

THE

Gerald of Progress

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE "SPIRITUAL PIONEER."

A Weekly Journal Devoted to the Philosophy and Teachings of Spiritualism.

"IN ESSENTIALS—UNITY; IN NON-ESSENTIALS—LIBERTY; IN ALL THINGS—CHARITY."

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One Penny.

The Platform:

SPIRITUALISM:

A FEW OF ITS PRIMARY AND MOST OBVIOUS USES.

A lecture delivered before the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists, on Sunday evening, August 8th, at their Hall, 164, Trongate, by MR. J. MCG. MUNRO.

The title of my subject this evening is "Spiritualism, a few of its primary and most obvious uses." My effort can only embody a superficial examination of one or two of these, because the whole field of its utility cannot possibly be exhausted in one lecture, even although I were a profound adept in the art of lecture writing and platform speaking, which I am not of course.

I have chosen such a title because it leaves me much latitude of statement without fear of wandering from narrow and devious paths of consistent argument. And yet I find great difficulty in making a choice from among the many applications that array themselves before me as I begin to view the uses of Spiritualism. Like a botanist wandering among new fields of prolific flora, his attention demanded here and there, on this side and on that, by grand specimens awaiting recognition and inviting classification, and upon every one of which hours could be profitably expended in the examination of minutiae of form, structure, &c. So appears to me the student of Spiritualism, who seeks to examine and comprehend the multitudinous and varied facts of this vast subject of his study. So far as I am concerned, however, I shall fail of resemblance by comparison with the botanist in one most important characteristic. He, in such circumstances as portrayed and imbued with the patience and enthusiasm of his class, would, in all probability, remain until loaded with abundance of specimens for subsequent observation. But I will, as I have already hinted, rather try and be content with a flower or two culled at random from the most fertile beds, and, unaided by trained scientific perception, strive to learn the simplest lessons they teach alike to child and to sage.

Spiritualism is the great want of the age we are living in. The truth of it is a universal desideratum; its influence in permeating every institution of human society, and every department of human thought would immensely benefit them, and thereby be a blessing to the race. Science needs its light badly, philosophy worse, religion worst.

It is in relation to these that I would like to view it for a brief while. I would here state, however, that we can have little notion, judging even from the startling results that have been achieved in the short space of 30 odd years, of the world-wide and the world-deep significance of the truth as it is in modern Spiritualism. The boldest speculators amongst us, I firmly believe, have all too little power to "forecast the years," and adequately comprehend the inevitable revolutions to be out,

worked by the motive force of these spiritual verities we dimly discern to-day. The simplest demonstrations, which are but the A B C, so to speak, of Spiritualism, are in and of themselves capable of working, and are probably destined to work direct havoc in the moonlit regions of modern speculation. They may even bring radical reform into every section of religion, law and life. One fact in any market is worth 100 fine spun theories, or as many reform hypothesis on a fact, even upon which no very grave issues, comparatively speaking, depend. But a fact in strict relation to so important a matter as another condition of human life beyond the gravestones, is worth more than all that has ever been thought, said and written upon the subject, by the wisest and least-wise through all time, who have been ignorant of such a fact, and have therefore missed its steady light and guidance.

It is a common experience to witness in the scientific and philosophical world theories and arguments wondrously built up and elaborated, which appear so well supported by intelligent advocates, as seemingly to be going to last many moons,—completely toppled over like so many burlesques of the genuine article, simply by the sudden and rather unlooked-for advent of a hitherto unknown fact conclusively demonstrated. Even the most tardy and bigotted in the ranks of scientific conservatism give way with praiseworthy alacrity, and relinquish old faiths, when such demonstration is brought with full force home upon them. What then, I may ask, may not reasonably be expected in due time, as a result of an unquestionable demonstration, and a general acceptance of the truths of modern Spiritualism, concerning the life that is, death, and the life hereafter? Great things truly in due time. Only give the truth time, and miracles, if such were possible, may safely be predicted.

Every day, of course, we are drawing nearer and nearer the higher vines that lie between Spiritualism and the opposition. A great consummation, a sweeping, universal triumph of the truth, and a result thereof, "a new heaven and a new earth," it is both unphilosophical and unwise to look for or expect. But a slow, steady, irresistible, progressive triumph of the truth, stage by stage, reform after reform, it is philosophical as well as reasonable to expect, and is certain of being witnessed in some degree by every one of us.

How is it that as the mind of the age is becoming now generally cultured, the religious element is less respected, and the tendency is in a most marked manner towards materialistic modes of thought? To answer such a question fully I would not try, because I cannot; I am not experienced enough in the necessary habit of thought, nor am I possessed of the quantity of knowledge requisite to enable me to do so. There are, however, many salient or more obvious reasons which appear to the mind of even the superficial observer, and which have not escaped my notice. In the first place, it appears to me that the extraordinary doctrine or theory of creation, although it represents a great truth and a magnificent triumph of scientific research, has hitherto

appeared to strengthen the arguments of materialistic reasoners more than those of other schools of speculative opinion, the reason thereof is obvious. The discovery demonstrates in a highly satisfactory manner to human reason that the natural universe with all that is in it, instead of, as theology has always asserted, springing suddenly into being, and form at certain fixed periods in obedience to the Creator's fiat, has been slowly evolved through indefinable ages by and through the action of laws and forces which are in a certain degree understood. Moreover, that man is no exception to the universal rule; but is, in his highest form of civilised perfection, a growth from lower conditions of being—conditions that may be traced backwards and downwards far beyond the soundings of history's plummet, to where the rocky leaves of the earth bible open and reveal a character and condition of life but little in advance of the animal pure and simple. Although absolute proof cannot be had to substantiate the conclusion arrived at, that is to say, although there are great gaps in the array of separate and distinct parts which go to prove beyond question the evolutionary hypothesis—leaves torn away, and whole chapters of that holy book destroyed by volcano and storm, whose contents are lost for ever—there is yet, in spite of this absence of continuous and precise testimony from the rocks and fossils, an amount of evidence so significant as to justify the formation and acceptance of such a theory as is now growing so popular in the scientific world. Never was there an hypothesis more firmly rooted in unquestionable facts; and, in short, its acceptance becomes a necessity, because otherwise the mind could find neither meaning nor use in the multitudinous facts brought to light through the researches of naturalist, geologist, and palæontologist.

This theory, besides in all probability being a revelation of truth, must be looked at in another aspect so as to find out why it strengthens the argument of the materialist. It is another crushing, sledge-hammer blow to the hoary half-ruined fabric called christian theology. Copernicus' discovery was nothing to it for force and ruinous result. There is no compromising or making overtures by way of warding off the battering-rams of so vigorous and triumphing a besieger. The authority the church has in holding out to believers the hopes of immortality is and always has been claimed by it to rest upon supernatural revelation. Theology maintains she holds the keys of the gates of death and the portals of the spiritual world beyond. She may hold keys, but, alas! for their use. They are rust-eaten to the core; and the intelligent human heart that seeks to pass through the grim shadows armed with them cannot hide from himself the doleful fact that it seems well nigh impossible to hope to open any door of the spirit with such, seeing their once subtle and complex wards are now nearly broken away. Hence it is that culture and scepticism go hand in hand, and atheism is on the increase. The church cannot meet the claims of the exacting intellect, which demands that her credentials are valid and trustworthy. Nothing will be acknowledged as worthy of rational consideration which has the least taint of supernaturalism, and what else can poor theology, now driven to extremities, present? Would you have us believe in your immortality?—give us tangible proof of it. The answer can only be a reference to ancient testimony, in regard to occurrences termed miraculous, which, of course, is eminently unsatisfactory. And so the free-inquirer goes his way, perhaps contemptuously snuffing the air, and proceeds to deal with questions that are capable of satisfactory solution. A change, it may be said here, has taken place in the condition and position of parties where it is possible for such an enquirer to comfort himself in this manner. Time was when no such caviller dared to lift his voice in disapproval of, or dissent from, that which passed current, as the highest truth under the stamp or seal of the church. There have been other martyrs besides those for religion. Science can reckon up her calendar of saints, as well as the catholic church. Persecutions and suffering have been inflicted upon a class of minds that could feel the guidance of no heavenly guardian, through the agency of the rack and the torment of the flame—who could anticipate no heavenly bourne on which they were to land, after the sufferings were endured to their bitter end, who died, not to possess as a reward for endurance and faith on earth a crown of glory and a life of celestial peace in heaven. But they died because of their steady and unflinching adherence

to the truth, as they found it in nature, as opposed to the superstitious falsities upheld under the title of religion by Mother Church. The spirit of the ancient conflict between science and theology, inspires the votaries of the former in these days, and gives point and acumen to whatever efforts lie in the way of their duty to make, which may deal disaster to their hoary antagonist. It is impossible not to catch glimpses of the triumphant feeling deep in the minds of our scientific leaders of thought as they enumerate the truths discovered by human reason, that on the face and in the heart of them are so deadly to the spiritual vested interests of dogmatic theology. We live in milder times now; nevertheless, the man of science at intervals, even to-day, must effervesce in spirit with inveterate dislike of that gigantic power which condemned the lordly Bruno to the stake, and made the head of Galilei, massive and heavy with knowledge and wisdom, bow in ignominious shame before it.

What is the relation of Spiritualism to the scientific intellect that refrains from having any dealings with theology in its present form? *It is simply the relation of new facts to the enquiring mind.* Spiritualism makes no demands on either the credulity or faith of the man of science. It entirely endorses and sympathises with his resolutions to accept nothing contrary to reason and apart from experience. It repudiates the supernatural as absolutely as he does; and it would urge him on the strength of right and principle, to keep repeating his paralysing questions to theology until they shall be answered, or until the indefensible claims of the church are radically altered, or finally relinquished.

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Crudely and summarily stated, this is how the religious sentiment originated, according to science and evolution. It is needless, for present purposes, to attempt to trace the argument, as it deals with the subject of the evolution and refinement through hereditary transmission, &c., of this instinct, until it reaches, after ages of development and unfolding, its latest aspects in civilized mankind. But it must be stated that in spite of the fact of its tenacious inheritance in the mental constitution of the human family, it is, nevertheless, deemed by a great many of the so-called intellectually advanced, in these days, as something that may be worked off, out-thought, or rubbed away by the acquisition of knowledge, and by a complete release from the narrowing and binding influence of dominating priestcraft and religious creed-spinners. Apart, however, from this extreme view and its particular influence, the argument, as to its inception or origin, being in all probability due to causes operative in various manners throughout nature, is a special feature of modern intellectual culture and progressive thought, and is in sum and substance absolutely antagonistic to the doctrines and supernatural claims of the church. Yet, in spite of its truth or obvious making for the truth, this mode of dealing with so sacred a subject as the highest characteristic which separates man with an infinite separation from the animal, makes many a truth-loving spiritual mind recoil, for a time at least, from the invitation of its reason to follow the truth even here. But sick of the sloughs of current theology, where neither light abounds nor headway is to be made at all, the new and better region is made for. The anxious enquiring mind is still rudderless and compassless on a great ocean of doubt and uncertainty. The soul, exercising problems and questions, must be wrestled with in one way and that a natural way. If there be any meaning in this inherent religious sentiment, with all the spiritual desires and aspirations that rise out of it. If there be any real use in the holy act of spontaneous prayer to an unseen intelligence,—any relationship between the act and the object of the act. If there be any world beyond the ken of the outer senses, as the object of the desire of immortality. If there be in these, as well as in every other religious and spiritual proclivity, a meaning, a real aim, and a real object, the truth must be found out by the mind that asks the questions, not by referring to human traditions, records of miraculous phenomena, and the arbitrary statement of this or that church, or creed, or doctrine, *but by the mind's own principle of reason, and nature's revelations to the awakened and cultured understanding.*

This being so, it becomes a question how far nature reveals the solutions of the sphinx riddles, how far she allows the mind

that trusts her, and the heart that has faith in her, to retain possession of "cherished hopes and fond desires"! The matter altogether resolves itself into a question of how much evidence there is to be had one way or the other, by a reference to the book of nature. We come now to the issue. The testimony of advanced science is altogether negative, or nearly so, advanced philosophy, therefore, follows in the same direction, and scruples not to affirm that the retention of those desires and hopes of immortality, and belief in a future life, inasmuch as nature, through her handmaid science, holds out no distinguishable prospect of a fulfilment, is a blunder!

These were memorable words, spoken by Prof. Tyndall, at the 1874 meeting of the British Association. They have been often quoted, but will bear repetition. They possess, in fact, a historic significance. There is no possibility of misunderstanding them, for they are free from equivocation, and startling in their naked reality. Summing up an exhaustive scientific and philosophical discourse, he said, "Abandoning all disguise, the confession that I feel bound to make before you is, that I prolong the vision faceward across the boundary of the experimental evidences, and discern in that, matter, which we in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our previous reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality of life. Religion, though valuable in itself, is only man's speculative creation. It is good for man to form for himself a theology, if only to keep him quiet."

These are outspoken words and candid, and all men owe the author of them thanks for stripping his statement of scientific mysticism and double meaning. Here is the whole gist of the material philosophy in a nut-shell. It is the essence of the most advanced speculative opinion; and a long course of study in the various branches of this wide school of thought that embraces it, would but lead inward to the central and basic idea, and enable the mind to hear the evidence offered in its support, propagation and defence. Such a conclusion is a terribly crushing blow to the religiously disposed mind. So far is nature, it would seem, from giving her sanction to the holding of any desires and expectations, such as have been referred to, that by her latest revelations to her profound questioners, the *savans* who ply her continually with queries in laboratory, museum and saloon, it is demonstrated beyond question or quarrel, that those veritable desires, hopes and "thoughts that wander through eternity"—*man's speculative creations*,—are neither more nor less than subtle combinations of that matter which is eternally subject to decomposition and transformation. And so we may conclude that what used to be termed "voice of God in the soul," is an exquisitely pretty rendering of a phenomenon whose occurrence in the human economy is due to the combustion of food-particles in obedience to physical laws. In fact, every internal experience—whether it be a thought of heaven or of earth—embodying a yearning of the soul after righteousness and peace with God, or a yearning of the stomach in physical hunger, is due to the same cause, and comes under the same explanation.

There is no difficulty in perceiving that the conclusion of the Professor quoted, and the method of reasoning in support of it, to be found in the books that are written and the lectures that have been delivered cannot exist side by side with any unevicted supposition in regard to a future state of being. Neither is it difficult to perceive that in the light, shall we call it? of such a philosophy, the intuitions of the human soul, the heaven-scaling imagination of the spiritually-inspired mind, are now no longer to have our confidence as revealers of spiritual realities that for ever elude the eye, the nostril, and the finger, but rather are to be explained away in such terms as "inherent potencies of matter."

For all this robbing of the spirit, what is offered in exchange? This question was asked lately by a Mrs Lathbury in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*, under the title "Agnosticism and Women." To which a response was made in the next issue by another lady, who claims the title of "Agnostic," which means "Cultured Atheist." I will give you one quotation from this latter lady's brochure—"And now to touch upon the question of immortality. Will the agnostic promise we are asked that the human heart will have no longing after something higher than our own poor human perfection? The aspiration and attempt of

the fabled frog to become the nobler bull would call for admiration had the thing been only possible; nevertheless, the lesson taught by the disaster seems—how much more admirable had the lowly frog been satisfied with its own position in the economy of nature." She further adds, "Human nature is to them (the Agnostics) infinitely modifiable, and while admitting that woman has suffered and is likely to suffer in passing from old creeds to new, still adaption goes on, and even for the individual they anticipate reconciliation and not despair." Just so much and more is to be given poor humanity in exchange for the most cherished idols of its soul—its God, its religion, its immortal life! Indeed it would appear as if the law of progress had made an exception of mankind's philosophy in its otherwise universal influencing; because this is not one step higher than had been the position of the learned Arab of the middle ages, or that of the more ancient Stoic of Greece. Religion, a mere figment of the brain; God, a huge mechanical necessity; immortality, a fable of humanity's childhood!—which still, nevertheless, inheres in the bone and marrow of its manhood, causing many a pang as it is attempted to be got rid of. Thanks, however, for the slow yet beneficent power of change. "Human nature is infinitely modifiable" it appears, and will outwork the errors of its youthful expression; until which consummation, and to hurry it forward, let it be the religion of the hour "since religion is a useful thing" to cultivate in our own and our neighbours minds, the supreme virtues of resignation and renunciation in face of an infinite disappointment, and no doubt in time, the despair of the human children of the earth, will yield to a less sombre feeling.

There is a light gathering in the valley of the shadow, and has been doing so for a little while, all unheeded by the world that, with all its boasted culture and scientific experience, has so sadly wandered from the straight path, and is now absolutely benighted. This light attracts attention, but the strayed ones are thoroughly primed and fortified against following in weakness all Will o' Wisps. Will o' Wisps have been long known as the most dangerous and misleading of false luminaries. The wisest have been led into fearful sloughs of despond by such, in other times and in similar circumstances. The lesson of their blunders and loss must be well taken to heart to profit withal. That lambent blaze down yonder is, of course, no other than an *ignis fatuus*; and so the benighted wandered world turns its back upon it. The light, nevertheless, steadily gleams in the gloomy hollow, and grows and waxes interesting to say the least. It grows and spreads—aye, and will spread and grow, and wane not until the splendour of day-spring shall surprise all ye benighted wise-acres with averted faces! I cannot present the details here, of how Spiritualism, or the Spiritual Philosophy, helps to thoroughly break up the Egyptian darkness that envelops the mind of the age. It would take many papers instead of one to do this. But I will throw out a random thought or two on the subject. By the spiritual philosophy, as propounded by one Andrew J. Davis, it is demonstrated that truth is not cognized alone through the mere intellect, but that there are other and higher channels in the mind through which the everlasting beauties and verities of nature flow inwards to the intelligence. Purely scientific investigations and analysis reveal but one phase, and that the lowest of these verities—the realm of mere mechanical forces and effects. But there is phase upon phase of the truth, each higher and grander than the other, to be discerned when the gaze becomes more penetrative, when the faculties requisite to their discovery are unfolded in the mind. The imaginative, the emotional, the intuitional powers are all discoverers and revealers, as much as the intellectual is, nay, much more so. Instead of all that emanates from their activity being but man's speculative creation, as Prof. Tyndall maintains, the facts of Spiritualism and the evidence gleaned through the expanded consciousness of all spiritually-minded men and women, advocate the claim that they but require to be educated, unfolded, refined and trusted, to lead a reverent humanity into realms of truth, where the scalpel of the anatomist, the microscope of the biologist, and the astronomers' telescope are no longer needful or useful.

In slighting these higher mental attributes, physical science is but mixing the faculties, physical science is but mixing the despair.

In doing them only as ornamental adjuncts to the knowledge-frighted intellect, and the impression which they sustain and yield as containing nothing in common with the discovery of truth in nature. The materialist sets a rigorous limit to all further progress for himself. See the fashion in which he interrogates nature, and gets at her truth. In that fashion, take the first object that presents itself—a flower for instance. Examine its parts and mode of growth, find out all about its relationship to other flowers; contemplate the agencies which probably conspired to form the species it belongs to. Proceed further—bring microscope, and examine the minute of its structure, its manner of growth, propagation, &c. Further still, take it into the chemist's laboratory, and discern, weigh, and measure the chemical elements contained in it. By this time, a tolerably good surface knowledge is obtained as to the growth of cells from colls, and the building up of the plant by the active agency of protoplasm. Protoplasm itself will be known to you in the chemical elements of which it is composed. You will now feel, no doubt, very learned and scientific, and be inclined to think all this is very high-class knowledge. And so it is; but not the highest. In fact, so satisfied are you with the results of the investigation, that you begin to explain the whole universe on the strength of the data so far gathered! Has the flower no other fact to communicate, think you, than that which can be attained to only by a process which necessarily destroys it? In getting to know all you do now know, you had to allow the life-principle of the flower to depart—in fact, as soon as you pulled it, you practically killed it, and, before you were done with it, its beauty was reduced to a heap of fulsome *debris* and ashes. But while it stood yet untouched by your despoiling finger—the living grace and glory of the hill-side, had it no objective truth to unfold, no revelation for the mind? Surely, if the stench of its death could teach you so much, the sweet breathing perfume and smile of its life had a something to impart, if you only had eye, and ear, and heart capable of discerning. In the language of the inspired and refined Ruskin: "All true science begins in the love, not the dissection, of your fellow-creatures, and ends in the love, not the analysis, of God. Your alphabet of science is in the nearest knowledge, as your alphabet of morals is in the nearest duty. 'Behold it is nigh thee even at the doors.' The spirit of God is around you in the air that you breathe, His glory in the light that you see; and in the fruitfulness of the earth, and the joy of its creatures, he has written for you, day by day, His revelation, as He has granted you, day by day, your daily bread."

There is a truth revealed to the simple-minded and simple-hearted, there is a joy imparted to unsophisticated human kind by nature—an inner and everlasting truth and joy, that requires no preparatory college training or book study to receive. There is moreover a philosophy and science, thanks be to the Supreme Wisdom and Intelligence, that clearly demonstrates and explains to the humble truthseeker, that nature contains the proof, and the spirit of mankind the faculties capable of discerning it, of the existence of realm within realm of everlasting realities and beauties from an outermost sphere where the darkened and perplexed materialist is seen groping, and denying the light he never saw, upwards and onwards where the more spiritually-minded meet and greet the gladsome rays of nobler truth, and discern with expanded intuition, the reality of that "hereafter life," which humanity has so long hoped for, despaired of, denied—higher still until the vista becomes too bright, and glorious, and perfect for mortal ken or apprehension.

[Our platform being exceedingly broad, we are willing to give expression to all shades of thought, but do not necessarily endorse the views expressed.—Ed. *H. of P.*]

SCOTTISH NOTES

The promoters and Editor of the *Herald of Progress* are to be congratulated on the appearance of their new venture. The number for August 6th is an excellent specimen of a spiritual journal, and, if future numbers are only kept near this standard, there is no fear of the results. The variety is admirable—not a line but what seems to be worth the reading, while several parts are worthy of being deeply imprinted on the hearts and minds of spiritual workers. Such a journal, free from personalities and

egotisms was very much needed, and, now that it has been launched, all who love our noble cause, and wish to see its principles placed before the world in the best possible form, should feel it as a personal duty to extend the circulation in every direction. The writer was in Carlisle theatre the other evening, having been attracted there by the intimation that "The Salvation Army" was holding services. One of the penitent ones, who had been mesmerised to forsake his sins, and who had evidently, like many others, mistaken the power of mesmerism for that of the Holy Ghost, sang a melancholy story about the wiles of the Devil and the power of the Blood, when one of the leaders told the audience that this admirable hymn was the brother's own composition. Some one in the body of the theatre jumped up and shouted, "Praise the Lord. He not only makes christians but poets too." Nothing more contemptible, in a literary point of view, could it have been possible to pen, and, therefore, the credit due the Lord must have been but little. From these who have been brought to a belief in the facts of spirit communion, there has already arisen many giants in every walk. Unlettered men display all the grace and culture, and surpass far, in knowledge, the men who are titled the leaders of thought amongst us. From one of the very hot beds of misery from serving a public house in the city of London, has come forth one who, reclaimed by spiritual gifts, has been the means of giving light and strength to many. Graduated in the school of the spirit world are men like the Editor of the *Herald of Progress*, who have all the grace of diction and force of expression of our most highly educated, and most cultivated literary workers. Emerson has said that enormity of culture hides a man from his fellows. With what an incredulous sneer would our wise-acres receive the information, that a man named Andrew Jackson Davis is living amongst us, that without education, without experience of the world, without any knowledge of books, has been able to probe the secret of nature, dive deeper into the problem of evolution than Darwin; and see clearly where our Tyndals and Huxleys see but faintly. With a knowledge of art, and a grace of expression equal to our spiritual John Ruskin; with a power to see through the shams and falsities of society, surpassing the modern Isaiah—Thomas Carlyle; and with a deep spirituality and love, to which we can only find resemblance in the best utterances of the loftiest seers. A man who in the realms of astronomy, geology and zoology, has much to teach the foremost expounders of these sciences, and yet, though some twenty volumes have been written to only a limited few in this country are his works known.

It is our consolation that this power which has produced these writings and these spiritual workers is still at work, that it never retreats, but is steadily advancing, and will yet cover the earth, reclaiming and sweetening all who come across its march.

The Glasgow Association has arranged for a visit from Mrs Richmond on Sunday, September 12th, and also the following evening. One of the largest halls in the city has been engaged, capable of holding over 3,000 persons (the Grand National Hall, Maine Street). A very energetic effort is to be made to give publicity to the visit; and, no doubt, some will be drawn to think about this Spiritualism which, in spite of being periodically exposed and demolished, still persists in asserting itself. On the second night of Mrs Richmond's visit it is intended that the audience shall be at liberty to put questions in writing.

Last Sunday evening the meeting in Trongate listened to an excellent paper, the production of the secretary, Mr Munro [see our "Platform."—Ed. *H. of P.*] Mr J. J. Morse, amongst the most popular of our visitants, occupied the platform on Sunday, 15th inst. Edinburgh (from which these notes are written) still holds back from making any public display of the fact that there are believers in her midst. Some men and women of energy and true love of the cause are here. Could they only be induced to come out and make a brave beginning, and give back to others some of the gifts they have received. In Kirkcaldy, Mr Alex. Duguid is a bold exponent of the cause, and does good service in spreading a knowledge of the faith, both publicly and privately. Mr Duguid intends shortly to settle in Glasgow, and begin the sale of progressive literature, such a worker, permanently resident, should be of much value, and his services called into frequent request in a large city.—J. R.

Historical Controls.

[COMMUNICATED.]

BY A. T. T. P.

The Recorder of those controls is the same A.T.T.P. whose writings appeared from time to time in the *Medium and Daybreak*. The sensitive, out of whose mouth the words recorded are uttered, is a working man, possessing the scanty education of his class. The words are taken down as uttered almost verbatim. The sensitive being in a state of thorough trance throughout.

THOMAS BABINGTON.—LORD MACAULAY.

Second Visit, 8 a.m.—26th June, 1880.

I had a seance; the medium at once went under control, and spoke as follows:—"There is an undiscoverable dignity in the choice of individuals by the living God; in that choice can be perceived the wisdom that is unailing and the judgment that is unerring. And why is this so? It is because He alone can perceive the soul's qualifications either of one class or of another. His choice could not but necessarily fall on the few, and why is this? Because so few amongst the families of men, have distinct soul qualifications which the world cannot mar, which is peculiarly the possession of the soul under the power of the will. Look around in the world to-day, and is there no evidence of a vast area for persevering labour?" I thought yes. "You have answered well, 'yes.' Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand that your eyes will light upon, have had no really moral education: have not realized any fine moral tastes or refined judgment; for them there is no high standard of attainment in the world; no high hopes of the hereafter; all that is done by them is done in an unsatisfactory, imperfect, and unattractive manner; they are fully cognizant that they are in the possession of life, but with them life is shorn of all its dignity and all its grace; the world holds them enthralled; the passions have no check; there is no motive existing to draw the soul away from them, and such as these outnumber the chosen few. No great excellence will ever proceed from them; their souls will never be capable of any high devotion; they are far removed from martyrdom under any condition. There is an impossibility of any self-sacrifice or of any continued industry; the world holds them as prisoners; they form a part of it, and their life to them is not other than sad, and to the fine sensitive spiritually-minded being, they become objects of pity; beings on whom the most tender care should be bestowed, and to whom instruction should be given, and if this is perceived by the spiritual believer, it is also perceived on the part of the un-awakened. In those whom God hath chosen, the persevering industry, the practical and reasonable charity, the long-continued industrious activity of life, do indeed differ most materially from their own. First, they seem to ennoble the most common-placed actions of their lives; for them an earth life exists with no impossible temptations or trials; their trust is in Him who is the Ruler of all worlds; their pursuits are pursuits of imperishable truth, and the low or vulgar gratifications that the world can give them, cannot bar their way upwards. First, they are true to Him that is called their God and their Father, and then they are true to themselves; they are looking for, they are praying for, occurring opportunities, that they may prove the loyalty of their obedience by their heroic and magnanimous exertions to obey the will of their Father God. Then the soul feels an endowment of strength that the worldling never feels, never experiences, and the time to the very hour, acts in harmony with their settled purposes, and their active conduct, by its results, supports the true dignity of God's choice; and when He calls them away, they leave a name behind them, a name which reminds other men of how high the spirit of man is capable of advancing, and informs them how much that is truly divine belongs to men of action on earth. There is indeed a dignity conferred on those whom God hath chosen, more especially if prompt obedience and earnestness follow God's choice; after the call, after the soul is satisfied of its mission, then comes an intense striving after a more perfect being. Many secrets are realised by the soul respecting the future life; the soul realises that

there are worlds of beauty and purity into which it must force itself by energy and activity; and it realises that if once there, all would be well for it, and, consequently, this desire of a more perfected being dignifies every labour of its earth-life—for all action of that soul is directed to the glory of God. But what is to be done with the vast army of minds who have no thought of these things? Whose lives are so taken up by every day events that other worlds have no existence for them? To live, even by imagination in another state, has never been conceived of, and when they meet with those who live apart from the present, they present to them an inexplicable mystery, and they find vague words with vague meanings to apply to them—eccentric, enthusiastic, or mad. Now, then, this vast army is looked on with the deepest anxiety by those who are working out God's will; a real interest is felt in them; an intense desire to impart that knowledge which belongs equally to them as to all. You realise the quietness and abstraction so noticeable amongst those who are spiritually affected, and that they are very few to-day, and because they are small in number, they are generally disregarded, or have been termed dull and stupid. That opinion has up to the present day generally prevailed, and the few that are irresistibly disposed to abstraction and retirement, and who shrink from the busy active habits of their more business-like brethren, and dwell with their own thoughts—these, in the days to come, will be most alarmingly multiplied, and the wish for retirement and the desire of dwelling within their own thoughts will become irresistible. To-day, many are at present exempt, and the change itself will carry not alone a lesson, but produce a useful result; a result which will check erroneous speculative views of the hereafter; a change so great from the high summit of the greatest managing capacity to the abstraction, which, during its continuance, will present all the incapacity of a helpless babe, and multiplied instances will arise on every hand of an universally accepted lesson of instruction to the soul of man. The souls of many will become dissatisfied with what first exclusively interested them; the hold of their former thoughts will be loosened, and new creations of beauty will take their place. Arts and sciences will join hand in hand, and instead of leading the souls of men further from their God, it will be their universal delight to enlighten and lead upwards the whole of the human family, and that some great and supreme effort will be made by the Spiritual world is firmly believed in by us, and will also be recognised by those whom God hath chosen on earth, and they will at once perceive that all that is defective and imperfect will be changed; they will then perceive that their labour has been most necessarily preparative, and that all that they have done has not alone added to their worth and their excellence, but has prepared the world to receive a knowledge of what life really is; and we assert that such knowledge is not amongst all men; we assert that such knowledge is only within the reach of a small portion of the souls on earth; that the views of life entertained by humanity at large are narrow, prejudiced, and erroneous. But God's chosen one has proclaimed throughout the length and breadth of all nations what life is, urging on men, not alone to believe, but to know of themselves and for themselves; that the whole affairs of the soul's experiences on earth are but one particular part of a perfected whole; that a soul's life on earth has a necessity for its coming in God's creation, and has also a necessity for its leaving the earth in the wisdom of God's creation; that all God's vast and mighty works form but a stupendous unity, in which there is no break—a wondrous oneness, in which all things fit with wonderful accuracy, from the sun down to the grain of dust—from man to the lowliest insect—all forming but one in God's great plan of life; and this being so, that life which is, which continues, and which is never-ending, must, of necessity, be at its commencement on earth; and when once the mind of the soul has grasped this, the world becomes a very narrow space in its conception, and incompatible with the high thoughts that such a knowledge must give birth to. The soul realises that this narrow space presents a platform from which progression can be gained—presents the opening of opportunity which leads to never-ending results which this conception of life presents, and future things with their proper relations owe to each other will be understood. Distinct ideas of duty are formed—peace and contentment, if they are followed, are found, for the soul has the power to conceive and to perceive its duties, but it is the will to obey, that guides the soul on its way. To

how few on earth are the soul's duties distinct and definite? How few amongst the sons of men are there that by self-examination—by reflecting and providential thoughts—have formed clear and well-founded opinions in their course of duty here on earth? Now, life has its duties, more especially on the earth, and the soul's duty on earth is uniform and continued action; not producing insulated results, but forming one great whole code of the soul's duty, so that life is but a succession of progressive results; and the more attained, the more coveted will be the soul's hungering after results. There is happiness in this continued round of duties; there is no soul weariness; for it is refreshed by its own energy, and rewarded by the sweet and everlasting results due to obedience. How many there are who would give all they possess in the world, were they assured that life has its duties and that the possibility exists that the soul can come to the knowledge of them? It is known to some thousands, but these are the millions, who have yet to learn the very A B C of the knowledge which you have been giving to your fellow men; giving it so perseveringly, and yet they do not realise that there is an assured immortality, and are still living according to this want of knowledge. To them must your words reach; to them must our utterances be given, for all will soon know the mystery of life, as it always hath been, so it always will be; a game in which all mankind are players, and he who plays the best of all, is not he who is met with the endless objections and the endless difficulties in the game, but who by energy, by patience, and by obedience, has overcome the sarcasm and the satire of the unthinking. The broad wit displayed, and displayed only for the purpose of keeping ridicule on the sacred possession of those whom God hath called; ridiculing the manner in which their part of the great game of life has been played. They sneer and say that God's chosen servants on earth assume a cheerfulness which they do not feel; a willingness to act that is not in reality in the possession of their soul; that they are not taking their part in the game of life for the sake of the living God, but for their own sake; for their own honour; for their own enjoyment; but we know that God in his great love will help and will aid His chosen ones to overcome these railers; we know that He would have none of His children miserable, that following His choice must not be the abandonment of happiness—God forbid that thought, for to obey His will, and to be called into His service, tends to minister to earth's enjoyment, aids in the getting over of difficulties and trials. It endows the obedient soul with an energetic and joyous spirit. Let me, sir, refer to yourself, you have an innate knowledge of which no man can rob you, a knowledge that you are running a higher race, and the side walks are thronged with witnesses; a knowledge that you are running in the sight of all those great and good minds that have been called into action as God's chosen souls in times past, and who, by obedience in servitude to the Master, of perfect wisdom and goodness, have received the reward of their earthly labours, and who are praying that when you become the heir of God's great gift, they will be joined to you in eternity, and that they may be enabled to receive you in the fellowship of God's chosen ones. The great teacher of times past said, 'there is weeping in the heavens.' What occasions this great spiritual sorrow? Is it because God delays his mercy towards His children on earth? Is it because God wills it? For God's will alone is sufficient for right wisdom and judgment. I say it is because the will of man hath placed itself in opposition to the will of God; it is because blindness sometimes comes over the souls of those whom he hath chosen, and self-will proves a rebel to God's authority, instead of producing a saint, and introducing that saint into the fellowship of others. 'There is weeping in heaven,' said the Great Teacher of the past, for some chosen servant of God has fallen away, self-will has made him captive; the bright gold has become dim, the strong pillar of holdfast has fallen, one of men's great teachers, the most cherished and the most esteemed of the chosen ones of God, have fallen. Oh, the responsibility of that fall! There is a greater responsibility after the action than in the action itself; then well may the very heavens weep for the doubter indeed, in that he has fallen because no longer strengthened. No longer is the blasphemer checked; once more they are allowed to disperse and to cast abroad their erroneous views, for their great teacher is fallen, and they weep in the heavens over such a fall. The soul's experiences begin even on earth,

Self-will, not humbled, but rebuked, stands trembling by, and he who was the lion in the proclaiming of immortal things, in the very misery of his soul tries to find that lost yet remembered rest by the advocacy of some miserable negation. They are weeping in heaven, cried the teacher of the past, because the soul, aspiring to the Throne itself, has fallen, has abandoned that which never could do the soul harm, and which directly taught love, charity, forbearance, and forgiveness to the betrayer and mercy to the treacherous; that which has enabled their souls to lift up to a higher state of life their fellow beings; that which gave to that soul an ever-continuing happiness. But, although that soul has fallen, yet these thoughts are continually raising it, and conscience is most surely pricked; the stubborn will is severely rebuked, and sad experience is for him that has fallen. It has for that soul already commenced; those very thoughts are their torture. They would come back again, but better not to have known these truths at all than to know them once and then to abandon them. God help that soul preaching and teaching against them! There are God's children languishing in prison: could the knowledge of immortality place them there? There are many of God's children who, bad in principle, and without honour, take on themselves the position of oppressors, of tyrants, of cheats, and liars. Souls which have never felt the pure and honest glow of patriotism, and who would sell their country for as small a piece of silver as Judas Iscariot of old sold their great Teacher. But have the spiritual communications proclaiming the soul's immortality formed these beings? There are bad and wicked statesmen—bad and wicked rulers. There are many criminals; many that are wanting spiritual aid; thousands, that are broken hearted; thousands that are friendless; but can spiritual communications and the knowledge of the soul's immortality be chargeable with these things? Whom have any of your numerous communications injured? To whom amongst the sons of men has there been bad or wicked advice offered? Not to one among the many thousands, aye, hundreds of thousands, that have read your records. Not one have they taught evil, but they will teach men to be true and faithful to life, and to the giver of life. They will check self-will; they will stay wrathfulness; they will bid the envious to cease from envy, and teach kindness to the unmerciful. They that come from the other world will teach the anxious soul to be less anxious concerning the soul's hereafter. They will teach those to be more trusting and less thoughtful concerning things eternal. They have taught and will teach the souls of God's children to recognise Him as their Father—their loving Father: and we, who hold your records in our hearts, challenge the whole world to produce one single soul whom those records have harmed. We, on our part, will furnish a list of thousands whom your records have benefitted. I cite these things that you may know what faithfulness means—that you may know, that you may realise what a falling away would mean to those who look on you as a pillar of strength. Unhappiness would be increased, discord would take the place of harmony, and those to whom your records have ever been recurring and thankful blessings would, disregarding their future, become again more markedly vicious, with an increased contempt for God and His laws. Therefore, there is a greater sin in the consequences than in the act itself. Oh! pray for God's help in the same holy cause. Let men find fault with the truth, let them reject and traduce it, let them ridicule it, let them hurl their small wit on the believers in it, but let always this miracle be before you—that God is love, and worthy of being served—the Father of love. Who that ever has achieved a name has spoken against the possibility of our speaking with you? of our bridging over the abyss known as Death? Not one. Not one has ever attempted it with marked success. This movement, known but for a brief space in its infancy, in respect to the acceptance granted it, has already done a marvellously great work. It has rescued thousands on thousands from darkness; it has given comfort to sorrowing hearts; it has brightened the hopes of dejected mourners with promises of future meetings. I realise that these communications are a happiness to yourself, because you love the service of your God. You honour and take the very pleasure of delight in your labour—you find a real happiness in its performance. And why is this? Because your soul, having recognised its God, is anxious in the performance of His will by the absolute perfection of its services. May God in his great love ever hold out His

protecting arm to save you from the assaults of the vicious. May He form you into one of his standing pillars of strength, that your name may be recorded in the book of life, and may you see when earth's last experiences in the body have arrived, may you meet death with its softened mien, shorn of all its terrors and its sting—having no fear, but only calm and quite serene. May you perceive us waiting; may you be prepared to join us: may you find that it is heaven to die, that the brightest beams of glory may be yours, as your will is faithful to his choice. You may give that choice an added dignity; you may confirm that choice by your perseverance, and then, with infinite happiness, meet us that are waiting in eternity for you. Good morning—good morning. May God's blessing abide with you."

Let the critics ridicule and the sceptics sneer. Let religion pity. I unhesitatingly throw out the challenge put forth in this record and ask—Whom have my records injured? Have they suggested one single thought that would make a good man bad or a bad man worse? Have they advised selfishness, arrogance, pride, or cruelty to any? Have they fostered either vile superstition on the one hand or blasphemy or blatant infidelity on the other? Let the most hypercritical of critics, or the most sarcastic of sneerers point out one single word that can possibly be construed as evil. Has one single control recorded by me and issued to the public made any a worse citizen or a worse man? I challenge all to point one out if they can. They, one and all, point out to one great fact—the existence of a Father, God, the Creator of all things, animate and inanimate. The eternity of life, and the part to be played in the earth part of that life, so that happiness may be secured in the eternal hereafter. They teach man that he and his fellow-man are all part of one grand scheme, and that their Father intended man to treat man as he would himself be treated; that man's life is sacred and not to be taken away by the hand of man; and that man's happiness is best secured in the hereafter by a lively, active life—enjoying in reason all the goods nature has given him, and keeping in check those passions which are for use, not abuse. Cut out the fact of these communications having a spiritual origin, and let them be uttered out of the mouth of either eloquent secularist or zealous priest and crowds would rush in to listen to them I have one consoling reflection amidst the jibes and sneers I occasionally get, that I am doing good. The seed is not altogether wasted; it has germinated, and, like the grain of mustard seed, it will take root and spread out its branches, in which poor, wearied man's soul can take refuge, either from the indirectly blasphemous dogmatist or the directly blasphemous Nihilist.

Notes of Progress.

GOSWELL HALL.—Sunday night last was rather an exceptional one here. Miss Keevos was the medium, and no less than four controls spoke during the evening. The first control spoke of his early experiences in searching out the truth for himself. How he had found that there was no joy on earth like the joy of doing good, there was no pleasure on earth like the pleasure of causing one sinner to say "I will arise and go to my Father." What a noble work it was to find out the tender spots of a darkened heart, and bring the light of the soul to the surface, and to draw the soul that seemed lost, upward to the light of God. Every effort of ours of this kind was assisted by our spirit friends. If any one of us had dropped one seed, the seed of a kind word or thought that had brought happiness to some poor soul, we had not lived in vain. Each sympathetic thought, each noble deed, each kind word, would meet us at the portals of the spirit-world as so many beautiful flowers strewn along the dark pathway of our earthly life. This control changed, and gave place to another, who spoke at great length on the charm of variety, and on the other hand, the effect that would be produced by a monotony of form and thought. How a diversity of thought and opinion was necessary to the attainment of truth. We enjoy a liberty of thought and expression now, but did we ever think of those who had earned it for us? Those who had died in the flames of Smithfield because of their allegiance to the truths they taught. There would be heroes to-day if it were not for the finger of scorn, but if we cannot meet the finger of scorn, how shall we meet those whom we might have benefitted, when we pass out of this world? There was too much of the intellectual and not sufficient of the moral sentiment in the world. The moral sentiment should be cultivated in our children, to make them feel that they must act justly towards their fellow beings, that God is their God, and that the light he has given to others he has given to them. This was followed by a few words from another control, when a little Indian controlled, and spoke for some time in a pleasant manner. Mr Towns gave some clairvoyant tests, two or three of which were acknowledged by members of the audience.—R. W. L.

MANCHESTER.—On Wednesday evening, the 11th inst., at our weekly meeting, we had a fair attendance. One of the members, Mr Croft, asked the controlling spirit to give his views respecting the apparitions at Knock, in the county of Mayo, Ireland, and also to take up the following: "Is the Bible the word of God?" These subjects were ably dealt with, and Mr Plant was there taking down a report, which I have no doubt he will transmit for publication in the *Herald*. On Sunday, the 15th inst., we had Mr Tetlaw, of Heywood—Mr Ainsworth in the chair. This medium is becoming more fully developed—he speaks more loud, distinct, and clear. The subject was chosen by the vote of the audience, and was a very interesting one, namely, "The soul's progress in the spirit spheres." Several questions at the close were answered in a satisfactory manner. We expect having a great day next Sunday, when the highly-gifted medium, Mrs Richmond, will deliver two orations. We expect to meet many old friends from the surrounding towns, and we shall give them a cordial greeting. The lectures will be delivered in the lecture hall of the Athenæum in George Street. A. HALL.

GLASGOW.—Mr J. J. Morse, the well-known inspirational medium, occupied the platform both morning and evening of Sunday, the 15th inst. The attendance, particularly in the evening, was very good—so good in fact that our rather small hall began to grow uncomfortably close and warm while the lecturer was discoursing. This drawback, however, had no perceptible deteriorating effect upon the quality of the utterances given forth, nor upon the deep interest and unbroken attention displayed by the audience all through the discourse. Many strangers were present, as is usual when the advent of Mr Morse is advertised in the local papers. Mr Morse, as an inspirational lecturer, has created a deep impression in Glasgow, as is abundantly evidenced by the fact that faces appear amongst us when he is the announced speaker that unfortunately are comparative strangers on other occasions. This is, however, easily understood when we reflect that there is a charm in the flow of his discourse, a mastery in his use of the English language, and altogether a superiority in his mode of deliverance that draw many to listen who meantime are either neutral or partially unfriendly to the Cause Mr Morse so eloquently advocates and expounds. The inspiration of Mr Morse is truly a power to the spiritual movement. On the occasion presently considered, it might be said that he almost surpassed himself. As a rule, the influence that can extract from an assembly of Scots on a Sunday a token of applause of any character must have something in it specially and powerfully rousing; and yet, as the "controls" proceeded, not one but many of those were evoked! Mrs Richmond has been arranged with for two lectures on the 12th and 13th September. A public hall in a populous district has been secured wherein to hold the meetings which she will address; and the committee appointed mean to invite the public by advertising, bill posting, &c. It is to be hoped her advent in Glasgow will yield something to the spiritual cause, in the way of fresh vigour and enthusiasm among members of the association, and by evoking a spirit of inquiry in the public mind.

WALSALL.—The Spiritualists of this place and a few of the Birmingham friends met on Bank Holiday, according to arrangement, for a Pic-Nic, but the morning being wet, it was thought advisable not to have tea on the grass, but to adjourn to the Walsall meeting room. Some of the friends enjoyed themselves at cricket at Great Barr, then came on to Walsall, and about 80 sat down to tea, which, being over, recitations and singing were indulged in, closing with dancing and games about ten o'clock. This is the second pic-nic the friends have united in this year. Help is much wanted to uphold the cause in Walsall, for, owing to the depression in trade and the expensive room rented, great difficulty is experienced to meet the expenses and to find speakers, and, therefore, the society would be pleased to have any help the friends, who may be coming near the district, at any time can afford to give. By letting the secretary know before-hand, arrangements will be speedily made.

MARYLEBONE SPIRITUAL EVIDENCE SOCIETY.—On Saturday next, August 21st, a physical seance will be held at 8 p.m., attended by Mrs Cannon, who is exhibiting signs of very wonderful medial power. Mr Hancock will attend half-an-hour earlier to speak with strangers. On Sunday morning, at 11.15, there will be a meeting for conversation. In the evening, at seven prompt, Mr I. MacDonnell will continue his exposition of the teachings of Jesus, as opposed to the teachings and practices of the churches. On Monday evening, Mr F. Wilson on comprehension, and on Monday, August 30, Mrs Olive gives her usual seance for the benefit of the society. Mrs Olive is too well known to need any commendation from me.—J. M. DALE, hon. sec.

GATESHEAD.—On Sunday evening last, a paper was read from the late president, Mr M. Fiddler, who is now in Sweden, by Madame Esperance. After which an address was delivered by the guides of Mr J. G. Grey, and on its conclusion, Mr Matthews was called upon to make a few remarks. Referring to the removal of Mr Fiddler and Mrs Esperance, Mr Matthews called upon them to show their appreciation of the services of their late president and secretary, by working energetically for the welfare of the society. A developing circle was afterwards held at which about 25 persons were present.

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The Herald of Progress.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1880.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

Accounts have reached us that some of our friends experience difficulty in obtaining THE HERALD OF PROGRESS through their news-agents. We desire to afford all the facilities within our power for the circulation of the HERALD, and for this purpose we propose publishing a list of news-agents who keep it on sale, so that our friends may see where it may be had; and news-agents and others will oblige us by sending the necessary information for publication at an early date. We desire also to state that we cannot undertake from this date to forward small parcels of one dozen free per post at trade discount. But we can forward them per rail at a much cheaper rate, charging societies with carriage over the usual trade price. The carriage on one dozen copies under 50 miles is 1d; under 100, 2d; under 200, 3d, and under 300 miles, 4d. Larger parcels in proportion. The success which has attended the publication of the HERALD is most encouraging, and we promise to leave nothing undone that is calculated to improve its appearance or that will enhance its value. We propose to insert a message and medical department weekly, and to continue, as far as practicable, the other departments as well. We trust our friends will exert themselves in making the HERALD a complete success, and urge upon societies to do their utmost in giving it a wide and permanent circulation.

The Aim of Spiritualism.

To many it will appear most strange when they are told that Spiritualism has an aim to accomplish and a purpose to serve in the economy of our earth-life; while to others it will, doubtless, prove a theme upon which they may allow their feelings to express themselves in ways and manners that we consider both unjust and unkind. But, notwithstanding these things, we feel it our duty to say that Spiritualism has a mission to perform; a part to play in the drama of our lives that must commend itself to every rational and unprejudiced mind.

But we believe that much of the ill-feeling and bitter dislike that are exerted against Spiritualism are solely attributable to the very incorrect notions that men in general entertain upon this most excellent and divine truth. For, when we speak of Spiritualism, we do not mean only the movements of chairs and tables, nor the levitation of physical bodies without physical contact, nor yet the many different

phases of the phenomena recognised as occurring in the presence of mediums. But we do mean that higher, holier, and grander aspect wherein soul speaks to soul; we mean that internal conviction and satisfaction which spring from a knowledge and conscious realization of the spiritual constitution of our nature, and which contains within itself the principle of power and ability to survive the destruction of the material body—the external organization.

Spiritualism stands related to all that is good and pure; it is the foundation of all religions, the very essence of all morality, and the gateway to all individual perfection and to the attainment of all the spiritual excellencies. It embraces all in the past that was great, good, and beautiful; all in the present that is true, holy, and divine; and will in the future develop into all that is to be of excellence and of glory. But Spiritualism is more than this. It refuses to be summed up in any proposition, and cannot be limited or circumscribed in its range and operation. It is God-given—universal, and, like the air we breathe—free to all. It is as the breath of God, unvarying, constant, and eternal in duration.

This, in our estimation, is what constitutes true and practical Spiritualism, and, though there be many who appropriate to themselves the holy name of spiritualists, unless they, in their daily lives, endeavour to work out the fruits of the spirit, and to attain to the highest and noblest conceptions of our race, we would not rank them as Spiritualists, even though they were most sincere in their acceptance of the phenomena.

It will not be difficult, after this plain statement, to realise that Spiritualism has a mission to perform in the world. And why? Because Spiritualism declares that man is a spiritual being, and is destined to live on through unending time. It further declares that the growth of the man proper is stunted and hindered by the influences of surrounding imperfect conditions; that whatever arrests human development in this sphere of existence will act most prejudicially in benumbing the activities and growth of the soul; and that whatever obstructs the path of reform must be removed, so that the utmost facilities may be afforded for the perfection of the character, so much influenced by inharmonious social, political, and moral conditions.

Spiritualism finds a mission to perform in every walk of life. If error exists in the social world, it will enter and remove the obstruction. If tyranny or despotism prevail in the political world, it is there to assert the prerogative of man. If misconception abound in the moral world, if truth should be misrepresented or falsely stated, it is there also to prove that the finite may not always comprehend the infinite, hence, that man needs a constant guide and instructor, that he may be saved from the snares of delusion, and from the assumptions of the times. And are these things not compatible with all that we know? Is not man influenced, his character to a large extent formed, and his future destiny indicated by the conditions of the material side of life? Have we not errors in the social, injustice in the political, and misconception in the moral worlds? Experience but too painfully points out those imperfections and blotches, and nature cries aloud for Reform. Is there no Ararat on which we may rest? No rock in the desert to shelter us from the scorching effects of imperfect conditions? There is. It is in Spiritualism, and be it ours in future issues to suggest the remedies for the evils of our day.

We regret that, owing to the delay in stereotyping, the excellent articles on "The Philosophy of Spirit," we are compelled to withhold them in our present issue. We are pushing on, and hope to see them re-appear next week.

MRS. RICHMOND IN MANCHESTER.

We desire to call the particular attention of Spiritualists and others in and around Manchester to the fact that Mrs Richmond will deliver two orations in the Athenæum Lecture Hall, George Street, Prince's Street, Manchester, on Sunday next, August 22nd. Services to commence at 2:30 and 6:30. Admission free. Collections at the close. It is to be hoped that large assemblies will greet this talented and well-known speaker, and accord that spiritual sympathy which ensures success. Tea will be provided at 6d. each for friends from a distance at the TRINITY COFFEE TAVERN, 83, Chapel Street (opposite Trinity Church), Salford.

MRS. CORA TAPPAN RICHMOND.

This highly-gifted and inspired medium will be in Gateshead and Newcastle very shortly (see advertisement). It will be probably her last visit to this country. Those persons who have heard her before will be sure to be attracted again, while for those who have not had that pleasure, we may safely urge them not to miss the opportunity to drink in her fervid eloquence, and gather from its pathos, its brilliancy, and its transcendent spirituality, renewed power, energy, and wisdom to battle with the ills of life.

IMPORTANT TO SPIRITUALISTS AND INVESTIGATORS

In our issue for September 3rd, we intend publishing a most startling account of extraordinary phenomena witnessed at Mrs Esperance's circle on the 4th and 5th inst. On the occasion referred to, plants and flowers grow before the eyes of the sitters. A descriptive article from the pen of W. Oxley, Esq., accompanied by an engraving from a photograph of the plants will relate the astounding facts gathered at these seances.

In addition to this there will also appear "Historical Controls," by A. T. T. P., Notes of Progress, General News, and articles suitable for investigators. We confidently anticipate a large sale, and to prevent disappointment we request secretaries of societies and friends of Spiritualism everywhere to SEND IN THEIR ORDERS EARLY; and we urge upon all to do their utmost in scattering widely this number of the HERALD OF PROGRESS. We will send 100 copies, carriage free, 6/-; 50 copies, 3/3. Friends should club together and have a parcel for free distribution; and every society in the country ought to take at least 100 copies. ORDER EARLY.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

Lines written by request, on showing to the authoress a beautiful PICTURE of three angelic beings typifying, FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY.

Faith! blessed Faith!
How oft I've felt in sorrow's hour,
The soothing of thy holy power,
And heard thee bid my spirit rise,
To walk with thee 'neath cloudless skies:
By thee I've gazed on edens fair,
On pure bright beings dwelling there.

Heart cheering Hope!
Sweet sister of my heavenly guide,
And ever beaming by her side,
That softly whispers as we roam,
That scenes like these may be my home;
That I may dwell in edens fair,
With all I love bright beings there.

True Charity
All that is good in thee combine;
I hear thee say in tones divine,
That e'en the very spirits fell
That darken now the courts of Hell,
All yet may rise to edens fair,
All yet be pure bright beings there.

"Charity hopeth all things,
Believeth all things."

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"M. I. S."

A STRANGE MEETING.

[The following interesting narrative appeared a few months ago in one of the London penny weeklies. As it is suggestive and not outside of probabilities, we give it place without offering any comment.—Ed. H of P.]

On Friday, August 9, of last year, I had occasion to call upon some friends at Balham; and, as the weather was delightful, I took the train to Wandsworth Road Station, intending to walk thence across Clapham Common to my destination. I have always had an affection for the Common. When a boy, I played cricket and football there, and skated in winter upon the Round Pond. I walked the "Old Town," and past the old rectory, now, I notice, replaced by a brand-new one lying somewhere to the rear; and, turning slightly to the left, I struck across the parched, dusty common in the direction of Balham. It was years since I had been there; but I seemed to recognize every stone on the path before me. Every post and ditch had its own memories; and so, as I walked onwards in the glare of the mid-day sun, I fell into a kind of waking dream of old times. I was aroused from my meditations by the sound of a voice which chimed strangely with my thoughts; for it was the voice of my old schoolfellow Jones, and I knew it again at once.

"Who would have thought of meeting you, C—?" he exclaimed, cordially. "I am so glad to see you."

He seemed to be in a hurry, and as I was not pressed for time, I turned back and walked with him nearly as far as the parish church. In the course of our conversation he expressed a hope that we should be able to renew our early acquaintance; and then, as if struck by a sudden idea, he cried:

"By the way, C—, you are just the man who can undertake something that I want done. Let me see, though, I have left the papers at home in the secret drawer of my desk. Well, never mind; have you anything to do this evening?"

"No," I replied; "I am going to call on some friends at Balham, and then I am free for the rest of the day."

"Then dine with me at seven. You know my address."

"I don't indeed," I said, "except that you live somewhere in Nightingale Lane."

He drew out his pocket-book, took a card upon which only his name was engraved, and wrote his address in pencil upon the back.

"We are all alone," he remarked, as he handed me the card; "and of course you won't be expected to dress. I have a few things to do, but shall do my best to be home in plenty of time. Good-bye, old fellow, until then—and don't forget."

The last words he uttered in an unusually impressive voice, as I stood with my hand in his. Then, with a hearty shake, he left me, and we went our respective ways.

Across the common I went once more, glad to have met my dear old friend, and very delighted that he had asked me to dine with him. It was a pleasure to me to think that I should be able to do him a service; and I looked forward, with some amount of curiosity, to learning what that service might be. "Is he married yet? I wondered; and, if so, are there any children? Perhaps he wants me to assist him with the marriage settlement; perhaps he wants me to give him my opinion about some book which he intends to publish; or perhaps"—and until I arrived at Balham, my brain, for lack of other things to think about, was busied with speculations of this kind. I made my call, and assisted at that most terrible of functions—an afternoon tea. The institution is, to my mind, an abominable one. You are not hungry, and you are not thirsty; you are not expected to eat, neither are you expected to drink; but Fashion exacts that you should sit with a teacup uncomfortably balanced between your knees, and play with a wafer of bread and butter. If you like you may sip, and if you please you may nibble; but all that custom requires is that you should nurse your cup and dandle your bread and butter for a certain length of time. I happened to be on intimate terms with the friends at whose house I was calling, and I therefore was able to prolong my visit until about half-past six, at which period I took my leave, and slowly sauntered in the direction of Nightingale-lane.

On my way I looked at Jones' card. My friend, I found, had taken the trouble to write not only his address but also his dinner hour upon the back of it; and fortified with the information, I at length stood before the house of which I was in search,

Before it lay a garden full of tangled shrubs, among which grew five or six fine old elms; and a neatly-kept carriage drive led up to the porch, and thence returned by a different route to the road again.

I was before my time. It is always easier to be earlier than to be exactly punctual; and, unwilling to knock too soon, I strolled up and down in front of the green iron railings which bounded the garden.

"Well," I thought to myself, "I am glad to have met Jones again. He was one of the best of the many good fellows I knew at school, and he does not seem to have altered in the least. Is his father living I wonder? In the old days his father was reputed to have a great deal of money, and Jones—Ernest Jones whom I knew—was reputed to have reasonable expectations of becoming a millionaire. I hope he is a millionaire by this time, he deserves to be. Let me see—what was that father of his? Ah, a timber merchant, I remember; and the last thing I heard of Ernest was that he had become a member of the firm. It is a nice quiet old place—rather gloomy, perhaps, in consequence of the elms in front, but very comfortable, I should imagine. Is it time yet?"

I looked at my watch, and found that it was five minutes to seven; so without further delay, I threw back one of the heavy oaken gates, and passed along the drive to the front door.

My greatest pride is my knock. I am more awful and impressive when I knock than at any other moment; and, on this occasion I was knocking at a millionaire's door, I took great pains to conduct the operation in a more than usually elaborate fashion. Having done so to my complete satisfaction, I waited for half a minute, until the door was opened by a footman, upon whose face was such an expression of painful surprise that I at once repented of my audacity.

"Is Mr Ernest Jones in yet?" I asked.

"Mr Jones is in," replied the footman, not without a good deal of that pomposity peculiar to his kind, but also with a melancholy intonation which almost convinced me that, old as he was, he had been recently crossed in love; and taking my card, for which, by the way, he expressly asked, he led me to a drawing-room on the ground-floor, and, in a subdued voice asked me to be seated.

The room was gloomy, for the Venetian blinds were down, probably, as I imagined, to keep out the sun, which had not yet gone down but the place was beautifully furnished, according to the latest canons of art, and the twilight was very well in keeping with the style of the decorations.

In a few minutes a grey-headed old gentleman entered and I, somewhat disconcerted, rose and bowed. He held my card in his hand, and gazed at it as though endeavouring to recall my name.

"Do you come from Bates and Co.?" he asked, at last.

"No," I answered with a smile, which seemed to displease him; I have come in answer to"—

"Oh, from Grindle's, I see," he said, interrupting me.

Who was Grindle, and who were Bates and Co.? Surely I had, after all, called at the wrong house! So, before continuing the conversation, I drew forth the card which Ernest Jones had given me, and once more examined it.

"May I ask if you are Mr. Jones?" I hazarded.

"I am Mr. Jones," said the old gentleman; and if you come from Grindle's, I must ask you to wait for a few minutes until"—

"But I am not from Grindle's," I returned. "Your son Ernest has been good enough to ask me to dinner this eve"—

"What!" cried Mr Jones; and he laid hold of the back of a chair to support himself.

I smiled.

"He has told you, I suppose; Has he come in yet?"

The old gentleman only gazed at me in speechless astonishment, and turned very pale.

"Are you ill, sir?" I asked, approaching him.

"No—I am quite well. But—but—who did you say asked you to dinner here this evening!"

"Your son, Ernest, my old schoolfellow. I met him on the Common this afternoon."

"And he said?" demanded Mr. Jones, trembling violently.

"He said that I was not to dress, and that he would return about seven. Had you not better sit down, sir?"

The old man placed his wrinkled hand to his forehead, and tottered to a chair.

"Do you know what you said?" he asked, in a voice thick with emotion.

Could there have been some sudden quarrel between father and son?—or did Mr. Jones misunderstand me?

"Perfectly," I answered; "But of course if it is inconvenient to you sir, I shall be most happy"—

"Wait!" he said; and he made a visible effort to control himself. "You tell me that you met my son on the Common this afternoon?"

"At about half-past two," I assented.

The old gentleman gazed keenly at me with his steady grey eyes.

"Well?" he continued.

"And, as I have already said, he asked me to dine with him here at seven this evening, adding that he had a few little things to do, but that he would try to be home in good time."

"It is a hoax," said Mr. Jones, quite calmly. "You did not meet my son; he was not there. I do"—

"Sir," I began, somewhat piqued; but he motioned me to be silent.

"I do not," he continued, "pretend to doubt your good faith, but I can prove to you that you were, at least, mistaken."

"And I," I returned warmly, "can prove that I was not. Here is your son's card with his handwriting on the back of it!"

Once more the father's face turned pale, and trembling violently.

"Let me see!" he cried huskily.

I handed him the card, which he gazed at for some moments with increasing marks of agitation.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed at last—"And Ernest is lying dead up stairs!"

I was stricken, as though by a flash of lightning; but ere I could think, the old gentleman had fainted. I at once rang the bell, and personally did what I could for him by placing him upon the floor and dashing the water from a vase in his face.

The man-servant who had admitted me entered almost immediately.

"See to him," I exclaimed, pointing to the old man. "Bring more water; he has fainted."

In a few minutes' time, Mr Jones began to revive; and, as soon as he had fully recovered consciousness, he desired the man to leave him alone with me. The old gentleman then filled for himself a glass of wine from a decanter which stood upon a side-table, drank it off, and resumed his seat.

"I cannot sufficiently express my sorrow," I said, "for causing you all this pain; but I think you must now see that I came here upon very good grounds."

"This card is his—and the handwriting is his too," murmured Mr Jones; "but Ernest died on Wednesday morning, and at this moment he is lying dead in the house. It was for that reason that I expected you had come from Bates and Co., the tailors, or from Grindle, the undertaker. But how are we to explain this awful mystery? What can I think? I have no room for doubt that you met my dear son, and that he wrote these words; and yet—oh, heaven, I dare not believe that it is so—I will not believe it!"

"I have no desire," I said, "to torture you by repeating what I have already related; but every word of it is strictly true."

"And did he say nothing more?" demanded the father.

"He mentioned that he wanted me to do something for him; but he did not enter into details. He said the papers relating to the matter were here."

"Here!" repeated the old gentleman. "Here! Did he say where?"

"He said, I think, that they were in a secret drawer of his desk."

Mr Jones, for a moment or two, appeared to be lost in meditation.

"Is this an interposition of Providence?" he murmured at last; but I dare not hope it. Then he turned to me, and added,

"Do you mind following me, Mr C—?"

He led me to a room which, he told me, Ernest had used as his study. In one corner of it stood a large old-fashioned desk, upon which the old man placed his hand.

"Now," he said; "Ernest, when he died, was in possession

of some most important papers belonging to my firm, in which he was a partner. His death was somewhat sudden; he breathed no word about the documents, and, for aught I know, they are lost for ever—but their loss means my ruin. Dare I hope that this inexplicable circumstance will lead to their recovery? I have searched high and low—not only here, but in my counting-house—I have even searched this desk; but I have seen no secret drawer."

"Let us look once more," I suggested. "It is much past seven; and we cannot now look for any further development of this extraordinary event. So overcome am I, indeed, by what you have told me, that I can scarcely credit the evidence of my own senses. Unless we find this secret drawer, I shall believe it is all a nightmare."

Mr Jones opened the desk, the contents of which he at once proceeded to place upon a neighbouring table, in five minutes it was apparently empty.

"There is no room for a secret drawer!" he exclaimed. "Oh, how can this mystery be explained?"

"Wait," I said; and I began a most rigorous search in the framework of the desk. As I worked, the old gentleman, pale with anxiety, stood and watched me, while a cold sweat stood upon his brow, and his bloodless hands trembled violently. The desk was one of those of which the lid slides backwards into a curved groove; and in consequence of this arrangement, there was a good deal of spare room in the angle formed by this groove and the writing pad. This space was partially filled by a tier of small drawers, which I pulled out, and laid with other things upon the table. Then I lighted a match, and, as well as I was able, examined the void from which I had removed them. There, at the very back, was a small knob, which I could barely reach with the ends of my fingers; but, after one or two ineffectual attempts, I managed to draw it towards me.

It was the handle of the secret drawer; and in the drawer, placed there apparently for safety, were the very papers upon which so much depended. Without a word I handed the bundle to Mr. Jones, who ejaculated

"Thank heaven!" and, overcome by emotion, burst into tears. "Now," he said, when he recovered himself, "I understand why this vision appeared to you, Mr. C—. It is, indeed an interposition of Providence; for, without these papers, I, from no fault of mine, should have been a beggar in a month's time!"

I cannot describe the mixed tumultuous sensations I experienced. For two or three hours I remained, endeavouring to support and sympathise with the old man; and ere I left him he took me up into the still chamber of death, where, motionless and white as Parian, Ernest lay and slept.

"The most marvellous thing," he said, as I took leave of him, "is the writing on the card."

"Did you return it to me?" I asked.

"Yes," he said; "I believe I did."

I searched my pockets, and he searched his; we even returned to the drawing-room and the study; but the mysterious card was not to be found, nor has it been since seen.

And here ends my narrative of fact, which I cannot even attempt to explain. Certain it is, however, that, had it not been for my unconscious assistance, a worthy and respected old gentleman and his family would have been thrown into want and misery; and equally certain it is that neither I nor Mr. Jones can in any way account for the circumstances leading to the recovery of the documents, save upon the theory of a supernatural interference with the natural laws.

—:O:—

WEST PELTON.—On Sunday the 15th inst., the friends of this place held a series of meetings which will characterize the event as a red-letter day in that district. The weather being fine, large numbers were attracted to the open air meetings, which were held in a field kindly granted for the occasion by Mr Hodgson, farmer, Eden Hill. A few prominent workers connected with the Newcastle Society, drove over in the morning to render assistance. The services were most efficiently presided over by J. Mould, Esq., and the speakers were Messrs. Dodds, Wake, Burton, Westgarth, and Lambelle. The very large audience which so attentively listened to the soul stirring appeals to them to investigate the subject of Spiritualism, show at a glance what a warm enthusiasm the speakers possessed, and how interested the people were, for not one disturbing word, or uncanny expression was ever heard to mar the harmony or discourage the workers. Fearing that the evening might be rather damp and chilly it was decided to adjourn to the Co-operative Hall for the concluding service. The hall

was most densely packed in every part, and exceeded even the order of the two previous meetings. The speakers for the evening were Messrs. Dodds, Lambelle, and Westgarth, whose utterances were listened to with rapt attention, and appreciated in most visible ways. The interest of the service was further maintained by the naming of two children by Mr Lambelle, who, in fitting terms, spoke of the service of baptism or naming, and in appropriate language, addressed the parents on the duty and obligation which they had taken on themselves. After many kind and warm expressions, the day's proceedings were brought to a close by singing the doxology.

MRS ESPERANCE'S SEANCE.—On Sunday, 15th August, "Yolande"—the Arabian girl, was first to materialise and appear, and after coming round to some of the sitters, she vanished away, leaving a mass of drapery on the floor. A tall form appeared, and seemed to look at the drapery intensely, and retired. This form was thought to be "Ali." A figure then advanced to a gentlemen present, and satisfied him that she was a dear friend of his. Another figure went to a trio and saluted them; she was heavily draped in very white garments, but on turning round to return to the cabinet, threw off her head-dress and displayed luxuriant back hair—this, her proof of identity, enabled her to be recognised, but the features were not sufficiently displayed. The "Polish gentleman," in the light of two gas burners, appeared; and then a heavily draped form brought out the medium—standing beside each other in full view, the spirit form, drapery and every vestige of it, vanished away, leaving the medium alone. Mrs Esperance is likely to leave England for Sweden for a time, and it is to be hoped her health will improve, and her power increase during her visit. Very many will join in this desire, and also in the prayer for her speedy return, and the renewal of her efforts for the spread of our divine philosophy in her native land.—J. HARE.

A casual attender at above seances, testifies that the medium's arm being in splints—the good light throughout, the variety and beauty of the forms, the crowning manifestation of the medium being brought out by one of them, and other minor points, place it beyond cavil, and render it a triumphant demonstration of a duplicated intelligent personality, produced in the presence of a number of reliable witnesses, but how done he failed to discover.

General News.

Mr W. J. Colville is at present in Brooklyn, and will speak for the Brooklyn Conference on Sunday, August 22nd.

Our "Message Department" has been unavoidably delayed this week. We will endeavour to give it place in our next issue.

The *Banner of Light* of August 7th, contains a very favourable notice of the *Herald of Progress*, and wishes our enterprise every success.

A service for children will be held at 28, New Bridge Street, Newcastle, on Sunday afternoon next, at 3.45. Admission by ticket only.

The excellent address by Mr Munro which occupies the place of honour this week, has been much condensed to suit our limited space. The parts omitted, however, will be published at the first opportunity.

CONSETT.—On Sunday next, August 22nd, Mr Lambelle will deliver two discourses in the Assembly Rooms, Consett, in the afternoon at 2.30 on "Secularism, Christianity, and Spiritualism," and in the evening at 6, on "Jesus, his mission, crucifixion, and resurrection." Collections at the close of each meeting.

Mrs Richmond will journey northward, visiting Gateshead and Newcastle on the 29th inst., and following days. Societies desirous of securing the services of Mrs Richmond should communicate with her at once, to the care of W. Oxley, Esq., Parsonage, Manchester.

The Spiritualists in Manchester belonging to the several places of meeting will unite on the occasion of Mrs Richmond's visit to that city on Sunday, August 22nd. The meetings at Grosvenor Street Temperance Hall and 268, Chapel Street, Salford, will, in consequence of this arrangement, be closed on that day. Other local societies and circles are invited to join them.

It is now definitely arranged that Mr Matthews will leave England about the latter part of September or beginning of October for the United States. After completing his engagement with the Newcastle Society he will journey southward, and societies desirous of securing his services prior to his departure are requested to communicate at once as the time is limited. Address 22, Bromley Street, Nab Wood, Saltaire, Yorks.

Open Council.

Full scope is given in this column for the discussion of all questions conducive to the welfare and happiness of humanity. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the opinions herein expressed.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a long letter from "F. Ogle," commenting upon and contradicting the statements made by Mr. Wallis, in his "Jottings," which appeared in our last issue. Mr. Wallis did not mean that the Rev. Howard refused to debate because he could not make PRIVATE capital by the encounter; neither did the terms employed infer that the Rev. Howard sought personal aggrandisement, because we believe he would have applied it to some theological purpose. There is no need to occupy our limited space with words that do not edify, but provoke. We have sufficient strife in the world without importing more into it; and, further, we are convinced of the fact that if the challenge to debate with Mr. Morse, as stated by our correspondent, was accepted, and he came through it (which he undoubtedly would) to the satisfaction of a competent jury, that would in no wise suffice to prove the power of inspiration. If our friend, Mr. Ogle, would dogmatise less, and think more, we would not be called upon to refuse insertion to such manifestly contradictory sentences as the letter in question contains.

Received with thanks:—"Ever Near," by "B.D.;" "Selections from Thinkers," by "J.R."

"T.W."—Shall be glad to hear from you at all times, and to receive "Notes of Progress" from any part wherever you may be located.

TESTS AT SEANCES.

Sir,—I am at a loss to understand your worthy correspondent, "T. C. E.," who essays a controversy on my position regarding "Tests," while the tenor of his epistle is almost *in toto* with my own, and while condemning bolts and bars, concurs with the fact that they tend to produce confidence, if the said tests be not offensive in character. I crave his closer attention to my paper, which has not the shadow of a shade of suggestion in regard to the application of such tests. I am sorry our anti-test friends do not sufficiently credit us with judgment and propriety, in devising such as are seemly as well as secure.

When "T. C. E." suggests the desirability of ignoring cabinets, he does no more than what is already suggested in my paper on the above subject, when I premise to the effect that until such times as the phenomena are self-demonstrating, tests must continue an essential factor in the safe and sure investigation of the subject, the which is followed with the distinct suggestion that the endeavour be made to dispense with and procure the phenomena without cabinets altogether. Now we have not reached to this stage as yet, and while I would suggest an effort in that direction, yet we must consider that until such times as it is commonly procured, we must necessarily abide by what is obtainable. "Rome was not built in a day." Neither has any science or invention crept into being momentarily and perfect. Consequently, to "away with bolts and bars" is a premature expression, and "to ask no more of a medium than we would of a beloved wife, sister, or daughter," carries no moral weight, and is essentially unscientific, inasmuch as the prejudices of kinship might hoodwink our judgment on the one hand, and the chances of the medium enacting, destroy our complete satisfaction on the other, and at the same time subject them to ungenerous suspicion. No, my friend, the correct and scientific mode of investigation will so far place the phenomena beyond a medium wittingly imposing, that the said medium will, to all intents and purposes, be an unconsidered factor in that regard. Then, as I stated in my paper, and which "T. C. E." admits to be a fact, should the medium be brought out, still it is an evidence of supernundano power, but if this should be done under untested conditions, what would be the feeling of the sceptic with even an ordinary intellect? The former would undoubtedly perplex and humbug his mind, but give him an incentive to further examination, but the latter he would brand at once as deliberate fraud and deception, and in all probability sicken him of further inquiry. As to the sceptic removing his doubts under the tests from the medium to the sitters is decidedly the least of the two evils—if it can be considered an evil to doubt. Nay, the probability is, it may be beneficial, compelling the inquirer to keep a sharp look-out, which, in the end will produce ampler satisfaction to all parties concerned, producing an ultimate of reliable and undoubted phenomenal verities and spiritual truths that the rack of time will never taint with doubt or upset from fear.

VOLVOX.

Question and Answer Column.

—:o:—

We invite the attention of our readers to this useful and interesting department. This column presents unusual facilities for the discussion and probable solution of many disputed points in connection with the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism; and trust its advantages will be utilised to the fullest extent.

ANSWERS.

In No. 3 of the *Herald of Progress*, "Enquirer" asks—"Shall we be able to carry out the study of nature and nature's laws, or, perhaps, to but it more plainly, 'scientific investigations,' when we pass from this stage of existence?"

He then goes on to say that he is very fond of scientific studies, but his many and various daily engagements, both at home and at business, render it almost impossible for him to acquire any but a very superficial acquaintance with the vast field of knowledge of nature and nature's laws. Now, in reply to "Enquirer," it is a law in spirit-life that every earnest yearning and longing of the soul shall have its complete satisfaction and fulfillment. Who is there amongst us but has longed in his soul, at some time or other, for something which he has never been able to attain? owing to either his scanty means, or unfavourable surroundings. Yet all these desires will most assuredly obtain their full satisfaction in his beautiful spirit-home. Listen to the utterances of one of our most highly-gifted mediums—Cora L. V. Richmond. "Is your favourite theme human philanthropy? Straightway, before your vision there comes the divine beneficence of God's love, and you behold, not through the narrow sense of the human brain, but with the divine vision that this divine beneficence and love encompasses, surrounds, looks over all, and that the pathways which you think devious and strange, all lead to the celestial mountains of God's love. Is your favourite theme religion? Straightway, from the narrow limits of the special creed or the particular faith, you are initiated into the mysteries of that divine religion whereby God's spirit works through all tongues, to all nations, among all people; nay, whereby He even reaches distant worlds peopled like your own, each one having souls to save, each one endowed with aspirations. And when you consider not only the millions of souls that have passed from earth-life, but also the millions upon millions that have passed from other planets, how vast must be the range of vision, how divine the workings of the system of thought, that could fill every throbbing of even the lowliest of those beings, especially dear to the infinite mind." Judge Edmunds says—"I saw a shining light, a little apart from us, among a group of others clad in whiteness, and I said—Who is this? and even as I spoke the answer came—the friend of humanity—Wilberforce. Around him, I saw a group of the friends of humanity, each intent with him upon devising some great and beneficent measure for the amelioration of the condition of mankind." And in the same discourse he also says—"In the centre of one group I saw Franklin, who seemed to be pointing out to his hearers, or to those who were dependent upon him, some elementary experiment that he desires them to follow in reference to the present manifestations upon earth. I saw another centre, and another teacher—I refer to Mesmer—he is now adding to the science of spiritual control; he also has his pupils and coadjutors. One especial group had its centre in Washington; others, in Napoleon and Caesar. There, I can see the lamented Lincoln, whose spirit had risen because of his love of liberty; and among the radiant and shining throng were still greater measures of human improvement. I saw there the late and lamented Charles Sumner, risen to his new estate, and there, as here, debating the liberty and freedom of the slave." "Enquirer" will learn from the quotations, that all these great men in spirit-life are working out the leading desire of their earth-life, and so will it be with "Enquirer" and all of us. He says "It may be a very foolish question." Let him not say or think so any more, for it is one of the most noble questions which can occupy the human mind. Let him, by all means, push on his enquiries, for there is a boundless realm before him. Ever truly, yours, in the bonds of our spiritual philosophy, ALLEN BROWN.

Yorkshire District Committee.*President*: Mr. B. Lees. *Vice-President*: Mr. R. Jarvis.*Auditor*: Mr. Owen, Leeds.*Secretary*: Mr. C. Poole, 28, Park Street, Barkerend Road, Bradford.*Plan of Speakers for August.*

BRADFORD.

(Spiritualist Church, Charlotte Street, Manchester Road at 2.30 & 6 p.m.)
Sec., R. Jarvis, 30, Paisley StreetAugust 22...Mrs Butler, Bingley | August 29...Mr Armitage, 2.30; Mrs
Illingworth, 6
(Wade's Meeting Room, Bowling, at 2.30 and 6 p.m.)
Sec. Mr. Smith, Garnett Street, Bradford.August 22...Mr Armitage, Batley Carr | August 29...Local Speaker
(Spiritual Lyceum, Top of Heap Lane, Tennyson Place, at 2.30 & 6 p.m.)
Sec., C. Poole, 28, Park Street.August 22...Mrs Dobson, Batley Carr | August 29...Local Speaker
HALIFAX.
(Spiritual Institution, Peacock Yard, Union Street, at 2.30 and 6 p.m.)
Sec., Mr. Chas. Appleyard, 6, Albert St., Gibbet St.August 22...Mr Blackburn, Halifax | August 29...Mrs Dobson, Batley Carr
SOWERBY-BRIDGE.
(Spiritualist Progressive Lyceum, Hollins Lane, at 6.30).
Sec., Mr W. Walker, 46, Conway Street, Halifax.August 22...Mr A. D. Wilson | August 29...Mr Armitage
BATLEY CARR.
(Batley Carr Association, Town Street, at 6.30 p.m.)
Sec., Mr. J. Armitage.August 22...Mrs Illingworth, Bradford | August 29...Mrs Hollings, Churwell
OSSETT.
(Spiritual Institute, Ossett Green, at 6 p.m.)
Sec., Mr. G. Cooper, Prospect Road.August 22...Mr Oliffe | August 29...Mrs Jarvis, Bradford
The Sunday Afternoon Services are discontinued.
MORLEY.(Spiritual Mission Room, Church Street, at 2.30 and 6 p.m.)
Sec., Mr. Jos. Ward, Cross Hall.
August 22...Miss Hance, Shipley | August 29...Mr A. D. Wilson, Halifax
RINGLEY.(Ante-Room, Odd-Fellows' Hall, at 2.30 and 6 p.m.)
Sec., C. Illingworth, 4, Lindum Terrace.
August 22...Miss Harrison, Shipley | August 29...Local Speaker**Nottingham Association of Spiritualists.***President*: A. S. Bradshaw, Esq. *Treasurer*: Mrs. Palmer.*Hon. Sec.*: Mr. Yates, 39, Lower Talbot Street, Nottingham.

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