THE

Harbinger of Light

A

MONTHLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

ZOISTIC SCIENCE, FREETHOUGHT, SPIRITUALISM AND THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

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

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The Light of Truth for June 4th contains an article by Professor J. S. Loveland on the "Power of Thought," which harmonises with our leader of last month on "Magnetism in relation to Spiritualism," and elaborates some of the processes in the transmission of magnetic vitality. He affirms (and we think correctly) that "thought" and not "will" is the motor of transmission of the *vis vita* or sanative influence which restores equilibrium in a diseased organism; as this vital quality, which in substance is the product of the arteries and ganglions is permeated with a spiritual aura, the spirit of the recipient is vitalised and the moral centres stimulated in accordance with the purity and volume of the latter; the healthy vital radiations are the vehicle for spiritual forces, and thought a mode of motion transmits it to its destination.

The idea taught by Christian and mental scientists and the metaphysical school that matter is merely illusional and phenomenal, is in the opinion of Professor Loveland, corrupting the scientific doctrines of Spiritualism; he agrees with the most advanced spiritualistic authorities that "pure" spirit is inconceivable, matter and spirit being always associated no matter how refined the form. "If spirit is the life, matter is the form and conditioning energy." We may dilate on the mutability of matter and the supremacy of spirit, but to ignore the former in this material world where we are clothed in it and expressing ourselves through it is repugnant to reason, which latter quality or function of the mind is often disparaged and even dethroned by the metaphysical school in favor of intuition, forgetting that the only test of the latter is cultivated reason. Reason is a God-given faculty, which it is the height of folly to dethrone; it is as essential to our guidance as the compass to the mariner on a rock-bound coast, and wherever it is disregarded wrecks are to be found. The terminology of the various metaphysical schools of healing is defective: Mental healing is a better term than mental science, which, properly speaking, is the science of the mind, having a much broader scope than that of healing physical infirmities. Whilst the term "Christian" science is a misnomer, for if there is any science in the process it refers to, it is as much the property of a Mohamedan, a Buddhist, or a Confucian who, in the name of Mahomet, Buddha or Confucius could with the same mental conditions and benevolent thoughts heal the sick with equal facility. There is no miracle in this and no special interposition of Providence; it is simply the result of laws, the modes of which spiritual students are beginning to get an inkling of. In a former article on magnetic healing, we showed by a series of experiments in our personal experience that human magnetism was a fluidic substance which could be transmitted in fabrics or water to the diseased, and re-absorbed by them as readily as if imparted to them directly by the magnetiser and with the same beneficial results, even when they were ignorant that the fluid or substance was magnetised or contained any curative potency. Professor Loveland asks: Is it the mind that does the cure? is it the thought that cures? It would not be correct to say that the fabric or water alluded to above was saturated or permeated by the mind of the operator, but the mind was the primary force which led to the projection of thought and vital fluid, and as the Professor very tersely puts it, "There must be a mind to think. There must be concentration and direction to that thought, or there would be no entrancement or healing; but the life energy must go with the thought, otherwise you might think and will ten thousand years and nobody would be cured or influenced." This life energy is not only vitalised by the spirit of the operator, but when he (or she) is animated by those "good and benevolent thoughts" which we referred to in our last as essential conditions to higher manifestations of magnetic power, their influence is intensified by an influx from the inexhaustible fountains of the spirit world. Benevolent thoughts and sympathy for the

suffering are unuttered prayers which never go unheeded, and are just as efficacious as those expressed in words. It is the *spirit* of the prayer that ascends; the *form* is of the earth.

OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

The Origin of Ideas.

An excellent article on this subject appears in the *Moniteur Spirite et Magnetique* (Brussels); the writer of which asks "whence come the ideas which enter the mind of the poet, the artist, and the inventor?" Manifestly from without. "But what and where is the initial force?" And this question he proceeds to answer, tentatively, in the following manner:—"Chemistry teaches us that two substances of different natures produce, by contact, a third which differs essentially from both. Now may we not suppose that this is equally the case in regard to the properties of spiritual substance? It is perfectly certain that there are substances so subtle as to be imperceptible by our five senses; but they exist nevertheless. Thoughts, ideas and sentiments depend upon the relations of our brain-fibres, and are consequently, although in a superior degree, always substantial. Everything in the infinite space of the universe is submissive to the eternal laws of nature—attraction and repulsion; and these, in their turn, are subject to the positive influence of the spiritual atmosphere. Neither form nor matter possesses either intelligence or will, and must necessarily be governed by spirit alone. Consequently it is the spirit solely that directs everything, from the movement of a machine to the flow of ideas in the greatest of geniuses. Where is the thinker of to-day who any longer doubts the existence of a spiritual, moral, musical and religious atmosphere? We find in the lives of the great poets, musicians, and men of genius of all kinds, that their noblest and grandest artistic productions, the most magnificent ideas and inventions, have been born in moments of inspiration, without any effort whatever or any activity of the cerebral functions of the individual.

(Not only so, we may interpolate, but when the brain is most passive, and more particularly during, or immediately after, a sound and refreshing sleep, it is most receptive and retentive of the ideas imparted to or by spiritual inspiration or impression,—for these are convertible terms.)

"It has been proved that Shakespeare, Goethe, Dante, Milton, William Blake, and many others, wrote under inspiration. Blake himself affirmed that he wrote poetry under the dictation of a spirit, while Milton frankly avowed that all he received was given by inspiration. Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, and Wagner composed under the same influence. Chopin had actual visions and wrote his best compositions in complete darkness. In one of his latest biographies, written in Polish, will be found an admirable description of the method in which his music was penned in darkness. The visions which he then saw frightened him so much that he took refuge from them in flight."

(Unfortunately all the lives of men of genius have been written by persons who were ignorant of, or hostile to, Spiritualism; and hence they have either suppressed, garbled, or misrepresented, all the incidents and phenomena, which went to indicate the inspiration of the men they were treating of.)

Some Recent Illustrations.

The writer, just quoted from, supplies the following interesting instances of spiritual impression:—

"A young pianiste of my acquaintance having won the first prize at the Conservatoire of L(eipsic?), wrote to his father thus:—"I thank you all the same, dear father, for the rebukes thou hast bestowed upon me, and I send thee, in sign of gratitude, the gold medal. Thou didst not expect it, on the part of thy son. There is, at the same time, something very singular about all this; for I had only been here a few weeks, when I found a new life born in me. Wherever I might be, even if walking abroad, I found a certain musical influence accompanying me. A force and an energy, of which I had had no previous experience, animated me, and it is to that mysterious condition of my whole being that I am indebted for my victory in that great conflict of art."

(Obviously, the young student is a medium, and extremely sensitive to impression; and it may be confidently predicted that, if he gives the necessary conditions to his teachers in the unseen, by reverently acknowledging the sources of his inspiration and diligently cultivating humility of mind, together with the consciousness that his gifts have been bestowed upon him for the instruction and delight of his fellow creatures, and not for his own personal advantage, he may rise to the highest musical eminence).

"One of my friends, who is also a musician," continues the writer, "had one day composed a charming romance, upon which I felicitated him. At the same moment I received an impression which said to me that the work was not his own; and my friend almost simultaneously, feeling himself a little troubled, acknowledged that, as a matter of fact, the romance had dropped, so to speak, into his pen, and that he had committed it to paper, without any intellectual effort of his own.

"As a last example, I will mention something personal to myself. I had one day published an article which was strongly criticised and falsified by one of those combative priests who edit a controversial journal. In a moment of powerful impulsion, I sat down to write, and in a very short time, without the slightest reflection, I composed a poem *de circonstance*, which I immediately despatched to the printing office. Imagine how great was my astonishment when I was congratulated on the following morning, by a *confrére*, who said I had hit the right nail on the head! It is a fact that I have no talent for the composition of verses, and that I had no knowledge of the private affairs of the earlier life of this jesuit editor, which I had pourtrayed quite innocently, but with perfect accuracy!'

A Wail of Anguish.

Professor Falcomer publishes in the *Avvisatore della Provincia* (Alessandria) a communication received by his friend, Colonel G. Malvolti, from the spirit of a young girl who, having been dishonoured and deserted by the man to whom she was engaged to be married, gradually descended, step by step, into a life of infamy, and lay dying while she was yet young, of a loathsome disease. Feeling that her days were numbered, she says, "I became conscious of the iniquity of my conduct. I felt a horror of myself. And do you know what occasioned me the acutest suffering at this point? A young girl whom I had led astray came to see me. I had earned her hatred. I deserved her curses. Instead of which she spoke to me some words of peace, and gave me the kiss of pardon. The emotion which this excited in me hastened the catastrophe, and after having been racked with agony, during which I was always present to myself, my eyes closed, and there commenced for me that martyrdom of darkness, which still envelopes me. But until I had breathed my last sigh, that compassionate young creature remained seated by my bedside. Now, would you believe it? To that bed, to that winding sheet, to that something lying there, I felt bound by some mysterious force; and I have followed the corpse through all its transformations." Eventually, however, this terrible union came to an end, and the spirit thus continued her narrative:—"And now I might have ended my words, were it not that I want to pray you very earnestly to think pitifully of my poor spirit that suffers, as often as you do a good deed. And if by chance you should meet with some simple-minded and inexperienced young girl, who is in danger of losing herself, shield her, succour her and be a brother to her. By saving her from evil, you will have done a holy work, for which you will one day receive an inestimable reward. Then, too, by associating a thought of me with this pious deed, you will help to alleviate my sufferings, which, up to this moment, have been without respite, without rest, and without hope. Will you do it for me?"

Reading this confession and this entreaty—and it has

been our painful experience to listen to many such—one cannot help reflecting how enormous is the loss accruing to real religion owing to the extraordinary aversion of the clergy to investigate the phenomena of spirit-return, and to convince themselves of its reality. Imagine an earnest and eloquent preacher receiving such a message as the foregoing, and delivering it from the pulpit, with all the solemnity of phrase and impressiveness of manner, which his own conviction of its perfect authenticity and its transcendent importance, would compel him to adopt; and then picture its effect upon his congregation! The old theological Hell with its grotesque low-comedy Devil, has lost all its terrors at this period of the world's history; but here is the living testimony as to the retribution which overtakes all wrong doing, taken down from the lips of those who are actually suffering, for a time, an agony of remorse and shame; and this might startle hundreds, whom no tedious and worn-out platitudes about eternal fire and indestructible brimstone would be likely to divert from the smallest breach of the moral law.

Water-finding.

"Ismala" describes in the *Revue de la France Moderne* the remarkable success which has attended Mr. Leicester Gataker as a water-finder in the mother-country, and mentions that he has been sent for to Egypt by the Khedive, there to exercise the gift he possesses of discovering the whereabouts of subterraneous springs, streams and reservoirs. There is, as "Ismala" points out, nothing mysterious about the possession of this faculty. Mr. Gataker is simply a medium, who is impressed where to stop, and if he carries a willow wand, or anything else of the kind, his attendant spirits can deflect it at the right spot, and at the right moment, just as easily as they can tilt a chair, or lift a table, or any other ponderous object. Many water-finders probably repudiate all connection with spirits, for the sake of increasing their own importance; but so much the worse for themselves. One thing, however, is very certain, as our brother in France observes, and that is that "spirits do not ask permission of human beings to exercise the powers they possess; but if mortals will solicit the help of angels or spirits, they will find what they undertake singularly facilitated."

The Close of a Cycle.

In a recent number of the *Banner of Light*, Mr. Colville states, upon spiritual authority, that, at the end of every 2,000 years, one cycle of time is completed and another commences; that at each of these epochs, an unwonted activity prevails in the spheres surrounding the particular planet; and that a similar activity is observable in the minds of the inhabitants themselves. We are now approaching the termination of such a cycle, it is said; and "a multitude of spirits who, during the last 2,000 years have been in a state of torpor, are quickened into activity, like the dry bones symbolically described in the vision of Ezekiel; which were only dead in appearance. They have been in the shades during that period, but they were not condemned for all eternity. The "fire" (of self-reproach and remorse) is truly eternal—the law of retribution according to merits being equally so—but no condemnation is eternal; all punishment being inflicted with a view to return to good." But the use of the word "punishment" is apt to be misleading; for this would seem to imply that God punishes His creatures, which is wholly erroneous; for every infraction of a natural law—this law being absolutely perfect, and universal and eternal in its operation—entails suffering of some kind, either mental or bodily, or both; and hence it follows that each human being is the author of his own disease, distemper, disorder, discomfort, and discord; inasmuch as he places himself in antagonism to the harmony of the universe.

How a Life was Saved.

Herr Kurt Reusz contributes to the *Leitschrift für Spiritismus* a narrative which he received from the lips of a gentleman whose life was saved by spiritual intervention, in the manner following:—He had been spending the evening with some friends at an hotel, which he quitted about eleven o'clock. On his way home, and walking very quickly, he was surprised to see, somewhat ahead of him, one of his companions, named George, to whom he called out several times, without receiving any reply. Once he turned his head, bestowed a look of great sadness upon his friend, then hastened towards the house of the latter, stood at the front door for an instant, warned the narrator, by a gesture, not to enter it and disappeared. The latter felt a sudden sense of chill, and a repugnance to proceed further. Then he turned back to the hotel, where he found his companions still assembled; and to them he narrated the strange incident, which they laughingly attributed to vinous excitement; at the same time remarking that George had been fast asleep for the last quarter of an hour. Instead of going back to his own house, the narrator went home with his friend and slept upon a sofa in a spare room. Next morning, the two repaired to the house from which the astral body of the one had warned off the other, and on entering the bedroom found that the ceiling had given way in the night, and that a heavy beam had fallen across the bed in such a way, that its occupant must have been killed, if he had slept in it as usual.

Perhaps the wiseacres who attempt to explain spiritualistic phenomena, by attributing them to unconscious cerebration, optical delusions, fraud, the operation of the "sub-liminal consciousness," mental hallucinations, telepathy, etc., etc., will be good enough to supply us with some rational hypothesis, to account for such an incident as the foregoing.

Spiritualism in Italy.

In Italy, Spiritualism is finding its way into journals dedicated to the promotion of the drama, and the fine arts; for, in the *Corriere d'Arte*, published in Naples, we find an article on apparitions from the pen of Colonel Giulio Malvoti, an ardent spiritualist; and in the *Scena Illustrata*, of Florence, there appears a well written survey of the steady progress of Spiritualism in all classes of society throughout the civilised world. "At Rome," says the writer, "the Pope is perplexed and wishes, like the clergy in general, to turn the movement to his own advantage; but there are serious obstacles in the way. . . Howsoever this may be, it is no longer permissible to laugh at Spiritualism, without the risk of being taxed with ignorance; nor to combat it, without being accused of insincerity."

A Poet Speaks.

A few weeks ago, the Italian papers recorded the death of Felice Cavallotti, equally famous as a poet, patriot, journalist, politican and orator. Two days afterwards he controlled a lady in Genoa, named Signora Davico-Merlo, and wrote poems through her hand; two of which have been published in the *Vessillo Spiritista* of Vercelli. Commander Volpi, the editor of that paper, having written to that lady, enquiring how the communications were obtained, she replied:—"I declare to you, since you ask for the information, that I am neither a writer nor a poetess, and that I am not even acquainted with the rules of prosody; but, for all that, I have many times written verses, and the whole of those you have published were written, but not conceived, by me, in moments, when I was plunged into a stupor and mastered and overcome by an unknown power." Signora Davico-Merlo then goes on to describe how she saw Cavallotti, clairvoyantly, on three several occasions; and how, upon the second of these, he spoke to her on private affairs of which she recognised the accuracy and exactitude. "It was not the sound of his voice I heard," she says, "but I understood him by a particular impression which he conveyed—I don't know how—to my brain; and which I should call intellectual audition."

The New-Born Spirit is an exact copy of the man. If ignorant when he departs earth-life, he will be ignorant still; if wise, then he will be equally wise. Nothing is gained, nothing lost.—*H. Tuttle.*

MISSIONARY WORK IN THE SPIRIT WORLD.

By Sugkamno.

A HAPPY RE-UNION.

The other night while quietly thinking I heard a thought-voice say "Are you the man on earth who speaks to spirits?" I replied "I am a man on earth who has that gift, can I help you?" "Yes. I hear you tell the spirits how they can become happier. Will you tell me?" "God give me power to do so. Tell me about yourself." In answer to further questions this spirit told me that she had lived a full earth-life as the wife of an ordinary uneducated working man; that she was the mother of several children now all grown up; that she had paid no heed to religious things, having her thoughts quite taken up with rearing her family and household affairs. I found she was ignorant of there being happier and beautiful worlds above, of the truth that God hears and answers prayer, and would help her if she would but ask Him. It occurred to me to ask her if any of her children had died? She said "Yes. A long time ago, fully twenty years, she had lost a little girl two years of age." "Have you seen that child?" "No. But I have often wondered where she is and why I did not see her. Can you tell me where she is?" "Did you ever ask God to permit you to see her?" "No, I never thought of that. Will God permit me?" I then told her of the "Summerland," the children's home in the worlds above her, how beautiful that land was, how God cared for all the little ones who are flocking up from earth, and how these babes are taken charge of by loving females who were indeed mothers to them, teaching and training them in all that was good. I told her how happy these little ones were, how learning was easy to them, how strong, well, and beautiful they were, and that her little girl would now have grown up to be a beautiful young woman. All this was joyful news to this mother, and she said "Oh! dear! If I could only see my child again." I told her to ask God to allow her. Then she said "God grant that I may see my dear girl who died so many years ago." The prayer was hardly uttered before I heard the reply "It shall be so. God will grant your prayer. Come, come, come!" "Oh, God, I thank Thee! I thank Thee! Oh! I am coming. Friend below I am going. God has heard my prayer."

I was told to follow in thought and that I should hear. Almost immediately I heard this poor mother, who had never before seen beauty around her, expressing delight and astonishment at the loveliness of the land she had entered. Then I heard the words "There is some one coming to you. Who is it?" "Oh! what a beautiful young woman." "Do you know her?" said her guide. "No. Will she help me to find my child?" "Ask God that you may know one another." The prayer was uttered, and then I heard the words "Mother! mother! I am indeed your little girl who left you so many years ago." I draw the veil over what occurred for the next few minutes. Reader you must imagine for yourself that mother's joy; the expressions of delight, astonishment, and the heartfelt prayer to God for having so taken care of her babe. Oh! the happiness of that moment to that mother. It is too sacred for me to write of. Hearing as I did all that was said, I was in sympathy with this happiness, and I fervently thanked God for the gift of thought conversation which enabled me to lead so many of the poor ones of the spirit world to be happier.

Soon I heard the words "Mother! come and see my home. There is one there who is to me as father was to you." "What! have you got a husband?" "Yes, and he will be as glad to welcome you as I am. Come." "What a beautiful little house. Is it yours." "Yes. Come inside, for he awaits you." Then I heard a man's voice say "You are the mother of my dear wife. How I welcome you. You must indeed come and live with us, and be happy." No more will I write. Oh! the goodness of God! the happiness that he has in store for those who will only trust in Him.

[The following occurrence is so sad that it pains me to write about it; it is indeed a contrast to the happy scene above related. Nevertheless, in making known the experiences of the spirit life the sad must be written as well as the joyous. The medium who is a missionary will again and again experience a heart's agony for the poor sufferers he is made use of to help.]

IN THE DEPTHS OF DESPAIR.

It is about a week ago that, as I was sitting quietly enjoying my pipe, I was startled by hearing the words "*God grant that when you leave the earth you may not always see before you a crimson coverlet.*" The tone of voice was as of that of a woman, giving expression to an agonising experience. I at once understood that it was uttered by some unhappy spirit brought *en rapport* with me to be helped, so I prayed that I might be able to comfort her, and I found she could hear me thinking. She told me she was a young woman, fairly educated, yet one who had to earn her own living by work. She had been some months in spirit-life and was very unhappy. I asked her the cause, and after some hesitation she said she had been a mother when she should not have been, that her babe had died, and she wondered where it was. I endeavoured to cheer her, telling her how God cared for these little waifs that so constantly were coming up from earth through the inability of their mothers to be a true mother to them. I told her of the childrens' home in the "Summerland," and that her child would probably be there, and I induced her to ask God that she might know about it. Her prayer was answered by a voice from above saying "We will look for your babe." I then talked to her about other poor unwilling mothers whom God had enabled me to re-unite to their lost little ones, and said that if she would only ask forgiveness of God and endeavour to fit herself to be a true mother by doing all she could to help other poor spirits in similar distress, God would in time permit her to have her babe again. She, however, did not appear happy or comforted as have others to whom I have spoken in a similar strain, and I wondered why?

Soon I heard a voice from above say "We have searched everywhere; her child is not to be found. There is something wrong about it. Talk further to her, and enquire if she is certain her child has left earth." I was beginning to do so when the same voice spoke again, saying "Oh! dear me. We were afraid it was so and now we know it is so. Oh! it is terrible! God have mercy on that poor mother. She had a babe, but—but, *with her own hands she strangled it.* She cannot be helped. Never will she be permitted to see her child again. Nothing can be done for her. There is no hope for her. God have mercy upon her. Always will she see this *crimson coverlet* before her eyes." When I heard this message, so opposite to the joyous one I had anticipated, tears came to my eyes. The missionary medium is *en rapport* with those brought to him and actually feels in part the sufferings of the sufferers he endeavours to help. It was terrible. How my heart ached for this unhappy mother. She read my thoughts and the agonising cry "*God grant you may not always see a crimson coverlet*" were her parting words.

Fervently I prayed for that poor mother, for that agonising cry meant that ever before her were the feeble gasps of that little infant in its endeavour to retain the life the very mother destroying it had given it. How could she ever be happy? It was a sin that could not be atoned for. No matter how sincere her repentance, or how much good she might do to others, and consequently rise to brighter surroundings, still memory cannot be obliterated from the spirit mind; the constantly recurring thought of the dying gasps of her babe will ever cause the "crimson coverlet" to appear. Such were my thoughts when I heard a voice above say "There is one way, and only one, through which that spirit can be ever again happy:—She must pray God that she be allowed to again undergo an earth-life. If she does this and begs forgiveness of God her prayer will be answered; when, we know not, but God's forgiveness is granted to the truly repentant by enabling such to take on another personality, and to such, if a good earth-life is then led, the memory of the previous life is then obliterated. This is God's Forgiveness of Sin. This sorrowing spirit will be again brought to you, for it rests on you to explain

this to her; we above cannot approach her. God grant you power to teach and help her."

This poor mother was again brought to me. I gave her the message as above, and I urged her to pray earnestly and constantly that it might be so. She thankfully accepted this hope, and said she would indeed do so, and her parting words this time were "God grant me forgiveness and permit me again to be a mother."

NOTE.—The writer was a student of the spiritual philosophy for twenty years before he received teachings which convinced him of the truth of re-embodiment of the soul. In these papers I cannot withhold what is told to me as truth. Readers of the *Harbinger* who do not accept Re incarnation as a truth are at liberty to think as suits their own mind in regard to my narratives. I do not desire or intend to enter upon any discussion of the matter.—SUGKAMNO.

PROPOSED PROPAGANDA OF SPIRITUALISM IN BRISBANE.

SAVING OF LIFE BY A TIMELY PREDICTION IN NEWCASTLE.

BY several active spiritualists in Brisbane, I have been encouraged to deliver a course of lectures in that city on Spiritualism. There is no organisation there at present, but I believe there is the necessary good material for making one. This, no doubt, is the best season for propaganda work in Queensland, as summer would be too hot for indoor meetings there. Our glorious Gospel only requires to be adequately expounded to be accepted by many waiting souls.

With the blessing of God, the help of the angels, and the aid of our friends in Brisbane and the other Northern towns, my work up there may be fruitful in leading some souls to see the glorious realities of life and immortality.

When it was rumoured I was going to do missionary work in Queensland, our Newcastle lady friends decided to give us a Complimentary Social, which was duly noticed by the *Newcastle Evening Times*, of June 22nd, as follows:

A complimentary social, tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Robert White by their lady friends, was held last night in the Cambrian Hall, Hunter-street West. About 80 couples attended, and kept dancing vigorously until 1 a.m., Miss Allen supplying the music. At supper, Mr. F. Frewen, on behalf of the ladies, presented Mr. White with a beautifully illuminated address worked on satin. The address read as follows: "To Robert White, Esq., Teesdale Terrace, Wood-street, Hamilton. Dear Sir,—We, the undersigned friends in Newcastle, have much pleasure in presenting you with this illuminated address as a token of the esteem in which you are held by us for your own high intellectual and moral qualities. We wish to testify to the pleasure, profit and instruction we have received from your lectures in this city. They were all characterised by broad sympathy and high morality and deep religious sentiments. You have labored faithfully and unselfishly amongst us, doing much good, and making many sincere friends, who will always remember you with feelings of love and respect.—Mesdames Anne Williams, Jane Clayton, Martha Curline, Maria Hardie, Annie Pluck, Ellen Vale, Elspeth Wilson, members of committee, Marion Templeman, hon. sec."

Mr. White, in responding, said that it was now just 12 months since he had come to Newcastle. During that period the membership of the society for which he lectured—the Spiritual Research Society—had increased from 35 to upwards of 100. A library also had been established, and a Sunday school was formed in connection with the society. He was not able to adequately express his thanks to the ladies for their gift, which would be treasured by him and handed down to his children with pride.

My work in Brisbane will commence about Aug. 7th, when I shall give my first Sunday night lecture there. With the help of the spiritualists, I hope to be able to form a good strong Society, similar to our organisation in Newcastle here.

Mr. Stevenson, Clairvoyant, of Sydney, is again in Newcastle. Friends here are always glad to meet him as he possesses rare spiritual clairvoyant power. On a previous visit at one of his public seances, he told one of our members (Mrs. Price) she had a son who worked underground, being let down to and raised up from his employment by a cage with a wire rope. In four days from then the rope would break while the cage was being lowered. He implored her to warn her son. She did so, as he is a miner working in one of the coal mines here. He (the son) told his work-mates of the prediction. At first they only laughed at it, but as the date and time approached they took serious notice of the warning, and on the fourth day (Friday morning) after the prediction, they stayed away from work. The cage went down empty, but it had not descended far when the wire rope broke, and it fell several hundred feet to the bottom of the shaft and was broken into pieces. So this prediction of Mr. Stevenson's was not only fulfilled, but was the means of saving several lives. This is a fact which can be vouched for by many people here.

ROBERT WHITE,
Teesdale Terrace,
July 4, 1898. Hamilton, Newcastle, N.S.W.

P.S.—The quarterly meeting of the Newcastle Spiritual Research Society was held last night (Tuesday, July 19th), at the residence of Mr. Robert White, when there was a good attendance of members. It was decided to reorganise the Society by altering some of the rules and electing a new Secretary and Treasurer. It was also unanimously resolved that the President, Mr. Robert White, be requested to continue his work as lecturer for the Society. The members promised their undivided support and assistance to make the Society successful in doing the good it should. As Mr. White consented, he has indefinitely postponed his visit to Brisbane.

R.W.

A DISCUSSION ON SPIRITUALISM.

THE discussion on Spiritualism in *The Kerang Times* referred to in our last was continued for some weeks after. "Old Spiritualist" on June 24th quoted the words of Paul as a good definition of Spiritualism, viz., "The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen," and then very lucidly showed the appropriateness of the definition and the parallel between the reception of Christ's teachings by the Pharisees and of spirit teachings by the modern Pharisees. The same paper contains a short letter from "Thomas" (who says he is not a spiritualist) asking the Rev. Mr. Wilkin if he knows anything about the subject that he is attacking. This draws Mr. Wilkin, who tells Thomas that he can prove all he said about Spiritualism and a great deal more, and then quotes Scripture texts about "Wizards that chirp and mutter" as appropriate to modern Spiritualism, clinching his argument by quoting Paul on Christian doctrine, the disbelievers in which are to be accursed. Four letters in favor of the spiritualistic hypothesis follow in the same issue which must have rather startled the rev. gentleman. A lengthy letter from "Old Spiritualist," quoting the logical authorities against Mr. Wilkin in the issue of July 5th, is followed by a footnote by the editor, intimating that the correspondence must now cease unless Mr. Wilkin wishes to exercise his right of a final rejoinder. That gentleman promptly avails himself of the opportunity for a pulpit shot or rather a volley of texts, denials of what "Old Spiritualist" has said, and repeated accusations of the latter's untruthfulness, winding up with an apology if he has said anything discourteous! This reminds us of a religious gentleman whom we knew in our youth, who occasionally blurted out an oath and promptly followed it with the words, "God forgive me for swearing."

In the course of the correspondence, Mr. Wilkin intimated his readiness to meet anyone on a public platform to debate the subject. Mr. James A. S. Brown, of Carlton, wrote to *The Kerang Times* expressing his willingness to meet Mr. Wilkin in debate, but his inability to visit Kerang at the present time. He would, if Mr. Wilkin could not come to Melbourne, meet a substitute appointed by him and publicly thrash the subject out. To this Mr. Wilkin replies that he would "Discuss the question in the Kerang Mechanics' Institute "whether Spiritualism is anti-Christian," on the understanding that each disputant appeals only to the Bible in the authorised or revised edition!" We should hardly imagine that Mr. Brown or anyone else would care to discuss on such terms; the game would not be worth the candle!

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A standing rebuke to the bigots, whether within the church or outside of it, is the Rev. A. R. Edgar, pastor of Wesley Church, Lonsdale Street, who has just left the colony on a few months' visit to England for the benefit of his eyesight. Mr. Edgar is a fairly "orthodox" soldier in an "orthodox" army, but he has gone outside of "churchianity" and sought to be a practical doer of good. That such conduct should secure for him the distrust of many within the church is not altogether surprising; but it is sad to find not a few radicals in religion assailing the rev. gentleman with such epithets as "the advertising parson," "the quack philanthropist," etc. However, Mr. Edgar is justly esteemed by all whose approbation is worth having, and it is notable that amongst those present on the platform at the "farewell" tendered to him the other day, were the Jewish Rabbi (Dr. Abrahams), the Rev. Charles Strong (Australian Church), Mr. S. Barker, of the Trades Hall, and Mr. S. Mauger, of the Anti-Sweating League. Dr. Strong said that Mr. Edgar "had helped to bring prominently before the people of Melbourne and the colony some of the great social problems of the times, and had helped to draw together the members and ministers of different churches, in that way laying the foundation-stone of the future church—a grand federated church of Australia." Mr. Edgar's response is memorable: "No man has a right to be confined within any one building if he wants to be useful. I have stepped outside the boundaries of my church, and in doing so have learned to love the people exceedingly. A man cannot hate his fellow-man and love God, no matter how sound his theology."

Another clerical departure is threatened, though it will possibly be averted (no matter how!)—that of the Rev. Dr. Bevan. An anti-religious, anti-*everything* in fact, journal, whose editor is noted for the conciliatoriness and urbanity of his *public* utterances, written or spoken, once characterised the doctor as "the fattest rascal in Melbourne," and shortly afterwards invited the famous preacher to a public discussion with the editor aforesaid! This is not one, nor is it the general, opinion of Dr. Bevan. He is a liberal-minded, kind-hearted, genial and learned gentleman, who it is to be hoped will remain in our community for many years instead of accepting the principalship of the Congregational Theological College, in Brecon, Wales. The doctor's catholicity is evidenced by his presence at the recent farewell to Archbishop Carr, his presiding at one of Ben Tillett's iconoclastic lectures, his occasional appearance as a speaker at the "Religious Science Club" connected with Dr. Strong's church, his speaking at Yarra Bank on the same platform with Mr. Symes, when the Federation question was in debate, and his chairmanship of the Congregational Union. But there is another reason why we should hope that the rev. gentleman won't leave us. Everyone knows that Dr. Bevan's church is opposite the *Harbinger* Office, and is the most prominent land-mark in the vicinity. If that church lose its present and best-known appellation, what will the poor *Harbinger* Office do for a "direction" (of course, not necessarily a "*spiritual* direction.")

It is recorded that when, just on the outbreak of hostilities between the United States and Spain, a certain American Consul was asked by a press interviewer how his country was likely to emerge from the conflict, the official replied, "How? Why, stranger, she will just walk right out, with her hat on straight, and her hair in curl." Barring the loss of life—victory crowned—at the assault near Santiago de Cuba, it seems as if this anticipation would be realized. Yet, if certain prophets be reliable, there is a great likelihood of the "Maine" disaster being repeated. In a little pamphlet published a few months back, Dr. Max Muehlenbruch, of California, the American clairvoyant to whom reference has previously been made in this journal, announces that "the United States will lose one more warship by explosion." Strange to say, Mr A. J. Pearce (Zadkiel), the foremost English Astrologer of to-day, says in his journal, *Star Lore*, for June, 1898, "The ingress at Washington of the Sun into the first point of Cancer takes place at 58 minutes past 4 a.m., June 21st. Mars in the 11th house promises success to the United States' Army and Navy; but Saturn in the sixth *is ominous of the loss of at least one fine war-ship.*"

Incredible as it may seem, a bookseller in London is being prosecuted for selling Dr. Havelock Ellis's recent great work entitled "Sexual Inversion," on the ground that such is an "obscene libel"! Dr. Ellis is the editor of Scott's "Contemporary Science Series," and is an author of repute. The work in question is a scientific treatise. What is to be thought of the hypocrisy of a people that can countenance the prosecution of such a book, and yet advocate and clamour for the indiscriminate reading and world-wide circulation of a volume containing unparalleled indecencies?

X.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Light, for June 25th, contains a report of the proceedings for the first three days of the above important event, which was inaugurated by a religious service, held in the St. James's Banqueting Hall on Sunday, June 19th, Mr. John Page Hopps officiating. The attendance was too large for the capacity of the Hall, and an overflow meeting was held in an adjoining one, which was also densely packed, Mr. J. J. Morse Dr. Peebles, Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond, and Mrs. Jackson being the speakers. Mr. Hopps' address, which is reported in full, was an admirable introduction, appealing to both the intellect and the religious sentiment of his hearers. Monday was a reception day for representatives and friends from various parts of the globe, and on Tuesday the active business of the Convention commenced with the reading of sympathetic letters from the Earl of Radnor, Sir Wm. Crookes, Professor O. Lodge, Hon. J. Aksakof, Dr. Fred Willis, Lilian Whiting, Madam Baraduc and others. The opening address by the President, Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, was pertinent and pithy. He was followed by Dr. Peebles and Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. In the evening, Mr. E. W. Wallis, editor of *The Two Worlds*, gave an interesting address on "The Philosophy and Limitations of Mediumship." After this, Mr. J. J. Morse read a deeply interesting paper, contributed by Dr. George von Langsdorf, of Frieburg, on "A Political Medium at St. Petersburg," in which some very high personages figure. Some remarks from the Chairman, Dr. Langsdorf, and Mr. Morse brought the evening's proceedings to a close.

GOLDEN JUBILEE CELEBRATION AT ROCHESTER, N.Y., U.S. AMERICA.

THE above demonstration, which had been in preparation for several months was held on the last three days of May and first of June last. There were a large number of representatives from all parts of the Union, including Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson and Dr. J. M. Peebles from California; Harrison D. Barrett, President of the American National Association; Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Dr. Fred. Willis, W. J. Colville, and Moses Hull. English spiritualists were ably represented by Mr. J. J. Morse. A number of excellent and stirring addresses were given of which we publish a representative one, that of Dr. J. M. Peebles as being best known to Australians. The celebration appears to have been a success except in the matter of finance, in which direction expectations were not realised. Preparations had been made on a very extensive scale in anticipation of a very large attendance and great expense incurred. The disturbed state of things on account of the war seems to have diverted people's attention from spiritual matters, and the attendance, though large, was quite inadequate to cover the amount expended; the loss, unless made up by subscription, will fall upon a lady and gentleman who undertook the responsibility.

IN MEMORIAM

OF

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE,

Who passed to the higher life, May 14th, 1898.

Gladstone the great has risen ! sons of Britain mourn,
As the long cortege passes to the tomb ;
Yet weep not, ye who love this soul of power,
'Tis not for him a loss. This passing hour
Brings to our hero honors more divine,
Than one brief century's records round him twine.

Gladstone ! the gods have loved and blest thee long,
The bards of Venus wreathe thy name in song ;
Brave sons of Jupiter thy passing know,
And welcome thee once more from life below ;
While angel souls who long ago have trod
The paths of Earth ; now bear thee home to God.

Albert the Good, of England most beloved,
Welcomes thee now in friendship nobly proved ;
Upon the threshold of a life unknown,
He clasps thy hand once more within his own,
True friend of Britain's good, her heroes wait,
To give thee welcome at the pearly gate.

Thousands of souls oppressed by cruel thrall,
Hail thee "deliverer" at great Freedom's call ;
Immortal wreaths of bay and laurel twine,
In fadeless beauty round the brow divine ;
"Hail ! son of Truth, in Liberty's great name,
We welcome thee to her immortal fane !"

A nation hushed in grief shall raise its head,
To hear the echo of that word, "Not dead ;"
He sleepeth not ; the eager soul of love,
Still bears thee in his prayer to Heaven above ;
"Seven hours and sleep enough," he wakes at morn,
A risen soul to higher honors born.

As Britain's Queen bends low her royal brow,
Her friendship and her grief alike to show ;
An angel whispers to her waiting ear,
"Mother of sons like this, be of good cheer !
His work shall follow him, and England's power,
Be felt more fully in this trying hour."

"His life remains, a record brave and true,
Inspiring all thy sons to 'likewise do ;'
His thought is with thee still, to aid and guide,
The souls who will for England's peace provide ;
The poor his name shall bless, and more and more,
Shall England's greatness spread from shore to shore."

"His last prayer answered, 'let Thy kingdom come,
On earth, Great Father, may Thy will be done ;'
The ages still shall see fulfilled of thee,
For as the word hath said, so shall it be ;
And Gladstone hath not lived or toiled in vain,
Since through his deeds men honor Truth's fair name."

"JENNY WREN."

Christchurch, N.Z.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF VITAL RADIATION.

By Quaestor Vitae.

Some French scientists, M. Luebhart and Yvon, have maintained recently that the photographic impressions obtained by Dr. Luys, David, Brandt, Commandant Darget, etc., were merely the result of the heat inherent in the human hand. This claim was supported by experiments made by placing small skin bags filled with hot water, in contact with negatives. The original experimenters pointed out in reply that the impressions so obtained differed totally in character from those obtained by themselves, and especially that the peculiar striated radiations, spreading out from the point of contact which is the characteristic feature in the human imprints, are absent in those produced by heat merely. Dr. Baraduc completely refuted Dr. Luebhart's arguments in a meeting held before the Photographic Society of Paris by showing that all his own experiments had been made without contact at all.

A magnetic healer, M. Majewski, of 34 Rue de Dunkerque, Paris, has added further refutation by heating his developing bath above the normal human temperature. He found that he then continued to obtain impressions showing strong striated radiations. He also obtained striking effects while holding his fingers above the bath, without any contact either with the liquid or with the plate.

Some of the impressions obtained by this experimenter illustrate in a striking manner the solarity inherent in this human radiatiation. In some cases the lines resemble those produced by a magnet when held in contact with iron filings. When the right hands of two operators were held above a negative, the radiation emanating showed a repellant distribution. When, however, a right or a left hand of two operators were held over the plate, the radiations attracted and merged into each other.

Some of these photographs are held on view at the office of this paper.

If you would live in harmony with the laws of being you must not be dominated by the senses, and to adjust and control these, you must go back of matter. As a ship without the guiding hand of man to control her course, so would man be without the spirit controlling him. As the ship sooner or later must come to grief if left to the mercy of wind and tide, so with man, when the spirit within is not the governing power What wrecks we see made of human life ; we look into the faces of some of our fellows and we see the body has been tossed to and fro, has been sport for the bodily senses. Why ? Because no helmsman has guided its course into calm waters ; peaceful shores.

The senses are given thee not to govern themselves, but to be ruled over by the spirit. Let the spirit work through them, then will peace begin on earth and harmony reign.

We speak of the use and abuse of a thing ; whether a man who uses or abuses his body. By this we mean the motor power controlling that body, pure and true or otherwise (?) it is it which ruleth the body as it wills—uses these senses rightly or wrongly. Therefore we must look to the spirit, not the body, for reform. If the purpose of thy spirit is true, upright and pure, then so will it flow through and govern the bodily channels. You need to keep that body clean and healthy, that more readily can the spirit shine through its windows. A diseased mind or body is like a darkened window which will not allow the light within to be seen.—*Impressional writing.*

SPIRIT ART.

The front page of *The Light of Truth* (Columbus, Ohio), for May 21st, is illustrated with a beautiful female face and bust, which professes to be a true copy of a painting received through the mediumship of Mrs. Mabel Abel Jackman, 3143 Forest Avenue, Chicago, on the night of April 18th under the following circumstances, viz. :—A canvas, which had been already stretched upon a frame, was by direction of the mediums' guide, placed by the witnesses in a solid box, which was then locked by one of them (Mr. Myers) with a Yale lock, the key of which he put in his pocket, and as an additional precaution he covered the key-hole with a postage stamp. The box was placed upon the floor, about four feet in front of the sitters, and a large music box wound up and stood on it. In about fifty minutes, they were told to open the box, and on doing so, they found on the canvas a beautifully executed portrait of one Jennie W——, known to and recognised by Mr. W. H. Myers, whose spirit guide she professed to be. The circumstances of its reception are sworn to before a notary public by W. H. Myers, Henry G. Collins and Berino Lewey.

[Manifestations of the above kind are hardly credible to those who have not witnessed something akin to them, but the testimony of their occurrence is very strong. A case in our own experience with Mr. A. Campbell, a spirit artist in Chicago is given in *The Harbinger of Light* for January, 1894, and Mr. W. T. Stead records a similar experience with the same medium in *Borderland* of the same date.—Ed. *H. of Lt.*]

We want fewer things to live in poverty with satisfaction than to live magnificently with riches.—*St. Lyremond.*

In the pursuit of knowledge, follow it wherever it may be found ; like fern, it is the produce of all climates, and like coin, its circulation is not restricted to any particular class.—*Colton.*

THE JUBILEE OF SPIRITUALISM.

FIFTY YEARS OF SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA—OUR PAST AND PRESENT—WHAT OF OUR FUTURE?—ORGANISATION—SHALL WE HAVE A DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES?—OBSTACLES IN OUR WAY—A CRISIS—ETC., ETC.

A Brilliant Address by J. M. Peebles, M.D., at the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Spiritualism, Rochester, N.Y.

Many emotions, memories and considerations of vital importance relating to the past and present—relating to this grand Jubilee and its outcome, thrill my soul to its very depths. We have come to this modern Bethlehem from the North and from the South, the East and the West, to review the past, to rejoice in the present, and to plan work, in connection with the higher heavenly powers for the incoming future.

The yesterday conspired to make the to-day. Without the past the present could not have been. For ages history had recorded in brick and stone, on parchment, papyrus, and rock inscriptions the rise and growth, the decline and fall of nations in Asia and Africa; and later Europe; but the history of America remained a blank, its very existence being unknown to the swarming Orient.

At length a new land was discovered. Columbus, mooring his ships on the coasts of this continent, found it peopled with millions of aborigines, who with open hearts and hands received the white newcomers. They at first supposed these Spanish to be gods, but soon found them to be ruthless invaders—selfish demons, greedy for gold. The cry of these Spanish Christians was, "Your lands, or a war of extermination."

Later there flocked from Europe the Hollanders the Huguenots, the Scotch, and the Puritans, a strange national interblending. They fled from persecution to become in time themselves persecutors. They fled to a land magnificent in its resources; in its wide range of climate and rich products; with skies brilliant as those of Italy; winter resorts, the peer of Cannes, the Reviera, and Mentone; waters as healing as those of Carlsbad and Baden-Baden; air as healthful as Algiers and Egypt; plains as productive of breadstuffs as the valleys of the Nile and the Ganges in their palmiest days; mines far richer than ancient Golconda and Ophir; a land of furs in the North, and of orange groves in the South; a land of progress, of civil liberty, and of human betterment; a land whose possibilities were so vast that the wildest visionary did not, and has scarcely as yet begun to comprehend the mighty outcome; and a land where

> "The sounding aisles of the dim woods ring
> With the anthems of the free."

It was here that angels planned to sow the seed, and plant the tree of life—Modern Spiritualism. The Fox Sisters, the discoverers and founders, were of as little note in the world as were those historic women of old, who were "Last at the cross, and first at the grave" of the martyred Nazarene.

When the time for a new dispensation had come, angel fingers touched the electric button. The Fox Sisters caught the echoing sounds, translated them, and so demonstrated a future existence. Materialism was struck dumb, sectarian orthodoxy sunk away, for the hour, in grim dismay.

HALF A CENTURY AGO.

Fifty years since those mystic rappings, and what marvellous changes! Watchman, what of the night? Is the star rising? Is the sun of truth in the ascendancy? Are those that are for us more than those that are against us? What have Spiritualists during the past fifty years accomplished? What is the real foundation stone of Spiritualism? Do Spiritualists require any leaders? Are settled speakers desirable? What questions have Spiritualists settled? Has organization proven a success? What has been the character of spirit influence upon the lives of mediums? Have we any declaration of principles? What does Spiritualism in the estimation of the world stand for?

These inquiries, with others, quite if not more important, require consideration and the best thought of the most highly inspired minds constituting this Jubilee Convention—each co-worker will no doubt speak as fearlessly, as conscientiously, from his or her standpoint.

Personally, no padlock shall fasten my lips, nor fear palsy my tongue. "If the truth offend" said St Jerome "be ye offended." Peace, if possible, is my motto, but the right, the truth at all hazards. This is the voice of all true manliness.

For many years I had no warmer, nobler personal friend than Prof. S. B. Brittan, and often since his resurrection out of the mould of mortality into the higher completeness of immortality have I had the most direct and satisfactory communication with him. He has never had any difficulty in proving his identity. Just before leaving the Pacific Coast, and while having a sitting with Mrs. Freitag, unexpectedly Prof. Brittan announced his presence, and said in substance:

"I see you are pondering and revolving in your mind as to what will be the outcome of the Fiftieth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. Doubtless it will be an important occasion, and one that will interest us immortals, as you are pleased to denominate us, quite as much as it will yourselves, who are yet clothed with mortality. While assuring you of my presence and that of others of the old pioneers, who went forth weeping bearing precious seed, I wish, if you feel so disposed, that you would make some use of one or more of my positions while in the body upon a similar occasion. Inspired at that time I broached thoughts and expressed ideas in advance of my period, causing considerable controversy. Strangely as it may seem to you, there are spirits on our side opposed to organization, and others strenuously opposed to an inter-communion between the two worlds. Others still make use of the communicating channels for selfish and various unspiritual purposes. I send greetings of good-will to the Jubilee."

This communication, clear-cut and Brittan-like, reveals to us the the interest that resurrected souls take in the bettering of humanity. And why not, since consciousness, memory and identity in their deepest, widest sense accompany them to those evergreen shores of life. To be or not to be, is not the question with Spiritualists. To be—to exist consciously in a future life of activity, is to them a settled question. They know that the dead, so-called, are alive. They know that these mortal bodies are raised again only in the mosses, the grasses, and the vines that twine alike around tower and tombstone. They know these facts through spiritual phenomena, through science, philosophy, and the historic testimonies of the ages. They know the higher truths of Spiritualism through consciousness, reason, the soul's intuitions and the cultured judgment of the enthroned Ego within—the divinity in humanity.

Spiritualists are not materialists, for they consider matter as little more than illusion. At best, it is only the covering and temporary instrument of Spirit. Spiritualists are not agnostics, for in place of "We dont know," they have inscribed in imperishable characters in life and truth upon the portal of their divine philosophy, "We do know!" We know that the so-considered dead are more vigorously alive to the activity of growth and soul-unfoldment than are the masses yet dwelling in fleshy tabernacles of mortality.

Job's inquiry, "If a man die, shall he live again?" is never asked or reiterated by Spiritualists; and because man—essential man—never dies! It is the body, the physical temple only, that decays. The body, however beautiful and perfect, is in no sense the man, but the machinery that the spirit temporarily uses in accomplishing the varied purposes that pertain to this primary stage of existence.

This moment I am immortal! This moment I am a conscious, individualized spirit, living in a dual world, the world of matter and the over arching, infilling world of spirit. You, O, fellow-pilgrims, are all immortal now, clothed in immortality. You are gods made in the image of God.

The prophet, when standing upon the Mount of Vision declared that "God breathed into man the breath of life;" that is, breathed into him conscious spirit, a potentialized portion of himself, breathed into man by the law of influx, immortality; because God is immortality itself. This was original involution. God is life itself. God is energy, intelligence, power, wisdom, and love—infinite and unchanging. Man stands upon the very apex of the earth's organic pyramid, made in the divine image. He is a finite spirit. He is the crowning glory of evolution. He can say to sun, moon,

and stars, you may perish, but I, a thinking, conscious, progressive being, shall live on and on, traversing the immeasurable spaces, eternally approaching, yet never reaching infinite perfection.

The to-days largely fashion and function in the to-morrows. This life is a school out of which we graduate one by one into a life of infinitely better facilities. And by an inexorable law we take the harvests of this life along with us. Never can self get away from conscious self. Though at death's door, we move up one step higher—we take consciousness, thought, purpose, and will with us. And this myself—this yourself—this mortal status of attainment in this present life, determines our condition, at least temporarily, in that new and higher stage of existence.

Cause and effect are links in the never-ending chain of being. There are heavens of brightness over there and hells of moral darkness. There are prisons there, primary reformatories, higher schools, academic departments, and universities of transcendent brilliancy in those magnificent mansions of the angels. Examinations—self-examinations the most rigid, precede graduations and promotions in those higher etherealized realms of immortality. Over the golden portal of those celestial spheres is written, "Enter only when thou art worthy."

No thought is lost. Memory is the recording angel, conscience, the undying worm. And the divine inmost Ego, the enthroned God within, is ever saying to the self-conscious depraved, "Depart, depart, for further discipline"—depart and only return for promotion when bringing with you garnered sheaves, as harvested souls. Being good, doing good, and in saving others, we save ourselves. Salvation in all worlds is of works.

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

And yet, upward all things tend—no star sets that does not rise again. God's mercy endureth forever.

"I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last to all,
And every winter change to spring."
"Not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

Spiritualism is of God.

Every structure to be permanent must have a substantial foundation. And the foundation of Spiritualism is Spirit, in which are embodied consciousness, force, immutability. The Trinity of Athanasius. All of the old churchianic ideas of God must go. They well became the babyhood period of the races. But antiquity and its gods are all dead. Science and reason are now busily engaged in burying them. But such modern-coined phrases to represent God as "the causeless cause," "the underlying law," "the infinite variety," "the absolute reality," "the eternal force," "the molecular polarity," "the indwelling potency," "the infilling energy," fail—all most effectually fail in satisfying the reason or touching the soul's deepest emotions. A potency, a presence, or an energy without intelligence is only comparable to an all-diffusing gas, or a boundless ocean of gaseous ether.

A God without consciousness, intelligence, wisdom, and love is in fact little more than provoking emptiness. Let us away then with all sophistries, and say with a straight out manliness, Spirit—Infinite Spirit is God, in which are centered life, force, intelligence, law—everything that is great and good and beautiful. These exalted conceptions, while carrying conviction, touch the great heart of humanity and command both confidence and reverence.

There are a few platform Spiritualists standing upon the stilts of their own fancy, who seem half afraid of the very word God. Mention it, and they fly back to the Jehovah of the Jews, and begin to furiously dilate upon his anger, his jealousy, his commands to "butcher the men, women and children of the old Canaanitish nations." But stop!—I have said nothing about the Jehovah of the Jews, nor the Zeus of the Greeks, nor the Jupiter of the Romans, nor any other national deity. I said God—God whom Proclus defined as Causation—whom Jesus pronounced Spirit—A. J. Davis, the Great Positive Mind, and whom Theodore Parker denominated in tones most tender—"Our Father and our Mother too." If the ignorant confound God with Jehovah or Jupiter, the thinker is not to blame. If the depraved confound love with lust, the socialist is not to blame. If the unprincipled politican confounds liberty with license and anarchy, the statesman is not to blame. No man is required to find both brains and comprehension for others. Spirit is God, and Spiritualism, therefore, is of God!

Spiritualism a Science.

What are our sources of knowledge? Obviously, the facts of observation and experience, as recognized by, and interpreted by reason.

We are all conscious of such sensations as color, hardness, acidity, form and others, which reason arranges and classifies. And accordingly out of these recognised facts of sensation we construct our science of matter—physics, in the broadest sense of that word. And further, relying upon our consciousness and our intuitions, we determine that we are intellectual beings, and also religious beings. As a correct classification of the facts observed in the physical world in connection with reason gives us a science of the intellect, or psychology; so from a correct classification of the facts of psychical or spiritual phenomena, which no intelligent man, having respect for his intellectual reputation, now denies, we construct the science of Spiritualism.

It is not hypothesis—it is not assumption; but it is demonstrated just as definitely as any other science, by consciousness, observation, experience and sound judgment. Spiritualists may in any minor matters disagree. The forms and methods connected with Spiritualism may change—the same is true of the science of geology, the science of botany or chemistry. The whole terminology and science of chemistry has changed since my academic days; but the laws and principles underlying chemical action have not changed. New discoveries, new phenomena, and new hypotheses are continually being connected with or added to the science of Spiritualism. But the corner-stone, which is Spirit, remains fixed and abiding.

Metaphysically speaking, occultism or spiritualism under some name was the light-bearer that, all along the cycling periods of the past, in a measure, illumined the world; while modern Spiritualism in its truer, higher aspect is a science, a religion and a philosophy. Aye, more; it is the philosophy of all philosophies, encompassing the depths below us, the siderial heaven above us—the boundless universe itself!

The phrase often used by some of our speakers, "Man is a religious animal," must be dropped. Man is not an animal. His spirit did not originate in, nor is it an output from the animal kingdom. Brutality does not—cannot evolve into spirituality. No—man is not "a religious animal," but a noble religious being, a possible angel, gifted with such powers and mighty potent prophecies as to warrant the eternal unfoldment of all his God-given attributes.

No—I repeat, man is not an animal—he does not crawl like the worm, walk on four feet like the jackal, nor root like the swine. Bodily, man has in a very large degree the animal organization; but man really and absolutely is a spirit, or reversed—the spirit is the man, with a conscious mind that can soar high as the cerulean heights, dive deep as the cimmerian depths, traverse space, count the burning stars and measure those rolling, circling planets that stud in grandeur unspeakable the measureless space of infinity.

God being absolute Spirit, mortals being incarnated spirits, and our loved beyond death's river being resurrected spirits, they necessarily sympathize, and also just as naturally communicate soul with soul through the psychic and vibratory laws of nature, as music responds to music. Spiritualism, therefore is naturalism! It is the science embracing the proven in all sciences, and the good and the true in all religions.

The Progress of Spiritualism.

It is an undeniable fact that the progress of Spiritualism has been rapid beyond comparison with anything to be found in the whole history of civilization, and the growth of ideas. The most of this progress is to be credited to the spirits themselves.

Since the advent of these Hydesville demonstrations there has been a thorough revision of the popular preaching, of our system of morals, of our philosopny and religion. The trend is in the direction of liberalism. There is everywhere an enlarging sympathy. There is a drawing co-operation with advanced minds regardless of religious professions. There is more charity and more enthusiasm and union among all classes and all religions for bringing in the better day of universal brotherhood.

As a significant sign of the times, the *New York Herald* advertised the paying of a thousand dollar prize last winter, to the preacher who would furnish the best sermon in a series of ten to be published, one in each Sunday's issue. The decision was to be left to three impartial, unsectarian judges. The prize was awarded to a Congregational preacher of Massachusetts. The sermon was beautiful in style ; classic, sympathetic, and practical. But now mark—not one of these ten up-to-date sermons contained the doctrinê of endless hell-torments, a hint about a personal devil, the resurrection of the body, or any vicarious atonement by substitution. What a change from fifty years ago ! The seventeenth century creeds are shelved and worm-eaten. Theological dogmas are dying, priest-craft is nearly powerless, the devil is annihilated, and the old-time orthodox hell is transfigured into Gehenna gardens and vineyards, just outside Jerusalem's walls, where purpling grapes now grow in richest luxuriance.

The secular press is not only tolerant now, but liberal. Spiritualists, so far as my personal knowledge extends, have as free access to the press columns as do sectarists. The pulpit quietly, tacitly, acquiesces in Spiritualism ; or preaches much of its philosophy with a very gracious sprinkling of the phenomena, under the euphoneous phraseology of "the ministries of God's dear angels." The victory is well-nigh won.

Our army is constituted of millions of brainy thinkers. In legislatures and political parties, we have become a power to be reckoned with—a factor insisting upon a hearing—a religious body, only partially organised, yet as loudly, as proudly demanding our rights; being respectable, we are respected, and being honorable, we are honored for our conscientious convictions. If a simple belief in a present spirit communication constitutes one a Spiritualist, there are probably as many Spiritualists in the churches as there are out of them to-day. Our only violent opposers are the Seventh-day Adventists some Protestant Christians, Atheists, and Materialists.

Spiritualism is no longer considered a church heresy in the most enlightened quarters of the globe. All cultured preachers hope that it is true, and some of the most advanced in the Episcopalian, Congregational, and Unitarian ranks openly avow that God is neither a respector of persons nor of periods of time. They plainly see that the visions, trances, and marvels of Bible times, and those of the last fifty years must stand or fall together. They know that their churches are honeycombed with the beautiful and comforting thoughts of Spiritualism. At funerals they preach it. They know that many of their members consult mediums and read Spiritualists' literature ; they know, and see the truth as it is in angel ministries, marching on, and they further know that the truth in the end must come off triumphant.

This view of the field may be too optimistic. But, from my extensive travels, it is my honest conviction. Nevertheless the battle is not fully fought. We are a church militant. Controversies we court. We are on the spiritual war-path, with camps in England and upon the continent—camps in South and Central America, camps in South Africa, New Zealand, Australia, and the farthest isles of the ocean. These camps, churches, or societies have their lecturers, mediums, conferences, healers and helping hand associations.

To Absorb, or be Absorbed ?

That is the question—or at least with us one of the burning questions of the hour and of the day. The facts, the rational, beautiful truths embodied in Spiritualism will never die. But will they go on from conquest to conquest, until they wear the victor's wreath, under their legitimate name ?—or will the advocates and mediums, instrumental in disseminating these truths, prove such unprofitable servants, prove so unworthy of the high trust imposed upon them by spirits and parliaments of angels, that others more worthy will seize the prize, wave the palm and wear the crown of moral conquest.

No—"to be, or not to be" hereafter, with Spiritualists is not the question ; but it is the all-important question, whether as a great body of spiritualists we shall swallow or be swallowed, whether we shall absorb or be absorbed by the liberal Christian churches and so finally lose our identity in the great ocean of liberalised and transfigured Christianity. This question is now in the balance being weighed. The result—the decision lies with us.

Obstacles in our Way of Progress.

Among these is our excessive individuality, the lack of enthusiasm, and fear of leadership. We have heard so much of "be thyself," "be independent," "be individualised," that there are those among us whose proper symbol is "the fretful porcupines," all quills erect. They become known for their tongue-thrusts, their quills and their quips. Abounding in an over heated self-esteem, they deem it incompatible with their royal dignity to acknowledge any leadership. This is their misfortune.

Travelling in foreign lands, I found it desirable to have both leaders and interpreters—and we are all travellers—all pilgrims. Think of it—dropped down by night in an Oriental crowd in a foreign city with no guide !

Going into a coal mine or Mammoth Cave requires a leader—college students require leaders, guides, masters and helps. General Grant did not belittle himself by securing a leader to conduct him through Hong-Kong immediately after the landing. In all human enterprises teachers are necessary, and the wisest gratefully accept them ; while the porcupinish, self-sufficient reject them. They are so "individualized" that they would prefer to go alone and be damned, than to follow an angel leader, and be saved.

"So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong."

What kind of a Grand Army would we have without commanders and discipline, everyone being left to push madly into battle according to his own individual impulses ? What kind of a rendering should we have of a Grand Oratorio by a company without a leader. It would be little more than a musical mob, each blowing, piping and fiddling on his own account. Carrying the illustration further—is it not possible that we have in our great spiritualistic band, too many bass viols, considerably "base," too many rusty trombones, too many who persist in fiddling on one unrosined string, too many who under the great names of poets improvise on their own little cranial whistles, and too many whose public platform "tests" would drive old substantial Spiritualists out of the field, if their Spiritualism was not based upon some firmer foundation than rope-tying performances and platform phenomena, with admission fees to the show "just to bear expenses, you know." If an angel should descend into some of our dirty, ill-ventilated lecture halls, it would be obliged to hold its nose while giving the communication. Let us not further, with old tobacco-poisoned spittoons and vile odors, insult heaven !

Success is largely predicated upon organization ; and this implies leaders. Society must and will have them. The testimony of all human experience and universal history is that no people ever accomplished honourable ends without masterly minds, who upon high eminences planted their standards. These were leaders ; not made, but born. Personally, I have many leaders, some the thither side of mortality. Lucretia Mott for years was one of my leaders.

The greatest minds, afire with love and benevolence, are your masters and mine. The most original thinker of his time ; the person with the deepest insight ; the clearest interpreter of all hidden realities, such as Emerson, the discoverer of nature's subtle principles, and subordinating them all with occult forces to the bettering of human interests, by leading the hosts of humanity forward and upward—these are the world's leaders—and yet they shrink from leadership. True greatness is always modest. Every Spiritualistic choir must have a leader every society its president, every

lyceum its conductor, all movements expecting success, necessitate able leaders. Those opposing leadership are generally mad because they are not—and cannot be leaders.

LACK OF ORGANISATION AN OBSTACLE.

Organisation is a law of nature, holding good from monad to man. The first cell with its life-germ within sought a mate for co-operation. A marvellous system of reciprocities runs through all the past. In nature we look in vain for the revelations of life until matter assumes organic forms; and the lower forms as they advance, become more complex, but organisation continues to be its law—and if so why not apply it to every great moral enterprise? The idea that organisation is incompatible with individual liberty is most erroneous. License and misrule come through non-organisation, while the highest liberty comes through organisation, intelligent co-operations, and leadership.

Non-organisation, or unregulated competition, is an inheritance from the feudal ages. Competition there will be on some plane of action. The world moves on towards its highest ideals under this law. It will never be swept away, but will be modified until justice more sweetly blends with mercy. The struggle for life and the struggle for the lives of others should co-operate—should go on together as helpers of humanity, violence giving place to justice, equity, and tenderest human kindness.

There are those among us of note who think it exceedingly dangerous to organise, to build church edifices, and adopt a declaration of principles. This they say "would be only adding one more" new sect with its creed to the already long list. I am surprised at such shabby logic and such childish fears. Children are often terror-stricken by phantoms of their own creation. That mysterious box of Pandora never so terrified the heathen Greeks as does the thought of a "declaration of principles" a few spiritualists. Honestly, have we no principles? If not, what have we, boasting of our millions, been about these fifty years. We occupy almost immeasurable space, it seems to me, but have little solidity. Expanded to almost inconceivable dimensions, we are largely without form, and certainly without a declaration of principles. Our state is nebulous, our name, considering our oft-claimed 20,000,000 is chaos.

Any Spiritualist who cannot distinguish between a sectarian creed and a general declaration of principles is on the verge, the very borderland of senility. Cranial dementia is not uncommon in these times. This may be the reason so many are laggards by the way. Their spiritual clock struck one thirty or forty years ago, and there the hands have remained ever since—and they, too, have remained and still remain, sitting on old arm-chairs to-day, sputtering or growling like poor, toothless old bears against organisation and a declaration of principles. They are the apostles of disorganization?

"Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,
Groped for his old accustomed stone,
Leant on his staff, and wept, to find
His seat o'erthrown."

Our patriotic fathers founded this government in the interests of freedom, and rational liberty. It was an organisation of principles, and it is needless to say that it was and is a grand success. The exigencies of the times have made it necessary to add other articles to the great charter which defines the inalienable rights of man and the privileges of American citizenship.

Now, why should we not organise in the higher interests of spiritual freedom? In all the departments of life, we see the necessity for organisation, for government, and the importance of a natural order and proper method in the arrangement of all human affairs—not only is organised force essential to life, but law is necessary to regulate the vital processes of life. Not a day could Society hold together without organisation and the restraints of law—and "law is beneficence acting by rule," said Burke.

Shall we further drift, continuing our wanderings? Shall we rest upon one re-discovered fact? Are we, after fifty years of work under the noonday sun of this nineteenth century of discovery and progress, so poor, and lean, and filmy, and shriveled in soul that we have only one fact to hitch to and promulgate to the world? The fact that spirits communicate.

Is this all? Are these the only sheaves from fifty years' sowing? Shades of Professor Hare, Judge Edmonds, Robert Dale Owen, Brittan, Denton, and Epes Sargent—of statesmen, scientists, authors, metaphysicians, embodying a very galaxy of intelligence! Have we, I repeat, but a single fact to lay at the feet of this semi-century of progress? Why, the Esquimaux have the same fact; so have the Mormons of Utah, and the Voudou negroes of Africa. They believe—know as we do, that spirits under certain conditions converse with mortals. Theosophists twit us of cuddling this one fact—that they say is as old as the Vedas, and of playing on one string until our music is little more than the monotonousness of emptiness. If this be granted, the fact it, nevertheless, momentous; and mediums are indispensable to demonstrate this fact! They are indeed lights upon the hills, sunbeams upon the mountains showing us the vales and the evergreen shores that lie stretching away in the infinite distance beyond. We have done a mighty work—shall we now rest upon our laurels? Shall we take no advance step?

There are some in our ranks, who publicly cackling over this Fox-Sister fact for half a century, are too indifferent now, too doggedly wilful, or too cowardly, to come out before the world with a general declaration of principles. Why is this?

All too long have we suffered from the tags, the barnacles, impostors, cabinet frauds, moral pariahs, dreamy mysteries, the trinities of transmigration, reincarnations, re-embodiments, re-potting of souls, septenary constitutions, new Messiahs and other specimens of Oriental "flap-doodle" drawing the fire of culture, and causing an almost ceaseless scoffing from the literati of the land. I am not pronouncing upon the truth or falsity of the above theories or any other—I am only insisting that Spiritualists, as an organised body should publish to the world a general declaration of principles, thus relieving themselves of a vast amount of froth, slobber, and drift-wood. We certainly have the fire from heaven. Shall we repeat the story of Prometheus?

OUR PRINCIPLES AND AIMS.

No one would fight a fixed creed with more vigour than myself. Liberty of thought must be unrestricted. The soul must wear no shackles. The right to life, the right to think—the right to speak our highest convictions, the right of air to breathe and soil to till are all inalienable rights. And so, Spiritualists have the right to promulgate a declaration of principles. Am I told that the time for such action has not come? This is the sluggard's logic—the idler's babble. There are those among us who move only when they are moved. They float as aimlessly as do dead herring down the stream—"We've got along in the past, let us keep on," they say, "in the same old rut." So sing the stupid. If there is any one Bible text that they richly, reverently admire, it is this—"Let us wait"—"wait and see the salvation of God." Down on this slothfulness; let us be up and doing. Let us plant our standard on the highest moral eminence, and then will its silken folds, waving aloft in the pure, clear air of heaven, gladden the eyes, inspire the hearts of millions, shake our wide continent, and command the respect of the enlightened world.

If Spiritualism is misrepresented, if reporters ridicule it, if it is not respected, the fault largely lies at the door of its millions of believers. It certainly has in it all the elements to convince the reason, to enrich philosophy, to enlist the affections of the humblest disciple, and to command the homage of the proudest intellect. It appeals to the young mother weeping over the casket of her first-born; to the materialist who hopes for immortality; to the statesman who casts the horoscope of nations; to the philosopher who scales the very heavens with his far-reaching investigations; and to the conscientious worshipper whose reverent spirit looks up and rests in trust upon the bosom of the Infinite.

OUR DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES

Negatively—We do not believe in the jealous, angry, human-shaped God of sectarian churchdom; we do not

believe in the fall of man in the garden; do not believe in total depravity; do not believe in the Athanasian trinity; do not believe in the plenary inspiration of the Bible; do not believe in a personal devil; do not believe in the vicarious atonement; do not believe in a future general judgment; do not believe in the resurrection of the physical body; do not believe in future endless hell torments, nor that the keys of the kingdom of heaven were ever entrusted to any priest or pope.

Affirmatively—We believe the foundation stone of Spiritualism to be Spirit—Spirit, manifest as life, intelligence and energy through all matter by fixed methods—fixed laws—the laws of nature.

We believe man to be the crowning work of nature's processes physically connected with all the lower orders of creation, and spiritually related to spirits, angels, and the Infinite Spirit.

We believe man to be a trinity in unity, constituted of a physical body, a spiritual body (or soul), and the conscious spirit—the spirit being the real man.

We believe that death is simply a release—a shedding of physical mortality, and that the resurrection is the raising of the spiritual out of the decaying physical body.

We believe that spirits have spiritual bodies in the future life and, being conscious identities with memories and reasoning faculties, can and do, under proper conditions, communicate through natural law with the mortals of earth.

We believe that the spirit-world is here and everywhere, and that with us walk, all unseen, our sympathising spirit friends, aiding and impressing us at times from their higher planes of wisdom.

We believe that these spirit-spheres, more conditions than far-off localities, are as diversified as are human intelligences, and at death each enters the sphere that his moral life and moral conduct have fitted him for.

We believe that punishment or compensation naturally follows the violation of law in all worlds, and that the heavens and hells are conditions rather than fixed localities in space.

We believe that salvation is of works rather than of faith or of grace, each earning the heaven that he will inhabit in the next stage of existence. It may be expressed in one word, character.

We believe in the brotherhood of the human race—that the last and the lowest in the line of evolution, has in him all the possibilities of the angel, the archangel the arsaph.

We believe in the personality of God, predicating that personality not upon shape, avoirdupois, or any form of anthropomorphism; but upon consciousness, will, and purpose. J. S. Loveland wisely said, "An impersonal God is no God at all." Dawbarn always connects intelligence with God. Professor Alexander Wilder does the same.

We believe that Gautama Buddha, Socrates, Plato, Jesus and others of those grandly inspired souls of the past, were leaders of human thought and helps to human advancement.

We believe in maintaining under all circumstances our selfhood, accepting spirit messages not as authorities, but as helps touching this life and the life to come.

We believe in the wisdom of better supporting the Spiritualist press; of employing regular speakers; in sustaining of lyceums; in building up educational institutions, and in encouraging home circles in the place of public, promiscuous seances; and in living such just, upright and ennobling lives as will make a heaven here and now.

In expressing the above beliefs, I am speaking only for myself. Beliefs are not principles I mention the above beliefs as possible helps in the construction of a broad declaration of principles.

To say, as some agnostics do—"One world at a time is enough," is equivalent to saying, one day at a time is enough; such a dogma would never plow a furrow, plant a fruit tree, educate a child, nor build a railroad. No—men must realise that they are building to-day for to-morrow—next year, for eternity. Spiritualism must be aggressive in the better, higher sense of that word, chivalrous, patriotic, humanitarian. There has been too much and too rough destroying in the past for destruction's sake. Those Boanerges have done their work. The constructor is now demanded. The waster must drop his sledge hammer and become the builder. Let the rude din of noises, then, be hushed, and let us go more into the stillness—more into the silence of spirit communion.

"To your tents, then, O Israel!" To the quiet home seances. O Spiritualists! Make the weekly home circle an altar of devotion to the truths of angelic ministries. Let the voice of prayer be there heard. Angels and archangels pray; demons in hades ridicule prayer. Prayer is aspiration—an uplifting of the soul to the good, the true—the Infinite Over-Soul. Let the family home and the family seance be veritable altars in your houses. Where youth and age alike may reverently worship the All-Father in spirit and in truth. Here should center the heart's warmest, purest, and tenderest affections. Here should we recall the memories of the dear departed, and with them hold sweet soul-communion.

Every child's soul is a Garden of Eden, and every babe's smile is a benediction. Innocence ever beholds the faces of the angels. The orioles in the lilacs by my window sing of heaven. Every murmuring stream is to me a flowing Kedron. Every towering oak and elm a shrine of worship. Nature is our mother and how I delight to nestle closely to her great warm pulsing bosom. The flowers, the growing grains and the rippling brooks are incentives—are among the rungs in Nature's ladder by which we climb to the habitations of the gods—Nature, science and religion are a trinity in unity.

One of the great overwhelming needs of the hour is a fresher and deeper baptism of the Divine Spirit—the Christ baptism of love, of truth, and enthusiasm for the upbuilding of the right. Dream—slumber as we may, there is a crisis upon us. The political, social, and religious elements are in commotion. To be absorbed in the other great, growing, liberal religious bodies—or not to be absorbed—is a vital question. Men are naturally religious. They will worship somewhere. Their physical bodies no more require physical food than do their spiritual natures spiritual food.

We are in the midst not only of a war with Spain, but a war with old theology, a war with iron-clad yet perishing creeds, a war of almost non-essential theories among ourselves. Professing the harmonial philosophy, the most of us are painfully inharmonious. We have not profited as we should by our angel ministries. The tares must be burned. Changes are rapid. Reconstruction there must be. These changes we must lead, and lead aright, or be overwhelmed by them. I repeat—the crisis is upon us. Are we ready? The times demand consecrated men and women; consecrated hearts; consecrated prayers; consecrated seances; consecrated wealth and consecrated energies. Shall Spiritualism have them, exhibit them, live them, and through them crown this fading century with a fadeless victory?

The Fox-Sister period of the old pioneers called for the battle-axe and the battering-ram, for peals of thunder and flashes of vivid lightning. The old foot-weary pioneers did their work and have passed on, and up higher. God, heaven and good angels bless the few remaining old veterans. The sandals of these are way-worn. Their feet are heavy with years. The snows of many winters are upon their heads. They were persecuted; they were wounded and scarred on many a moral battle-field, but never in the back! They faced the foe with Demosthenes' eloquence, and Paul's courage. At their approach, superstition and bigotry sought their hiding places, and the creed-incrusted priesthood was silenced whenever it ventured into the arena of public debate. Those were stirring old times. But few of the original toilers remain. To such, and to my fellow-workers all, I say in the poet's words:—

"Oh, comrades, look backward no longer,
The false must give place to the true,
The fruit that has ripened and fallen,
Gives place to the bloom of the new.

"We have looked on the old in its glory,
We have seen it grow rusty and gray,

We have watched the proud stars of its chaplet,
Grow pale in the light of to-day.

"The wine-press of truth must be trodden,
Our souls for the conflict are strong,
The needs of the future are many,
And creeds have triumphed too long.

"Hark! Down through the on-rushing ages
Peal out the glad notes of—to be;
Press on! Break the chains of oppression—
Fill earth with the shouts of the free.

"Cling not to traditions that vanish,
When the winds of reality blow.
Nor store in the musty old bottles
The glorious wine of the new."

Give us a broad, flexible declaration of principles, with unity of spirit, and love as the central force, and in fifty years more Spiritualism will be the acknowledged religion of the enlightened world.

"Lo! I see long blissful ages,
When these Mammon days are done,
Stretching forward in the distance,
Forward, to the setting sun."

All intelligent persons know that there are multitudes of Spiritualists in this and in all enlightened countries—they further know that there are millions of people noted for their intelligence, conspicuous for their honesty, famous for their scientific attainments, noted for their good moral character, and scholarly adepts in psychic research, who solemnly testify that on strictly scientific principles they have investigated and demonstrated the fact of a future life through spirit manifestations. Their testimony is as direct and overwhelming as it is unimpeachable! And Spiritualism—this gospel of the Fatherhood of God, brotherhood of man and the present ministry of spirits, is sustained by the higher intuitions of all races. It is in harmony with the great law of evolution; it is in agreement with pure reason; in accordance with the heart's sweetest hopes; and in consonance with the soul's highest aspirations. It is God's living witness of a future conscious existence. It is truth and truth is immortal; and love, pure love, is as abiding as the stars.

"The Golden age lies onward, not behind.
The pathway through the past has led us up.
The pathway through the future will lead on,
And higher. We are rising from the beast
Unto the Christ and human brotherhood."

DOES GOD CARE?

Is the title of a neat little volume by John Page Hopps, recently published by Elliot Stock, London. The matter of it was the outcome of a cynical remark made in the author's presence which set him thinking. To work out the problem he found it necessary to have some substantial basis. First, a practical thought of God—a practical thought of the Divine Action—and a practical thought of the Human Race. With these he works out the problem of evil and the relation of God to humanity, making manifest the preponderance of good and happiness in the world and showing the uses of adversity. The argument is excellent, being both rational and comforting. It is a cheerful little volume to put in the hands of those who from adverse conditions have begun to take a pessimistic view of things, and very pleasant reading for the optimist also.

We are in receipt of the June number of *The Scientific Australian*. Its contents are not only interesting from a scientific aspect but suggestive to the practical man of business. It is well got up, and contains numerous illustrations of the various inventions referred to. The publishing office is at 169 Queen Street, Melbourne.

Month by Month is the title of a small monthly journal issued as the organ of the Melbourne Unitarian Church, and edited by the Rev. R. H. Lambley, M.A., its minister. Each number contains a sermon and items of interest in connection with the Unitarian movement. "The Message of Unitarianism," which appears in the May issue, is an excellent presentation of the Unitarian position, and illustrates how, in spite of their broadness and liberality, the other Christian churches do not fraternise with them.

To Correspondents.

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

BACON OR SHAKESPEARE?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

Sir,—Any controversy on this question would be obviously out of place in your columns, and no spiritualist, familiar with the phenomena of inspiration and impression, need feel the slightest wonder at the glorious dramas of Shakespeare having been written by an imperfectly educated man like the poet; any more than he will be astonished at the fact of the poems of Burns having been composed by a peasant; or the finest allegory in the English language having been the work of an illiterate tinker. The history of the world's art, literature, science, and philosophy, is full of such apparent miracles; of which Spiritualism offers a simple and rational explanation.

If "W" will read either or all of the three following books, he will find that Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's preposterous hypothesis—preposterous, because the only verses written by Bacon are sorry doggrel, and bear out his own words to the Earl of Essex, "I profess not to be a poet"—has been completely shattered to atoms:—

1. The Bacon-Shakspere Question Answered, by Caroline Stopes. London: Trübner and Co., 1889.

2. Shakespeare or Bacon? by Sir Theodore Martin. London: Blackwood and Sons, 1888.

3. No Cipher in Shakespeare, by the Revd. A. Nicholson, LL.D., London: Fisher Unwin, 1888.

The communications I have received from Shakespeare and Bacon on the subject (the former of which I read, at the time, to a meeting of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists, when its authenticity was generally acknowledged), I shall publish whenever the occasion seems opportune. I have eight from the dramatist, four from Francis Bacon, two from Ben Jonson, and others from Christopher Marlowe, Sir Phillip Sydney, Edmund Spenser, Sir Walter Raleigh, Michael Drayton, Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher, which throw a very interesting light upon the writers and writings of the Elizabethan epoch. They will fill a volume and will be self-authenticating. They were received through two non-professional mediums, one of whom was unacquainted with so much as the names of most of these controls, and was familiar with the writings of only one of them.

It may be asked, Why should these spirits come to you? I have put the same question to them, in a spirit of doubt and self-distrust; and the answer is, "We will speak through any medium, to any writer, if both of them will give us the necessary conditions. You think you are too socially and intellectually small and insignificant to be spoken to by those who have made a great name upon the earth. But we were not really great. We were merely channels for the transmission of the ideas given to us by our controls in the spirit-world; and we all find our true level here; for what we were, intellectually, on the earth, is a matter of very small moment to us now; because all that made us famous in your world was derived from our impressors in this one; and our position here is determined by our spiritual growth and status; so that it is quite possible for a man to have been an intellectual giant upon earth and to be a spiritual dwarf in the spheres, where earthly rank and distinction have no place; and where the greatest is the servant of the least."

If those who discredit spiritual communications on the ground of the social obscurity and want of intellectual culture, of those who receive them, would only bear in mind the foregoing reasonable explanation of the circumstances under which they are often transmitted, a good many doubts and difficulties connected with them, would speedily disappear.

Yours, &c.,

Senex.

CLERICAL HOSTILITY TO SPIRITUALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR,—To a convinced spiritualist—by which I mean one whose convictions on the subject have been arrived at after careful enquiry and an accumulation of irresistible evidence—there is nothing more astonishing than the hostile attitude of the clerical mind towards the greatest movement of the present, and the universal religion of the approaching, century.

That attitude is to be deeply regretted because all the Churches, in their own interest, and in that of "pure religion and undefiled," should welcome Spiritualism as an all-powerful ally, instead of regarding it as an enemy. For if you eliminate from Christianity, the element of Spiritualism, what remains? A mere *caput mortuum*; inasmuch as, if spirits or angels (and the word angel, or *aggelos*, means only a messenger) did not appear to certain shepherds, and announce the birth of the lowly Nazarene; if they did not come and minister to him after his temptation (of which incident, by the bye, we have an entirely erroneous account in the Gospels); if the spirits of Elijah and Moses did not appear upon the Mount of Transfiguration; if the spirit of Jesus did not materialise several times after his judicial murder, and converse with his disciples; if a spirit did not release Peter from prison; and if those spiritual manifestations were not seen and heard on the Day of Pentecost;—then what are we to think of the New Testament? Were all these striking phenomena the result of fraud, or the products of delusion?

But if they were true, and if they are accepted as such by the great bulk of the people of Christendom, is it just and reasonable to refuse to believe the evidence of those who, in the present day, have been eye-witnesses of precisely similar phenomena? Doubting Thomas was invited to satisfy himself of the objective reality of the materialised body of the Master, by handling it. He did so and was convinced. I have taken the hand of a materialised spirit—one of seven who manifested themselves to myself and nine other level-headed people, at a private sitting with an unpaid medium—and at my request, he wrote a few words on a slip of paper, under my own eyes, lying on a small table close to myself, and this writing is still in my possession. At the same time that these seven spirits were walking about the room one after another (and they greatly varied in height and bulk, in sex and age) the body of the medium, in a deep trance, was visible to all present.

Shall I be told that this phenomenon—like all the other well authenticated phenomena of Spiritualism—was produced by that grotesque old gentleman in black, popular known as the Devil? If so, his sable majesty must have been converted and must be now devoting all his energies to the service of God. I have conversed with at least a thousand spirits during the last seven and twenty years. These have been, according to the orthodox clergy, "emissaries of Satan;" and yet what have been their uniform and unvarying injunctions? To render implicit obedience to God; to pray to Him without ceasing; to bring my every thought, and word and action into harmony with His divine will; to be in the world and not of it; to live for others and not for myself; to take the life of Christ as the ideally perfect exemplar of how all human beings should live; and not to harbour so pernicious a delusion as that which would induce me to believe that I can evade the righteous and inevitable penalty of my own sins by adopting that gross and terrible superstition, commonly called the doctrine of the Atonement.

And Spiritualism differs from the Christianity of the Churches quite as widely as this differs from the Christianity taught by Christ; in this important particular; that, whereas those Churches are hopelessly divided upon points of doctrine, and practically deny "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," so that Catholics, Episcopalians, Independents, Baptists and Wesleyans cannot meet together in one building to pray to and praise their heavenly Father; the higher teachings giving to us, spiritualists, from the Unseen World are identical all over the globe. In them, as in their Divine Author, there "is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

I can speak very positively on the subject, because I receive, every mail, spiritual periodicals from Sweden, Norway, France, Belgium, Holland, Spain, Germany, Italy, Portugal, Brazil, the Argentine Republic, Cuba, Mexico and other foreign countries; and the communications they publish from the higher intelligences in the other world, might have emanated from a single mind. In fact, there is but One Source of inspiration; and if Christendom is split up into a thousand jarring sects, it is because these know not God, and are giving to another the homage due to Him alone; thus incurring the reproof of the Master, "In vain they worship me, teaching as doctrines commandments of men." Outside of the Unitarian body, and the Australian Church, is there a single sect which is not liable to this two-fold reproach of worshipping Christ, and substituting human dogmas for divine precepts?

It has often struck me as singular that those who condemn Spiritualism from the pulpit—where, as Sydney Smith said, "they are six feet above contradiction"—should so systematically overlook the fact, that that remarkable medium, Paul, who became clairvoyant for a while on the road to Damascus, has defined the various forms and phases of mediumship, precisely as they are manifested in the present day, and has spoken of them as "diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit;" adding "it is the same God which worketh all in all." And then he proceeds to enumerate them,—inspirational speaking and writing, faith, the gift of healing, the working of miracles, (or what appear to be such), *the discerning of spirits* (clairvoyance), divers kinds of tongues, and "the interpretation of tongues."

As regards the two latter, I myself have seen sentences written in the Greek, Arabic, Sanscrit and Chinese characters, through the hands of mediums, who did not know a single letter or sign of either; and it is a well-known fact that foreign languages are sometimes spoken by mediums in trance, under the control of spirits recently passed away, with which languages, such mediums are wholly unacquainted in their normal condition. So that there was nothing miraculous in the phenomena recorded as having occurred to the devout men, out of every nation under heaven, who began to speak in foreign tongues upon the Day of Pentecost. Here is a parallel case in recent times. The daughter of Judge Edmonds, of the Supreme Court of New York, knew no language but her own, and a little smattering of boarding-school French, and yet she would speak Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Latin, Hungarian, Indian, and other tongues, for an hour at a time, with the ease and fluency of a native; and once in the presence of upwards of a dozen persons, at an evening party, where she was introduced to Mr. Evangelides, a Greek gentleman, the spirit of a deceased countryman of his, who had died in his house a few years before, conversed with him through the mouth of Miss Edmonds, for more than an hour, sometimes in Greek and sometimes in English; while Mr. Evangelides spoke in Greek exclusively.

Further details will be found at page 176 of Dr. A. R. Wallace's *Miracles and Modern Spiritualism*; a book I would earnestly recommend to the attention of all truth-seekers.—Yours, &c.

AN OLD SPIRITUALIST.

REMARKABLE PROPHETIC DREAMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR,—To begin with I may mention that the names given herein are the correct ones, and that I have permission to publish them. I am writing from notes taken when the memory was fresh.

A few years since Mrs. William Elliott, of Burfitt-st., Leichhardt dreamt that a Mrs. Illingsworth sent her son on horseback to ask her to attend the funeral of a Mr. Fuller, to the Balmain cemetery at half past two. In her dream Mrs. Elliott thought that she went alone to the cemetery and asked the grave digger where Mr. Fuller was to be interred. He replied "in his mother's grave."

She next imagined she went to the grave and saw the mother's coffin surrounded by water, and so offensive was the odour from the soil removed from the grave that she became quite ill. So very realistic was the dream that after waking Mrs. Elliott still imagined she smelt the offensive effluvia.

Two days afterwards Mrs. Illingsworth's son came to Mrs. Elliott on horseback and asked her to attend Mr. Fuller's funeral. She went alone to the cemetery, and seeing the grave digger asked him where Mr. Fuller was to be buried. He replied "in his mother's grave." She proceeded to the grave and found the mother's coffin surrounded by water. In a few moments, whilst standing at the grave, she became seriously unwell from the effluvia arising from the removed earth.

About two years since Mrs. Harry Reid, who then resided at Leichhardt, dreamt that Mrs. Hazel, of Daniel-st., Leichardt, with whom she was acquainted, was shot in the face and killed, and that she was asked to lay the body out.

The following Thursday the dream was unhappily fulfilled. Mrs. Hazel was accidentally shot in the face by a gentleman who foolishly presented a gun at her. The wound proved fatal, and upon Mrs. Reid's arrival at the house she was requested to lay the body out.

It is seldom we hear of dreams so literally fulfilled as the above two.

Yours, &c.,
C. N. ROBERTS

Leichardt, Sydney,
June 27th.

MATERIALIZATION PHENOMENA AT SYDNEY.

22 Pitt Street, Redfern,
July 13th, 1898.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR,—In accordance with your instructions sent in answer to my last, I now send you a description of the premises we use for our work and our mode of conducting our class. The address is as above, and is the dwelling of our medium, Mrs. Surenne. It is a stone house of two stories, forming the end one of a terrace. It has a small garden in front, being situated back from the street. A verandah slopes sharply down over the front door and window on the lower floor, but this cannot be used for walking on as it forms merely a protection from the weather. The room we use is situated upstairs and occupies the whole front. It has but one door to enter by, and has two windows overlooking the garden. This room is devoted wholly to Spiritualism. Our class meets every Wednesday evening at 8 p m., and I may say we insist upon regularity and punctuality, so much so that if a member comes late they are not admitted. We have been sitting here now some time and the results we have had have only been arrived at gradually. Before opening, the blinds are drawn over the windows and the door closed and bolted from the inside, and here I may state that it would be impossible for anyone to enter or leave the room by either door or window without the knowledge of the sitters, as if the door is opened ever so slightly the light from the hall lamp shines directly into the room, and the same applies to the windows, as, if the blinds are moved or drawn aside in the least the street lamps at once throw their gleams in; in fact, we have had rather heavy curtains hung to avoid these lights. There is a chimney in the room which stands out and leaves a recess at either side, and one of these is utilised to form the cabinet. This consists simply of two upright pieces of 3 x 1 pine, with a cross-piece on top jambed in tightly with two small brackets to hold the brass rod on which the curtains run on rings. The top is open and the curtains hang to the floor, and are divided in the centre with a small return at the end, thus giving two openings in the cabinet. The room is simply furnished with a few pictures on the walls, and floor-cloth, and as the class numbers 18 there are that number of chairs. The fireplace has an old-fashioned grate with high hobs on either side, and with the grate in the centre for the fuel, but as it is never used the opening is covered with a heavy drape. I think from this you will understand that every care is taken. The sitters are invited at all times to investigate and see for themselves that everything is conducted in a straightforward manner. They sit in a circle which forms right round the room, and the gentleman nearest the door is enjoined always not to allow anyone either in or out of the room during the sitting. As I have said we meet every Wednesday, but we only sit every third Wednesday for materialising, the other two evenings being devoted to clairvoyance and work by the class in bringing forward those who are progressing and developing the gifts they possess. These two evenings we sit in darkness, but on the third evening we use a small kerosene lamp which is lighted and placed on a bracket and then screened by a green blind, the light being regulated to suit the sitters.

I will now give you a short description of our last seance, held on Wednesday, June 29th. We had altogether 18 sitters without the medium. We opened as we usually do by singing "Nearer my God to Thee," when Guide Alice immediately controlled and told us that though the conditions were rather broken they (the Guides) intended to fulfil their promise, and asked us to assist by extending our sympathy to the medium. I was then directed to light the lamp, which I did, and after regulating it to suit, we formed the chain by clasping hands and sang, "When my feet have grown too Weary," when immediately a small figure arrayed in white came from the cabinet and took a position at my right near the corner of the cabinet. This friend seemed to be a young girl about 11 or 12, and did not seem to have come for any of the sitters, but she was in full view of all present, and kept her position during the time that others were outside of the cabinet. When we were singing "Over There," she gently waved her right hand in the air and nodded her head in approval. The next to appear was a well-known one, Guide Alice, and she was arrayed in beautiful garments of spotless white with a circlet of bright lights forming a diadem round her head. Her hair was flowing over her bosom and back, and was dark and long, and as she advanced towards the centre of the circle she passed first one hand and then the other through the heavy masses of hair, holding each hand to the full extent of the arm. After looking all round at the sitters and holding up her hand apparently invoked a blessing on all, she then gently retired and disappeared gradually into the cabinet. The next to appear was the tall form of a young woman who was a stranger to us, but after she had come clearly from the centre fold of the cabinet, she was recognised by an elderly lady who was sitting with us for the first time (Mrs. Knox). She asked "Is that you Maggie," and the figure bowing her head in the affirmative passed softly over to her mother who was overjoyed to again commune with her child. The spirit friend passed the soft cloud like veil she had on over her mother's head several times, and after remaining some time with her she also retired to the cabinet. We had in the meantime kept up the harmony by singing all the most appropriate hymns we knew. Mr. Lambert, of Leichhardt, who was one of the sitters, then said as the next friend appeared, "Ah! I don't think you have seen this friend before." This was the form of a very large man, who came from the cabinet, and seemed to be very stoutly built, with black hair and a very long flowing black beard which lay over his chest and reached nearly to his middle, and as he stood and looked round, he stroked and fondled the beard with his right hand as if proud of it. He remained some time looking round, but although asked by Mr. Lambert to come over to him, he shook his head in the negative. He then retreated to the cabinet, and I may here remark that he had never appeared to us before, but Mr. Lambert explained it thus. He gave us the name on being asked as Matthew Dawson, and he is Mr. Lambert's Guide. Mr. L. asked him if he could materialise, and on saying "Yes," Mr. L. desired him to do so as a test, and this he did so successfully. Mr. Santer's little daughter Ruby came next, and was easily recognised by

her father, who had in fact done so (he being clairvoyant) before in the spirit prior to her materialising. She was very pleased at being known so readily, and seemed a very bright spirit. A very beautiful spirit friend now came, viz., Mr. Foster's little child, which seemed at first to be a small white spot on the floor in front of the cabinet, and it gradually grew up until it took the form of a child, and then advanced to Mr. Foster, and on his saying "You dear little angel, how I would like to kiss you," it went directly to him and made itself so palpable that he kissed it several times, and it afterwards went to his side and climbed like a little child will on to his shoulder. In the meantime the mother stood at the centre opening of the cabinet looking on, and as if there to guide and protect her little one. When the little one went back with the mother into the cabinet, the small figure I have before described also went in, but almost immediately came back and resumed her old position. The last friend to appear was one who has now come several times and always comes very bright. She is known as *Emmie*, and comes to her brother Mr. Best, who has been a member of our class for some time. She was arrayed in beautiful robes with a soft cloud covering her head and face, but on being recognised she pushed this gently from her face with her hands and advanced to the centre of the circle, and after looking round she passed to her brother's side, and several times passed her hands over his face on being requested to do so and then walked to his wife, who is also a member. She then went round the circle to nearly everyone in the class, and after again going to her brother she gently retreated to the cabinet. Our class shortly afterwards broke up after several spirit friends had spoken through the mediums, promising to come to our next materialising night and come themselves to our midst.

I hereunto append the signatures and addresses of the sitters, and this is only done after each has read or had this read over to them. With your kind permission I shall be glad to forward you a short report once a month, and I shall also be glad to answer any inquiries or meet any friend at the above address any evening by appointment to explain personally more fully than it is possible to do in a letter. Thanking you in anticipation.—Yours, &c.,

FRANK COWPER,
CHAIRMAN.

We, the undersigned, do hereby attest that the above is a correct account of the meeting, held on the date named, and in token of our satisfaction, we append our signatures:—Mr. T. Forster (Upper Oxford Street), Thos. F. Andersen (39 Caroline Street, Everleigh), Mrs. F. Martin (76 Kippax Street, South Hills), Mr. and Mrs. Best (85 Nelson Street, Balmain), R. Bindin, A. M. Cowper, Frank Santer (194 Redfern-street, Redfern), Mrs. E. Knox, M. J. Barret, Therisa McKay, John D. Wallace (Balmain Central P.O.), L. Dennis, G. Allison, W. Surenne, A. Surenne, W. Lambert, H. McKay.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—I have according to promise much pleasure in forwarding you report of the Spiritualistic Mission Meetings, held every Sunday evening at the Oddfellows' Hall, opposite Trades Hall. These meetings were started on the 26th June, under my leadership, and have proved a decided success, being well attended from the first with a gradual increase every Sunday. A splendid orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Oberdorf, has greatly aided to make the meetings enjoyable to all who have attended. Vocal and instrumental selections and recitations have been given by several ladies and gentlemen, and have been well received. Vigorous and interesting addresses have been given by Mr. Weeks on "Pentecostal Christianity;" Mr. Haydon, jun., on "Spirit Teachings," and by Mr. Brown on "Spiritualism the only sure Foundation," "Our Homes beyond the Grave," and "Spirits in Prison." The collections have been good and already the Mission has been able to hand over 5s. to the benevolent fund of the Spiritual Helpers' Band. There seems to be a desire among the young men and women to work, and they will here find opportunity. In our bandleader, Mr. Oberdorf, and his band of players, we have splendid talent and enthusiasm and a visit to the hall will be well repaid if good music be desired. Altogether the whole aim and tendency is to keep up a high standard of teaching and entertainment, and so far everybody who has attended are well satisfied. Wishing you and your paper every success,

I remain, yours fraternally,
JAMES A. S. BROWN.

26 Carlton Street, Carlton.
July 19th, 1898.

THE SPIRITUAL BAND OF HELPERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR,—This being the last report that will emanate from my pen as Secretary of the above-named Band, I wish to take the opportunity to thank all those who have contributed to the funds, and to acknowledge the following donations since your last issue and up to date of my resignation:—

Per Mrs. Turner—Mr. Jewell, 6d.; J. Davies, 2/6; A Friend, 1/-; do., 1/-; Mr. Kelly, 1/-; Mr. Jones, 4/-; Shirts, 1/- Per Mr. Terry—Mr. Layley, 10/-; A Friend, 20/- Per Mrs. Brown—1/9; Spiritualistic Mission, 5/- Per Mrs. Knight—Young Friend, 8/-; Sympathiser, 2/6; Mrs. Knight, 8/- Per the President—1/1. A Helper, 3/-; Mr. Blackman, 1/-; Mrs. Oberdorf, 1/-; Meetings, 6/-; Helper, 4/-; F.G.T., 1½d.; V.A.S. Box, 2/3, Total, £4/4/9½. Total receipts, £15/17/0½. Expenditure, £14/7/3. Balance handed to new Treasurer, Mr. Bluckman, £1/9/9½. A box of medicine from Mr. J. Meyers and a parcel of clothing from Mrs. Friedman were accidentally omitted from my last report.

It is to be regretted that circumstances should have arisen to cause Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Turner, the Treasurer (Mrs. Knight) and myself to withdraw from the Band, and I sincerely trust my successor, young Mr. Hayden, will strive as hard as I have to prevent the benevolent portion of the work being lost sight of in the eagerness to bring the preaching element to the front, always bearing in mind that sermons can even be had in the silent stones, and the purest, most uplifting and most acceptable prayers to God are contained in good deeds.

Yours fraternally,
H. TAYLOR.

THE NEW YORK HERALD ON SPIRITUALISM.

THE following outspoken Leader which appeared in the above influential journal is a significant sign of the times. Many editors must admit the truth of what their confrere says, but they having been among the "scoffers" referred to, have not screwed up their courage to confess their error; sooner or later this must come, and not a few are already trimming their sails for it, and preparing to "bout ship."—ED. *H. of Lt.*

Everybody within the limits of the civilized world, "from China to Peru," and elsewhere, is interested in that range of subjects which are classed under the head of occultism. In ages past this interest has been sporadic, appearing and then disappearing, assuming one shape in one generation—as, for example, in Paracelsus, Dr. Dee, Mesmer—and another shape at a later time, as for instance in the witchcraft which was not confined to Massachusetts by any means but exploited itself in odd corners of the globe.

In these latter days the whole matter has assumed a very serious shape, and for the first time in our history the people—and the most thoughtful of the people by the way—have been asking themselves whether or not there was some truth hidden under the heap of rubbish, and whether or not this modicum of truth might not be treated to a severe investigation and made of some practical use.

At any rate, we have gotten well over our ridicule. The man who sneers at the possibilities hinted at is himself sneered at in return. Ridicule, which 20 or 30 years since was rampant, has bitten its own lips and will hereafter maintain a respectful silence. Science shrugged its shoulders erstwhile and brusquely relegated Spiritualism and the mind cure and Christian science and the claims of Theosophy to the pit of superstition. It would not tolerate even the serious mention of such subjects, and carried its prejudices, the product of its self-conceit, so far that the plain facts of hypnotism were denied, and both the Paris school and the Nancy school were thought to represent a sort of popular aberration of the mind.

Actual Facts Behind Theories.

It was discovered, however, that these new theories had behind them a vast quantity of actual facts, which could neither be denied nor ignored; that there was no use in blindfolding one's self and declaring that nothing was visible. Some form of occultism was spreading among all classes with great rapidity, and exercising an amazing amount of influence. You found Spiritualism, for example, in a large number of households where its presence could not even be suspected.

Belief in it was not confined to the poor and illiterate for it had found its way among the finest scholars of the age—men who knew how to weigh evidence and who were not likely to be deceived by false testimony. It was also discovered that in some odd way it had crept into the churches, and, though never spoken of openly, was quietly and unobtrusively accepted. It was changing the outlook, the spiritual outlook of multitudes, making them more cheerful under the burdens of life and more serene and resigned under its bereavements. Moreover, it was welcome, in part at least, in the highest social circles, and we began to hear queer rumours that even Queen Victoria and certain members of her family had had some experiences which were at once startling and convincing, and that among the nobility and royalties of the continent it was no strange thing to find men and women who were confident that the two worlds are close enough together to allow communication to pass either way or both ways.

Change of Scientific Attitude.

All this gave us pause. The thing had grown so big that no one could help seeing it, and it was exercising such an influence that it was full time to give it a very careful examination and find out if it had a scientific and philosophic basis, or was simply a fog bank, which the strong north wind of common sense would blow away.

So great is the change in our scientific attitude that when Dr. K. M. Bucke made some bold suggestions at a recent meeting of the British Medical Association at Montreal the members listened not only respectfully but attentively, for the subject had clearly assumed large proportions, and had come to be worth looking into.

When he said, "So-called telepathy and clairvoyance seem to be specimens of nascent faculties, and I place in the same class the phenomena of what is often named Spiritualism," hardly a single man shrugged his shoulders or lifted his eyebrows. The jibes and jeers have all gone into the background, and it is frankly admitted by every thoughtful man that there is something behind these expositions of power which is not fraudulent and which is worth examining.

Dr. Bucke went so far as to declare that "the labours of the Society for Psychical Research have made it plain that these phenomena really exist," and he then added, with a kind of sublime audacity, which only the scientfic world can appreciate, that "a study of the case of Mrs. Piper and that of Mary J. Fancher of Brooklyn would compel any unprejudiced person to make the same admission" He went still further, saying: "Many more or less perfect examples of this new faculty exist in the world to-day, and it has been my privilege to know personally and to have an opportunity of studying several men and women who have possessed it." Then he predicted that "in the course of a few more milleniums there should be born from the present human race a type of man possessing this higher consciousness."

Growth of Interest in Occultism.

All this seems very strange, but it shows that the world has at last become intensely and seriously interested in these more or less occult matters. Dr. Bucke was quite right in his cautious conclusion that, "whether any given faculty, such as one of those now alluded to shall grow, become common, and finally universal, or wither and disappear, will depend upon the general laws of natural selection and upon whether the possession of the nascent faculty is advantageous or not to the individual and to the race." That is undoubtedly a fair statement of the case.

The history of the evolution of psychology is something dramatic. When in the forties the Fox sisters startled us with their table tips and uncanny noises we felt that our belief in immortality had been brought close to the verge of sacrilege. The argument against such doings, such riotous, boisterous and apparently ridiculous doings, was strong enough to be convincing to the majority of the "lookers-on in Vienna." Can the people on the other side have lost all their common sense, and if they have not, would they use such base means of communicating with their friends here? The logic of the situation was irresistible, and a jeering shout of disgust went up all over the land.

But the rappings did not cease; on the contrary, they were everlastingly persistent. Like Banquo's ghost they would not "down." A few believed, but the great majority laughed the whole thing to scorn. Some said it was all a humbug; others declared that there might be a scintilla of truth in it, but it was so mixed with fraud that it was not worth the trouble of a second thought; while still others insisted that it was a sporadic exhibition of power which would soon disappear.

Sequences of Table Tipping.

Now, from that very odd beginning, what tremendous results have come! On that slender foundation what a stately structure has been erected! We are surprised, we are amazed, but there must have been some vitality in that seed corn to produce such a crop of healthful, helpful and encouraging theories.

Table tipping was the rage, the craze, for well nigh 20 years. It was said of Mr. Home that he was lifted up to the ceiling, carried out through one window and brought back through another, and we can all remember incidents, perhaps in our personal experience equally confusing.

Then it all died out. It had evidently accomplished its mission. It was protoplasm, which at first exhibited the crudest form of being, but was to be gradually changed by the uplifting process of evolution. We heard next of what were called "mediums," people who went into some kind of trance and gave messages from the departed.

Without doubt some of these mediums were either self-deceived or consciously deceptive. They practised on the credulity of the bereaved. But underneath all fraud was a residue of fact which could not easily be accounted for.

Revelations were sometimes made which shook us badly, and we felt that in some way or other the angels had been whispering to us. The Spiritualists were themselves very stupid and very foolish. They did not protect their organization against the most patent humbugs, but by their neglect to expose practically encouraged them. That was their fatal mistake, and they have never recovered from it. They should have been the first to clear themselves from the suspicion of fraud, but they did nothing of the kind, and outsiders were both indignant and disgusted.

There are very few mediums nowadays. They have mostly disappeared. The law of evolution was working rapidly, and pretty soon another change was made and another phrase of the subject was presented. The old crudity passed away and the new theory was more symmetrical, more worthy of our attention and more nearly in the shape of a philosophy. We had the mental cure and the Christian scientists at the front, and they were worth listening to, for they had something to say.

The physicians had taught us that the condition of the body decides the condition of the mind; that a bodily ailment will weaken the mind and produce moral results.

We were filled with that idea, and therefore swallowed drugs ad libitum.

These good folk came and told us that the condition of the mind decides the condition of the body; that a mental ailment produces bodily ailment, and that what we want in order to be healthy is, not a powerful dose of medicine but a powerful idea.

"Don't go to the chemist," they said, "but go to yourself. It is faith that makes us whole or hale and strong."

SOMETHING PRACTICAL EVOLVED.

Well, we began to see that there was something in the discovery and that it could be put to practical use.

The body of believers grew, and at the present writing they are to be found everywhere. There is a voluminous literature on the subject, and as a general thing it has an uplifting tendency. It is so encouraging to be told that you have a brain anyway, and still more so to be assured that if you will keep your brain straight your body will not grow crooked.

What has helped very greatly to bring about these changes and to compel the public to give their serious attention to these matters are the two Societies for Psychical Research, the one in England and the other in the United States. The one in London was founded in 1882 and was under the leadership of Professor Henry Sidgwick. That society saw that in the rubbish there was something too valuable to lose sight of. It sifted the facts which came to it from all quarters of the globe, and did it with a thoroughness which was merciless and relentless. Two years later, in 1884, a similar society was formed in Boston, Mass., under the leadership of Mr. Hodgson and it has done its work with sternness and persistency.

Now it is declared by both of these societies that the theory of humbug must be laid aside and that there is enough in Spiritualism to claim the respectful attention of the world. If human testimony is worth anything at all, there are well proven facts enough to make the possibility of communication between the two worlds well nigh certain, and those who believe in that possibility have a sound scientific basis on which to build their faith.

NO LONGER DEATH.

THE Rev. E. J. Wilkin has enjoyed the benefit of the last word in the controversy on Spiritualism which has been carried on during the last three weeks in the columns of the *Kerang Times*. Defeated at every point, the reverend gentleman makes his escape in a cloud of generalities. His opponent, he alleges, "does not understand Christianity;" and with amazing intrepidity, Mr. Wilkin proceeds to declare that "Spiritualism is root and branch thoroughly Anti-Christian!" If he would only tell us what he means by Christianity, it would be easy to dispose of his assertions. Is it what was taught by Jesus of Nazareth, or the Hebraised doctrines of Paul? Is it the Christianity of Arius or of Athanasius? of the Anthropomorphites or of the Convulsionaries? of the Monothelites or of the Mormons? of Ignatius Loyola or George Fox? of Calvin or Servetus? of Torquemada or Molinos? of Luther or Novalis? All of these professed to be Christians; and were they all right or all wrong?

But Spiritualism, he affirms, is thoroughly anti-Christian. Well, this, at any rate, enables us to determine what the Christianity of Mr. Wilkin is *not*.

Spiritualism recognises the universal Fatherhood of God. This, says that reverend gentleman, is anti-Christian.

Spiritualism declares that, in all ages and in many centuries, God has sent messages—"gospels," if you will—to mankind, through numerous messengers,—the prophets of the Old Testament, Buddha, Pythagoras, Zoroaster, Socrates, Jesus of Nazareth, Mohammed and many more; each of these messages being precisely adapted to the people for whom, and the country and period in which, they were delivered. "Anti-Christian!" exclaims Mr. Wilkin. Spiritualism affirms, on the testimony of credible witnesses in all parts of the world, that these seers and sages of the past, with the despised Nazarene at their head, are coming to the earth again, with an innumerable host of spirits, for the purpose of re-affirming the eternal truths of primitive Christianity, and of liberating men from the bondage of creed and dogma, of error and superstition, of mental blindness and spiritual darkness. And this great missionary work is going on all around us; that is to say, wherever these beautiful intelligences can find suitable mediums to speak and act through. And this elevating fact, so full of hope and promise, is not only anti-Christian but it is also "pessimistic!" for so saith Mr. Wilkin.

What, then, is it to be optimistic, according to the orthodox view of the matter! It is to believe that the world was created by a Being so capricious and changeable that, having made man, he repented him of having so done; so ferocious, that he authorised the perpetration of the cold-blooded butcheries recorded in the Old Testament; and so savagely unjust, that he consented to his only son—a perfectly innocent replica of himself—going to the earth and suffering an ignominious death as a malefactor, in order to appease the wrath of his other self, and save the whole human race from everlasting perdition! And this is Mr. Wilkin's optimism!

And again, it is optimistic to believe, as Jonathan Edwards tells us, that "there are infants in hell a span long;" and that an eternity of atrocious torments will be the doom of every human being, save and except "the elect." At least this is what is told us in the *Westminster Confession of Faith*; while the Athanasian Creed admonishes us that if we do not believe in an incomprehensible Trinity, and "keep this faith whole and undefiled, without doubt we shall perish everlastingly."

Charmingly optimistic, all this, is it not?

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

II.

They say, seers and prophets from of old
Have witness borne that angels oft appear
On high commission sent to mortals here,
And heavenly ministrations manifold.
St. John Evangelist, as we are told,
With eyes entranced, but inward vision clear
Beheld the heavenly host, and drawing near
Heard strains seraphic played on harps of gold.
That everlasting are the things unseen
Did not inspired Apostles testify?
So now, if spirits do approach us nigh
The present is but as the past hath been.
Beyond the reach of Reason marvels lie
Eluding his research tho' deep and keen.

ANDREW WELLS.

WE have received a number of *The Coming Light*, a monthly magazine devoted to "Higher Thinking, Higher Living, and a Higher Social Order." The opening article by Gilbert E. Bailey, Ph.D., is unique; it is entitled "The Joys and Sorrows of an Atom," and exhibits chemical correspondences with the passions, sentiments and qualities of humanity. The month of June is beautifully illustrated in poetry and flowers by F. P. Schall, the artist of the journal. There are no lengthy articles, but they are all bright and elevating. It is well got up on rolled paper, and contains numerous illustrations. Edited by Cora A. Morse and published by W. Bailey, O'Farrell Street, San Francisco.

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MARRIAGE.

POLA—PEDDINGTON.—On July 25th, Carlo Pola, of Corawa, N.S.W., to Eliza Ann Peddington, of 71 Millswyn Street, South Yarra, Melbourne.

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