qualified for the higher life hereafter. And teachings of this kind we find animating the excellent series of articles on the philosophy of Spiritualism in this *Revue*, the writer of which shows, with so much perspicuity, the progressive nature of Revelation, and that this, the latest and most glorious of all, is the fulfilment of prophecy and more especially of the promises made by the Man of Sorrows to his disciples.

A report of the proceedings in connection with the 25th anniversary of the departure of Allan Kardec, held in the cemetery at Père Lachaise, contains an extract from the Discourse of M. Camille Flammarion, the distinguished astronomer, in which he points out that the time has arrived when Spiritualism must assert its claims to be ranked among the positive sciences of the nineteenth century. "This complex study," he observes, "ought now to enter upon its scientific period. Its physical phenomena must become the object of experimental criticism; and by its methods they must be dissected, measured, and defined. For Spiritualism is not a religion, but a science, of which we scarcely know the a. b. c. The time for dogmas is over. The supernatural no longer exists. Spiritual facts are in the natural order of things, and must be submitted to the control of experiment. There are no more miracles."

Dr. Richard Wedel, of Karlsruhe contributes to the May number of *Psychische Studien* (Leipzig), an interesting paper on mystic phenomena in the Saga and in popular superstitions; a field of investigation which deserves to be opened up in all countries; as the results would serve to show the universality, in all ages, of a belief in spirit return and of a communication between the seen and the unseen worlds.

Mr. Frederick Proy, or Klagenfurt, continues, from a former number, a narrative of his mediumistic experiences, dating as far back as the year 1848. Mr. C. Wittig describes the remarkable parallel presented by certain spiritual manifestations of which his late mother was an eye witness in 1844, to those described by Goethe in his "Bride of Corinth," beginning at the line *Nach Korinthus von Athengezogen.* The Countess Mainardi, *née* the Countess Bouxhoevden, translates a paper on reincarnation, by our zealous *confrère*, Signor Ernesto Volpi, editor of the *Vessillo Spiritista*, of Vercelli; and Dr. Karl du Prel writes in a scientific spirit on apparitions of the dying and the dead.

The April number of *La Haute Science*, maintains the high character of its predecessors. A further instalment of the Ethiopian Apocrypha, translated by M. René Basset; and of M. Emile Burnouf's excellent version of the Rig Veda, bring both these valuable "Scriptures" of antiquity within the reach of the poorest student. Metaphysicians will find much food for thought in M. Lacuria's essay on "Distinction and on the Number Two"; while the "Letters of a Dead Man," by Dr. L. Ménard, will appeal to a still wider circle of readers, for they will interest all believers in a future life. They purport to be written by Callicles, an Athenian sculptor, and by his friend Theagoras, who lived some centuries later in Alexandria. The former gives his impressions of Paris, apparently in the seventeenth century; and the latter contrasts modern Christianity with Greek polytheism, greatly to the disadvantage of the more recent creed. A further instalment of the treatise on Appolonius of Tyana, and some interesting gleanings from various sources, complete the contents of the present number.

Constancia (Buenos Aires), mentions the publication of the first volume of the new work entitled "An Interpretation of Don Quixote," written through members and mediums of the Society of Spiritualists in Saragossa. According to a circular issued by the editor of the work, it demonstrates that the great masterpiece of Cervantes is penetrated by a profound spiritual meaning, and pourtrays the incessant strife of humanity with its tyrants and oppressors. The hidden meaning of that immortal narrative is laid bare, and its author is shown to be no mere iconoclast of the chivalry and the chivalrous literature of earlier times, but an idealist of the highest order, a profound thinker, and a philosophical humanitarian, penetrated by spiritual views of the most elevated character.

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF RELIGION.

By Dr. A. Mueller.

THE RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT SINCE THE REFORMATION.

It is generally assumed that with the reformation the middle ages closed, and a new era was ushered in, but this is only partially correct. We are nearer the truth when we regard the reformation as merely the first act in the great historical drama, representing the liberation of the human mind from the trammels of authority in religious faith.

This great drama was initiated before the reformation, and is by no means played out yet. Practically, as far as the Christian churches are concerned, we are still in the middle ages. Christianity, though nearly 2000 years old is still fettered by dogma claiming finality and infallibility, and as far almost as it was 300 years ago from realising the ideals of its great Founder. Some progress has undoubtedly been made in religious culture, but it is the result of general evolution and increase of knowledge. It came from without, not from within the churches; it was made in spite of them, and whenever it clashed with their interests, denounced, never initiated or even tolerated by them.

To the student of religious history it appears somewhat discouraging that 19 centuries should on the whole show such apparently poor results, that within all this time Christianity should have failed to separate from its cardinal truths the errors and misconceptions of prechristian religions, that were necessarily and unavoidably engrafted on it. But he becomes reconciled to present conditions when he considers that 4000 years were required for the human mind to grasp such small modicum of truth as is contained in the prechristian religions. Error dies slowly under all circumstances, but never more so than when it has assumed the rigid form of dogma in church and creed.

Neither the Greek nor the Roman Catholic churches have made any progress since their doctrines were fixed and determined by ecumenical councils, who claimed infallibility, but never passed a single doctrine by unanimous vote, and usually only after long and accrimonious debates. The Roman Catholic church, in fact, has taken a retrograde step in pronouncing the infallibility and complete immunity from error, hitherto claimed for popes and bishops in council aesembled, to be the prerogative of the pope alone, as viceregent of God on earth. This monstrous anachronism was perpetrated by the Vatican council in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy.

"Henceforth when the Roman pontiff speaks ex-cathedra, that is, when he, using his office as pastor and doctor of all Christians, in virtue of his apostolic office, defines a doctrine of faith and morals to be held by the whole church, he, by the divine assistance promised to him in the blessed Peter, possesses that infallibility with which the Divine Redeemer was pleased to invest his church in the definition of doctrines on faith and morals, and therefore such definitions by the Roman pontiff are irreformable in *their own nature, and not because of the consent of the church.*"

Thus runs the decree of the last ecumenical council; the last—let us hope—that will ever be held: a solemn and at the same time a ridiculous farce which, considering the portentous signs of the times, reminds us of the Latin proverb, "*Quos Deus perdere vult, prius dementat.*" It was nothing short of insanity to fling such a decree in the face of the present generation, as if we were still in the darkest part of the dark ages, instead of being fortunately near the end of them, with the first faint glimmering dawn of a new era already beginning to dispel the gloom of the weary, long night we have passed through.

In passing it through the Vatican Council, Pius IX. and his crafty Jesuit counsellors evidently felt that the days of ecclesiasticism were numbered. and that even the bishops must have their power curtailed, and could no longer be trusted as pillars supporting a structure that shows in every crevice and cranny unmistakable evidences of crumbling decay. The policy of the wire-pullers at the Vatican had dictated the measure simultaneously with their instigating the Franco-German war; but like the intended march of the French to Berlin it was an ignominious failure of the newly decreed infallibility.

Ecumenical Councils and Papal bulls are out of date. When we pass in review the countries still professedly owing allegiance to Rome, we find that its grasp on them is getting weaker from decade to decade. This applies more particularly to the Latin race, hitherto its stronghold and most powerful support. His Holiness is nowhere less thought of than in Rome and in Italy. France pays no heed to papal infallibility and its utterances. Spain and Portugal, no longer kept down by the terrible Inquisition, are showing strong symptoms of unrest and disaffection; and even the South American republics are manifesting a similar spirit. Belgium revolts against ecclesiasticism, and Austria has cut the concordat. The most faithful sons of the Roman church are the Irish and the South Germans; but much of their allegiance is owing to political reasons, which the Vatican knows how to use for its own purposes.

On all sides the ominous signs denote another conflict to be impending between an hierarchy, in which there is no change nor shadow of turning, and the ever-advancing, resistless spirit of progress and enlightenment. It will require all the power of its excellent internal organisation, and all the hold it can yet lay on the conscience of its devotees for the hoary old church to weather the storm and pass through another reformation, likely to be far more radical than the first one.

That a second one is impending and will have to be faced erelong, unless staved off by war and the crash of empires, arresting progress and altering the political face of Europe, nobody knows better than the Vatican conspirators, who would welcome a general European war, and probably even now are doing their best to bring it about, as they did the last one, and have done more than one previously.

No hierarchy, unfortunately, can make concessions to liberalism, for it would terminate its very existence by doing so. But supposing such a thing to be possible, what glorious chance would fall to the lot of a truly liberal pope, who could divest himself of all self-seeking, hierarchical aims, and invested with infallibility by the very decree of his church, enter on a thorough revision of its doctrines, guided by the light and the researches of modern psychology. He might in very truth become the Vicar of Christ, and help more than any single man could do to bring about the Kingdom of God on earth.

Many of the doctrines of the Catholic church, founded on the traditions of ages, though perverted and misinterpreted by priestcraft, contain all the elements that would make this church once more the leader among her younger sisters, if these doctrines were stripped of their ecclesiastical wrappings and interpreted in the light of psychic science, and in their esoteric sense. Others, no doubt, would have to be rejected, as they are but too evidently designed for chains and fetters to keep the human mind in bondage or emanate from erroneous views of long byegone ages.

But after eliminating everything objectionable, his Holiness would still have a substantial body of doctrine left to construct his new catholicism from. The latter in many points, such as man's relation to the spirit-world,

the existence of the latter as the great sphere leading in never-ending progress man's soul nearer to God, the efficacy of prayer, and the mode of its fulfilment through the instrumentality of the spirit-world, would be almost identical with Spiritualism. But this—alas—will ever remain a pious wish. Rome, claiming to be the sole depository of truth in faith and morals, can never acknowledge any other sources of truth without committing a fatal inconsistency. "*Ultra ecclesiam nulla salus*," must ever be its motto. It keeps its votaries firmly bound, as it makes the faintest doubt in the truth of its doctrines a deadly sin; and thus stifles all self-thought, not to speak of free-thought, on matters of faith. But with the latter in the air, as it is now universally, it becomes more patent from day to day, that none but the illiterate and ignorant can remain thus bound much longer, and as their number must necessarily decrease with the growth of religious culture and general enlightenment, the power and influence of this ancient hierarchy will become ever more limited and circumscribed.

It has been shown in the sketch of the reformation that in point of actual doctrine the distinction between a Catholic and strict Protestant is very slight indeed. When Luther and Melanchton put their heads together and drew up the Protestant confession of faith, with a view of obtaining for the new church the formal recognition of civil and ecclesiastical rulers, they adhered as closely as possible to the teaching of the church fathers, and thus the church for which they claimed tolerance was merely catholicism minus the pope, and the infallibility, arrogated by him and the bishops, when in council determining doctrines on faith and morals.

A close examination of the doctrines as held by the two churches will confirm the truth of the statement already advanced that, granting the correctness of his premises, which of course is out of the question, the catholic, as far as logic and consistency are concerned, has an undoubted advantage over the protestant. He accepts in unquestioning faith the dicta of an infallible church and its doctrines founded on the Bible and on traditions handed down from the earliest ages in custody of the Roman church.

The protestant, on his part, denies the authority of this church and its claim to infallibity, and in his search for a foundation of faith, accepts an infallible book as the word of God, as his guide and rule of faith; but in doing so he at once ackowledges the authority of the church again, from which he has seceded. He accepts the Bible out of the hands of this church, quite oblivious apparently of the important facts, that the manuscripts of the various books of the New Testament had been for many centuries in the custody of the church; that irregardless of their origin they had been copiously interpolated in order to bring them in harmony with the leading doctrines of the church, and show these doctrines to be founded on them; that they were finally translated by the church after an arbitrary selection from all existing writings, and that this selection, together with the books of the Old Testament, of which some were also rejected, was placed before an ecumenical council of the catholic church, and by this council declared to be the word of God, inspired by the Holy Ghost, and to be accepted as such by the Christian world, subject, however, to the church's interpretation of it. Luther's inconsistency in accepting the Bible as the word of God, absolutely and without reservation, was crowned by his rejecting arbitrarily from this alleged word of God the Gospel according to St. James, because it taught salvation by works. This has placed protestantism into a dilemma which is by no means relieved by the almost complete agreement between the Augsburg and Westminster confessions of faith and the doctrines of St. Augustine, and other leading church-fathers.

When we enter into an examination of special doctrines, we find that where there is any deviation of protestant from catholic doctrine, it is usually at an expense of logic and consistency. Take, for instance, the important dogmas relating to the fall of man and the atonement effected through Christ. Both assume, with what reason it would be out of place to discuss here, that the first man was immaculate and without sin, possessing habitual holiness and also immortality as presents from the mercy of the Creator. These presents, they further assume, were forfeited by the disobedience of our first parents to God's commands, and all of us are therefore sinners by birth, even before we have committed any actual transgressions.

A third assumption, as irrational as the two previous ones, is that Christ regained for us what Adam forfeited, by giving himself up as an expiatory sacrifice. Thus far the two salvation schemes agree, but a very material divergence takes place when the catholic contends that the voluntary sacrifice of a God to a God did more than was required; that the payment made by Christ exceeded in amount the debt owing by man, and that the surplus, constantly increased by the merits of the saints, and the good works of those who do more than merely obeying the commandments of God, has been handed over to the church, and that out of this fund she dispenses her indulgences, and derives the privilege of forgiving sins.

Christ's death, according to the catholic church, atoned for original sin only, and removed the barrier between God and man, but good works and the forgiveness of any shortcomings to be obtained through the church, are the indispensable conditions of the individual's salvation. The protestants strangely perverted this doctrine. Obliged to leave out the indulgences, as they had given the first impulse to the reformation, and also disputing the power of the catholic church to forgive sins, they altered the scheme of salvation by throwing all sins of humanity—past, present, and prospective—on the shoulders of Christ. He died for all sinners, from Adam to the last man that will live on earth, and the individual, to insure salvation, has only to accept this monstrous doctrine in pious faith. This certainly is simplifying matters greatly, and making the road to heaven plain and easy, even for the most abandoned miscreant; but is scarcely conducive to any higher morality, and much more inconsistent than the catholic scheme.

Where individual merit is counted for nothing, and is even denounced as self-righteousness, unless it goes hand in hand with this vicarious atonement theory, one of the most powerful incentives to virtue is taken away—the conviction, namely, that every action of the individual has to be accounted for, and bears its own fruit, either for good or for evil. If life has any object at all worth living for, it is surely the formation, the slow building up by each of us of individual character, that approaches as near as we can get to the highest ideals of virtue and moral excellence we can conceive. But such ideals are not likely to be conceived, and far less striven after, if the whole centre of gravity is placed outside the individual in a dogma that declares them useless and is in contradiction with them.

The protestants also showed much inconsistency in dealing with the sacraments of the catholic church. They rejected five out of seven, and retained two, by what appears a purely arbitrary selection. When we consider that to the catholic the sacraments are mysterious channels for the influx of the Divine mercy and grace which Christ has gained for him, and which the church alone has power to dispense, that they are, in short, *opera operata*, which the devotee has to receive passively, but can receive through the church alone, we are at a loss to see either meaning or efficacy in these institutions when severed from the church and denied the special supernatural significance and power given to them by the church. Both the reformed and Lutheran churches, however, claim for the sacraments a certain supernatural significance, though this claim is as inconsistent as their accepting the Bible as the word of God, but throwing out an important part of it.

Throughout the history of protestantism, from the middle of the 16th century, when the first flush of enthusiasm that accompanied its birth had subsided, these unhappy mistakes and inconsistencies in framing its doctrines have been the bane of the movement and the principal bar to its progress.

During the first half of the century, the reformation had marched triumphantly through nearly the whole of

Europe. Rome trembled, and even the Latin races appeared likely to follow the example of the Teutons. But all too soon after Luther's death, protestantism began to decline, and consumed its strength in fruitless dissensions and quarrels about doctrines and in fatal concessions to catholicism. It became a traitor to itself and the spirit of self-thought and progress that had called it forth. In the place of papal authority, the protestant clergy endeavoured to establish their own, and to force religious truth once more into a code of dogmas as irrational as those of catholicism, and claiming for them the same blind and implicit acceptance, though fortunately lacking the power to enforce it. Their fanaticism soon rivalled and even exceeded that of the catholic priests, until it came to pass that the Jesuits taking advantage of protestant bigotry, were actually preaching a freer and more consistent theology than the protestant autocrats.

Thus Rome regained much of the ground it had lost, and though it did not succeed in stamping out the new heresy by a whole century of fanatical wars, instigated for that purpose, and ending with the peace of Westphalia and the complete recognition and establishment of protestantism ; yet many of the countries that would have been gained to it if it had remained true to itself, were lost by its own shortcomings, inconsistencies and blind fanaticism.

Nowhere, perhaps, was this more strikingly exemplified than in France. At the time of the reformation the power of the catholic church and the influence of the clergy were great in France, and hence the new departures initiated by Luther and Calvin, met with a more determined resistance on the part of the church, and a more revolting series of bloodshed and crimes, such as the massacres of Vassy and St. Bartholomew.

But the edict of Nantes, issued by the large-minded Henry IV., put an end to these religious butcheries, and secured to the French protestants a fair share of civil and religious rights.

At the same time, the writings of Rabelais, who boldly attacked the catholic clergy from an ethical point of view, and still more those of Montaigne, who in a spirit of lofty and audacious inquiry, went straight to the root of all bigotry and church abuse, by attacking the system from which they spring—conld not be otherwise than favourable to the cause of protestantism. Even a writer like Charron, who in his Treatise on Wisdom, treated all churches and sects as matters of supreme indifference, and as far as the individual is concerned, as mere accidents of birth, should have advanced the cause of protestantism by showing the folly of men quarrelling and murdering each other on account of differences in their religious convictions.

The seventeenth century opened most auspiciously for the protestants of France. Henry IV. continued to favour them even before the catholics, and after his foul murder by an emissary of the powers of darkness, the queen, though a bigoted and superstitious catholic, continued his liberal policy, and caused her son, Louis XIII., on his attaining majority, to confirm publicly the edict of Nantes and all preceding measures favouring the protestants, in spite of the most urgent representations of the papal nuncio. Under the great Richlieu their position was still more improved, and protestant marshalls were actually leading the armies of France.

No sooner, however, was full tolerance accorded to them than the bonds that had kept them together whilst persecuted, were visibly loosened. The narrow bigotry of the protestant clergy caused many of the aristocratic leaders to desert the protestant ranks and return to catholicism. They had divided the leadership with the clergy, and it now fell entirely into the hands of the latter.

True to the traditions and instincts of their caste, these shepherds of men soon assumed an aggressive, domineering attitude, and displayed as much, if not more, bigotry and intolerance than ever they had been the victims of at the hands of the catholics. Instead of contenting themselves with a position that secured to them a full measure of religious liberty, they turned the tables on their quondam oppressors and interfered with them in the exercise of their religious cult, in a manner only the blindest sectarian bigotry could have suggested. First of all they tried proselytising, but finding that they could not convert the catholics against their will, they proceeded to open hostilities. Wherever they had sufficient power and were in the majority, catholic processions were either forbidden altogether, or if appearing in defiance of protestant bigotry, were assaulted and interfered with. Their tender protestant susceptibilities were even offended by a priest carrying the last sacrament to the dying, or performing funereal rites over the dead, actions that would receive a certain amount of reverential respect even from savages. These bigots, however, had none of it, for they subjected the poor priest to personal insult, and hooted him, to prevent his voice being heard, and to turn his ceremonies into contempt. In places given over to them altogether, such as Rochelle, they occupied all the churches and refused the use of a single one to their catholic fellow-subjects. Even intermarriages between catholics and protestants were forbidden. If dissent from these odious ordinances was openly expressed, the person daring to assert the fundamental principle of protestantism, the right of private judgment, was ordered before a synod, and unless retracting and showing due penitence, was publicly excommunicated and "delivered over to Satan,,' as the precious formula ran which was used on these occasions.

Finally, these zealots endeavoured to control the government in their favour, and to crown all they put forth a series of tracts and brochures expressive of the intense hatred they felt towards their catholic countrymen. Such in France were the fruits of Calvin's sinister and repulsive doctrines of predestination and election by grace, his Geneva reign of terror re-enacted on a larger stage.

It redounds greatly to the credit of the French government that under all those galling provocations it did not resort to coercive measures, until acts of open rebellion forced it to take up arms in self-defence. The ultimatum forced on by the Calvinists had now resolved itself into the question, whether France should be given over to a horde of fanatics, who with all their inordinate pretensions were really only a minority of the French people. The answer could only be civil war, which ended with the capture of Rochelle, the principal stronghold of the Calvinists, and arrested all further aggression on their part for some time. It was an act of generosity almost undeserved, and speaks volumes for the liberality and wise statesmanship of Richlieu, that he allowed no persecution and permitted free exercise of religious rites to the defeated. He dealt with them as with naughty children, who must be restrained and kept in order by the rod, but having received it may be left to their own devices, unless they misbehave again. This, unfortunately, they did only twelve months later. They again broke out in rebellion, because they professed to be unable to live side by side with catholics, and be constantly offended by the performance of popish rites, although nobody thought of disturbing them in the exercise of their own. Even then they were not interfered with as regards the latter, but treated as a turbulent political faction, and deprived of all resources and power. The persecutions they had to endure under the less liberal regime of Louis the XIV., were again of their own seeking, and completely crushed them, destroying the last chance of protestantism in France.

(To be continued.)

FROM *Light*, May 12th, we observe that Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten and Dr. Britten were at that time the guests of the Duchess de Pomar, and had given two lectures in that lady's large Hall, in the Avenue Wagram, Paris, the audience including a number of eminent scientific men. "Le Gaulois," the leading daily paper, of Paris, speaks of her May 2nd address as magnificent, and says further that "her eloquence is brilliant, impassioned, aud powerful, and her erudition is astonishing" It is mentioned also that Mrs. Britten had given several semi-private séances to large gatherings of friends, at the Duchess's palace.

THOUGHT AS A REALITY.

Among the many beautiful lessons which reach us from our guides, guardians, and teachers in the Unseen, there are few which impress us more vividly by their novelty and beauty than the assurance we receive of the objective reality, in the other world, of the creations of the mind in this. The lovely ideas which float through the mind of a great poet, a great musician, a great painter, sculptor, architect, philosopher, or philanthropist; and which too often find imperfect expression in this realm of shadows, and sometimes, indeed, entirely fail to utter themselves, have a real existence hereafter; and if they have been pure, elevated, noble, truthful, and divine, they enhance the happiness and accelerate the progress of the thinker, enfranchised from the trammels of matter. Thackeray, with his spiritual intuitions, had a perception of this truth, and it is interesting to observe how he has expatiated upon it in one of his *Roundabout Papers*—namely, that entitled "The Last Sketch." He had been visiting the studio of Leslie, the artist, but recently deceased, and had found upon his easel an unfinished picture of Titania, and this suggested the following reflections :—

"Is there record kept anywhere of fancies conceived, beautiful, unborn? Some day will they assume form in some yet undeveloped light? If our bad, unspoken thoughts are registered against us, will not the good thoughts unspoken, the love and tenderness, the pity, liberty, charity, which pass through the breast, and cause the heart to throb with silent good, find a remembrance too? A few weeks more and this lovely offspring of the poet's conception would have been complete—to charm the world with its beautiful mirth. May there not be some sphere unknown to us where it may have an existence? They say our words once out of our lips, go travelling in *omni evum*, reverberating for ever and ever. If our words, why not our thoughts? If the Has been, why not the Might have Been? Some day our spirits may be permitted to walk in galleries of fancies more wondrous and beautiful than any achieved works, and our minds to behold and delight in masterpieces, which poets' and artists' minds have fathered and conceived only."

The last sentence seems to have been written under impression, for it describes what actually occurs in the after-life. Thackeray's surmise, conjecture, intuition, or spiritual impression, is nothing more nor less than the statement of a glorious fact.

He recurs to the same subject in connection with an unfinished story by Charlotte Bronté, towards the close of the same paper; and we are sure our readers will thank us for transcribing a passage, which throws so much light upon the spirituality of Thackeray's nature. It is as follows :—

"As one reads the necessarily incomplete though most touching and admirable history of the heart that throbbed in this one little frame—of this one amongst the myriads of souls that have lived and died on this great earth—this great earth?—this little speck in the infinite universe of God—with what wonder do we think of to-day, with what awe await to-morrow, when that which is now but darkly seen shall be clear! As I read this little fragmentary sketch, I think of the rest. Is it? And where is it? Will not the leaf be turned some day and the story be told? Shall the deviser of the tale somewhere perfect the history of little Emma's griefs and troubles? Shall Titania come forth complete with her sportive court, with the flowers at her feet, the forest around her, and all the stars of summer glittering over head?"

There is something both touching and significant in the fact that this was the last *Roundabout Paper* Thackeray ever wrote. His meditations and reflections were indicative, perhaps, of a vague presentiment of his approaching departure for a world in which he would meet the creations of his own genius, and discover the serenely beautiful countenance of Colonel Newcome beaming on his own.

It is often objected to Spiritualists, or to their teachers, that the other life is presented to them in such a material, that is to say, objective form. Thackeray evidently conceived of it as objective, with its flowers, and forests, and summer stars. And what are the glorious phenomena of the world in which we are placed but antetypes and adumbrations of the far more glorious, more majestic, more exquisite and lovely *noumena* by which we shall be surrounded in the other life? What do we know of "matter," except as its properties are cognised by our physical senses, which are so rigorously conditioned and limited, that we are incapable of perceiving certain colours through the eye, and of receiving the impact of certain sounds upon the tympanum of the ear? And who shall presume even to guess at the infinitely diversified forms and manifestations which the Creator of all things may see fit to bestow upon what we call "matter?"

Curiously enough, some of the cavilling objections to the misnamed "materialism" of the spirit-world are raised by orthodox religionists, who devoutly believe in the twelve gates of pearl, the twelve walls of jasper, and the glass pavement of the new Jerusalem described in the Book of Revelations.

ON THE WING :

Notes of Travel, by W. H. Terry.

On the evening of Nov. 24th, I attended a séance, at the house of Mrs. M. E. Williams, the celebrated medium for materialisations, at 232 West 46th Street, New York.

Mrs. W. and her daughter received me very kindly, She was familiar with "*The Harbinger*," and spoke approvingly of its contents. Had only time for a few words with her before entering the séance room, a back parlour on the ground floor, having a solid recess in the wall, at the front of which a pair of curtains were hung, the visitors forming three rows forward from the opposite wall, the front row—in which I sat—being within twelve feet of the curtains. A table with a vase of flowers on it stood a few feet to the left of the cabinet. The light was in the corner of the room furthest from the cabinet, and was regulated by a cord to suit the powers of the form appearing.

Prior to entering the cabinet, or recess, Mrs. Williams described a number of spirits whom she saw about the visitors, giving names and relationships which enabled them to be recognised. She asked any visitor who desired to examine the recess used as a cabinet, before she took her seat, but it was so palpably solid in the strong light of the chandelier that no one accepted her invitation. Retiring into the recess, and drawing the curtains after her, the chandelier lights were turned out, leaving only the small corner light referred to, which, when the eyes became accustomed to the change, was ample to see into every corner of the room.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee," and other hymns were sung, and presently a childish voice was heard inside the curtain, which was recognised as belonging to "Bright Eyes," a little Indian control.

Next, a deep, distinct, and impressive male voice, recognised by some of the sitters as "Mr. Cushman," a spirit who seems to direct the manifestations; presently, two or three female forms appeared in succession. These were recognised as "circle spirits," who were frequent visitors at the sittings, and the names were announced by Miss Williams.

Then came one who was recognised as Carrie Miller, who called me forward, and taking me by the hand said she knew me through her father, who was a great admirer of me and my work, and had often spoken to her about me; she led me to the table, and taking two roses from the vase presented them to me. This form was very perfectly materialised, the features clearly defined, and the expression pleasant; the voice, though not loud, was distinct; the hands were firm but cold. I could not at first recall her father, but when told he lived at Brooklyn, I remembered corresponding with him some years since.

A little later on, after some more forms had come and been recognised by their friends, the spirit Cushman said that William Denton was there, and desired him to convey fraternal greetings to me; he did not, however, materialise. I expressed my pleasure at his presence, and returned his good wishes.

More forms came, their friends being called forward by Cushman, as up to this time (Mrs. Williams having a severe cold) the power was not so strong as usual, and the forms—with the exception of Carrie Miller—had only been able to get a few feet away from the cabinet, and no one known to me had appeared.

The curtain opened and the form of a gentleman, in dark suit with open vest and cravat, appeared—the name of Prof. S. B. Brittan was announced, and I was requested to step forward. He shook hands with me, spoke some encouraging words to me on our mutual work, to which I responded, referring to my appreciation of his writings and work as "Editor at large." I saw his features distinctly; they resembled pictures I had seen of him, but older looking, the hair being nearly white, and the centre of the head bald. Bidding me adieu, he sank rapidly into the floor, only his head and shoulders being visible as the curtains closed.

More forms came, male and female, of all ages, from about four feet to five feet six inches in height; nearly all were recognised—one, who was a circle spirit, posed very gracefully, and exhibited an abundance of fleecy drapery.

Then "Professor Kiddle" was announced, and a gentleman, with dark suit and grey hair, walked briskly out of the cabinet straight to me and shook my hand, saying "he was glad to meet me; he passed rapidly along, shaking hands with several, and then retired behind the curtain, to return and shake hands with others. When he left, one lady, who was in the background, expressed regret at not being able to reach him, as she had known him in the body. Cushman said Mr. Kiddle would return later and meet her. This he did, and on her referring to the occasion when she had met him in the body, he shook her hand cordially, saying he remembered the incident quite well.

Cushman referring to the number of spirits that were interested in me and my work, spoke of past difficulties and troubles, and predicted that my visit to America would not only be beneficial to me physically, but would conduce to the advancement of Spiritualism and place me in a condition to do my work more pleasantly. This spirit spoke very intelligently and impressively at several points during the séance, giving a religious character to the proceedings, which I have often found lacking in physical phenomena séances. It gave a higher tone to the séance, and I feel confident, enhanced the value of it to investigators. The frequency with which spirits appear here in the counterpart of their earthly costume, is a great feature in Mrs. Williams' séance, the *ensemble* making recognition easy and perfect.

On the following day, accompanied by Mr. Freedman, a former member of the Melbourne Lyceum, whom I was pleased to meet in New York, I visited Wall-street, famous for its immense Stock transactions. Entering the Exchange we proceeded to the gallery, and looking down into the hall of the building, sacred to the brokers and members with the staff of telegraph and telephone operators, saw a sight curious but sad to moralise upon. Here were hundreds of educated men in a state of keen excitement, talking, signalling with their hands, rapidly jotting down transactions, and moving to and fro from point to point, like ants upon a disturbed ant-hill. All round the walls, tablets like those which disclose themselves when the harlequin in the pantomime touches the scene with his wand, kept falling down disclosing numbers, mysterious to the uninitiated, but significant to the members: clerks stood with ear to telephone, every minute passing something; operators all round the room despatching and receiving, the messages being conveyed to them by hand telegraphy by members in the groups around the brokers. The floor was littered with thousands of torn memoranda, and everything betokened a concentration of interest in money-getting, buying below value and selling above; it had all the appearance of a gambling arena.

From this scene of selfishness we emerged, and reaching the Pullinger Building, where the *New York World* is published, ascended the lofty dome (some 350 feet), and obtained a magnificent view of New York and Brooklyn, with New Jersey in the distance, the East River and Hudson between. It was a fine sight, but the wind being strong and keen, could not enjoy it long. Finding that Mr. F. knew the address of Mr. Miller, the father of the spirit who had spoken to me the previous evening at Mrs. Williams', I decided to visit him. We went *via* the Brooklyn bridge, a wonderful structure, from which we could see the shipping and the colossal statue of Liberty in the distance. Mr. Miller is an old and enthusiastic Spiritualist, and edited for some time "Miller's Psychometric Circular," which used to exchange with *The Harbinger*. I had forgotten him in this relation. Had a very interesting conversation with him, and had explained to me a new phenomena he was obtaining through the mediumship of Mr. G. Cole. Blank papers are put into a glass jar (or papers with questions on), folded; the lid is then closed and sealed; in a short time the lid is taken off, and messages and replies found legibly written on the papers. Some of these writings bearing the signatures of well-known and eminent people who have left the body, and the matter being such as might be expected from the writers.

I was naturally anxious to get a sitting with this medium, but as he lived at a distance, and I had to leave New York in the morning, Mr. M. said it would be impossible to arrange it. He, however, undertook to submit a sealed letter to the control if I sent one at some future time, and endeavour to procure me answers to any questions I might submit.

In the evening, visited Mrs. A. Mott Knight, a medium who gets slate writings, and drawings on paper. She was not well and disinclined to sit, but on my assurance that I was quite willing to take the chance of failure, she consented to do so. Mr. Freedman, myself, and two ladies formed the party. Slates and sheets of paper were put on the carpet, and we sat in a circle round them, holding hands. The lights were extinguished. I held the medium's right hand in my left, resting on my knee. Almost immediately a slate was thrust under my hand, and I heard the sound of writing upon it; then a voice as of a child speaking in a low tone at my side, apparently addressing the medium. Rustling was heard among the papers, and then a different voice was heard, William Denton's name was given in a whisper, with a word or two of greeting; then Robert Terry, my brother, gave his name; said he had seen his sister, and referred to some family matter. Spirit lights moved about in all directions.

Nothing new coming, the gas was lit, and two slates were found with messages on for me, one signed "William Denton," the other "Allie." On the former there were two faces amongst the writing. On a slip of paper was written: "My dear Mr. Terry—you were brought here by your guide. I came to you through Mr. Campbell; my medium is not well. Mr. C. will not live long; he will be a bright spirit on this side as a worker. Allie." There was a female face amongst the writing in this message.

On the following morning, visited the Roman Catholic cathedral, in Fifth Avenue. The interior is very fine; the lofty aisle and the numerous illuminated windows, each containing a scene from Scripture history, by eminent artists, are grand, and the sculptured altars beautiful in design and execution. With such surroundings and the accompaniment of rich music, and the impressive ceremonies of the Roman Catholic church, no wonder that the minds of those who have not reasoned out the basis of religion are captivated. A hasty view of the new and magnificent Savoy and Netherlands hotels, and portions of Central Park, completed my New York experiences; and at 2 p.m. I crossed the ferry for the Washington train, and bid good-bye to friend Freedman and New York at the same time.

"Science Siftings," for April, has a supplement on "The Spirit World," by Lady Bowyer, containing some of her experiences and inspirations.

A HARMONY.

(Extract from Discourse given through Mrs. Harris, May 28, 1894, in Spiritual Hall, Leichhardt, Sydney).

"And I listened as one listeneth for a revelation, so that my soul was filled with intuitive perceptions of the Divine, and I felt the presence of four bright ones, even the angels of our Father, bearing His message unto the children of earth. And the first one sang, whose name was Faith; deep and full were his mighty tones as his glorious theme bore his spirit upward as though reaching after God. He sang of a soul's deep anguish in hours of darkness, of the falsity of material things, the shallowness of worldly friendships, of the heart's hunger for something more enduring, more satisfying. His tone changed, and through it my soul sensed the deep, confiding love of a child unto a father, the grasping of a love so vast, so beautiful, so divine, as to fully satisfy the spirit's need. I knew the protective shelter of the everlasting arms, the repose of the spirit upon the promises, Yea and amen! upon the great love of God. His song bore my thought through deep and darkened valleys of conflict, temptation, sorrow and pain, but through all these scenes I felt the power of faith's deep trust in the eternal goodness, and my soul grew still and strong under its divine inspiring influence. His song floated away through interstellar spaces, hovering in echoing beauty 'mid the shadowy clouds, whence angel faces and passing forms were discernable, beckoning me upward. Then a deep, full note of praise seemed to fill the air with the mighty tone of implicit trust, as a realisation of living faith—assurance that could not be shaken—held my spirit in its tender calm.

"The second angel sang, whose name was Hope. Pure white robes she wore, zoned with purest azure, while o'er her brow there gleamed a six-pointed star of light, bright rays from which shed a continual lustre o'er her path. Clear and sweet rang out the soprano tones of Hope's dear angel, as with upraised hand she pointed to the gleaming light that streamed forth from gates ajar. She sang of buried joys and hidden griefs, of disappointed loves and broken idols; but clear and strong rang forth her bell-like tones toward heaven, where the mourner finds her treasure, and the sorrowful are for ever comforted. 'Hope on, hope ever,' was the burden of her song, 'for thou shalt yet praise Him, who is the hope of the ages, thy Father and thy God.' Inspiring was the beauty of the singer, but her soul thoughts made her still more lovely as she sang of troubled thoughts cheered, of sad hearts comforted; and her soft clear tones floated through the atmosphere with God-given power to uplift and strengthen the desponding thoughts of man.

"Immortal Hope, sing on! the world hath need of thy gospel of cheer, there is a language sweeter far than earthly music in which thy thoughts are voiced, 'tis the language of angel communion, for returning spirits say there is hope for every soul, however dark, however dreary; God's angel can heal, can enlighten, can cheer and bless *that* soul.

"The third angel sang, and my soul stood still for joy in the queenly, majestic presence of Love. Her majestic influence held the vast assemblage rapt in an ecstacy of delight as the grandeur of her song filled the vast building with melody sublime. Around her floated angel forms robed in purest white, bearing emblems of Love, Pity, Sympathy, Help and Prayer. Her rich contralto tones rolled forth in mystical beauty as she sang of God's great love toward all men; of the deep passion that inspired all the universe of His thought, of His will that all should love each other with such purity, truth, and fervour even as God loveth us; she sang of love's sweet sacrifice of selfhood, of its complete abnegation of pride, of its conquest over evil, its divine power to save to the uttermost. All hearts were stirred as they listened to her. Bowed in reverence before the grandeur of her theme were young and old, rich and poor, for to each soul she sang of the inspiring force of love's deep power, till earth seemed but the vestibule of Heaven, and mortality the prelude to immortal joy. All other thoughts were lost in love, fame, wealth, wisdom, greatness. Power yielded the sceptre to the divine goddess, and her grand anthem closed with a universal 'Amen,' from every soul.

"The fourth angel sang, whose name was Peace. His brow, serene and calm, was haloed round with pure white light, his noble countenance shone with celestial beauty as he stepped forward with his message to a troubled world. 'Peace on earth, goodwill to men,' was the burden of his song; the clear tenor voice dying to a whisper of exquisite sweetness as he voiced God's peace to the vexed or wearied soul. Peace in every thought, pardon, at-one-ment, born of living faith, and perfect love; bearing the soul into the very presence or shekinah overshadowing the mercy seat of God. He sang of the soul's own temple, the consecrated life of man; his rich tones swelled into perfected fullness as he strove to express the power such peace would impart to the fevered, anxious life of man, when his soul had learned to 'stay itself on God.' He sang of the peaceful influence of angel converse, when out of the silence a still small voice would speak to the soul and comfort with its exquisite tenderness the troubled heart. 'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid,' was the sweet refrain into which his voice floated, and a hallowed respectfulness wrapped the people as with a mantle, while his tones died away in stillness, out of which one almost expected to hear the Father's voice of love:—'Sing on, angel of Peace, thy sweet theme shall fill every life, ere long all discord, strife and sin shall cease, for there shall be peace when the Christ spirit reigns and speaks in every life.' Uprising then, out of the stillness, rose a glorious anthem of praise, a song of progress, as the four angels sang to the people, their voices blending in one perfect harmony of life as God would have it be. And as they sang, my spirit drank in the mystery of love's sweet service in the ministry of these four, Faith, Hope, Love and Peace, so that I knew God, even our Father, was for ever good."

THE MELBOURNE PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

By Secretary.

The Sessions of the above Institution, I am pleased to record, still keeps up to the average established when it first went into its new home; and there is not the slightest doubt but the Spiritualists of Melbourne are beginning to recognise the claims which the Lyceum has to their support.

Another matter, which is one for congratulation, is the regularity of the attendance of its individual pupils and visitors, plainly showing that the standard of excellence is being raised.

The "pearls of wisdom" and responses have shown a decided improvement in the manner and tone of their deliverance being more robust and hearty than has hitherto been the rule and not the exception. This point cannot be too well studied by the Lyceum, for the visitors can to a great extent judge of your discipline and the attention you pay by the means of these responses and the style they are delivered in.

On Sunday, June 3rd, Mr. W. W. Knight delivered a trance lecture to the children, the control being an elderly lady, one Jane Grey. the subject being "Spiritualism for the Little Ones," the control impressing upon the children some very good home truths of Spiritualism. A few words were also addressed to the elder visitors asking them what they were doing to enable those entrusted to their care to walk in the lighted path of truth and progress.

Mr. F. W. Debney read a paper on the following Sunday, entitled "Borderland," the gist of it being an exposition of Stead's new quarterly and its objects; Mr. Debney being of opinion that Spiritualism will receive a great impetus through the publication of such a magazine.

Sunday, June 17th, saw another lady speaker on the platform, in the person of Mrs. Burbank, whose paper on "Advice to Children" proved very acceptable, especially as it was addressed to the children, and was not above their assimilating powers.

As usual, the last Sunday in the month was "Recitation Sunday," and the Lyceum has to be complimented on the talent it has at its command, for the programme was of a high standard of merit and well deserving of our praise.

THE REIGN OF SELF.

THE following communication was given by impression, in the short space of sixty-five minutes, the controlling spirit being one well known to some circles here and elsewhere, as "Christopher;" he will need no further identification by those who have heard him speak :—

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, that do ye unto them;" for this is the will of your Father in Heaven, who has made mankind of one blood in order that they might dwell together in peace and harmony; not as enemies, but as friends; not as strangers, but as brethren; not as pilgrims journeying along the highways of life in selfish solitariness and in sullen silence, but as helpful companions, cheering each other by the way, comforting the sorrowful, rejoicing with them that do rejoice, and making each other glad by and in the light of a cheerful countenance. For God loveth all such. He did not design this fair earth to become a valley of tears, or a city of tombs; and if men have made it so, it has been because they have acted in wilful and perverse disobedience to that divine law which is expressed in a single sentence, "Little children, love one another." Yes, "little children," for unless ye become such, how can ye enter into the kingdom of heaven—into that realm where the greatest is the servant of the least, and where meekness and humility are the signs and tokens by which ye may know all who love, and are loved by, God. For to Him a proud spirit is hateful; arrogance and haughtiness are altogether abhorrent; inasmuch as not even the highest archangel—not even those who can approach nearest to His awful Presence, nourish a thought of pride. Pride is a part of self-love, and where God is, self becomes extinct. The two cannot co-exist in the kingdom of heaven. Self belongs to the lower or earth-life. It is that principle by which organised matter tends to preserve and continue itself in the lower forms of existence. In the natural course of events it should die out when its natural purpose has been fulfilled, and when the animal passions and propensities of man should be brought into subjection by the intellectual and the spiritual. But, unhappily, it has survived that period among the more advanced races of mankind—among those who have reached the higher phases of development. And not only has it survived, but it is cherished and nourished. It is even deified and worshipped in many similitudes and under many aspects. Lust, ambition, cupidity, gluttony, the craving for wealth and power, and the greed of territory and dominion—all these are but varieties of that Protæan monster who has been apotheosised by man, venerated and exalted above all gods, and slavishly adored under the comprehensive name of self. This species of idolatry has passed into a proverb, "We are all for ourselves in this world," exclaim those who believe themselves to be exceptionally wise and sagacious. "Each for himself and God for us all," is another popular rendering of the same sentiment. As if God *could* be for those who would fain depose Him and place on His throne an idol more hideous than was ever conceived by the imagination of an Indian sculptor. No: Self can have no fellowship with the Most High, nor with those who are truly His children. As soon might you expect fire and water to coalesce. They cannot do so, because it is repugnant to natural law; and equally opposed to that law is the principle of self-love as exemplified in the language and conduct of men qualified to judge between good and evil, and to discriminate between right and wrong.

"What is the origin of the great mass of evils which afflict the civilised races of mankind? It is the empire of self. Self is responsible for want, for sorrow, for suffering, for a good deal of the sickness that prevails, for warfare, for deeds of personal violence, for the drunkenness that debauches and destroys millions of human beings, and for more calamities than it would be possible to enumerate at this moment. Consider what a Paradise this planet might and would become if all the races on its surface were to substitute the everlasting Law of Love, for that of self-adoration and self-devotion. Wars would cease, for what ruler would covet his neighbour's territory, what monarch or what president of a republic would dream of anything so infamous and malignant as to array vast masses of men who have no individual animosities towards the people of another nation, in murderous hostility against each other? Reflect upon the millions upon millions of treasure and the rivers of blood which have been squandered in this diabolical occupation! Imagine what that incalculable amount of money would have been capable of effecting if expended in ameliorating the social condition of mankind; and of what the labour of those myriads of strong, vigorous and able-bodied men who have been slain or mutilated in battle—mown down like fields of wheat by the grim reaper Death—would have been qualified to do in the way of augmenting the food and increasing the material prosperity of mankind, if their muscular arms had not been diverted from the fields of industry and trained to the work of human butchery. And if there were no wars, there would be no standing armies, and none of the taxes which are now imposed for the maintenance of armaments that are every day becoming more and more costly—more and more difficult to support and equip, and more enormous in magnitude and mischief.

"If, moreover, men were obedient to the law of love, each preferring his neighbour to himself, there would be none of those appalling contrasts between the vastly rich and the unspeakaby poor, which are the scandal, the disgrace, and the danger of modern civilisation. Who would care for money save as a means of doing good? Who would be left to perish by hunger and cold when a hundred helping hands would be stretched forth to relieve even the smallest necessities that might arise from accident or misfortune? And with the disappearance of a preposterously rich class, intent only upon the gratification of a luxurious self-indulgence, would also disappear the prodigality, the waste, the ostentation and the profusion which now characterise the very opulent classes of society; while at the other end of the social scale, there would no longer be found the emaciated and poverty-stricken masses of the helpless and the indigent, always hovering on the verge of starvation, always liable to the diseases incidental to physical want, aggravated by the sufferers living in dwellings unfit for human habitation; and always prone, as often as an opportunity presents itself, of converting its discontent into insurrection, and sweling the ranks of the insurgent multitude on the outbreak of any civil war.

"The evils of the reign of self are so manifest, indeed, that to enumerate them would be to draw up a complete catalogue of human calamities and of earthly sorrows and sufferings. There is no necessity for the existence of so appalling and abominable a state of things, Your planet produces, in measureless abundance, all that the human race requires for its sustentation and rational enjoyment. It is the inequitable distribution of these things that is so iniquitous. Nor can the consequences of it be alleviated, much less removed, by political remedies and palliatives. There is only one medicine for the malady. It was expressed aforetime in the few simple words which have been already quoted, 'Little children, love one another!' There is the sovereign cure, and there alone. It is so beautiful and so benignant, so easy of adoption, and so blessed and beneficent in its application and results, that if it were once obeyed, human beings would at once exclaim, 'Thy Kingdom indeed has come!'"

IN a recent number of the *Progressive Thinker*, Prof. W. M. Lockwood, in an ably written article, "Whence came we and whither are we bound," endeavours to prove that not only the body and intellect, but the spirit of man were evolved from rudimentary matter. In a later issue, May 5th, the Hon. A. B. Richmond and J. O. Barrett, in an equally able manner review and analyze his article, demonstrating the untenability of his theory, the latter admitting the evolution theory with regard to both matter and spirit; the evolution of both is consentaneous. This is a rational theory; spirit is the positive power of the universe.

SCARLET LILIES.

'Twas sundown in an eastern village, and the cool breeze of approaching evening fanned the brow of a weary man who stood somewhat apart from a little company of followers to whom he had been discoursing concerning magnetic healing and other spiritual gifts. Instinctively, he turned his face toward the west, and the golden beams of sunset rested upon his face, illumining his features with their heaven sent glory, like the smile of God upon a holy life. His thoughts were all of good; his selfless life a dedication to humanity of the highest gifts heaven can bestow on mortal, and though weary in body, his soul was strong as tender, loyal as loving; so that an angel's voice had once been heard to give the message of approval from our Father, thus:—"This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." And ever he strove to reveal God's love to men, calling them "friends" and brothers, and bidding them worship in spirit and in truth, the one and only God. The world cared not for this child of the seventh sphere, this inspired mouth-piece of the Christ—it "knew him not."

All day had he taught the people who thronged him, and healed their sick, and now, because he was mortal and his magnetic force was low, he was aweary, and stood in the path of the setting sun, among the lilies, sad at heart because of the people. "Master," said one who loved him, "let us go to the village, and sup now, and rest in the house of Simon;" but he answered not. His intuitive perception and highly developed consciousness sensed the coming of a swift messenger, and he stood still in the sunset glow waiting his Father's will. The next moment, a lad, breathless with haste, burst through the little group and stood before the master, who bent kind eyes of compassion on him, and laid his hand upon his head in tender questioning, his quick thought reading all his need. "Master," said the lad, "Jairus, my lord, hath sent me to thee; his little daughter is sick unto death, but he saith that if thou shouldst speak but the word she shall be made whole." Then he turned, and looking upon the lad who loved him, said quietly, as one whose calm soul hasteth not: "It is well; I will come," and turning from those who bade him rest and take refreshment first, he went his way. The golden beams had turned to crimson now, the portals of heaven seemed veiled by purple curtains lined with gold, as through the yellow corn and crimson lilies at his feet the master took his way unto the abode of pain.

Now Jairus was a ruler, born to command, yet heaven spake to him through the lips of the pilgrim, so that he knew he was as a little child, and learned of him to worship God. And as they went, the lad and he, behold, another messenger came in haste, saying: "Trouble not the master, for the maid is dead!" But he kept steadfastly upon his way, with firm and quiet tread; only in his eyes a strange light shone of concentrated will, and silent prayer to One who holdeth life in His own hand. At length they came to the house, whence sounds of weird, strange music for the dead floated out upon the evening air, and many stood within crying and wailing for her death—the sunbeam of the home, the dark-eyed Beatrice, the child of song—whose light foot had crossed the threshold but yesterday in youthful glee, and now she lay so still, they said she was dead. Softly he entered, with stately tread and slow, as one who doth the bidding of a king; and then he bade them all depart and cease their crying, for she was not dead. They lifted eyes of wonder to his face, but such a calm light rested there, they could not say him "nay," but silently passed from the room. Then Jairus and the maiden's mother ceased their tears, and the master smiled (all heaven seemed in that smile of peace) saying in tones which carried comfort to their souls, "She is not dead, but sleepeth." He took the maiden's hand, and at that magnetic touch and prayerful *will*, the spirit wakened, vigor came again unto the weakened frame, light to the eyes, slow opening to the master's gaze, and she rose up to greet them. Clasped in her mother's arms, the sweet child felt again the glow of health, and joy returned to the mother's heart, but Jarius turned him where the master stood, and while large tears rolled down his sun-browned face, exclaimed, "Master, I thank thee!" Then he who had wrought this perfect joy, said softly, "Let us thank God who giveth gifts to men; friend, serve Him."

Those deep tones, like liquid music, ever speaking blessing to the poor, the sick, the erring, arrested the little maid's attention, and turning her soft brown eyes upon his face, she said: "Dear master, I have had a dream of heaven, and then I heard my mother weeping and thy voice calling me back to earth; oh, is it true, dear master? Do angels take us gently in their arms, and bear us where the pure in heart do dwell in peaceful homes of love?" Answering, he said, "Sweet child, 'tis given unto some to see and hear what the world knoweth not; yes, it is true that thou hast been with angels, and now they shall return with thee to earth, and thou shalt be their minister." For a moment he held her hand to give her strength, then stooping, lightly kissed her brow, and left her with her mother.

Ever afterwards, whene'er he would visit her father's house, the maiden would serve him with her own hands, bringing water for his feet, or luscious grapes for his refreshment; no hireling was permitted to usurp the privilege of waiting on such an honoured guest. And sometimes he would tell her of his mission, and lay his hands upon her head in blessing, saying "she should have power to follow him." Afterward, in dark days of trial for the truth's sake, Beatrice remembered his words. Again he would pass his hands lightly across her eyes, that she might with illumined vision see sweet faces and beautiful forms around him, smiling upon the gentle child as they saw how she loved him, and drank in so eagerly the teaching of his words and life.

One day a servant of her father's was sick, and Beatrice went forth to meet the master, that she might tell him, knowing he would come. And as she walked, she gathered fair blossoms that grew in fragrant sweetness at her feet, thinking to please the master, for he loved the beautiful, and ever taught the people of the Father's care through nature's fairest things. Contrary to custom, she crossed the little brook, and went forth unattended and alone to meet the master as he came from serving the multitude. There was a quiet spot beside a ruined wall, o'ergrown with passion vines, where he would often rest, and thither the maiden took her way.

Ere she came near, she saw him standing still with bowed head, as though in prayer; so with reverent mien she came and knelt down at his feet in silence. Presently he spoke, his tones so full of tenderness as he laid his hand upon her bent head, saying, "Little maiden, what would'st thou?" she replied, "I thought thou wast in prayer, and I would fain pray with thee, if thou wilt have it so." "And what would'st thou request of our Father?" questioned he, as she still knelt beside him. "No words have I but those taught me by thyself, and these I pray night and morning: "Our Father, who art in Heaven." In a moment his rich voice joined with hers, as they knelt together, repeating the prayer so dear to all the disciples, until the end. Then they rose together, and walked through the fields towards the village where the sick man lay. Just where the two ways met, her maidens met her, so she turned and left him there, knowing that he would do his Father's will in all things.

Days passed, the scarlet lilies faded, wintry rains fell over all the land, spring came again with tender freshness, and passion vines again were rich with blossom. Tidings came that the master was in danger; the beautiful gift which he had ever exercised even to his enemies, had given rise to dark thoughts of evil in the breasts of men, who accused him, the minister of angels, of communion and league with devils.

The scarlet lilies bloomed, and Beatrice had gathered them with loving hands, thinking he who loved them might pass that way to Jerusalem and tarry in her father's house, but he came not. The maiden watched her fathers face, grown pale and anxious now, as tidings came that he, who had blessed all, was called accursed and condemned to die. All night Beatrice knelt in prayer that the cruel persecution might cease, and he,

the beloved magnetic master, be released; but with the dawn her soul grew sick with sorrow as she heard the tumult, for the people thronged the village on their way to Jerusalem, and many spoke of him as one who had spoken wonderful words, and done many marvellous works in their midst. Before noon she knew that he must die, and Beatrice wept very sore, for she had loved him as a teacher sent by God. Slowly passed those hours of darkest pain, and the next day was the Sabbath day. Then she remembered how he said he would "come again," and drying her tears, the maiden wove the fairest wreath her hands had ever twined, of passion flowers and scarlet lilies, with green leaves between, and laid it near, thinking he would come.

The Sabbath passed, and brightly shone the stars within the dome of heaven, while silvery moonbeams gilded all the scene, as Beatrice looked forth from her casement, thinking of him. Never more to hear his voice in tender pleading to the Father, never more to sit at his feet and learn the glorious truths of immortality; what should she do without her teacher, her friend, the medium so divinely inspired, whose words searched all hearts, and taught all souls to love each other; and as she thought of these things, her great sense of loss overcame her faith for a moment, so that she wept bitterly. As she wept, a presence calm and tender seemed to fill the room, a white mist grew from out the shadows; forming itself into a dear familiar shape, the figure moved, came nearer, stood beside her, while a well-known voice said clearly, in tones soft and low, "Peace be with thee." The maiden's heart stood still for very joy at the familiar greeting, but when she looked again, through tears of joy, she saw that he had raised the faded wreath of lilies, and held them in his hand, smiling approval upon her loving thought.

So he had come again to prove there was no death, and her heart told her he would often come, and, may be, speak through lips he loved to many a sorrowing heart, for he had said that he would send "a comforter." And as she watched, too glad for words, the figure faded, the light waned, but she was comforted. He had left his peace.

Years later, when in the persecution of his followers, no mercy was shown to tender womanhood, or even innocent childhood, Beatrice stood fearless and calm in the arena, awaiting the signal for the loosing of the lions, her vision cleared by attendant angel guides; again she felt the old magnetic charm of that dear presence, and the still calm of his "peace" fell around her like a mantle, so that she knew no pain; only a sudden vibration of nerve force, and then her glad spirit stood once more in the presence of the master, and white-robed angels ministered to the risen soul of the faithful martyr.

JENNY WREN.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC MYSTERY.

We mentioned in our last the extraordinary phenomenon described by Professor Wagner as having taken place in St. Petersburg, where two instantaneous photographs of a person in a state of trance failed to reproduce anything but a mere fragment of his physical substance. Signor Ernesto Volpi, editor of *Il Vessillo Spiritista*, offers a plausible explanation of the phenomenon, based upon Col. de Rocha's discoveries with respect to the "Exteriorisation of Sensibility." It is this individual atmosphere, aura, or perispirit, which is believed to have been represented by the "white spots in concentric layers," that were visible on the sensitized plates; although such fluid envelope was quite imperceptible by the naked eye. But why should this external nimbus, if we may use the word, be reflected and not the body beneath it? The explanation suggested is that the former produces vibrations greatly superior in number and velocity to those produced by the latter; and these being purely chemical, would make an impression on the photographic plate, although they were imperceptible by the retina of the eye.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

We have received from the Libraire du Magnetisme, 23 Rue St. Merri, Paris, seven brochures, containing the transactions of the first Congress of the National League for the Free Exercise of Medicine, held in that city on five consecutive days, at the latter end of November last. We need hardly say that the objects of the League command our entire sympathy; and that the principles it formulated, and the resolutions which it adopted with so much unanimity, are such as will commend themselves to the approval of every disinterested and unprejudiced mind. It affirmed, in the first place, the following propositions:—

1. That every sick person ought to be free to entrust the care of his health to the practitioner—whether holding a diploma or not—who possesses his confidence.

2. That a monopoly of the healing art is an abuse, because the medical man is never sure of curing his patient.

3. That each person ought to be responsible for the accidents of his practice.

At the same time, if the last named principle were to become a maxim in law, what a fearful number of medical men would be imprisoned for manslaughter every year!

The resolutions arrived at were these:—

1. That the practice of the healing art should be free, under the guarantee of the common law.

2. That each should have a right to judicial assistance in all proceedings entered into against a practitioner—whether diploma'd or otherwise—for malpractice, imprudence, negligence, or ignorance, having prejudicial results.

Within the compass of eight brochures issued by the League—the sixth did not reach us—we find quite a mass of information bearing upon the subject of freedom to heal; including a masterly thesis from the pen of Dr. Gaston de Messimy; an essay on the liberty to kill, which has been conceded by law to the medical faculty; a treatise on magnetism for the more effectual treatment of alcoholism, by M. G. F. de Champville; an essay on the modern practice of medicine, by Rouxel; an interesting sketch of the discoveries in the healing art which have been the result of chance; and several miscellaneous papers and letters. Magnetism for therapeutic purposes is making great strides in all parts of Europe, and it is everywhere a powerful auxiliary to Spiritualism.

UNIONS FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS.

A new organisation has recently started in America, and is making rapid headway in several of the principal cities; it is entitled "The Union for Practical Progress," and its objects are to "Unify the moral and progressive forces of society as represented in the Churches. Labour Unions and various reform bodies, and to direct their energies concertedly and scientifically against present-day evils."

The editor of the *Arena*, who is Treasurer of the Boston Union, makes a stirring appeal, in the May issue, to all interested in human progress and the abolition of every kind of oppression, to join the ranks and help to further the spirit of "Peace on earth—good-will to men," and to shed the light that emanates from the golden rule over a land darkened by selfish greed.

The subjects taken up for March, April, and May, were The Sweating System, Tenement House Reform, How best to treat the Saloon Evil, and Child Labour.

The Union had succeeded in bringing the first of these subjects into great prominence. In one city alone, 24 clergymen preached on the subject, and the press was naturally full of reports, comments, and articles. Meetings are held, and steps taken to bring to fruition the best ideas for the amelioration of the evils under notice.

Besides Boston; New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, South Carolina, and Florida have established Unions, and the movement appears likely to spread all over the States. We shall watch it with interest.

SPIRIT IDENTITY.

Amongst the automatic messages through the hand of Mrs. Underwood, which have recently appeared in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, are several that point to Spirit Identity, and as evidence of this kind is the most important to support the spiritual hypothesis against the numerous theories with which it is assailed, we reproduce the gist of two published in the issues of May 5th and 12th. In the first part of the former article Mrs. Underwood explains that a brief announcement of the decease of Mr. J. P. Mendum, the former editor of the *Boston Investigator*, with whom Mr. Underwood had had business relations for a number of years, reached Chicago January 16th, but the number of the *Investigator* containing the circumstances published on 21st did not reach Chicago till 23rd. On the 20th whilst neither herself nor Mr. Underwood was thinking of Mr. Mendum her hand was influenced, and J. P. Mendum announced himself. Mr. U. asked several questions as to his impressions of the spirit-world and his new conditions. He expressed himself as perplexed; Mr. U. then said: "Doubtless you were somewhat unprepared to find yourself in a state of existence like your present one?" to which the answer was:—"When I first printed the *Investigator*, I said I did not think Seaver, Kneeland or Freethinkers generally, were on the right side, but Thomas Paine's works converted me to their opinions, and so now I am all upset."

Mrs. U. had been under the impression that Mr. Mendum had been a Freethinker from youth, but five days later when the *Investigator* reached her hand she found that he had been a Universalist when a young man, and that when rather shaken in his faith, the works of Thomas Paine "challanged his admiration and created in him a true appreciation of the character of the man." It is also stated that Mr. Mendum was engaged to *print* the *Investigator*. Mrs. U. had observed that the word "printed" was used in Mr. Mendum's reply instead of "published," which she thought should have been written. Later on in the interview Mr. Underwood asks:—"If this is really Mr. Mendum, can you tell us of what disease you died?" Mrs. Underwood says:—I was greatly surprised at such a question and protested that as we both knew he died from old age it was senseless to ask it; but Mr. U—— said he had a reason for asking which he would not tell me then, and repeated: "Can the intelligence writing tell us of what disease Mr. M—— died?"

A little unwillingly I held my hand passive while he asked the question, feeling quite sure if any reply was given it would be in accordance with my own opinion—and the first answer did not surprise me. It was: "Don't know," written slowly as if considering. I read it aloud with a half smile as proving that I was right, but to my mystification Mr. U—— did not seem satisfied and said: "Surely you can remember from what disease you suffered while here?" Then the word "ulcer" was plainly written. I thought this nonsense, and was surprised to see that Mr. U—— seemed much interested, and continued:

Q.—"I want Mr. Mendum to state in what part of his body the ulcer was?"

I still held the pen in the position where is stopped after writing the word "ulcer" and now it moved on, writing rapidly and clearly "of stomach," making the answer read "Ulcer of stomach."

Then Mr. U—— said: "Well, that is remarkable—for just before leaving the office to-night I happened to come across a short notice of Mr. Mendum's death in some Boston paper—I think it was the *Banner of Light*—which stated that he died from cancer on the stomach—and the terms 'ulcer' and 'cancer' being often ignorantly used interchangeably it greatly surprised me when you, who knew nothing whatever of the cause of his death, wrote the word 'ulcer'—and now I am still more astonished when the precise location of the disease is given."

Just then the pen in my hand wrote: "Cancer—some said."

The following day, Wednesday, January 21st, Mr. Underwood tried to find the paper in which "Cancer of the stomach" was given as the cause of Mr. Mendum's death, but could not. He was called out of the city Friday, the 23rd, and did not return until the evening of the 26th; but on Sunday the 25th, I found in the *Investigator* of the 21st the following:—

"Cancer of the stomach was the disease, according to the physician's certificate, from which he died. But the taper had burned to its close, and his eighty years of toil had so ripened his life that he dropped into that dreamless sleep quietly and as naturally as the engine stops when the machinery wears out."

The question in my own mind is, how thought-transference, hypnotism, or sub-consciousness can account for the statements, new to the two persons to whom the communications were given, yet which so closely tallied with the *Investigator's* account not then sent out from the printing press. My own mind was making vigorous protest whilst it was being written against the one answer which Mr. Underwood knew, in regard to the disease from which Mr. Mendum died. I was entirely normal in mind and thought while the messages were written through my hand by the invisible intelligence, and I felt deeply averse to being made the medium of private personal matters in which I had no interest.

Then in regard to the "ulcer" being written when Mr. U—— had the "cancer" in his mind, and I had not the remotest thought of either word. Does thought-transference explain that change of word? It seems to me rather that a third intermediary mind must be admitted to whom the word "ulcer" might have suggested itself as equivalent or akin to cancer."

The following is from the article of May 12th:—"Another very characteristic communication which interested me purported to come from Horace Seaver, for many years editor of the *Boston Investigator*, who passed from earth a year or two before his old friend, Mr. Mendum, the publisher of that paper. To show the utter lack of sequence of thought or purpose between varying communications I will here give the questions and answers preceding the one from Mr. Seaver. The answers to these were written in a free, flowing business hand. Apropos of something we had been reading, we asked the following:

Question.—"From your point of view is suicide under any circumstances, even the most harassing, advisable or right?"

Answer.—"Long ago philosophers asked this question. Don't you see that as we are placed an affirmative answer would not do?"

Q.—"But you know that the hardships of this world often become so seemingly unbearable to sensitive souls that suicide to such seems the only gateway of relief?"

A.—"Never fear what may happen on earth. This sphere corrects many mistakes on yours, but it is far from perfect."

With our minds on this subject, now ensued a little pause, when the pen began to move again, but the style of the writing changed—a fair imitation of printed letters formed into the words, "I still live—Horace Seaver." The quotation from Webster is characteristic, as in conversation and public speaking, Mr. Seaver was fond of quoting from distinguished sources.

B. F. U.—Is this really Mr. Seaver?"

Ans.—"Yes, Benjamin."

While Mr. U.—— was never addressed by his family, friends or myself by his first name, but by the diminutive of his second. Mr. Seaver, who had known Mr. U—— from his eighteenth year, in the earlier years of acquaintance used to address him as "Benjamin."

After a few other questions and answers it was asked, "What were your first sensations in your new life."

A—."Was rather surprised. This is wonderful—and very pleasant."

The characteristic thing in this communication was this: It was all written in imitation of printed letters, in which I am not an adept; and it was not until after a little thought that the purport of this as a test of personality occurred to me. Some years before his transition from earth Mr. Seaver, in saving a little child from danger in a run-away accident, hurt his right

hand so that it was more or less painful ever after to write with that hand. So though he occasionally wrote letters to his friends, he grew into the habit, being a practical printer, as well as editor, of setting up his editorials in type to save the pain of writing them with his maimed hand. Now I would never have thought of his maimed hand but for this incident of the printed answers, which struck me as being an odd freak.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

'Tis often a grand thing to see ourselves as (some) others see us, though the vision isn't always pleasant. Still, so long as there's no bone broken, it doesn't much matter. Most likely the only result is a benign — a 6 x 9, smile. A few days ago, the writer of these "Notes"* received from an esteemed correspondent—a "freethinking" Spiritualist, by the way—a letter containing the following astounding query: "Has Mr. Terry been converted to Orthodoxy? Is it true that during his recent visit to America he was converted to Primitive Methodism?" That was appalling enough; but listen to what follows:—"If so, this will account for the goody-goody 'Gentle Jesus' tone of the June *Harbinger*, with its 'divine Founder,' 'divine Master' phrases, and other signs of the returning orthodox prodigal. What a 'Holy Joseph' the *Harbinger* has become! It might well pass for the organ of some devout little Bethel!"!! As the Americans say, "Wa'll, I swan!" But is the alleged rumour true? Is the imputation just? Dear reader, "*si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*" The June *Harbinger* is in print; read it!

Is there anything "spiritualistic" in the newly-discovered "Gospel according to St. Peter"? Such appears to be the drift of an inquiry by a correspondent in the last number of the *Harbinger*. The following extract from the so-called "gospel," in connection with the "Resurrection," may serve as an answer:—"Now, in the night before the dawn of the Lord's day, whilst the soldiers were keeping guard over the place, two and two in a watch, there was a great voice in the heaven. And they saw the heavens opened and two men come down thence with great light, and approach the tomb. And the stone which had been laid at the door rolled of itself away by the side, and the tomb was opened and both the young men entered. Then those soldiers, seeing this, awakened the centurion and the elders, for they also were keeping watch. And whilst they were narrating to them what they had seen, they beheld again three men coming out of the tomb, and the two were supporting the one, and a cross following them. And the heads of the two indeed reached up to the heaven, but that of him that was led by their hands rose above the heavens. And they heard a voice from the heavens, saying: 'Hast thou preached to them that are sleeping?' And an answer was heard from the cross: 'Yea.' These, therefore, took counsel together whether they should go and declare these things to Pilate. And whilst they were still considering, the heavens again appeared opened, and a certain man descending and going into the grave."

"Christian Charity"! What do you think of this, "concentrated," from an *ultra*-Christian magazine published in London, called the *Anti-Infidel*?—"The subject for Monday night's lecture was: 'Was Swedenborg a Lunatic or a Liar?' The hall was packed and the lecturer received with tremendous applause. The Swedenborgians were unable to defend their filthy productions and vile propaganda, or say one word in defence of the mad ravings of their master. The subject for Thursday night, 'Swedenborg's Trip to Hell,' fairly set them mad. The people have now seen Swedenborgians in their true colours. Having no argument, no logic, no creed that could be defended, they had to resort to hooting and mud-throwing. This Christian crusade has been tremendously successful, and fifty-three souls have sought the Saviour."

Mr. G. W. Foote, the energetic President of the National Secular Society, England, is finding the multifarious duties of office a severe tax upon his strength, and is accordingly taking a holiday to recuperate. It has been suggested that a visit to Australia would prove beneficial in many ways. Mr. Foote is certainly a man of great ability and a billiant lecturer, but he is an out-and-out iconoclast, and seems to lack the self-restraint and the moderation in speech that characterised his great predecessor—Charles Bradlaugh. Freethought advocacy, of the wild-cat variety, is not wanted in these colonies, and up to the present it has not proved a success.

A very large gathering of the Presbyterians of Melbourne (says the *Argus*) spent a most enjoyable time on Monday evening (the 18th ult.) in "gangin' ower the fundamentals," and the prevailing opinion seemed to be that many of the "fundamentals" will have to be changed in their form if not in their essentials. The Rev. Andrew Harper, M.A., B.D., Professor of Hebrew, etc., at Ormond College, opened the discussion, and asserted that recent criticism had shown that there must be a revision of view as to the authorship, date, authenticity, and interpretation of a number of the books of the Old Testament. He lamented the necessity for the change, but considered it inevitable, and he desired to see it brought about with as little disturbance of the foundations as possible.

The Rev. John Reid is a Congregational minister, but he is no bigot. Of late he has been, temporarily, occupying the pulpit of the Unitarian Church, Eastern Hill, and his discourses are marked by much thoughtfulness and sound common-sense. One of these, on "the Church and the People," is published in the *Herald* of June 19th, and well deserves perusal. X.

MATERIALIZATION PHENOMENA.

Mr Robt. Ward, of 696 Ninth Avenue, New York, writing to *The Two Worlds* an account of his experiences, says:—"Spiritualism has spread rapidly of late in America—there are over seven million Spiritualists and fifteen thousand professional mediums. Mrs. M. E. Williams, of No. 232, West Forty-sixth Street, New York City, is one of the best materialising mediums I have seen. At one of her public séances at Adelphi Hall, New York, in the presence of three hundred people, two materialised forms at one time came from the cabinet and called for their friends, who walked up to them, shook hands with and talked to the 'forms,' and said they recognised them fully, and then the 'forms' dematerialised at their feet. This is only one of the many wonderful things I have seen at her séances. Mrs. Meyers, of No. 101, East Seventy-eighth Street, New York, is a slate-writing and materialising medium. My father materialised there, and walked up to me and shook my hands and talked about family matters and my childhood's days that no one in America knew anything about but myself. I recognised him as well as ever I did in my life, and saw him dematerialise in front of twenty-five persons. At the same séance I saw the son of a Mr. Buchanan materialise and walk up to his father and talk to him for three or four minutes, then Mr. Buchanan asked his son if his friend, Mr. Stuart, was coming to-night. The spirit said, 'Yes; he is here, and wishes to talk to you, father, and will use this body.' Then the spirit said, 'Good night, father and mother' (the mother being present), and took two steps backward, turned round, and came forward an entirely different man. Mr. Buchanan's son was a very stout man, with dark complexion and light hair. Mr. Buchanan recognised him. My wife and I, sitting next to Mr. Buchanan, saw the whole thing, and saw the spirit dematerialise outside the cabinet."

He had also attended some of the extraordinary séances held at the residence of H. J. Newton, Esq., in Forty-third Street, referred to in "Notes of Travel," last month.

* Perhaps it will be as well to assure the public — and the police — once for all, that the humble writer of these "Notes" is not, at any rate in his present incarnation, identical with the Editor of the *Harbinger*. Sufficient unto the man is the evil thereof!

To Correspondents.

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

UNTRUTHFUL COMMUNICATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR,—I have been a believer in spirit-communication and Spiritualism for nearly thirty years, and have attended all the different means of receiving spirit-communications, and have seen spirit forms appear through the mediumship of Mr. Spriggs. I have also sat in my own home with my wife as medium—and after all I have come to a—what may appear to you and others—conclusion, that if wrong, I should like to have upset; and I shall be very thankful to any one who will take the trouble to correct me if in error. But before going any further I shall try and explain the cause and then state the effect.

About fifteen years ago, my wife was informed by a circle that she would become a powerful medium if she sat for the influence. She did so, and after three sittings she got communications, which appeared to be genuine, written messages from, and signatures of, departed friends. We kept up the circle for some time, and then gave it up; something or change causing the break.

After a time we started again, and kept it up until we left where we were then living and came to Fiji. We again started our circle. The first time the mediumistic power of my wife was very strong; the second time it was weaker, and the third time weaker still; and this without one particle of her interest or belief in it having abated.

The replies we got to questions the first time and also the second, were very satisfactory; but some of the volunteer information was anything but that, and this was the case the third time. They on several occasions informed us that so and so had passed on, on such and such a day, giving a full description of all that took place at the time; and we afterwards got long messages and communications from the supposed or stated departed ones—on events that the medium knew nothing about; but, on making enquiries, we found that these people had not left this earth, and did not do so for a long time after. When in circle I spoke to the spirits very strongly about telling us such untruths, and so misleading us. The invariable reply was, "we wish to impress on you the necessity for *constant prayer*—follow the teachings of Christ, and pray fervently." There is no doubt that such teaching is good, but my deductions from all that has taken place is, that—I feel very sorry to have to come to such a conclusion—there are spirits around us who are permitted to communicate with us, in the earthly form, and tell us things that we thought no one but our friends knew. If we only got these messages purporting to come from friends who had actually left this earth, it would be straight; but when they come from those who have not left, how can one go on believing?

I shall be most thankful to any one who can and will give me a satisfactory explanation of all this.

Yours faithfully,

H. MOORE ARMSTRONG.

Suva, May 20th, 1894.

[Our correspondent's case is not a peculiar one, though his difficulty is usually met with at an earlier period. Once convinced of the fact of spirit intercourse, no person should sit in circle without a good and definite object. If loving thoughts of some dear one in the spirit-world awaken a desire to commune with them, then, if there is the mediumistic power available, sit, and the sympathetic bond will place you in harmonious rapport with one another. If you desire light on subjects connected with your spiritual or moral nature, or help to do some good work for humanity, sit with an earnest, prayerful feeling and state your needs, good spirits will respond appropriately. But loving spirits come only when love calls; their duties and aspirations are not usually on the earth plane, and teaching spirits only come where they see a prospect of enlightening and benefiting the human race. Earth-bound spirits, who are analogous to the idlers, loafers, larrikins, and criminal classes swarm on the earth plane, and when the tone of the circle is not sufficiently elevated, or lacks harmony, they step in and take control, personating friends of the sitter. This they are enabled to do psychometrically from the minds and surroundings of those present. Besides this, they may have been onlookers at the circle before they obtained the opportunity to personate; no circle can be maintained efficiently, that is non-progressive, except where there is a constant influx and flux of its constituents; there must either be progress or decadence.—ED. of *Lt.*

HINDRANCE TO SPIRITUAL PROGRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR,—In your remarks under the above caption you say, "Two of the most prominent obstacles to the progress of Spiritualism are the unphilosophical procedure of the majority of investigators of its phenomena, and the publication or coming into prominence of imperfect or imperfectly developed mediums."

The slow progress of Spiritualism is mainly due to the want of understanding that it is as much of a science as of a philosophy. Before experimenting in any other subject it is customary to read and study; but in this all-important one, this preliminary is often overlooked, and difficulties, disappointment and further failure follow as a natural consequence to the ignorance of investigators. There are many handbooks for inquirers: Tyerman's Guide to Spiritualism; Powell's Mediumship—its Laws and Conditions; and, especially, the Book of Spirits and Book of Mediums, of Allan Kardec—Trübner.

This remarkable compiler and expounder—for he was not a medium, as is generally believed—having become convinced of the genuineness of the phenomena of Spiritualism, applied himself to the deduction of their philosophical consequences. In his task he employed both the inductive and deductive process; investigating phenomena, interrogating spirits through a numberless variety of mediums, and then examining the results by the light of his own reason and spiritual intuitions. The information thus procured he condensed and arranged in so methodical and lucid a manner that it can be hardly surpassed. Several million copies of his works, translated in many languages, have already been published. The "Book of Spirits" shows what kind of questions ought to be asked in spiritualistic circles to raise their tone and intellectuality.

Notwithstanding the abundance of the facts which during forty years have been convincing thousands of the existence of other-world intelligences, and other modes of force than those we have daily experience of, both in England and America, the aspect of Spiritualism is little more than inchoate; for no compact and synthetical body of knowledge has resulted therefrom, or has even been attempted. The only philosophical explanation of the facts which, it may be remarked—truncated and incomplete as it is—has been indispensable to foster an interest in the phenomena of modern Spiritualism (for without it Spiritualism could scarcely have been pursued) resolves itself intrincically into the conviction that we retain our existence and identity after death. This conviction has resulted from the testimony of the spirits themselves, who have furnished proofs of the most unequivocal kind to their dearest relations. This it is which has saved the phenomena of Spiritualism from the destruction threatening them by imposture on the one hand, and the vanity and mischievous falsehoods of undeveloped spirits on the other.

This conviction, however, is far from presenting that degree of completeness which is necessarily sought for by every reflecting and philosophical mind. Spiritualists neither know what has preceded our present life, nor, in point of fact, do they know what follows it during the œons which must necessarily take place. And more

especially when we reflect that this gradual progress—which appears to be as much a spiritual as it is a material law—cannot take its rise, and begin to operate, and to date only from the period of our physical dissolution, but must have been in operation in the incipient stages of consciousness, however remote.

If we find that the spirit is the same after death as it was known to be in life, being, as they all concur in testifying, ever occupied in progressing to a higher sphere of existence, and that consequently no degree of elevation is attained by spirits save by a slow process of development, are we not justified in the expectation that the individual experiences we have actually attained has been compassed by the same means?

Reverting to the incoherent aspect of Spiritualism; to its already numerous sects; its Spiritualism without spirituality—the question may well be asked: Is this its superiority over worn-out creeds? Is this what will supersede them? Is the origin of Spiritualism—physical phenomena—an elevated and moral one? Will its fruits be better than its origin? Apparently, *no;* really, *yes.* Spiritualists must advocate a higher ideal for Spiritualism, and be reminded of the thoughtful words of a thoughtful Spiritualist:—"The great value of the Kardec writings is, in my opinion, that they set forth as the aim of his doctrines the moral elevation of man—an aim which I once fondly hoped was to be achieved by what we understand as Spiritualism, but which experience shows that mere phenomalism will never accomplish."

Phenomenal Spiritualism, as it at present appears, is neither a science, à philosophy, nor a religion, though giving involved indications of all three. Less, however, is to be desired and hoped for from Spiritualism as a science, or even as a religion, than as a moral philosophy.

I am, etc.,

June 4th, 1894. SPIRITIST.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

A NUMBER of Subscribers, we regret to say, are largely in arrear, and as spiritualistic journalism is not pecuniarily profitable, the workers as a rule giving their time and energy gratuitously for the benefit of humanity, it is hard for the publisher of this paper to have to meet the demands of the printing and other necessary expences of publication out of his private earnings whilst readers are withholding money due for papers supplied.

Applications have been made to most of those far in arrear, and with the present twopenny rate of postage, repetitions are expensive; therefore those receiving their papers in a GREEN WRAPPER will understand their subsciptions are six months in arrear, and kindly forward 6s. Those receiving a YELLOW WRAPPER. over twelve months in arrear, 12s. And where a *black* line is drawn on the wrapper, that I shall reluctantly be necessitated to stop the supply, unless the arrears are paid up or further time asked for.

June 20th, 1894. W. H. TERRY.

THE CERTIFICATE OF A FAMOUS CONJUROR.

DR. OCHOROWICZ, determined to leave no loophole for fraud or trickery to creep in at, during his scientific investigation of the manifestations produced through the mediumship of Eusapia Paladino, while she was on a visit to Warsaw, invited M. Wladislao Rylka, the most celebrated conjuror in Poland, to be present, and to watch every movement very narrowly. He did so, and has since published the following document:—

"I hereby declare that I passed the evening of Friday last in the house of Professor Ochorowicz, and was present at a séance with Eusapia Paladino, and that I did not find, in spite of the severest vigilance on my part, so much as the slightest indication of fraud in the splendid phenomena, which I hold to be entirely of a mediumistic character. WLADISLAO RYLKA.

Warsaw, 15th Dec., 1893.

MATERIALISATIONS.

THE following letter from a former resident of Inglewood, a cousin of the celebrated Mr. Moody, the evangelist, to a friend in Victoria, was enclosed for our perusal by that friend; and we have ventured to appropriate part of it for publication as opportune at the present time, when the reality of materialisation phenomena is called in question. The writer some 20 years since resided at Inglewood, Victoria, and the letter was written as far back as 1876.

"I was brought up a strict *blue orthodox*, and firmly believed in an everlasting brimstone hell for all except the elect—a few pious church members. I have been gradually changing my ideas for years. I have not changed my ideas without fully investigating the subject of Spiritualism. Not only one medium have I visited, but hundreds; but the materialising media that I have seen, prove to my mind without the slightest possibility of a doubt that our friends do return after so-called death, so that they are recognised, shake hands and talk with their friends. I stayed at Mrs. Mary Andrews', a good materialising medium, for three weeks, and saw enough to convince the most skeptical. I then went to the Eddy Brothers, the first time I stayed two weeks, the second time three; so you will see I have given considerable time to materialising manifestations. I not only take my own senses of seeing, hearing, and feeling, but the positive evidence of hundreds of other men and women whom I have met there, as respectable and intelligent people as you could meet anywhere, and we were granted the privilege of examining the house, from garret to cellar, at any time, night or day. I am as positive that the manifestations were genuine. as I am that I am writing this. I wish I could tell you all I saw and heard, and then you must see for yourself, or you could not believe in it. It was so natural and life-like, nothing of the ghostly about it. Friends of mine appeared that I was not thinking about, and recognised them in a moment. Col. Olcott's book gives you full particulars, and the illustrations are very correct.

"Another and a stronger evidence I have is, that my sister is a good medium. Not a public one, but only sits for a few private friends, and she says things that it would be impossible for her to do in her normal state.

"With all that evidence, and hundreds of others that I have had, I *know* our friends still live and are able to communicate with us. Our souls are immortal; 'as you sow, so will you reap.'

"Ministers and church people are doing all in their power to break Spiritualism up; but truth will prevail. You say you have had much to contend with from church people. I can shake hands with you in that, both in Dunedin, N.Z., and at home. . . . . Most of my friends here are church members, and denounce me in strong terms for my heresy. . . . . I care not what they say, *I know I am right.*

"You have probably heard of Moody (of Moody and Sankey) the great revivalist; he is an own cousin of mine; he dined at my mother's the other day, and we had a discussion of about two hours on the subject of religion—the two opposite extremes met. I invited him to go up to Eddy's, and see the ghosts for himself; he replied, "he would not dishonour the Holy Ghost by going to such a place." I said "I would not dishonour the Almighty to even think He ever made a human soul to send him to an everlasting hell." He is drawing good houses in Philadelphia.

"Thank you for kindly remembering me; also for *Ha binger of Light.* . . . . I am willing to risk my future happiness in the beautiful doctrines of Spiritualism." . . . .

"Your old friend,

"H. H. M."

REV. GEORGE WALTERS.

IT will be seen from our advertisement column that the above popular speaker will occupy the platform of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists during the month of July. The subjects of his discourses are all attractive ones, the first being "At Heaven's Gate."

WHERE IS HEAVEN?

(*From the New York Herald, Jan. 7th, 1894.*)

And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw; and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.—*II. Kings, vi.* 17.

Nobody knows where heaven is, but everybody hopes there is a heaven somewhere. To say that it is a condition of mind is a misleading use of language, an intangible abstraction of no practical use. It is either a place or it is an hallucination. If a heavenly frame of mind is all there is of heaven, then the possession is nothing to boast of, and may end with the last gasp of life; but if it is a place whose boundary line we cross at the moment of death, in which our intellectual and spiritual activity will have unbounded scope, where souls can grow unhampered by the cruel and repressing limitatians of the body, then we have a series of motives which irradiate the present and fill the future with the glow and promise of a sunrise.

We cannot see heaven, and for that reason a doubt hangs in the sky. But there are so many things which we cannot see that such an argument becomes enfeebled. On an ordinary night we can see perhaps two or three thousand separate stars; with a good field-glass the number may easily be increased tenfold; with the Lick telescope on Mount Hamilton at least a million are visible. Our imperfect vision can discover but a small part of the wonders of creation. There are invisible worlds all round us, revealed by optical instruments, and still other worlds which no instruments yet invented can discover. What we can see, therefore, is by no means the limit of what is.

It is interesting to ask whether any one, under any circumstances, has seen what is to us invisble. The text we have chosen contains a marvellous statement. The prophet and the youth were side by side. There was no defect in the vision of the latter, for he could see the hills and the clouds as clearly as the former. But the prophet's eyes were gifted with a faculty unknown to the stripling who attended him. He saw what was in the air as well as what was on the ground, and the seeing gave him courage. The young man was dismayed, for a host of Syrians with spears had come to make them prisoners, but the prophet was calm and serene and sure of victory

Then something happened to the young man's eyes, and for a brief moment he saw what he had never before looked upon, and what he probably never looked upon thereafter, They were the same eyes that he had always used, but an additional faculty had been given them, and they caught a glimpse of the horses and chariots, the army of spiritual creatures who, as Milton asserts, walk the earth unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.

If it is possible to believe that—first, heaven is just as truly a locality as any one of the United States, and second, that though we may not be able to see the citizens of this celestial commonwealth they can see us—we are travelling along the highway to some very important truths. If heaven is correctly described in these statements it becomes vivid and thrilling. We have "a heart for any fate;" can pass through an experience unscathed; can even open the door of the tomb and lay the tired sleeper on one of the shelves of its recesses; can go back to our duties and struggles with an aching but a hopeful heart; can banish the word "farewell" from our vocabulary, with the conviction that the departing member of the family has simply gone on a journey, at the end of which he will await our coming. The sun has risen for us, and its fructifying light penetrates every nook and corner of our sorrows.

Whether we are privileged to see what Elisha's attendant saw or not, if we feel sure that he saw we may be even content to remain blind. We do not care so much to see heaven for ourselves, as to be certain that somebody has seen it, either prophet or servant. If heaven is there, we ask no more.

There is a wild and almost reckless interest in this topic now-a-days. Above the din and confusion of our material life we hear voices which tell us that heaven is not far off, and that the two worlds can talk to each other. Bands of earnest men and women gather when the day's work is over, in belief that voices come across the wild waste, and bear messages of affection and advice. Human nature has an intense longing, a burning thirst, an unappeased hunger for facts of this kind. Even reason is sometimes held in abeyance, or chained up for the time being, that the emotions may have full and free play. Discrimination is paralysed, and the doors of the heart are thrown wide open for folly as well as wisdom to enter.

There are men and women who tell us of incredible experiences; but these experiences are not to be judged as false merely because they are incredible. On the contrary, we are inclined to ask if anything is incredible, and if so who shall fix the limit of belief. There are men of science of large reputations whose word has weight the globe over, who look us straight in the face and tell us wonderful stories. There are psychical societies, whose members are cold investigators, and while they throw aside much that is floating about, call our attention to a residue that needs explanation. Society is ablaze with this sort of thing, and assuredly there are a thousand extravagances in the air. But the real question is behind all this. Is it true that in this latter quarter of the nineteenth century there is a spiritual as well as a material revelation? While some have stumbled on inventions which have altered the whole complexion of our social life, have others discovered truths which render the spiritual life more brilliant and hopeful?

Here then we find ourselves groping through the darkness. Heaven is a place or it is nothing. Heaven is peopled with beings who may not be seen because our eyes are not fitted for that kind of vision. But some have seen them in the past, and others, in the present, declare that they have been equally privileged. If we take the first step we must finish the journey. There is no halting spot where we can say: Thus far and no farther. Either heaven is round about us, and the possibility of communication is a fact, or we have been led strangely astray.

The affirmation ennobles all things; the denial leaves us wringing our hands in mute despair.

AUCKLAND.

THE authorities at Auckland, N.Z., have commenced a crusade against the Palmists practising in that city, and in the latter part of May, two detectives visited three of them, asking to have their fortunes told. In each instance the palmists said they were not fortune-tellers, but in the reading of the hands they referred to the past and future of the visitors (or rather one of them who took the lead), Madam Zephey telling him "he ought to have been a detective." On this evidence the three were committed for trial.

This proceeding savours of persecution; it does not appear that the defendants made any extravagant pretensions to gull the unwary, and the public might well be left to take care of themselves, and exercise their own discretion in patronising them or not.

Palmistry is assuming some standing in England, and has a society and a well-conducted journal to represent it.

THE *Arena* (Boston), with the May number, has been enlarged to 144 pages, and is one of the largest, if not the largest, magazines of the day. It is brimful of advanced ideas and brainy matter. One article, "The Power of the Mind in the Cure of Disease," by J. R. Cocke, M.D., based upon the experience and observation of the writer, is without exception the ablest and clearest presentation of mind cure or mental therapeutics we have met with. Rev. J. Minot Savage contributes a paper on "The Religion of Lowell's Poems," which is illustrated with a finely executed portrait of the Poet Ambassador.

A SCIENTIFIC RESEARCHER.

PROFESSOR LAURIE, who after occupying the chair of the Melbourne Society for Psychic Research for a period of six months, recently resigned his connection with that body, gave a lecture under the auspices of the Ormond College Debating Society, at the Wyselaskie Hall, on the evening of June 21st, entitled "Six Months' Psychical Research."

If the Professor was in search of truth, his "researches" have been in vain. If, on the other hand, (which seems most probable) he was in search of error, he has been eminently successful, having found it all along the line, until now he appears to be up to his ears, or perhaps a little deeper, in it. Automatic writing was explainable by "the nervous centres working in unison without volition." "Nothing received in table moving communication beyond the intelligence of the circle." "Why should spirits display this remarkable fancy for tables? Unconscious muscular movement must probably be regarded as the best explanation." Referring to the recent séances given by Mrs. Mellon, in Melbourne —which he did not attend—he speaks of the "entities" taking the shape of drapery;" and that "one member of the committee, a professed clairvoyant, claimed to have seen faces, but the others did not." We should like to know which particular séance this was, as having attended four of Mrs. Mellon's séances, two of which were in the recent course, where there was an average attendance of twenty persons, we heard of no instance where some of the faces were not seen by all present. And Mr. Robert Williams, in a letter since published in the *Argus*, calls attention to the fact that at Mr. McAlpine's séance, the company present signed a document affirming that both medium and psychic form had come out into the room at the same time, and were seen by all.

After satirizing the reported phenomena, the sapient Professor says: "To many the hypotheses of fraudulent imposture would appear the most likely explanation, especially as the proceedings of such séances reeked with imposture." . . . Personally, he would be inclined to back the bulls-eye lantern and the rough grasp of policemen against any test in a dark room and with the medium on the other side of a curtain."

And this is science! Disparagement, inuendo, ridicule, bulls-eye lanterns, and policemen—the instruments for psychic research! It is time Professor Laurie gave up the business, and left it in the hands of men without bias who are seeking for truth irrespective of its harmony with their previous opinions or beliefs. It is really remarkable that in the face of what has been demonstrated, even by psychic research societies, any one of scientific status should have the temerity to adopt so irrational a position, and take up the obsolete theories of "Unconscious cerebration and unconscious muscular action," to account for phenomena which has been scientifically proved to be utterly outside the range of either theory.

The *Herald* of the following day reviewing the *Argus* report of Prof. Laurie's lecture, re-echoes his query about "tables," and suggests that a word or two might be devoted to "explaining this spirit fancy for tables." This was furnished them by Mr. W. H. Terry from the writings of one of America's most eminent scientists, viz., Robt. Hare, M.D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, Graduate of Yale College and Harvard University, Member of the Smithsonian Institute, and other learned Societies, and Inventor of the Oxy-Hydrogen Blowpipe—in a large volume embodying his investigations, "Spiritualism Scientifically Investigated," published in 1856.

Since the above was written, a short letter from Prof. Laurie appeared in the *Argus*, in which he calls attention to his having mentioned that "two figures appeared together in front of the curtains," and that "the medium herself once appeared side by side with one of her creations; but the inference from the *Argus* report of the Professor's lecture clearly is that the forms or "creations" of the medium, as he is pleased to call them, were built up of calico, with no features visible to the normal sight.

In the same issue of the *Argus* is an admirable letter from Mr. Hart, the Hon. Secretary of the Victorian Society for Psychical Research, reflecting upon Prof. Laurie for his disparagement of the Society (which he shows to be uncalled for). Mr. Hart affirms the singleness of purpose of the Society, and adds that "this Society hardly anticipated that one of its members, more particularly one of its officers, would, after so short a time of observation and investigation (necessarily very imperfect), consider himself sufficiently justified to arrive at a conclusion, favourable or otherwise, and state such conclusions at a public lecture, which might, moreover, be misunderstood by the general public as coming from the President of the Society."

The Society has 106 names on its roll, including representatives of theology, law, medicine, science, and literature.

CHEAP LITERATURE FOR INVESTIGATORS.

A SYDNEY subscriber writing to congratulate us on the tone and quality of the contents of *The Harbinger*, with special reference to the History of Religion and the Nature of God, in last issue, says: "In your leader you speak of the danger of investigating before one has read psychic works. What you say must be true, but I think you might have given some advice as to the choice of books. Many that you advertise are expensive and beyond the reach of the majority. Could you not, in your next issue, name, say half-a-dozen works, ranging in price from 1s. to 5s.?

"I have paid a year's subscription to your local agent, and shall look forward with pleasure to the advent of each number.

"Wishing your noble venture a bright and useful future, I remain, yours sincerely, H. FARR."

The suggestion is a good one, and we will enumerate a few books, within the limits mentioned, which would be useful to investigators.

Evidential and Logical (calculated to give confidence that the subject is worthy the expenditure of time and energy—If a Man Die, shall he Live Again? A. R. Wallace, 6d.; A Defence of Modern Spiritualism, by same, 1s. 3d.; A Rational Faith, H. J. Browne, 1s.; Is Spiritualism True? W. Denton, 6d.; Scientific Basis of Spiritualism, Epes Sargent, 5s.; Independent Slate Writing, Evans, 3d.; Do the Dead Return? by a Clergyman of the Church of England, 3s.; Christmas No. of Medium, 3d.; Spirit Teachings, by M.A. (Oxon), 5s.

The latter, besides containing valuable evidence by a careful investigator and fine medium, goes into the ethics of the subject. It is one of the best books for a thoughtful student to read.

Philosophical and Ethical—Death and the After-Life, A. J. Davis, Paper, 2s. 6d.; Higher Aspects of Spiritualism, M.A. (Oxon), 3s. 6d.; Life in the Two Spheres, H. Tuttle, 2s. 6d.; The Life, 9d.

Practical—What is Spiritualism? with directions to Investigators, Tuttle, 2d.; Hints to Investigators, Morse 3d.; Mediumship, Powell, 6d.; Book on Mediums, A. Kardec, 5s.; Heaven Revised, by Mrs. Duffey, is a beautiful little book, giving Pictures of Spirit Life by a reliable Medium, 1s. 3d.

There are numerous other good and inexpensive books, but the foregoing are ample for a beginner to select from. The literature of Spiritualism is much more extensive than the general public are aware of. We may mention that there are a large number of Standard Spiritualistic works in the Melbourne Public Library—including "The Harbinger of Light" for the past twenty-four years. Subscribers to the Victorian Association of Spiritualists (2s. 6d. per quarter), have the use of their library.

MELBOURNE Spiritualists will be glad to learn that Mr. Louis Freedman, formerly a member of the Spiritualistic Lyceum, is gaining a reputation as a healing medium at New York. In a letter recently received from him, he speaks of the probability of his returning to Melbourne at the latter end of the present year.

COMPULSORY VACCINATION.

Mr. W. T. Carter, M.L.A., who was, on the 14th ult., fined a third time, by the Williamstown Bench, for refusing to have his child vaccinated, in his defence admitted the seriousness of refusing to carry out any law on the statute book, but justified his doing so by the alternative "risking the health, purity of blood and skin, and possibly the life of his child." He made a pithy speech on the evils of vaccination, the reaction that is taking place in England with regard to it, and the evidence of high authorities against its utility.

The bench admitted the force of what Mr. Carter said, but the chairman stated they had no option but to administer the law as it stood, and fine him £2. If, however, Mr. Carter cared to petition for the remission of the fine, the bench would be pleased to recommend it.

ADELAIDE.

Spiritualism is still alive in our midst, as evidenced by the continuance of our usual meetings, though the attendance is not so large as one could wish; still we have very enjoyable evenings.

The monthly social, held on the 2nd inst., proved a great success.

A Thermopylæ Club has been formed with a fair number of members on the roll. It bids fair to be a success.

I am pleased to say our Lyceum is indeed progressive, as we have well-nigh trebled our attendance; and under the management of Mr. Murphy, I think we shall build up a permanent Institution.

E. T. M.

For the Psychological Society,
No. 111 King William-St., Adelaide.

The *Banner of Light* of April 28th, contains a biographical sketch by Hudson Tuttle of Revd. John Pierpont, who during the latter part of his earth life was a tower of strength to the Spiritualistic movement in America, and who since his departure has been the spiritual conductor of the *Banner of Light* free circles. Referring to this Hudson Tuttle says:—"Under his guidance it has been unique in character, and distinct from all similar manifestations of spirit-power; and I have not the remotest doubt but that he still controls the medium, Mrs. Smith, at the *Banner* office, as he did when he assisted Mrs. Longley for nearly three years upon the *Banner's* Circle Room Platform. Indeed, *I know* such to be true, as he has now personally, through my own organism, reiterated the fact.

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We are in receipt of the first number of the *Australian Sentinel and Herald of Liberty*, a well got up monthly magazine, the pages of which appear to be wholly devoted to the dissociation of church and state, and religious freedom. The articles are short, pithy, and all pertinent to the subject; they disclose the existence of combinations amongst the sects, which in the interests of religious liberty call for counteracting efforts. The paper is published by the Echo Publishing Co., Best Street, Fitzroy, and edited by A. G. Daniells, W. A. Colcord, and J. O. Corliss.

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