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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.

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.

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FRANCIS, LORD JEFFREY.

March 9th, 1881.

CONDITIONS were good atmospherically, as well as on the part of the sensitive, who at once went under control, and spoke as follows: "Despite the antagonism of all authority, I considered that my opinion was the marked one towards success. I am referring to the *Edinburgh Review*," in which I single-handed acted out, what I considered to be the strongest point in the *Review*, and that was politics; and as I loved politics then; so do I love to debate on politics now. You put me much in mind of myself; remember, I too was hale and strong at a good ripe age; but even with every condition in favour of a prolonged life, the off chances must be taken into consideration, and the soul must prepare itself for change. On Monday, I was well and doing my duty; on Tuesday a feeling of illness came over me, and I was an inanimate and lifeless body on the Saturday. Had such a fact as this present one come before my notice—had any human being with any pretension to reason or common sense have asserted before me, that he had received a political opinion from a soul beyond the grave, I should have looked on him as one who was making an insane endeavour to deceive me, or, as one who was a slave to a strong impulse, which is the possession of all men with more or less power, and that such was his anxiety to possess something concerning himself, and his soul's future, that this strong impulse had overshadowed his intellectual powers and reason; and I should have spoken to him as one, who was sadly behind the times; that with such his belief his proper generation had passed, and that he should have both lived and moved in a past age, when the mockery of sorcery and witchcraft was believed in; when the powers of nature, the elements were feared, and when princes and potentates bowed down, reverently listening to the ravings of priest or priestess; but that in the present age, such a pretentious claim could not be entertained; that reason, philosophy, and revelation alike gave such a belief a denial, and that superstition and credulity belonged alone to the illiterate and

ignorant, and not to the thinking or the intellectual. But this would have been bad argument, and a sad misconception on my part, as is proved by the fact not alone of my presence, but also of the presence of the hundreds that have preceded me here; and I find that in these communications none that communicate are permitted to alter the decrees of God, or to abuse the freedom of Will. If this were not so, spiritual communications, instead of being a promised renovation, would become a curse. It does not make a soul happier to be told what God has decreed actually, and from which there can be no deviation; such a knowledge, instead of being comforting, would be productive of keen misery; and yet many will importantly dub themselves investigators, and still ask such questions as these, 'Will such an event still in the future be decided this or that way? Will such or such a race be run? or how am I situated in my kindred's Will? Shall I be rich? Will my circumstances alter and so on?' Plenty of these questions might be answered. I myself have been in the presence of spirits, when such questions have been asked, and which might easily have been answered, but neither the questions nor the answers contained any spiritual importance, and therefore instead of bringing comfort to the soul, the answer would have robbed the soul of patience, and in the event of a distant fortune arriving, the pleasing joy of its reception would have been marred by the many weary years of waiting, and so would the bad news which some of the answers to the questions most certainly give: for neither in question nor answer could there be spiritual importance, for spiritual communication is not given to destroy hope in the soul, or fill the spirit with dread, and the certain knowledge of a coming misfortune would have that effect. I have heard those, too, who are standing outside this belief, the same as I was standing outside it when on earth, say that it was indeed one of the most melancholy considerations of the age, that many men, strong in reason and acute in investigation, should be believing and living on the easiest terms with the impostors who were named sensitives or intermediates. But, I ask, is it wise to prejudice, because the circumstances are unusual, and because, also, they are apart from ordinary incidents? Their very nature has raised up a host of respectable and influential antagonists. All this would not have stayed me from making due enquiries, had I been in the body in this latter half of the nineteenth century; for since my departure from the body, a new form of thought has been abroad amongst men; a new form of belief, viz., that of souls beyond the grave communicating with souls in form, and those believing this are of all classes. The fact, or the alleged fact, of apparitions has existed from time immemorial, but it was never my fate to receive any authenticity respecting them whilst on earth; nor did I consider any proof possible by any amount of perseverance. But to-day gives out

a different hope, a stronger and more definite programme. Writers, in advancing these truths, deliberately and conscientiously assert 'we write these things which we know;' and had I been in the form, I should first have studied three of the most prominent of the believers; and you certainly would have formed one of the trio. We will put aside the other two, and dwell chiefly on what would have been my consideration respecting yourself; and I should have argued, admitting that I had become acquainted with your past life of hard work and earnest perseverance, 'Here is a life of steadfastness, but certainly pursued not by an enthusiastic or unreasoning mind; not a life in pursuit of that which is a fantasy or a dream, but every succeeding year lived reasonably, hopefully, and laboriously;' therefore I should have arrived at the logical conclusion that you were no enthusiast. Now, then, having arrived at the knowledge of the writer, I should have been anxious to get at your writings; willing to pick a flaw, if I discovered one; or to expose a weakness, if one existed; for I should be investigating either to believe and assist, or to disbelieve and oppose. What should I have found? First, I should have looked for evidence of self-laudation, self-praise that was unmerited; for I permit the right to speak of labour well done, and of earnestness duly rendered. Then with these permitted laudations I should have looked for and found them; and I should also have argued that they appear, not because you wished to praise yourself, but as an incentive of belief in others; noting the fact that your hours of labour, and of time given, which all will allow might, if you were without earnestness in the cause, have far more advantageously been bestowed, had not been lost; so that I should have found, that you were even willing to lay yourself open to self-praise, that you might benefit the cause, that you had at heart. I should have come across your usual heading, and I should have proved your intermediate's personality, and I should have been as satisfied as all would be after due investigation. Then I should have turned to the communications themselves, and I should there have found a lucid statement of facts, in calm and sober language, free from the slightest tinge of the thought of deceiving. I should have found a teaching inculcated of another end, and another hope of the future given therein; and that these revelations recorded a higher conception of the dignity of the Almighty. This would have been my first realised idea, and that this established a system of profound wisdom and adaptation on earth to the wants of man; no ascetic condition; no going back depending on the teachers of the past, but demanding a giant strength of intellectual reason, so progressive, that ministers and priests gaze with surprise, and with bated breath await the result; for in all the communications I should have come across, I should find earnest exhortations to examine, first, carefully all that is uttered, and to let the truth be separated by reason; and secondly, also the fact given that the wheat and the tares are coming together, and that foolish men are clinging to the tares; but the majority are using their reason, and, guided by that reason, despise the husk. By husk, I mean those communications that counsel extraordinary actions, actions which make the soul foolish, and its folly apparent; but those guided by reason gently chide the returning one, and, refusing the position of learners, adopt that of teachers. But because the good and the bad come together, that does not form the slightest reason for the rejection of these truths. As well argue because an unhappy few, made wretched by the damnable passages from their pastors' lips, go melancholy, become insane; or, as in the case that has lately occurred, come into the presence of their God uncalled. I am referring to two young ladies, who, through religious melancholy, only last week passed away. But to return to my text: as well base the conclusions that because of this lamentable incident, the entire fabric of Christianity had no foundation, and its chapters by commentators of the past were without any evidence of truth. There is, certainly, and has been up to the present day, good and bad in Christianity, and therefore it is no plea for the Christian to refuse to investigate, to refuse to be reasonable in respect of these later revelations, because the communications are of two natures—the good and the bad. The road from the many worlds to this is a wide one, and one which God has promised greatly to enlarge. It is already traversed by many anxious ones, high and low, good and bad; and well may the communications exclaim, 'Receive all! deny none! but let your own soul be a reasonable guide to the judgment.' I have stayed amongst the many 'Brother P.,' and

have also been amongst the first to welcome those great minds, those stars of our profession, and soon, soon we shall welcome another;* one whose grief for a loved one shall fill his soul with the sweet hope of soon joining her; and if spirit communion is a blessing to souls here on earth, then is the mercy of being enabled to share once more our earth emotions a mercy to us; and then this new revelation, this revelation of this century, be an act, I say, an act of loving mercy, which benefits the soul in form, and also the soul in spirit life. I know that although I have had no previous communications, I am welcome here, and I further knew that when I did attempt to control, it would be with the entire absence of the doubt displayed by many who have afterwards, to their surprise, succeeded so well." [I had asked for a rest, and the control said, "After the rest I intend to follow out the bent of my thoughts respecting my opinion on the latest political events." Here, during this rest, I had fully ten minutes of a most entertaining conversation. I spoke about Byron, Scott, Sidney Smith, Brougham, and others, and when I mentioned "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," the control jokingly said, "Byron gave it me smartly; there I got more than I gave." He also spoke of his regret of his critique on Scott's "Marmion," although they became good friends afterwards.]

He then commenced again, saying—"Let us return to that subject which I so much insisted on in the *Edinburgh Review*—Politics. I am very pleased to hear that the difficulty on the Gold Coast is likely to be bridged over, and the hatchet exchanged for the peace branch; for the Ashantee, even if a savage, is not to be despised by the force now at the fort. But that matter, in my opinion, is insignificant by the side of the doings of the Transvaal. The annexation by Shepstone and his small civil force was easily and quickly managed. For four years they have obeyed our rule, and they have had all their debts paid, and further, Sir, with all their enemies driven to a distance; but they have raised their hands against their sovereign and successfully waged war on what is actually a British possession, even independent of their own country so sacred to them, they are in the Natal country now, and our troops have been twice most successfully defeated, and the derisive shouts of victory have twice come from their ranks, and English wealth, and might and power, have been successfully defied by a few thousands of Dutch Boers or farmers, and now to the surprise of all men of all classes, an armistice is either asked for or granted. It is still an open question, whether the enormity of suing for terms proceeded first from our side; for if once publicly known, that because defeat had been the consequence of a most daring and soldierly attempt, and although the government argue, that the defeat was the consequence of his own rashness unaccompanied by any order and that, consequently, the defeat bears with it no consequence against the prestige of this Kingdom. Such an argument is a vain and weak one; the general commanding met a soldier's death, and it is but a poor refuge for the ministry to plead the absence of orders. If it be once known that the treaty for this armistice has proceeded from our side, it rings the doom of the present ministry; for what Englishman will forget the act of a Government, that for the first time in this country's history made it sue for terms of peace; but if, on the other hand, the ministry prove that the armistice truly proceeded from the Boers; it leaves the position nearly as bad. Well may the whole Colony feel fear of these victorious boasting Boers as neighbours in the future, who will swaggeringly bluster and say, we won our independence by successive victories, and at the peril of our lives; yes, if they re-gain their independence, and they are admitted as patriots, they will become bad neighbours. Let us hope, and I do think, that this armistice is an act of policy; it must be so; no ministry is so mad as to sue for, or to grant peace whilst suffering a heavy defeat; this delay must be to enable the reinforcements to arrive; so that England then can proudly make her own terms; let us pray that they may be merciful; at present, the position is one of wailing with all the loss of men and prestige on our side; forced to the position of asking the permission to feed our starving garrison and the grace allowed by the Dutchmen, but of a few days, and the conveyance of

* I know who is meant, and have fixed who is referred to by a private memorandum.

provisions scrupulously weighed with a commissariat officer's honour pledged that there is not an ounce too much or more than the permission granted, and the whole jealously searched to see whether any ammunition is handed over. A new position indeed for our forces to occupy, requiring a bold hand at the helm. It was told you, and in my presence in this room, that there should be great things done by this ministry. It was told to you the dissolution; it was also told to you, the liberal victory and the next premier; it was also told you, that there would be a good working majority without the assistance of the Sister Island. But Englishmen are jealous of the honour of their country, and the minister who hopes to retain power must be jealous of that honour. You have spoke of those who were very dear companions with me in earth-life, and I also mentioned a name which you did not seem to know 'Scott.' [I said that was a mistake, I had when he said 'Scott,' mentioned the Christian name 'Walter.'] We were not only school companions, but also companions in our duties on the Bench. I am not going to enter on my college life for to tell you the truth, I thought but little of it. It was a period of idleness, drunkenness and immorality; to be without a mistress was to be out of the fashion; and to go to bed in a sober state was deemed staid and formal; so consequently one term was quite sufficient for me. Yes, I intend to pass over those early struggling years; for they were struggling years; for remember, dear P., that my father was only a *depute* sessions clerk, and our servant was one that had helped to bring me into the world, 'Luckie Manna' we used to call her, and we had another servant who was the surprise of my father's guests and of the neighbourhood; he was a regular trinity in himself; working first as gardener; and as gardener my father would address him, and speak of him to others; then he would speak again of him as his indoor servant, saying, half apologetically, 'I keep no butler, but a handy indoor servant.' Then again he would speak of him 'as his groom who would drive him out morning and evening.' He was in himself a regular 'three in one,' with strong Trinitarian claims; stronger than some. You spoke of Brougham, and also of Sidney Smith. There was a great correspondence in reference to bringing out the child of our thoughts, the *Edinburgh Review*. Sidney Smith took an active share in the first numbers, and for a little while afterwards, and then the cares of editorship were handed over to my keeping, P. I remember, my first essay at criticism; I followed no rule, other than my own judgment: Sidney Smith stood astonished, and Brougham said pleasantly, 'the *Edinburgh Review* will be the making of the little man. Brougham in his criticisms spared the party in the House to which he was attached. I spared none. I heard you mention the name of Sir Walter Scott; a good genial host, yet my ready pen stung him far deeper than I intended in my criticism on his 'Marmion,' and then after six or seven years that the *Review* had been on its voyage, hitherto only toying with politics, I commenced earnestly. It was well and decidedly understood which was the party I was bitterly opposed to. To be sure, it was not a one-sided battle; but for every sting I received, I returned one with spirit and cogency, and alarmed them by my advice to the inefficient middle party, to shake hands with the few of democratic opinions and to form either an addition to the opposition or to form a party of themselves. The Tories were hard to kill, as you know, and more especially, the Scotch Tories. Like you, I can remember that portion of my life with deep satisfaction. It was only as years passed by, that the great sorrow of my life came on me. Like you, I am sensitive, very sensitive, and was so on earth to the gentler emotions, and although I was irascible, I was easily appeased. According to the rule of promotion, a promotion that was my due, I sat in the Court of Session, and although there were times in which I heard the droning of witnesses in these long causes, and my patience was sorely tried. Still, on the whole, on reviewing the past years I was happy, hopeful, and contented; and after not a very severe illness, I renewed my duty, under the hope of many years being still left for me. Dear Sidney Smith, my friend, had past into the higher life, and his widow I aided with counsel and advice, friendly to the last. I am tenacious of the memory of any of my past friendships, and as I told you at first, on the Monday and on the Tuesday I worked, I worked with an attention and a memory as keen as in my brightest days, and then a nasty short dry cough began to fix itself on me, lasting the Wednesday and the Thurs-

day; and then I told the doctor that I was dying. I could not get my breath, and on the Saturday my spirit bade farewell to those around my bed, and hastened to meet those friends that had passed on before. God grant that you may with a happy success continue the work appointed to you by God in this world, and so shall your reward be an assured one, and recollection of your steadfastness will dwell in the memories of men throughout all times. A brother lawyer bids you good-bye."

There are those who in their self-sufficiency will say there is nothing in this that the sensitive might not have crammed up for the occasion. Possibly, had he been an educated man, accustomed to debate, well versed in the writings of the contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*, and the policy of that *Review*, he might have given correctly the outline; but he could not have imparted the twang (if I may use the expression) that speaks Jeffrey in every line. Where would he have picked up all the little family arrangements and incidents? Had all this record been crammed by the cleverest mind that ever existed, it would have been narrative; nothing more and nothing less. It would have been dry detail, and nothing more, and would not have offered that display of feeling that none but the person feeling could display, or the most consummate actor represent. But in the place of scholar-cramming for the occasion, or an actor working up a part, all has come out of the mouth of a very ordinary, hard-working man, whose head and hands are in his work of shoemaking from early morn to late at night. Let those who know the man and his mode of life be asked what they know; let his home be searched to see his stock of literature, and none would be found; and his constant application to his work would banish the possibility of his cramming up at Mechanics' Institutes or Workmen's Libraries, for these numerous sittings and the results. Common sense tells me that it is easier for me to believe that Francis Lord Jeffrey was speaking in spirit through the lips of the sensitive, than in any of the clever suggestions that it is so easy to suggest, and so difficult to establish. When will the human mole find eyes to see and ears to hear what is strange, but, nevertheless, true? Finis.

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HARRY TARLETON: A TALE OF LOVE AND MYSTERY.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIFE BEYOND THE GRAVE."

(Continued from page 162.)

"But surely," said I, "if you believe that the parents have souls as well as the children, they ought not to be neglected either."

"Certainly not. I am only talking of the comparative merits of prevention and cure. I would apply the same principle to the parents. I would give them healthy homes. I would lay out money in pulling down old property and rebuild it, and when rebuilt, sell it off again and buy up more; and I would insist on a law being passed and properly carried out whereby no such dens could possibly be built again. I would, in short, have the lower classes well housed. In this wretched climate where it is perpetually raining, and we get so little sunshine, nothing seems to me more necessary than to make people comfortable in-doors. Having secured them comfortable homes, I would lay out my money in providing them with decent amusements. At present a man turns out of a squalid home, where he cannot spend a happy evening, and naturally drifts towards the public house simply because he cannot remain in the street. He is sure to meet his friends there and will find a comfortable, brilliantly lighted, well warmed room and plenty of congenial society, with perhaps a little music. How can a man be expected to resist such attractions as these? You and I, and most other educated men spend our time in much the same way."

"Oh, come," said I, surprisedly, "that will not do. You never saw me in a gin palace, I'm sure!"

"I don't mean that," said Harry, "but even we get tired of our snug rooms, where no housewife and squalling children salute our ears. Don't we like to call on our friend and have

a smoke and a chat, as you and I are doing now? Of course we do, and so does the working man, only his chums are no better able to receive him comfortably than he is to do the like for them, so the publican accommodates them, and plies them with liquor, and a barrel organ as long as they like to stay. For the more juvenile, the publican opens a larger gin palace which he calls a music hall. You see from this that a working man likes society and music, and a comfortable room, and if he cannot have these without drink, why he takes the drink also. What I should do to remedy this state of things would be to buy up an old church or large school-room, or, if need be, build a large hall. This I should have well warmed, hung with pictures, fitted with a good organ worked by machinery, if I could not afford to pay for a band, and furnished with tables and chairs all round, with perhaps a platform at one end for singing, or lectures, or magic-lantern displays. I would have no tracts distributed, and no texts hung about the walls. Everything should be for comfort and sociability combined with instruction. Coffee and tea and bread and butter should be served, and working men should be encouraged to come there with their wives and families, and talk and smoke, listen to the music or enjoy themselves in any rational way they liked. Connected with it, one might have a swimming bath, a skating rink, a library, a co-operative store, a bank and various clubs, &c.

Another favourite idea of mine is to endow a theatre, where the admission would be low enough to suit all purses and the plays would always be instructive and improving. Such a place would always be full, and consequently the audience could not help being benefited. The scenery, music and dresses, to say nothing of the comfort of being in a dry, warm building, would draw all the little street urchins who could raise a penny or twopence for admission, and who could say that it would not be infinitely better for them than running about the streets? Again, I would establish open-air swimming baths around all large towns, for the use of boys and men. I would hire a steamer or buy one, and take the children and families of the London poor for occasional trips out to sea, for the sake of the change of air. I would establish large homes on the sea coast, to which the children of the poor could be sent in batches for a fortnight's romp at the sea-side or in the country. These poor little urchins in the back slums never see the country or the sea-side, and many of them would probably carry sunny memories with them through life, which would keep alive a wholesome love of the country were they only to catch an occasional glimpse of it. I would also buy up and subdivide some of the overgrown landed estates, erect cottages and allot a few acres of land to each, and give poor men, of whom there are thousands in our large towns, all anxious to get a bit of land in Old England, a chance of becoming peasant proprietors. At present, the land is monopolised by the upperclasses, and the poor man is driven to emigrate because he cannot get a bit of land in the country which gave him birth. Thus thousands of able bodied energetic men are being driven out of the country to enrich other nations, and the lame, the halt, the blind, and the paupers are left behind for the ratepayers to keep. In short, there are many ways in which money may be laid out in *preventive* means rather than *curative*; and what is more, many of these means, might be made to pay a fair return too, and upon the old adage that prevention is better than cure, I hold that my ideas are worthy of due consideration."

"Well," said I, "I am much obliged to you for your views, your schemes are enough to take one's breath away. I cannot stay longer now. I have been much interested, nevertheless, and will think it over until we meet again. Adieu." With that I left Harry buried in an arm-chair before the fire, deeply pondering over his favourite ideas.

In the Long Vacation of the year following the events narrated in the foregoing chapters, Harry and I agreed to spend our holidays together in a country ramble in Devonshire, our favourite county. We were safely conveyed by train to Dawlish, where we commenced the pedestrian part of our tour, and enjoyed many delightful rambles up the lovely valleys which here afford such beautiful scenery. Narrow lanes, some only nine feet across, with high hedges of fern, ivy, and hazelnut, with graceful elms meeting overhead, and partially screening the fitful gleams of sunlight that ever and anon broke through the leafy canopy of green. These and other beauties of nature, such as

the breezy moorlands, or Coombes so rich in golden gorse and purple heather, with bright blue skies overhead, and distant glimpses of the sea, afforded us perpetual feasts of colour and scenery that we, denizens of the cold grey "North Country," could hardly too well appreciate. We bathed in the morning on the sea-shore, and walked and sketched all day in the country, and then returned to our hotel in the evening.

Not being much of a sketcher myself, I lay on the grass or strolled about, whilst he was busy with his pencil or brush.

Occasionally I made notes of the situation, by way of refreshing my memory at some future time, when, far away in a gloomy back street of smoky Millhampton, I might wish to recall some of the sunny memories of the lovely south.

In one of our walks from Dawlish, we passed up the valley along which the little town is built, until we came into the open country, and found ourselves near a brook, which we crossed, and proceeded thence up a delightfully shaded lane of the kind just described. The banks were high, as usual, and one mass of ferns, ivy, and wild flowers. We overtook a large flock of fine cream-coloured sheep, just tinged with a reddish hue, who were cropping the banks in advance of us, and ever and anon scampered on in front when we drew nearer. Following them also was a group of little children, going leisurely up the lane, which here began to ascend a hill. They were evidently on their way to school, since the bell could be heard tolling half way up the hill in the direction they were going. Altogether, the beautiful wall of green on each side, the straggling sheep, and the groups of children, all lit up with the bright beams of the early morning sunshine, gleaming through the foliage, formed as pretty a picture as two young pedestrians, setting off for their day's walk in the fresh morning air, after a substantial hotel breakfast, could well desire. We ascended the hill by the lane we had come, until at length the trees bordering our lane became fewer and fewer, leaving us at last with nothing but the open moorland, as we found ourselves on the summit of Little Hall Don. The morning was bright and breezy, the sun was shining cheerily, and only a few fleecy clouds overspread the bright blue sky. As far as the eye could reach nothing but purple heather, occasionally relieved by bright yellow gorse, in full flower. Not a human being was to be seen, and beyond a few sheep in the distance, and the swarms of flies that persisted in settling on our hands and noses, as we lay on the grass to take in at our leisure the glorious prospect before us, there were no signs of animal life on that breezy hill top. Right in front of where we lay, the moorland swept down in a gentle curve into a valley some miles away below us. Rising beyond this valley into the far distance was a fine rolling country, bounded on the horizon by the pale blue sea, so calm and still in the sunlight, and blending in a hazy hue with the blue sky, unrelieved by aught save a tiny white sail here and there visible in the sunlight.

Harry and I had enjoyed our walk from Dawlish so much that we sat down here for half-an-hour's rest, and proceeded to enjoy ourselves by gazing our fill on the lovely view before us, and drinking in the fresh breeze that came gently over towards us from the sea.

"Well," exclaimed Harry, rolling himself at full length on the grass, and throwing his knapsack down before him; "this is what I call enjoyment. I often wonder whether we poor devils from the dirty, smoky cities don't, after all, get more enjoyment out of the country than those who are bred and born here."

"Yes, I fancy that's so. They cannot see beauties which we are delighted with, simply because they don't know anything much worse; and I suppose, after all, happiness is entirely relative. What is the height of felicity to one man, is misery to another, and those who have always been feasting on luxuries never know what it is to eat with an appetite."

"Shall I tell you what my idea of perfect happiness is?" said Harry. "Sunshine and beautiful scenery, with a lovely companion of the opposite sex by one's side, is my embodiment of earthly enjoyment. Scenery is delightful in itself, no doubt, but whenever I am enjoying it all by myself, away from my fellow-creatures, I always feel the want of some one with me to share it."

"Well," said I, "won't a friend do? Why are you always hankering after pretty girls? Cannot a man enjoy the society of a male friend as much as a female friend?"

"Some people can, and although I hope I can appreciate

friendship as much as anyone, yet a man must be a flint indeed who would prefer the society of any male friend in the world to that of the girl he loves. That remark may sound like personal reflection, by the way, but it is not intended as such."

"Well," said I, "not having been in love, I suppose I must make allowances for you."

"It is hard to have won a lovely girl like Grace," replied Harry, despondingly, "and then to lose her again, as I have done—so unjustly, too. How happy we might be, if I had her here now. How she would enjoy it!" he said with a sigh; and then, after a pause, "confound that old curmudgeon, the Colonel!" he added indignantly.

Suddenly recovering himself, he raised his head from the ground, and looked out over the country, said with a sigh, "Heigho! such is life! Nothing but disappointments; but I suppose it is for the best. If it weren't for Spiritualism, I don't know what I should do. I believe I should think it would be justifiable to gain her by hook or by crook. I used to think at one time that love justified everything by a sort of divine right, and if I loved a girl, I should be quite right to intrigue and carry her off in spite of her parents, and any combination of circumstances to the contrary. Now I am resigned to my fate and take it as a matter of course; because I believe there is no such thing as chance, but everything happens for the best so long as we do our duty. I know that I could, by exercise of my will, oppose her father and contrive some means for getting at Grace, and induce her to marry me; but now I should look upon it as a crime. I shall never take a step towards her again, but simply wait for events to bring us together or not as it may please God. What I do rely on and believe in is prayer. Formerly I used to think a man should rely on his own strong right arm and fight his own battles in life. Now I think differently, because as a Spiritualist, I know and believe that good spirits—who are God's angelic messengers—can and do interfere in our daily affairs, and can, and do control some events (I won't say all) for our ultimate benefit in life. Times without number it has been proved that they can interfere for evil, and if so, it follows as a necessary corollary that they can interfere for good. Therefore, I say prayer is a practical advantage, just as it would be for a man to cry for help when in danger, if he wished to attract the aid of his friends in the flesh. That is precisely analogous to the way prayer operates."

"Well," said I, "that is only what all Christians believe, is it not? Personally I think there is something in prayer, but not in the sense in which you understand it. It seems to me, when a man prays he increases his hope and enhances his capacity to succeed in what he is engaged in, and then fancies it is a case of prayer answered, whereas it is only a species of mental training."

[To be continued.]

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THE VACCINATION QUESTION.

A VACCINATED EDITOR.

For ourselves, we are inclined to lean to the side of the anti-vaccinators—provided we do not have to lean on the left arm. For the staunchest advocate of Jenner's theory cannot claim that vaccination is a sure and certain preventative to small-pox. They merely urge that it will mitigate the attack of the genuine epidemic should you contract the disease. And, heaven knows, it ought to. Now, we are practically convinced that vaccination itself is as bad as one attack of small-pox, and, if you have varioloid afterwards, small-pox has had the best of you, with the varioloid thrown in to boot.

It strikes us (and pretty badly, too) that it is no worse to have small-pox, distributed naturally and evenly over the whole body, than to have it entirely in one spot; that one had better be sick with the fever a few weeks than to carry around an arm as big as a bumpkin, with every jackass one meets cleverly slapping it, and every object one passes bumping it. We do not believe there is as much actual and poignant suffering in nine cases of the genuine disease as there is in one volcanic arm in active eruption. Therefore, if one is to undergo all the agonies of a beautiful vaccination, and then have varioloid besides, he is shamefully cheated in the speculation, and the vaccinated man, instead of being asked if "it has taken," should rather be asked if he has not "been taken in?"

We have had our faith in vaccination considerably diminished of late, and it appears to be diminishing at every throb. If one adds up all the suffering of the day, and is compelled to contemplate it all night, he will certainly come to the conclusion that he had better have taken his chance of small-pox, with the captivating probability of being able to exult over his timid and vaccinated neighbour. And then there are all the doubts and fears, that the virus with which he was inoculated might have been impure, and the dread that such hideous disease may have been smuggled by mistake into his system, to torment his future days. We have unanimously resolved that we will not be vaccinated again, no matter how pressing the sense of duty may be to concede something to public opinion or public safety. Better a nose full of dents and contentment therewith, than an arm like a barrel with a whole torchlight procession therein.—*Baltimore Sunday News.*

WHY PERIL THE VIRTUE OF VACCINATION.

Mr Tebb, at a Conference of the London Society, related his experiences at the Paris Congress, and conveyed a cheerful impression of the greater readiness to discuss vaccination on the Continent. The policy of our English vaccinators is to overpower scepticism and suppress resistance with the assumption that their practice is beyond rational dispute. As Mr Ernest Hart put it, the benefits of vaccination are as certain as anything in mathematics. How long this policy is likely to prove effective remains to be seen. A newspaper correspondence, wherever fairly conducted, invariably results in the triumph of the anti-vaccinators. They know far more of the history, statistics, and results of vaccination than their adversaries, whose appeals to mere medical authority go a very little way toward inducing conviction. In this respect, the vaccinators remind us of the Cheshire cheesemakers who, when challenged by those of Ayrshire, replied that having a name with the public for the best cheese, they did not see what they were to gain by putting it in peril. With 95 per cent. of the population vaccinated, why should vaccinators imperil their position by discussing the virtue of vaccination?—*Vaccination Enquirer.*

A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

M. Pasteur is going ahead. He has been inoculating dogs, rabbits, guinea-pigs, and fowls with the saliva of a boy who died of hydrophobia, and though some of the animals remain unaffected, yet it is believed he has created a new disease, which will protect from hydrophobia as vaccination protects from small-pox. Thus we may hope that science will presently rendered us disease-proof. We shall be inoculated with the entire series of zymotics, and thenceforth live indifferent to sanitary precautions. Such is the pleasant prospect revealed by the newest lights of science!—*Vaccination Enquirer.*

DREAMS REMARKABLY FULFILLED.

On the night of May 11, 1812, Mr Williams of Scorrier House near Redruth, in Cornwall, woke his wife, and in great agitation told her of a strange dream he had just had. He dreamed he was in the lobby of the House of Commons and saw a man shoot with a pistol a gentleman who had just entered the lobby, who was said to be the Chancellor. His wife told him not to trouble about the dream but to go to sleep again. He followed her advice, but presently woke her again, saying he had dreamed the same dream.

Yet a third time was the dream repeated, after which he was so disturbed that, despite his wife's entreaties that he would trouble himself no more about the House of Commons but to try and sleep quietly, he got up and dressed himself. This was between one and two o'clock in the morning. At breakfast Mr Williams could talk of nothing but the dream, and early the same morning he went to Falmouth, where he told his dream to all of his acquaintance whom he met. Next day Mr Tucker, of Trematon Castle, accompanied by his wife, a daughter of Mr Williams, went to Scorrier House on a visit.

Mr Williams told Mr Tucker the circumstances of his dream. Mr Tucker remarked that it could only be in a dream that the Chancellor would be found in the lobby of the House of Commons. Mr Tucker asked what sort of a man the Chancellor seemed to be, and Mr Williams minutely described the man who was murdered in his dream. Mr Tucker replied:

"Your description is not at all that of the Chancellor, but is very exactly that of Mr Perceval, the Chancellor of the Exchequer."

He asked if Mr Williams had ever seen Mr Perceval, and Mr Williams replied that he had never seen him or had any communication of any sort with him; and further, that he had never been in the House of Commons in his life.

At this moment they heard the sound of a horse galloping to the door of the house; immediately after a son of Mr Williams entered the room, and said that he had galloped from Truro, having seen a gentleman there who had been in the lobby of the House of Commons on the evening of the 11th, when a man called Bellingham had shot Mr Perceval. After the astonishment which this intelligence created had a little subsided, Mr Williams described most minutely the appearance and dress of the man whom he had seen in his dream fire the pistol at the Chancellor, as also the appearance and dress of the Chancellor.

About six weeks after, Mr Williams, having business in town, went in company with a friend to the House of Commons, where as had been already observed, he had never before been. Immediately that he came to the steps of the entrance of the lobby, he said: "This place is as distinctly within my recollection, in my dream, as any room in my own house," and he made the same observation when he entered the lobby. He then pointed out the exact spot where Bellingham stood when he fired, and also that which Mr Perceval reached when he was struck by the ball where he fell. The dress, both of Mr Perceval and Bellingham, agreed with the description given by Mr Williams, even of the most minute particulars.

A Scotch clergyman, who lived near Edingburgh, dreamed one night, while on a visit to that town, that he saw a fire and one of his children in the midst of it. On waking he instantly got up and returned home with the greatest speed. He found his house on fire and was just in time to assist one of his children who in the alarm had been left in a place of danger. The second story runs as follows:

Two sisters had been for some days attending a sick brother, and one of them had borrowed a watch from a friend, her own being under repair. The sisters were sleeping together in a room communicating with that of their brother, when the elder awoke in a great state of agitation, and roused the other to tell her that she had had a frightful dream.

"I dreamed," she said, "that Mary's watch stopped, and that when I told you of the circumstance you replied: 'Much worse than that has happened; for—'s breath has stopped also,'" naming their sick brother.

The watch however, was found to be going correctly and the brother was sleeping quietly. The dream recurred the next night, and on the following morning, one of the sisters, having occasion to seal a note, went to get the watch from a writing-desk in which she had deposited it, when she found it had stopped. She rushed into her brother's room in alarm, remembering the dream, and found that he had been suddenly seized with a fit of suffocation, and had expired.—*Abercrombie's "Intellectual Powers."* pp. 289, 302.

WAS SHAKESPEARE INSPIRED?

By JOHN A. MCCOLVIN.

"Was Mahomet inspired with a dove,
Then thou with an eagle art inspired, then."

There has been much doubt and controversy as to whether the works which commonly go by the name of Shakespeare were really the products of prosaic (as he undoubtedly was) William Shakespeare. Some critics affirm that though Hamlet and its fellows are really effusions from the same pen, that pen was not Shakespeare's. Others cling tenaciously to the idea that the works in question are undoubtedly the *bona-fide* productions of our worthy; and some, again, maintain that he was imbued with divine afflatus.

This last hypothesis I shall endeavour to prove by taking a short retrospect of his character and circumstances.

There is no author less identified with his writings than Shakespeare (excepting the more ancient ones, of course). If we read the works of such writers as Scott or Macaulay, we see indications of the individual characteristics of the writer which permit of their writings being traced to them. Every author has a style and mode of expression peculiar to himself, excepting, perhaps, plagiarists, those utilitarians who make a name by abstracting the choicest sentiment of original writers, and palm the mosaic thus formed on the literary world as their own original thought. But even then the method of construction employed in these mosaics partake, to a great degree, the peculiarities of their compositors.

If a reader of Shakespeare were to form an imaginative character of him, what a brilliant ideal picture it would be. His works teem with original ideas. The vast magnitude of his conceptions of types of character; each individual type stands in bold relief, pregnant with truly peculiar personalities; the sublime soul-stirring soliloquies which his characters give utterance to; his sparkling wit and poignant cynicism, and his vivid imagination, all produce a brilliant impression of what the author would be in his daily converse and life. But, alas! such an ideal is doomed to dissolution, for Shakespeare was to all outward appearance a very ordinary specimen of mankind.

It is quite evident that he, unassisted, could never have wrote the works in question. There is displayed throughout a knowledge of human nature and character that is unprecedented. Men of undoubted ability have spent life-times in this study, and yet have failed to reach that zenith of perfection of Shakespeare. How, then, could he who was scarcely ever out of London attain that perfection? assuredly not by the exercise of his own imagination. The author of *Macbeth* had most probably been in Scotland, and was, therefore, personally acquainted with Scottish character, whereas there is no record of Shakespeare having been anywhere near Scotland. He was owner and manager of the Globe Theatre and others, and I think the business affairs of these and his profession as an actor, would so demand his time and attention as to preclude the possibility of arduous study.

And supposing he had, in his wanderings about London, come across some mighty genius struggling against adverse circumstances, would this genius (as some suppose) consent to sell the effusions of his mind, that had taken a life-time to bring to perfection? Would he, think you, consent to have them produced and lauded as the works of another? Would he, the eager aspirant after fame, allow the talisman to fall from his grasp ere he had used it? No! Such an idea, I think, would be repulsive to such a man who says:—

"Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man."

Therefore, I hold Shakespeare to have been inspired. But ah! some say—"There is so much of the worldly element about his writings, that we cannot believe them to be of heavenly origin." Yes, but as the purest water will be contaminated, if it pass through a filthy channel, and as inspiration is not always the verbatim utterances of the divine impressions, the thoughts impressed on the mind of our worthy necessarily partook of the worldly nature of the intellect that received and expressed them. Still pure flashes of their angelic origin shine through the dark sensuous covering. I cannot say how these impressions were received, whether they were worked in with his every-day life and thoughts, or whether they were distinct and separate. They may have been recorded by himself during trance or seen as visions, but be that as it will, Shakespeare was but an amanuensis recording the thoughts of a higher Being than himself.

"Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,

* * * * *

Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch?
No! neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid;
He, nor that affable familiar ghost,
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence."

Shakespeare,

General News.

In remitting payments to *The Herald of Progress*, our friends would oblige by sending halfpenny stamps for sums under 10/-; over that amount Postal Notes, or P. O. Orders.

Read the advertisement about *Special Number*. The article is ably written, and illustrated by a large and beautifully executed engraving. Send your orders early to avoid disappointment. Full particulars on page 191.

MANCHESTER "HOME CIRCLES."—The next meeting of the above will be held at Mr Gidlow's, 21, Great George Street (back of St. Luke's Church), Miles Platting, on Wednesday evening, March 30th.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—On Sunday last, Mr W. Westgarth, delivered two excellent inspirational discourses in the hall of the society, Newgate Street. The attendances were very good and the utterances much appreciated.

Mr George Dawson, of Cloppington, near Morpeth, whose mediumistic abilities have been so often noticed in these pages, has emigrated with several others. They purpose going into Pennsylvania.

A grand soiree will be held to celebrate the anniversary of Modern Spiritualism in Goswell Hall, London, on Monday 31st. Full particulars in our advertisement columns, which please see.

LIVERPOOL.—On Sunday next W. H. Lambelle, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, will deliver two discourses in the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson Street. In the afternoon at 2.30, subject:—"Spiritualism, a Logical Necessity." Evening, at 7, subject:—"Spiritualism the Basis of Religion."

A very interesting account of Progress in Plymouth, from the pen of Rev. C. Ware, ("Omega") who has lately been suspended from his pastoral duties for his connection with Spiritualism, has been received just as we go to press. Will appear in our next.

BRADFORD.—A social tea and entertainment will be held on Saturday, March 26th, for the benefit of the Yorkshire District Committee, in the Spiritualists' Church, Manchester Road. Mr Wallis, Mr Armitage, Mrs Dobson and friends from the entire district will take part. Tea at 4.30. Tickets 6d. each. Entertainment 2d.

The half-yearly meeting of the Manchester Association will be held in the Temperance Hall, Grosvenor Street, on the first Sunday in April, at the close of the afternoon service, when the election of officers and committee for the following six months will take place. The attendance of all the members is earnestly solicited. Tea will be provided at 6d each.

The *Watchman* for March 1st, a monthly journal published at 439, Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N.Y., contains a brief notice of *The Herald of Progress*, and says:—"We shall, from time to time, borrow from its pages, for many sentiments there expressed coincide with our own." We are obliged for this kindly recognition, and fully reciprocate the fraternal feeling.

WEST PELTON.—Mr Chas. Campbell of Perkinsville, will deliver two trance addresses, on Sunday next, in the Co-operative Hall. In the afternoon at 2, subject "The Philosophy of Death." Evening at 5.30, "Who is the judge and who are the judged?" In which reference will be made to the passing on of a little boy named Richard Weddle. Collections for the benefit of *The Herald of Progress*.

LIVERPOOL PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Last Sunday, two interesting addresses were delivered in the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson Street, by Mr John Lithgow, of Hayfield. Subject—"My Experiences as an Investigator." Mr Lithgow's testimony was specially valuable, from the fact that the manifestations were all obtained in his own family. His daughter, 12 years of age, being the medium for physical; while Mrs Lithgow was developed as a trance medium. Just fancy, ye who sit half-a-dozen times, and throw it up for a bad job, that this family sat twice a week for two whole years without a rap or a tilt (with one solitary exception), and this by a materialist too. But the treasure having been persistently dug for, the reward came at last, and proof positive furnished of man's immortality and the presence and ministry of invisible friends. I may say that our highly esteemed medium, Mr Wright, was developed as a trance speaker at Mr Lithgow's circle. A hearty vote of thanks to the speaker closed the proceedings. J.L.

GOSWELL HALL.—On Sunday evening last, the platform was occupied by Mr Howard, of Luton, who took for his subject "Biblical and modern Spiritualism," which, according to the lecturer's ideas, had very little in common, and that he had no hope for Spiritualism until its adherents looked on the Bible as the *most authentic word of God* on record. While fully appreciating the sincerity and earnestness of Mr Howard, I need hardly say that we require something more progressive than this Doctrine.

"Delta," in our last issue, expressed a desire to hear the opinions of "Historical Controls" on the "Coming planetary influences" and "political subjects." The Recorder only sends for publication those articles that he is impressed will be best suited to the times. Lately he has had some very curious controls some of them treating of astrology. Possibly he may see reason to send one or more of those in a week or so. The control by "Jeffrey" in our present issue bears upon political subjects.

Mr T. M. Brown is at present holding very successful public and private meetings in Nottingham, and will address a public meeting at two o'clock on Sunday next at Milford, and at Belper at six o'clock the same evening. Letters to be addressed to Mr Wheeldon, The Clusters, Belper, up to Wednesday. Mr Brown expects to visit Macclesfield in about a week's time on his way North.

CARDIFF.—At the weekly meeting on Sunday evening, the 20th inst., Mr E. Adams, member of the Council, related some of his experiences while investigating Spiritualism strictly in his home circle, where he obtained wonderful spontaneous tests; he asked the Society to rule their lives in accordance with their knowledge, so that from each Spiritualist fireside an influence might emanate which would act favourably to the cause.

QUEBEC HALL.—On Sunday last, Mr MacDonnell's discourse on "Prayer," was commended by all in the room, even by those who could not quite agree with him. On Sunday next, March 27th, he will discourse on the "Death of the Late Czar of Russia from a moral point of view," at 7 p.m. Monday the 28th the Comprehensionists will meet, when papers will be read on reform topics. On Wednesday at 8.30, Mr F. O. Matthews, will hold his meeting for address and descriptions of Clairvoyant Visions, also on Friday evening, at same hour. On Saturday, the usual seance at 8. At these last three meetings, a charge of 6d. is made, the others are free. J. M. DALE, Hon. Sec.

RECEPTION AT MR MORSE'S.—On Tuesday evening, the 15th inst., in response to a kind invitation from Mr and Mrs J. J. Morse, I wended my way to 53, Sigdon Road, Dalston, to participate in their "House Warming" Reception, to which were invited the members of the Dalston Association and some personal friends. By eight o'clock a goodly number had assembled, and each one seemed bent on spending a pleasant evening, which was occupied by vocal and instrumental music, readings, and dancing. A few of those who contributed to the harmony of the evening were Misses Morse, Samuels, Sparey, and Messrs Morse, Patterson, Everitt, Whitely, Swindin, and Greenwell. A most happy reception came to a close at 12 a.m. J.N.G.

THE FREE PLATFORM, PERTH HALL, LIVERPOOL.—On Sunday evening last, March 20th, Dr William Hitchman, LL.D., of that city, was honoured with the largest and most fashionable audience that ever assembled within the new Hall of Freedom. The Doctor's subject was, "Who is in the Right?" and the result proved a religio-philosophical oration on an overwhelming accumulation of facts; and some most novel interesting views upon them, in reference to each department of the constitution of our nature. He said, "the moral character of man is subject to hereditary organic law, which no religious mythology can reach, and that in regard to the various degenerations in man, theology must give place to science, and theory to practice, if the world is ever to enjoy the blessings in perpetuation of high organisation, advanced intelligence, and a greater tendency to virtue than humanity exhibits now, even in the most 'civilized' parts of the world, or in our cruel dealings with the Transvaal and other countries." His closing words seemed to electrify the whole audience—"Fill thy life with goodness, and then name it as thou wilt." So's were sung by Signor Carla with his accustomed skill and high classic taste, and the ladies and gentlemen of the choir rendered a selection of anthems with exquisite sweetness and judgment. The Doctor received a perfect ovation of applause.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS may be ordered of all booksellers.

Secretaries of Societies and others are requested to furnish full particulars of meetings, plans of speakers, and arrangements. Records of seances, phenomena, and general news, are respectfully solicited for insertion in THE HERALD OF PROGRESS. To ensure insertion, reports must reach us not later than Tuesday Evening's post, and be properly authenticated.

Post Office Orders, Cheques, and all business communications to be made payable, and addressed, Mr W. C. ROBSON, 29, Blackett Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

All literary communications to be addressed "The Editor," 29, Blackett Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

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The Herald of Progress.

FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1881.

JOTTINGS.

Spirit Communion has an esoteric as well as an exoteric side—there is a real and an apparent meaning in all communications; and when the ability to discover the true purport of such messages has been acquired, there can be neither doubt nor uncertainty in the mind of the recipient.

Those who have had any lengthened or practical experience in Spirit Communion will readily admit the force of this truism, and agree that in strict proportion to our comprehension of the true purpose to be served will the value of Spirit Communications be discerned.

In no single instance within the range of our own observations or in the experiences of our more intimate and thoughtful friends have we reason for concluding otherwise than that every inquirer receives just such answers to his interrogations, and such evidences of the reality and proximity of Spiritual Beings, as are most suited to his requirements. One kind of evidence is adapted to one type of mind, while another class, more startling in character, perhaps, fails to produce any impression whatever. We have known instances in which a single answer uttered through the lips of an entranced medium has arrested attention, and finally led to the conviction of the truth of Spirit Communion, while the most astounding phenomena in materialization have been powerless to appeal to the sensibilities of the soul.

During the initiatory stages we are apt to complain at the apparent frivolity displayed in communications received, and to cite them as proofs either of deception on the part of the communicating agents, or of the utter worthlessness of such means for acquiring knowledge. But if we analyze our state of mind at the time of receiving such communications we shall invariably discover that such messages were not only in strict conformity

with our thoughts and feelings, but were also the best adapted for the occasion, and the only means calculated to accomplish the end sought.

From the universality of such like proceedings we incline to the opinion that they occur in obedience to a law immutable and inevitable. As we have the force of Attraction and Repulsion in the physical world, it does not seem irrational to conclude that in the intellectual and Spiritual worlds we may have effects perfectly analogous in every respect to those displayed in the physical world. At least the forces of attraction and repulsion represent the idea we wish to convey.

Inquirers, in many cases, sit down for "what they can get." There is no definite object before their minds. They may in a sense desire to be rewarded with some utterances or manifestations, but beyond that their minds are undecided. Is it then to be wondered at that sitters are sometimes duped? And is the method of imparting frivolous answers not the wisest course to expose their want of purpose? In all communications the old saying holds good: "Like attracts like."

That communications have a real and an apparent meaning and use is clearly illustrated by the marvellous records furnished weekly by A.T.T.P. Whether it is the intention of those communicating through A.T.T.P.'s medium to establish their identity to the general reader, or whether they are but simply demonstrating the power of Spirits to speak with those on earth, is an open question. From the nature of circumstances the latter view seems the most reasonable one to take. But that they have in the majority of cases succeeded in revealing their unmistakable identity to the Recorder is almost beyond question or dispute. In perusing these records it must have been clear to our readers that a mass of information has been imparted during these interviews at present known only to the Recorder, which, if published, would set at rest the knotty problem of Identity. But experience shows that to do so would prove neither judicious nor beneficial. And why? Because every man demands to know for himself, and the same experiences that have convinced A.T.T.P. of the genuineness of the controls would be absolutely necessary for every one, since every man claims the right to examine and prove, and to weigh the probabilities *pro* and *con*.

The possibility of intercourse between the two conditions of life must first be established before the general public can be expected to endorse the more advanced subject of identity. This can be done by accepting the truths inculcated and the precepts enjoined, on their respective merits, and leaving the individuality of the communicating source until more favourable times. For while we are disputing over non-essentials we are neglecting the more important duties of living to the highest purpose of our being.

The real value of Spirit communications will be found to be in their power to reveal our true character unto ourselves; to bring out that which is within; to unfold our motives and arouse our energies in certain directions. That they will add to our stock of every-day knowledge is doubtful, but that they will enhance our happiness, extend our sphere of influence, give us broader, deeper and grander interpretations of the object of life, and fill our souls with an universal abiding love, is most clearly evident. "Heaven helps those who help themselves." This is the meaning of Spirit communion. With the desire comes the response, but without self-effort progress is impossible.

BEAR AND FORBEAR.

"Let us not therefore judge one another any more; but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brothers' way.—Rom. xiv., 13."

Has it never occurred to any of your readers that as soon as any number of men band themselves together for any purpose, good or bad, sooner or later the elements of discord show themselves, and disunion is the result? We seem so accustomed to this state of things that we never pause to think of its probable meaning or the lesson to be derived therefrom. There never was a society, however small or great, that escaped this disintegrating process. And it looks, when we review the History of Society, as if there never will be such a thing as a *Permanent Association* without undergoing this purifying process. No sooner do men settle down to their work as a body, than one or other springs up in their midst emblems of discord or disintegrating influence. Look where we may we see this to be universal. Can it be according to an inevitable law, i.e., a sign of God's will? If that be so, it is high time we looked it straight in the face, and take to heart the lesson implied therein.

One of the most prominent, if not the profoundest feature of the teaching as above alluded to, will doubtless be the inculcation of Charity and Mutual Forbearance, high aims, the sacrifice of self for the good of the many, cost what it may. Truth being the thing most desired. Not that one or two should be proved to be right; but rather that the *better spirit* should be exemplified and brought out into actual practice. Though we shall never know perfect peace and concord here, yet much may be done to lessen the amount of disuniting influences and their effects by individual efforts. And where the object is to shew the *better way*, or a more spiritual teaching to the outside world, based upon well established facts, surely all party feelings and petty differences ought to succumb before so momentous a purpose and so high an aim.

MEDICUS.

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.

THE ORIGIN OF MAN.

To the Editor of the Herald of Progress.

SIR,—I have been somewhat interested in the history of the rocks lately, and have been sorely puzzled to account for the advent of man at such a recent date, comparatively speaking, when such vast eras preceded him which were evidently peopled with lower forms of life; and as in Mr Oxley's article he endeavours to solve the problem, I ask how he can account for the evanescent materialized forms becoming permanent before human beings had served the necessary life-apprenticeship for admittance into the spiritual condition; for if, as we are given to understand at seances, that spiritual manifestations all come from human beings like ourselves, who have once lived upon this earth, then spiritual manifestations before man was created must have emanated from inferior spiritual presences, and the working of the master-mind have been given through the medium of existence as it then was, and as like may not produce unlike, the difficulty remains unsolved. And, if man existed interiorly, before the human form was assumed, of what use were existence with an entombment as if he were not, when he had no consciousness of existence? And judging from the luxuriance of vegetation, which required a vast quantity of moisture and carbonic acid for their development to form the nucleus of our present coal beds, the atmosphere of such past eras may have been detrimental to man, thus excluding the possibility of his existence at such long past data.

Perhaps the divisions of the brain into 5 rudimentary cells may in some way correspond with the 5 senses. At any rate it is ascertained that the sense of smell is derived by the stimulation of nerves in the interior part of the brain; the others, likewise, being from separate centres, would serve to bear out this idea.

But this takes me from my enquiry, Mr Oxley's remarks

upon the evolution theory have occurred to me, for the immense amount of time which must transpire before a greyhound could be developed from a wolf, which is of the same genus, must mean uncountable periods, where distinct genera are concerned; while geology does not discover such graduating steps, but for various eras seems to have distinct creations. Then, again, the age of the world may be calculated to be more hoary than it really is, if what we call recent instances, in contradistinction to vaster lapses of time, represent the methods of calculation adopted to ascertain the earth's infancy, as in the case of John Wilkes inditing his name upon a stalactite in 1664, and the then film of lime, which it has taken above 200 years to incrust, being brought up as an argument for the slow formation of limestone; or an anchor dropped into the sea 50 years ago, and encrusted with a formation of coral: but in the first instance it may have happened the hole became encrusted, thus causing the cessation of the flow of water, or in the last, the coral insects may not have chosen such a foundation for building purposes till some long chemical action of the water had rendered it more suitable for them.

Hoping these enquiries may arouse answers productive of good results,—I am, &c.,

(Mrs) S. MOULD.

THE GOSWELL HALL SPIRITUALISTS.

To the Editor of the Herald of Progress.

The unwarrantable attacks made in a certain Spiritualistic paper, for some time past, by one who professes to be a staunch supporter of the cause, compel me, as one of the frequenters of the Hall, to say a few words in reply.

Allowing that the harmony is not so good as it might be, still the statements that "the meeting broke up in the usual inharmonious disjointedness," or, "the singing being as intolerable as ever," is far from being correct.

The gratuitous advice to the guides of Miss Samuels, to "keep well out of the din," is a good proof of the kind wishes of the writer for the success of the undertaking, which has been so far successfully carried out by a few workers who are willing to give their time and labour for the benefit of those who like to avail themselves of it.

I do not believe for one moment that any of the speakers who have favoured the Committee with their services during the past 18 months, ever experienced such a want of harmony and sympathy as that described as being conspicuous by its absence, or probably they would not be so willing to oblige when they are requested, and often at a disadvantage to themselves. But I know for a fact that Mrs Richmond remarked, in the hearing of several persons, that she had never experienced a better influence wherever she had lectured, and Miss Samuels has also expressed the same opinion with regard to the sympathetic influence of the audience, fully endorsing the opinion of all.

Why a number of earnest and intelligent people are made the objects of so much abuse and ridicule, simply because they are not gifted with the same amount of musical talent that the writer of the article wishes us to believe he is possessed of, is rather hard to say. But as it appears to be the intention to try and sow the seed of dissatisfaction and discord in the midst of the Goswell Hall friends, and also induce others to keep away, and thus compel the Committee to close the Hall, I have no doubt but what the supporters of the services will treat all such effusions of that kind with the contempt they fully deserve.

It is a great pity that the acknowledged talent of that writer cannot be put to better use than that of vilifying those who are doing their best under the disadvantages they labour under.

TUEBOR.

ORGANIZATION.

To the Editor of the Herald of Progress.

SIR,—In your issue for February 25th, Mr T. Blinkhorn, speaking of Organization and Mr Tetlow's letter, says he thinks it a pity that he did not make it a motion at the last Manchester Conference. I may inform our friend that Mr Lambelle's motion adopted by that Conference was the best that we could

possibly have framed, and so far it has proved successful; and Mr Tetlow's guides in that letter are assisting to put the same into operation. In addition to that letter, we have heard the guides of Mr Wright, Mr Brown, and others, and we have visited Manchester, Salford, Oldham, and Bolton, and have given them all the information we have collected, and so far they are all willing to assist to bring about the much-needed organization. The opinion of each society visited shews that they want "Liberty with power." It is quite possible and most essential for each society, through their representatives, to plan their own speakers, and that those representatives elect or form an executive to do the financial business of their respective districts. And then, again, the various districts can elect representatives for the Grand National Organization, which may have its centre in London or elsewhere. In this arrangement we shall have our funds economically spent, and our speakers worked to advantage, without so much inconvenience to them in travelling long distances for little work, and as little pay.

It is very important that we should have an organization that will not curtail any of our individual efforts, but a bond of union that will encourage them, draw them out, and use them to the best possible advantage. If we all work with this intention, neither *The Herald of Progress* nor any other paper connected with the movement will be in debt.—Yours,

J. SHAW,

One of the committee elected to give effect to Mr Lambello's motion.

HACKNEY SPIRITUAL EVIDENCE SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Herald of Progress.

DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me with the object of preventing disappointment to say that the last tea meeting of this Society will take place on Sunday, March 27th, to celebrate the 33rd anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. There will be tea at 5 o'clock, tickets 1/- each, followed by an experience meeting and seance, the proceeds to aid the *Herald of Progress* Fund. The work now will be carried on privately; particulars of which can be obtained of me, but no private seances can be given, our medium, Miss Barnes, having an engagement extending over a very long period.—Fraternal yours,

C. R. WILLIAMS.

7, Ellingfort Road, Mare Street, Hackney.

A THEOLOGICAL GUIDE-POST ON THE BOUNDARY OF TRUTH.

To the Editor of the Herald of Progress.

DEAR SIR,—Some time ago the Rev. De Witt Talmage, in a sermon entitled, "The Religion of Ghosts," poured out his theological venom against what is known as modern Spiritualism. This brought upon our Tabernacle friend a well-merited castigation, in the shape of a reply, from Mr J. Burns, of London, in a small pamphlet entitled, "Spiritualism, the Bible and Tabernacle Preachers." Since then this ecclesiastical guide-post has taken his stand somewhat nearer the frontier of Truth. Hear what he says in a sermon on "Youth and Amusements," in the *Christian Herald* of the 23rd ult. "As I look into the eyes of this multitude of young men, I cannot but think of the immense parental anxieties which hover over you. 'Oh,' says a young man in the audience, 'my father and mother are dead.' That is no reason why you should think they are not watching over you. Do you think that when your mother, with white and dying lips, kissed you good-bye and went up to God, that she left all interest for her boy behind? Oh, no! I suppose she has as much interest in you now as she ever had. I do not believe you have offered a prayer since that sad day that she has not stood somewhere near, saying, 'That is right,' or that you have been disposed to go to some place where you ought not to go, that she has not stood by and said, 'Don't go there my dear boy; that is wrong.' You thought it was the sighing of the wind. No. *It was your mother.*" What shall we hear next from the Tabernacle.

J.G.

Willington.

"CHRIST A REALITY!"

To the Editor of the Herald of Progress.

SIR,—Assuredly, it is *not* the irritability, or resentment, of an author, or lecturer, subjected to a most rigorous criticism, that in any wise prompts me to notice the communication in your journal, of this day, signed "E. Louisa Thompson Nosworthy, Bundell Sands, near Liverpool." Quite the contrary, Sir, inasmuch as the remarks in question either in a logical or philosophical point of view, afford one no adequate ground for complaint. But I *did* expect, at least, in a PUBLIC opponent, the courtesy, due more especially from an old friend, and highly esteemed Sister, in Spiritualism as well as the candour, if not of an unbiassed reasoner, distinctively that fair representation of my lecture on, "Not Creed, but Character," which should attach to a lady of talent, and culture, who does not recklessly assert what is untrue, or unjust. What have I, in short, to deal with? Either unconscious or deliberate misrepresentations! More than once before, has Mrs Nosworthy, most gratuitously in the columns of the *Medium and Daybreak*, charged me plainly with being "a renegade Spiritualist," and in possession of certain other psychological infirmities, which, when reflected so ingenuously in our spiritual mirrors of weekly criticism, "*sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought*," and dissected so vivaciously and vigorously, if not with her lancet, or tomahawk, perhaps with a pen, whose point is more fatal to her luckless victim, than that of the usual warlike weapon in hand to hand encounters, figuratively or otherwise. However, to be brief, I CHALLENGE your correspondent to shew, wherever, in books, essays, papers, lectures, speeches, or private conversation, I have stated my opinion, that Jesus, or Christ was "*not a reality*," in body, mind, or spirit. I have never said anything of the sort in the whole course of my public or private life. And what shall be said, for example, of such a cross gust, opposing current, or conflicting storm of criticism amid a kindred scene of wild and inexplicable disorder, alas, as was never before (even in Mr Burns's Journal) presented to the public? "The object of his Course of Lectures, on the free platform of Perth Hall, in Liverpool, amongst others, seems to be to detract from the value, beauty, and originality of the lessons we have received," &c. Good gracious, Sir! Have you found Jesus? Mrs Nosworthy absolutely declines, she says, "to grapple with musty manuscripts in original Greek; yet, there is the gospel, attributed to Matthew, left for her criticism, since those "glad tidings of great joy" were written for her, as well as for others, in the Hebrew tongue—and not in Greek at all! What I have said in Perth Hall, Sir, and here repeat is, that no contemporary historian, of acknowledged reputation, has borne testimony to the life and labours of such a Jesus, as are recorded in our three synoptics (not "four," as Mrs N. informs us, or has she discovered a "fourth"), nor such a Christ as the ideal personage evolved from the consciousness, or comparative Thaumaturgy of some Platonic Jew of Alexandria, who wrote the so-called fourth Gospel anonymously. Attributes, I urge, have been distributed from age to age, to the *real* Jesus, and the *ideal* Christ, which were never proved to be true, as historic matters of fact, and as for the Logos, or Divine Word, it had for centuries been the basis of philosophic thought throughout the then known world. It seems to me, Sir, as regards Mrs Nosworthy's "worm-eaten parchments," that Papias saw Polycarp, and Polycarp saw John, and John saw Jesus;—and that some 163 years after the murder of "the Carpenter's Son" for rebelling against the authority of Rome, and assuming the character of the King of the Jews, and the rest, somebody remembered the equivalent of nothing, and wrote it down with such questionable accuracy, that "the only begotten Son of God" was egregiously misunderstood, always quarrelled about, and his alleged message from heaven, so continuously distorted, that it is now dead, or dying of what we Doctors call inanition. Fortunately, we learn, Sir, from your *Herald* to-day, and I am humbly grateful for the intelligence, that Christ is a reality—inasmuch as Mrs Nosworthy knows or believes that the glorified controls of Mrs Richmond and Mr Wright have seen Jesus, "beautiful beyond description, in the celestial spheres," but alas, Sir, I have had no such exalted privilege.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM HITCHMAN.

46, Pembroke Place, Liverpool, March 18, 1881.

LADBROKE HALL.—A new platform has been erected in this hall, which has very greatly increased its cosy appearance and added in no small degree to the comfort of the speakers. On Sunday last, the hall was dedicated, to the advancement of truth, in honour of which occasion numerous gifts of flowers had been made, and were arranged about the platform in a very pretty and artistic manner. Miss Samuels occupied the platform, and her guides gave a most interesting address upon the relationship existing between Humanity and Nature. A vote of thanks from Mr Knight Smith, seconded by a gentleman in the audience, was carried unanimously, as also was an expressed wish that the Ladbroke Hall friends and Miss Samuels should be better acquainted in the future. On Sunday next, Mr Walter Howell of Manchester, will occupy the platform, and deliver a trance address. Meetings are held on Sunday mornings, for the development of mediumistic gifts and clairvoyance at 11:30 prompt. Service in the evening at 7. Mr Matthews follows each speaker with clairvoyant tests. London friends are invited to give Mr Howell a hearty reception.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.—Will you permit me to announce through your columns that I have removed to 13, Lake Street, Peveril Street, Nottingham, where all letters should be addressed to me in future, and oblige, yours very truly,—E. W. WALLIS.

SOWERBY BRIDGE.—Mr E. W. Wallis will deliver two trance discourses in the Spiritualists' Lyceum, Hollin's Lane, on Sunday, March 27th. Services to commence at 2:30 and 6:30. An entertainment will be held in the same place on Monday evening, 28th inst; admission, 2d each.

DARLINGTON.—The Spiritualists of Darlington have organized themselves into a society for the investigation of the Psychic forces of nature, under the name of "The Darlington Lyceum of Psychology." The president, Mr A. C. Clark, reports the occurrence of phenomena of an exalted character.

THE MIDLAND DISTRICT COMMITTEE.

The Conference of the above organization was held at Walsall on Sunday, the 20th inst., when an appalling amount of apathy was revealed on the part of some of the guarantee subscribers. The prospect looked at first perfectly disheartening, but eventually a series of new ideas turned up, forming altogether a "new departure" very much more hopeful as to success than anything hitherto tried. Eventually the Conference was adjourned to the 17th April at the Board School, Oozells Street, Birmingham. This will give an opportunity for subscribers to remit their arrears of subscriptions to the secretary, Mr E. W. Wallis, and also for any sympathetic persons in the district, or out of it, to send donations in stamps or otherwise, and thereby save the association from untimely death, and probably send it on in its new track with new vigour.

To this end the underwritten statement of "Objects and Method," may sufficiently inform those who are not already acquainted with the working of the Committee.

IMPROVED PLAN OF OPERATIONS.

The Conference decided to concentrate their funds upon the supply of lecturers for *Sundays only*, or, with rare exceptions, a week night lecture in addition. The lecturers will be chiefly volunteers and unpaid, except in cases where secular labour is interfered with. The single or one way Rail fare will be paid by the Committee, and no part of the collections claimed. Whenever the funds permit, professional paid lecturers will be engaged for *Sundays only*, the week night lectures having been comparative failures in the past.

The method of raising funds will be as heretofore, by guarantee subscriptions, and also by lady collectors of donations in each town of the district.

The committee feel determined to persevere in their effort; and if the above plan be not sufficient, they will then try others.

ROBT. HARPER, President.

90, Princess Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

REMARKABLE MATERIALISATIONS AT LITTLE-BOROUGH.

JOSHUA FITTON, MEDIUM.

Your readers may with pleasure and profit peruse the following brief record of one of the most perfect seances, it has ever

been my good fortune to attend—perfect in the unsurpassed beauty and completeness of the materialisations of the three spirit "Forms" seen; perfect in the abundant and convincing "Tests," of a spiritual nature, given incidentally by the spirits themselves, and perfect in the satisfactory nature of the Test conditions under which the phenomena occurred—and under which no fraud could be possible. In this latter fact lies their value to the outer world.

Fourteen persons comprised the circle, and were impressively arranged by the medium, around two and a half sides of a small upstairs sitting-room, a sofa with two sitters on it, forming that side of the room, being placed their against the door which was thus barred against all ingress or egress during the seance. No manager here exists, as the spirits give all instructions and decide on all matters—especially selecting all the sitters and deciding whether visitors be admitted, as without their express invitation or sanction none can be. I have, on two occasions, been especially favoured, and published my observations. The manifestations in each case being unquestionably genuine, and free from any possible doubt.

The "Cabinet," if it can be called such, is merely a small pair of curtains suspended from an iron rod placed diagonally across one corner of the room, leaving behind them space enough for three people, and in that space nothing existed but one skeleton cane-seated chair for the medium. As the curtains are but about 6ft. high, the whole upper portion and top of the recess is quite open, so that the cabinet, in fact, is merely a curtained or screened-off corner of the room.

We all joined hands. The medium at first sitting with us on the sofa, holding the hand of the last sitter until he became entranced by his chief guide, "Dr Scott," who caused him to rise, and thus shook hands with each person round the circle. Addressing a few words to us collectively, and informing us that as the meteorological or atmospheric conditions were then good, the manifestations would chiefly depend on ourselves by the conditions of our own harmony and mental passivity, speaking, singing, or silence, as required from time to time by the controlling spirit.

"Dr Scott," then selecting myself and Mr J. B. Tetlow, requested that we should go, both together, into the cabinet with the medium, and, both before and after the seance, there thoroughly and rigorously search the medium and the cabinet to testify as to whether white or other drapery, wig, whiskers, beard, or any paraphernalia of any kind existed either in the cabinet or about it, or on the person of the medium.

We did so search, thoroughly, and do certify that no such, or any other articles used by, or worn by either of the spirits in materialised forms existed, secreted or otherwise, there either before or after the seance—so that fraud would have been impossible, even if it had been desired.

As we left the cabinet, the medium sat down on the one chair, the only article there, and we took our seats in circle, joining hands all round. We were instructed to extinguish the gas-light after singing one hymn, as (Madame Vine) the "French Lady" spirit desired to do something by giving us

SPIRIT PERFUMES

rich and rare as those of Elysium—and if not from Elysian Fields, they certainly were not of mortal manufacture. Sweet as the combined scents of many choicest flowers, very abundant and delightfully cool—these were most gratifying to myself, for I had a headache, dull and very obstinate, which the spirit perceived. A few moments after these spirit perfumes came they disappeared again, and *this* distinguishes them from all perfumes of mortal manufacture, which would have remained for hours, if not for days, if used so abundantly as these "spirit" perfumes were.

SPIRIT LAMP AND SPIRITS MATERIALISED.

In full sight of all the sitters, and within about three feet of myself, and nine feet distant from the cabinet, there next appeared, on the floor of the room carpet, a very faint hazy luminosity—about the size of a walnut, but having no shape or definition; it rapidly increased both in brilliancy and in quantity—then gave a light, thrown on to a whitish hazy mist, that rapidly assumed drapery forms and moved about. Something dark on the near side of the luminosity threw its light mostly

away from me, enabling me better to see that the dark "something," was a human hand, then two hands, manipulating the lamps and surroundings when I saw a half luminous, or illuminated visionary "form" ascending from the floor until the full height of a man, about five feet seven inches high. I had soon seen the handsome face, black beard and turban head-dress, like—yet unlike, "John King," for there was a difference which caused me to remark how *like*, yet *not*, "John King," when the regular sitters informed me that it was "Dr Scott" the chief guide of the medium,—who soon answered for himself; advancing to myself and others, saluting us in a fine toned manly voice, similar to that of "John King," but not quite so deep in its bass tones.

Of all the sights in spirit phenomena, I think this is the grandest by far in its extreme beauty and super-naturalness. These self-illuminated phosphorescent Ghosts, with phosphorescent "Lamp" of most exquisite beauty, have nothing earthly about them. Their translucid features are not even so "material" looking as most other materialised Forms; the phosphorescent-like-light which gives no flame, and no smell—not even the smell of phosphorous—gives them a weird look—and they look like themselves; *not like the medium*,—for, as "John King" says, they can materialise their individualities better under these "Lamp" conditions than when we supply our less congenial yellow gaslight, and, by their own spirit light we see them as we shall see them when we are spirits out of the body and with them!

"Dr Scott" freely walked about to all the sitters, and greatly favoured me with a most minute inspection of his extraordinary "Lamp" and drapery. The former is *indescribable*. I can only say it looks exceedingly beautiful, like an immense glow-worm of oblong-square form, several inches long, not so large as that of "John King," but otherwise like it. It was veiled in thin drapery from his garment, as he assured me the direct action of magnetism (so long continued) from the human eye would cause its dissipation. He called my attention to its *not* having any smell of phosphorous, and to his beard, not quite so broad or full as that of "John King;" his features are intellectual, having an aquiline nose, black beard, eyebrows, &c.—altogether handsome and manly. Standing about 5ft. 7in., he is less by 3in. than "John King," and 2in. taller than Joshua Fitton, the medium, whom he in no manner resembles. I am well informed that "Dr Scott" and "John King" are the only two who can *absolutely individualise themselves* in materialisation. The other spirits materialising through this mediumship more or less resemble the medium, exactly in accordance with the conditions existing at the moment of their being in the form, and varying in features from time to time, and in the colour of their materialised hair—of which I possess actual proof.

After speaking with us some time, "Dr Scott" went into the cabinet with his lamp in his hand, so that for a few moments by it I saw the medium sitting entranced in his chair—a pretty sure indication of "separate identity!"

We were requested to sing one verse of a hymn, and then light a small jet of gas. "Dr Scott" came out now by gaslight—usual seance light—and conversed with us a long time. He now magnetised me for my returned head-ache, and removed it for some long time.

Going to Mrs Taylor he placed one of his hands in her hand, requesting her to "hold it there," when it *dematerialised* visibly to the great gratification of all of us who saw his stumped arm left destitute of a hand. Well might he ask—as he did—"how would our men of science account for that?"

Returning to the cabinet, he asked the gaslight to be extinguished—as he went in I again saw part of the medium—and I observed that the spirit "lamp" was on the floor near the entrance of medium.

DEMATERIALIZATION OF "DR SCOTT."

Darkness being restored, Dr Scott came out with his "lamp," and bidding us adieu, came to about 4ft. from me and sank down rapidly, illuminating himself by the lamp that we might see him melting away into nothingness. In a few minutes, which seemed moments, he had disappeared, sinking as if into the floor, his lamp growing less in size, less brilliant, then fainter, and slowly vanished in illuminated misty space, and then into total darkness.

OTHER SPIRITS :—LADIES.

Having, as directed, relighted a small jet of gas. Soon the curtain of the cabinet opened and a lady spirit, "Betsey" (Tetlow) came into the room, turned about as she let down her long raven black (materialised as dark brown, darker than the medium's,) locks of hair and with them coquettishly flowing over her shoulders, her beautiful snow-white gauzy drapery, with a transparent gauze veil over her face, arms and feet bare. She kissed and carressed her two Brothers, Mr J. B. Tetlow and Mr Tetlow, junr., and Mrs Tetlow in the most loving manner. Then taking her Sister-in-law Mrs Tetlow into the room, she spread white drapery over her—but it was when she did thus with Mr J. B. Tetlow, by spreading her mantle over him, marching him about the room dressed up thus as a "sham ghost" comparing him with herself—the "*real ghost*" that we all enjoyed the hearty and sisterly fun of our spirit visitant, who again kissed him and tenderly placed him in his seat; placing one hand in his hand, signing for him to hold it there—*she tried to dematerialise* it while so held by him, but *she could not do so*, although "Dr Scott" had done this a few minutes before. She spoke and told her brother that the *power* was not sufficient for her to do it then!

Now herein lay a grand test, for Mr J. B. Tetlow assured me that he had *mentally* wished the wish that his sister would dematerialise her hand, while thus held in his hand. He was satisfied the 'Test' had been responded to; but here let me seriously ask a question of those highly enlightened individuals who now and again turn up at our seances to grasp the "Form." Suppose Mr Tetlow had refused to give up possession of that spirit hand? Supposed he detained it?—What then? Seeing that this spirit *could not* dematerialise her hand, what a scene and serious results must inevitably follow such a rash act—for here we know of an absolute certainty that this spirit was a *bona fide* one?

"Betsey" kindly favoured me very highly by a minute examination of her beautiful white robes of most exquisite softness and gauzy texture of which she had a most ample quantity. She cut off a portion of her robe for her relations, and also a long lock of her hair—with a *sharp penknife*, for we had no scissors in the room. The hair is much darker than that of the medium. The drapery is the finest and most beautiful, I have any where seen. She bowed adieu and retired to the front of the cabinet, just part way inside and there rapidly dematerialised, leaving only a patch of her white drapery detached remaining on the carpet in front of cabinet, and it melted away into nothingness.

Soon, after singing, another, *taller* lady spirit came from the cabinet, a remarkably great contrast to the former one. Evidently this one *was* an old lady—it was Mrs Maria Crabtree, the mother of Mrs Taylor then present, and the identity perfectly recognised. Clothed in a *Black Dress*, and having a black cap of *net*, with black artificial flowers in it, which she caused me to examine very closely indeed. Where on earth did this come from?—it was not there before she came! It disappeared entirely when she disappeared, as she did just as the other spirit had previously done by dematerialising herself at the opening of the cabinet.

Just before leaving us she had taken her daughter, Mrs Taylor, up to the side of the cabinet—and, opening the curtain, placed the hand of Joshua Fitton, the medium, in the hand of Mrs Taylor, for all of us to see that she was truly a separate individuality, perfectly distinct, and not even a transfiguration of the medium. Then stepping aside clearly called our attention to this fact. She motioned Mrs Taylor to retire, kissed her, bowed adieu, and dematerialised. I went into the cabinet with Mr Tetlow as required by the spirits, and searched the medium and the cabinet, but no cap, drapery, or anything whatever remained to indicate that any spirit, or drapery, or cap, or anything else had ever been with us. Yet here we had three beautifully grand spirit forms in amply abundant drapery of white and of black, &c., and well might "Dr Scott" ask of me, "Well, Mr P—, now tell these things to the *men of science*, and ask them how they account for this, and for that." Where did all those white and black dresses come from? Where have they gone to?

Here I must close my testimony as a humble, but faithful servant of the spirit world.—Yours sincerely,—"RESURGAM."

112, Upper Mary Street, Balsal Heath, Birmingham.

LIST OF SOCIETIES.

The following list of societies are inserted free of charge for the convenience of Spiritualists visiting other towns. And that it may be useful and reliable, we request Secretaries and others to furnish us with their names and addresses, and to notify us of any alteration being made of Secretaries or places of meeting:—

Newcastle-on-Tyne Spiritual Evidence Society,
3, WEIR'S COURT, NEWGATE STREET.

President: MR. JOHN MOULD, 12, St. Thomas' Crescent, Newcastle.

Hon. Sec.: MR. H. A. KERSEY, 4, Eslington Terrace, Newcastle.

Sunday, March 27...Mr J. C. Wright...Trance Address...at 10.30 and 6.30 p.m.

Monday, " 28...Do...do...at 8 p.m.

Admission free. A collection to defray expenses.

WEEKLY SEANCES AND MEETINGS.

Sunday, Seance, 2 p.m...."Form Manifestations," Miss C. E. Wood

Tuesday, Seance, 8 p.m...."Physical Manifestations," Miss C. E. Wood

Thursday, Seance, 8 p.m...."Form Manifestations," Miss C. E. Wood

Saturday, 8 p.m....Developing Circles for Members and Friends (free)

NOTE.—No strangers are admitted without an introduction by a member. Spiritualists from a distance are requested to write to the Secretary before coming, and arrange for so doing.

The Library of the Society is open every Wednesday evening from 8 to 9 p.m. for the issue of Books to Members. [Advt.]

Gateshead Spiritual Society.

Sec., Mrs Brewis, 27, Greensfield Terrace, Gateshead.

Sunday Services, Temperance Hall, High Street, Gateshead.

Ashington Spiritual Society.

Secretary, Mr. G. Scott, Ashington Colliery, Northumberland. Circles for Physical Phenomena, Trance Speaking and Clairvoyance meet regularly. Improvement Class meets on Sunday Evenings, at 6.30.

Erclesior Society of Spiritualists

Scotland Gate, near Morpeth. Sec., Mr G. Hall, Choppington Colliery.

West Pelton Spiritualists' Association.

President, Mr F. Walker. Vice-President, Mr W. Dodds.

Secretary, Mr T. Alderson, 20, Edward-street, West Pelton.

Cardiff Spiritual Society.

No. 3, Angel Street, Cardiff. Sec., Mr W. Paynter, 10, Bute Crescent.

Sundays, Public meetings, at 6.30 p.m. Wednesdays, Developing Circle and Physical Manifestations (For Members only) 7.30 p.m.

Birmingham Society of Spiritualists.

Pres., Mr R. Harper. Sec., Mr R. Groom. 200, St. Vincent Ladywood.

Meetings every Sunday evening at 6.30 in the Board Schools, Oozells St.

Birmingham Christian Spiritualist Society.

312, Bridge-street West. Sec. Mr John Colley.

Leicester Spiritualists' Society.

Sec., Mr Wightman, 56, Cranbourne-street, Leicester. Sundays, Public Services, 11 a.m. and 6 p.m. Thursdays, for Members only, 8 p.m.

Manchester and Salford Spiritualists' Society.

268, Chapel-st, Salford. Sunday evening at 6.30. President, Mr J.

Campion, 33, Downing Street. Secretary, Mr Croft, 26, Roach Street, Queen's Road, Miles Platting.

Walsall Spiritual Society.

1, Exchange Buildings, High Street, Walsall. Sec., Mr Thos. Blinkhorn, 16, George-st., Walsall. Sundays, 11 a.m., Meetings for conversation; 6.30 p.m., Trance Addresses. Collection at close. Mondays, 8 p.m.

Islington Spiritual Society.

70, High-street, Islington, N. Hon. Sec., Mr Hugh Hutchinson.

Public Circle, Thursdays, at 8.15 p.m. prompt. Other evenings members only, except country visitors with recommendations from secretaries.

Manchester Association of Spiritualists.

Temperance Hall, Grosvenor-st. Pres., Mr R. Fitton, 44, Walnut-st.,

Cheetham, Manchester.

March 27...Mr J. B. Tetlow

Glasgow Association of Spiritualists.

Rooms, 164, Trongate. Pres., J. Walker, Esq. Hon. Sec., Mr J. McG. Munro, 33, Daisy Street, Govanhill. Meetings are held every

Sunday at 11.30 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. The evening platform will be occupied as follows:—

March 27...Mr J. Walker, Pres. | April 3...Mr W. H. Lambelle

Goswell Hall (London) Sunday Services.

290, Goswell Road. Sec., Mr W. Towns, 161, Manor Place, Walworth Road, S.E. Sundays—Conferences, 11 a.m.; Lectures, 6.30 p.m.

Nottingham Association of Spiritualists.

Hon. Sec.: Mr. Yates, 39 Lower Talbot Street, Nottingham

On Sunday morning at 10.45 a Circle for Development.

Sunday evening at 6.30, Public Trance and Normal Addresses are given

A Seance is also held on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.

British National Association of Spiritualists.

38, Great Russell Street, London, W.C. Sec., Mr T. Blyton.

Yorkshire District Committee.

Secretary: Mr. C. Poole, 28, Park Street, Barkerend Road, Bradford.

Plan of Speakers for March.

BRADFORD.—Spiritualist Church, Charlotte Street, Manchester Road, at

2.30 & 6 p.m. Sec., R. Jarvis, 20, Paisley Street

27...Miss Hance, Shipley | April 3...Mrs Dobson, Batley Carr

(Wade's Meeting Room, Bowling, at 2.30 and 6 p.m.)

Sec. Mr. Smith, 17, Scott Street, Butler Street, Bradford.

27...Mrs Butler, Bingley | April 3...Mr Morrell, Keighley

(Spiritual Lyceum, Top of Heap Lane, Tennyson Place, at 2.30 & 6 p.m.

Sec., C. Poole, 28, Park Street

27...Local | April 3...Mr J. Armitage, Batley Carr

HALIFAX.—Spiritual Institution, Peacock Yard, Union-st., at 2.30 and

6 p.m. Sec., Mr. Chas. Appleyard, 6, Albert-st., Gibbet-st.

27...Mrs Illingworth, Bowling | April 3...Mr Lamont, Liverpool

SOEWBY-BRIDGE.—Spiritualist Progressive Lyceum, Hollins Lane, at

6.30. Sec., Mr W. Walker, 46, Conway Street, Halifax.

27...Mr E. W. Wallis, Nottingham | April 3...Mr A. D. Wilson, Halifax

28... " " "

BATLEY CARR.—Batley Carr Association, Town Street, at 6.30 p.m

Sec., Mr. J. Armitage.

27...Mr J. Armitage, Batley Carr | April 3...Mrs Butler, Bingley

MORLEY.—Spiritual Mission Room, Church Street, at 6 p.m.

Sec., Mr John Hinchliff, Providence Buildings, Britannia Road,

Morley, near Leeds.

27...Local | April 3...Local

BINGLEY.—Intelligence Hall, Russell Street, at 2.30 and 6 p.m.

Sec., Mr Amos Howgate, Crossflats, near Bingley.

27...Miss Harrison, Shipley | April 3...Mr Dent, 2.30; Local, 6

OSSETT.—Sec. Mr George Cooper, Prospect Road, Ossett.

27...Mrs Dobson, Batley Carr | April 3...Mrs Tate, Bradford

KEIGHLEY.

27...Mr J. Wright, Keighley | April 3...Mr Shackleton, Heckmondwike

LIVERPOOL.

Services are held every Sunday in the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson Street, at 2.30 and 7 p.m.; and Monday evenings at 11, Tower-

lands Street, at 8 p.m. H. Morris, 35, Cobden Street, Hon. Sec.

Heywood Spiritualists' Society.

Sec. J. W. Brooks, 13, Queen Street, Heywood. Sunday, 2.30 and 6.

Private meetings during the week; particulars from Secretary.

South London Spiritual Society.

8, Bournemouth Road, Rye Lane, Peckham. President, Mr James

Kinnerley Lewis. Meetings, Wednesdays, 8 p.m.; Sundays, 11 a.m.

(for inquirers), 7 p.m. (select). For admission, &c., address Secretary,

as above.

Marylebone Progressive Institute and Spiritual Evidence Society.

Quebec Hall, 25, Great Quebec Street, London, W. Sec., Mr J. M. Dale.

Sunday evenings, at 7; Service conducted by Mr Iver MacDonnell

Tuesday, Lecture at 8 p.m. Wednesday, Members' Seance, at 8.30

Sat. evening, public Seance Mrs Treadwell, medium. Admission 6d

South Durham District Association.

Secretary: Mr. J. Dunn, 8, Co-operative Street, Old Shildon.

Redworth Road, New Shildon.

William Street, Auckland Park.

142, Gurney Villas.

Mr. J. Lupton's, West Auckland.

April 3...Mr Scott, Darlington, at 2 and 6 p.m.

Church Street, Byers Green.

Villa Street, Spennymoor.

38, Prince's Street, Bishop Auckland. [Advt.]

Ladbroke Hall, Notting Hill, London, W.

Services every Sunday. General Meeting at 11.30 am. Public Service at 7, conducted by Mr F. O. Matthews. Musical arrangements by

Mr F. Knight Smith.

Oldham Spiritualists' Society.

176, Union Street. Meetings every Sunday at 2.30 and 6 p.m.

Secretary, Mr A. Farrar, 7, Dawson Street, Lees.

North Seaton Spiritualists' Society.

Secretary: Mr W. Keenlyside, North Seaton Colliery, Northumberland.

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NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, April 17th.

ASHINGTON and NORTH SEATON, April 24th (probably).

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