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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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The Platform.

TRUE WORSHIP.

[A Trance Discourse, delivered through the mediumship of
Mr Walter Howell at Barrow-in-Furness.]

Specially recorded for the *Herald of Progress*.

"The hour cometh and now is when the true worshipper shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him."

INVOCATION.

From the mount of transfigured thought, we gaze down into the strata of life beneath us, and behold Thee, O God, in every object of the automatic universe; Thy divine Love and Wisdom are everywhere manifested—Thy divine magnanimity! We adore Thee—Thou Source of all goodness—Thou fountain of all truth. In thy mysterious abode, whose body nature is, and Thou the soul! We praise Thee—for the influx of light, and love, and power; for the continued inspiration from the Sun of Righteousness and Truth; for the bringing forth of Spiritualism to mankind as a garden of paradisaical splendour, and causing it to bloom in the human spheres, and exhale a rich perfume. And we praise Thee for the interior of man's nature which causes him to be a mirror that reflects the divine likeness and image, just to that extent that he is true, and good, and noble. We praise Thee for the ministry of angels, whose mission it is to bring the light of immortality to man's benighted mind—disseminate the knowledge of the glorious and true spiritual existence, so that men shall no longer ask the question—"If a man die, shall he live again?" but that man may realise and know his relations with the spiritual world. Oh! Thou who art the Fountain of Life, rise with healing on Thy wings—dispel the darkness and ignorance of theological dogmas, and all that makes man grope in Egyptian darkness. Snap the bonds and let the captives free, and let them become participators in the glorious sunbeams of the truth. Thus may Thy Kingdom come—thus establish upon the earth a divine humanity, through which the stars of truth and love may ever shine, and cause the Light of Heaven to be universally realised by mankind. To Thee may ceaseless praise and adoration rise,—Thou the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, the first and the last, which is and was, and which is to come—The Almighty! Our Father who art in the heavens, hallowed be Thy name. Thy

Kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us day by day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Leave us not in temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever. Amen.

A D D R E S S .

The churches of all ages have had their own revelations adapted to their states of reception and their capacity to understand. There ever has been a continuation of that light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world. The external formula, the outward clothing in which revelations have been couched in past ages, may be varied, but underlying all—by whatever formula it may be covered, in whatever language it may be given—there has existed the principle of divine truth—an emanation from the Source of Inspiration. But the churches of all ages have had their rise and fall, they have had their interior perceptions of truth, and there has been, so to speak, an externalisation of the truth to a degree which has caused them to become mere outward formula, destitute of the power and destitute of the spirit. Hence, there has ever been the necessity for another illumination—for another dawn—for the uprising again of the Spirit of Righteousness and Truth, to dispel by its golden beams the darkness of the night of ignorance, and falsity, and churchal perversion. It matters not whether we turn to India, Egypt, Persia, Greece, China, or Great Britain. We find in all a divine accommodation to their opinion of truth, sufficient to enlighten the mind, and cause it to expand and unfold itself, and seek to become endued with the enlightening rays of the glorious sun of the spiritual world. The religious ceremonial becomes externally ritualistic. Religious life, so to speak, is relegated to external position, and becomes solely or comparatively an objective religion, and just to that extent, the church that has been the objective church, has crumbled to decay, instead of being the embodiment of true religious life. If we take popular theology as being the only embodied form of true religion, about nine-tenths of the human family can have no knowledge of it, because they are totally ignorant of the existence of such form or of such theology. You find that in India they have legends of Krishna and his mother; in Egypt they have legends of Osiris and Isis, and you find a wonderful similarity exists in all these formulas with your Bible history; in one, the centre figure is Mahomet; in another, Krishna; in another Buddha; in another Confucius. But you find in all the sacred writings of the ancients and of the present time, beautiful allegories, poetry, good codes of morals, and, mixed up with them, much of that which is mythical in its character, and, unfortunately for the church of the present day, she has adopted that which is outward, instead of that which is spiritual in its

tendency. Jesus said of the church in his day—"Ye have made the word of none effect by your traditions." And, indeed, the promulgator of Modern Spiritualism may also say to the churches of this day, "Ye have made the word of God of none effect by your traditions." Thus all are the outward embodiment of some interior truth for which it is necessary to lift the veil in order that mankind may perceive the underlying truth in its clear brightness, and thus remove the clouds that now obscure the more perfect manifestation of the sun of divine inspiration. The sun, indeed, does not cease to shine when mankind experiences darkness—or in winter, but when men experience darkness it is because the position of the earth, or that portion of it upon which he lives, has changed its relation to the sun. Precisely the same is it with man's condition when he experiences spiritual darkness, it is because his position towards the Sun of Righteousness and truth has changed. Still, the sun continues to shine in all its beauty, and it is only for man to ascend into that spiritual condition, from which eminence he may catch a glimpse of the sun's rays to realise its glory and its beauty. It is remarkable how, throughout your sacred writings, you have the continued recurrence of the number 12. You say that according to astrological science, you have the 12 signs of the Zodiac, and that in the pyramid of Cheops there are 12 chambers (some have discovered 8, and others 10), but there are in existence 12, for indeed it would not be in perfect harmony with ancient religion if there were not a perfect 12. There were 12 sons of Jacob, the 12 tribes of Israel, the 12 apostles, the 12 gates of the glorious city of the New Jerusalem. In the mysteries of ancient Greece, there are 12 degrees, which degrees were conferred upon only those who had, by their interior unfoldment, attained the position or state of the regenerative life corresponding to the external degree which was upon them conferred. Now, then, in this mystery, you find that there was one degree called Israelitish, and one Jewish, and hence the spiritual significance of the Apostle's words, when he says "He is a Jew, who is a one inwardly." Jew has a spiritual significance, applicable only to that individual who has, by the unfoldment of his interior nature, advanced to that degree which constitutes him a Jew—"an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile." Seeing that all formula, or systems of religion, are similar in their external appearance, there must be some interior spiritual significance, which the external are the embodiment of. It is known to many that the Order of Rosicrucians and Freemasons adopted this symbolical language from what was known as astronomical sciences of ancient Egypt. Hence, you have continually a wonderful astronomical and astrological symbolism to convey to the human mind a knowledge of some interior spiritual truth, and your Bible becomes to you the medium or channel to convey to your mind that spiritual truth which underlies its external condition, and to that extent it becomes the medium of spiritual enlightenment, as the book itself states, "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." In the mere external formula there is little or nothing different. In the records of the miracles performed by Jesus of Nazareth, when rightly understood, they are found to be only in keeping with the known laws of nature, and may also be performed to-day with equal accuracy, with equal demonstrative evidence as in ages past. And, again, it is well known that Jesus, according to historic account, went into Egypt, and whilst in Egypt it is not at all unlikely that he would become familiar with the occult sciences which were known to the adepts of that time. Having acquired a knowledge of the laws of nature more perfectly, by which he was able to perform his mighty works, Jesus says—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, the works that I do shall ye do also, and greater works shall ye do." As we gaze abroad upon the earth to-day we behold mankind, and see the requirements of this external manifestation of nature that truth may come within the range of their capacity for understanding. Just as in the Jewish nation they required external manifestations, so there is a need for an external manifestation now, to come within the range and comprehension of the materialistic mind. But, notwithstanding that this is so, still the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipper shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth. Angels from the interior heavens have illumined their torches from the fires of God and are descending to all lands; and where the heart's aspirations are to goodness and truth, there the angels seek to kindle the real fire, and sing—

"There let it to thy glory rise,
With inextinguishable blaze,

And, trembling, raise to Thee its cries;
In humble prayer and fervent praise!"

In the Christian Church, there may prevail among the minds of the people that which is erroneous, yet to the advanced there is a more interior perception of the underlying principle of truth, which everywhere is true inspiration. If you go to the poor Parsee, whom you designate such, you ask him if he worships the fire? No; he says. The fire is to him an emblem, a representative of the Sun. Well, then, say you, perhaps you worship the sun? No; says he, we do not worship the sun—the sun is an external embodiment of light and heat. The light is spiritual truth and heat is heavenly love. We only worship Love and Wisdom, Truth and Goodness. Where you find the truth worshipper, there you find one who worships the Father in spirit and in truth. Thus you find also that in all systems of religious thought, there are the devotees who have an interior perception, by which they are enabled to see, underlying the mere external ceremonial, a glorious truth shining. To them, subjective religion is that which is primary, and the objective, the mere outbursts of the interior. The external becomes, as it were, an outward expression or symbolical representation of interior devotion. This may be so in your land to-day, and to that extent, perhaps, the outward ceremonial is not objectionable, but does not man to-day in his religious observances rely more upon mere outward ceremonial for his redemption and salvation, than to the operation of principles within the soul. What does it matter whether Jesus, for illustration, did or did not exist upon the external plane, did or did not die the ignominious death upon the cross. The all-important question is—Does the principle, of which he was the outward embodiment, live in you? Is Christ a hope of glory? Do you realise how your spiritual nature belongeth to that Jesus! Are you still, as to your spiritual state, wandering in the wilderness, and as far as you are spiritually concerned, Jesus has not as yet been born? For, indeed man's spiritual nature does not depend upon laws of time and space, but upon spiritual conditions—a state of existence which ever involves the embodiment of a Christ-like life. Now, you find that the individuals who are in this spiritual state of unfoldment read the laws of nature, manifest the birth and life of Christ, and the glorious utterance of that thought comes as a promise of divine protection and divine illumination. Thus, you find a different applicability of the words of your sacred writings according to the spiritual state and condition of mankind. As a man ascends into the spiritual state of life, and from the mount of transfigured thought gazes upon the earth from that high standpoint of development to which he has attained, his perception of truth will be different to that of others. As he spiritually advances, he will come into closer proximity with angels of the inner realms of thought, and receive their inspiration more directly, and thus be in a more interior sense, a worshipper of the Father in spirit and in truth. For, indeed, the mere adherence to any creed or dogma does not constitute man's true religious life. If there is any religion, it is that of which the Seer of the last century says "That all true religion has relation to love, and the life of true religion is to do good." Truly, as man from the spiritual standpoint, gazes upon all the varied forms of religion, he may see in them all, and underlying them all, some true principle embodied. It matters not whether the Buddhist addresses the Supreme as Buddha; the Brahmin as Brahma. The Divine Spirit will not quarrel with his children because one calls him by a different name to another. But wherever there is an aspiration to goodness, that good which is in affinity to the aspiration, will pour itself from the Divine Spirit of the Universe to the interior spirit of the one who yearns for its influx; wherever spirits yearn for truth there is an adoration of the Father in spirit and in truth. Thus man, gazing from a universal standpoint of religious life, may see in all nations, a manifestation of the same principle that you designate the Christ principle. We behold in the outward manifestation of Jesus, the embodiments of truth, and, hence, wherever the heart in adoration goes forth towards truth, goodness, and the elevation of the soul, there is established the principle of the Kingdom of Heaven within the soul. Jesus says, and truly, "That the kingdom of heaven is within you;" and if the kingdom of heaven be within you, and Jesus is ascended into heaven, then he must be within you. In order to be understood by you, Jesus, as a heavenly principle, must be within you.

Thus, you find that within you, there seems to exist an embodiment of all these Christ-like principles of which you should be the vehicle of manifestation. For there can be no manifestation external to yourself in spirit-life, but what will be the outcome of the embodiment of your own heart and affection, and just to that degree in which the spirit of God dwells in you, and a divine love manifests itself through you, just to that extent will you be the worshippers of the Father in spirit and in truth. May your spiritual yearnings ever ascend to the highest principles of goodness—the loftiest ideas of truth of which you are conscious, and thus you will adore the Spirit of the Universe in the highest and truest sense, you will indeed then be worshippers of the Father in spirit and in truth.

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HARRY TARLETON:

A TALE OF LOVE AND MYSTERY.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

(Continued from page 340.)

“A very pretty idea,” said I. “May we live to see it carried out, and then you and I will retire there and spend the rest of our lives in making experiments upon the British workman and his children.”

The next morning we sat on the rocks by the banks of the lovely Dart, and basked lazily in the sunshine, the deep green water being as calm as a mill pond. Behind us were the steep wooded banks of the river, and opposite, high and verdant hills walled in the river on that side also. A large steamer, bound for the Cape of Good Hope, passed us, steaming slowly out to sea, the passengers waving a final adieu to Old England, of whose shores they could hardly carry away any more lovely and poetical reminiscences than they took from this, their last halting place.

From Dartmouth, we next proceed up-river to Totnes, through lovely and romantic scenery—a constant succession of rounded verdant hills, some brilliantly laid out in fields of varied hue, and others covered by dense plantations of oak, whose warm golden tops, peeping one over the other in a constant succession of gracefully rounded curves, rose from the water's edge, in whose calm placid surface the blue sky and verdant banks were reflected with vivid clearness. The day was hot and sultry, and our little steamer steamed rapidly and noiselessly through the still waters, round woody corners where the river took unexpected turns, and revealed fresh beauties to our gaze. The only drawback to our pleasure was the yelling of an infant prodigy, an untamed savage of seven or eight years old, who persisted in awakening the echoes of the silent woods, and driving all poetry from our thoughts by the most dreadful screeches, whose strength and shrillness seemed to afford much consolation, and to gratify the pride of the maternal bosom of a stout perspiring old woman in the forepart of the vessel.

At Totnes we climbed the steep main street of this picturesque little country town, whose quaint old houses projected over the footway, and were supported by columns, thus forming a nice dry promenade in wet weather, which it would be well if modern English towns took pattern by—in a climate where it is seldom safe to go from home without an umbrella.

It was already dusk when we reached the old castle, which caps the hill at the top of this street, and having gained admission, and found our way to the great round tower which overlooks the town, we were enabled to enjoy a glorious and romantic view over the town below, with its beautiful church rising sentinel-like over the roofs and chimneys, and curling smoke of the houses all round. Beyond the town, of which we here had a complete birds'-eye view, we had a wide and distant expanse of wooded and agricultural country, with the winding Dart losing itself amongst parks and hills in the distance. The moon was up, and already the shades of night were creeping o'er the scene. From the town below us sounds of varied import ascended to our ears, and might have inspired a poetic strain in many less romantic minds than ours. The mournful bellowing of cows, the shrill barking of dogs, the noisy laughter and play of boys and girls who were old enough to be still abroad, and the deeper voices of men, some already in their cups, with an

occasional church bell tolling the summons for evening service, or the shrill whistle of a distant railway train, all made up a suggestive medley of sounds, coming up to us in the solitary darkness and gloom of the forsaken tower.

From Totnes, after a hasty visit to Plymouth, we bade adieu to soft and romantic South Devon, and sped away by rail and coach, *via* Launceston to Bude Haven, on the north coast, from where we determined to walk east to Lynton.

Our 25 mile of coach travelling took us through rather a bleak country, certainly a great contrast to the rich and verdant vales of the south. The weather, too, was unpropitious, but here and there some fine views and charming scenery were met with.

“What is that delightful park over there?” said I to the driver.

“Oh; that's Colonel Pumpkin's place.”

“Indeed,” said I, picturing to myself a fine old specimen of the English county gentleman, whose family had probably lived there for generations, and who doubtless was one of the foremost untitled aristocrats of the neighbourhood, respected and beloved by all his tenants, as all beau ideal squires should be. “I suppose he's a great swell in these parts?”

“Dunno about that, sir, but I reckon he's got lots o' brass. Made it out o' beer or sperits. They say he'd a matter o' two hundred gin palaces in Millhampton, where he cum from, an' where he was colonel of volunteers.”

“Oh, goodness,” said Harry to me. “Only think of that. What a charming recruit for ‘Burke's county families.’ I suppose in the next generation the Pumpkins' will be in the Peerage. To think that we should come all this way to the most distant and loveliest county in England in order to get away from Millhampton and its associations, and here we find that Devonshire is being converted into a Lancashire suburb. I wonder how many of those beautiful parks of the Dart are owned by Lancashire men.”

“Don't abuse Lancashire men,” said I. “They have shewn more enterprise and political enlightenment than any other men in England. Who started and carried through the Reform measures? Who abolished the Corn Laws? To whom is the country indebted for Free Trade, for its greatest wealth, its world-wide commercial reputation, and its foremost Statesmen?”

“Oh I don't mean to abuse them at all. It is beer I'm thinking of. To see men fatten on the vices and weaknesses of humanity in the dismal climate and crowded slums of our northern towns and then sneak off with their money bags under their arms and settle down in a lovely part of the world amongst people who don't know their antecedents, and fancy they will enjoy the rest of their lives in a show of splendour and selfish respectability. How any man with the faintest belief in a future life and a responsibility for deeds done in the flesh, or duties neglected, can content himself to accumulate wealth gotten by such means is beyond my comprehension. I wonder whether he ever thinks how many broken hearted, ill used wives, how many starved and ill-clad children and reckless husbands owe their misery to the temptations offered by his beershops or gin palaces.”

“Well,” said I, “I dare say he would tell you that it is not his fault, but rather the fault of society and the working classes themselves who will have the drink. If he did not supply it some one else would and there would have been no diminution of drinking after all.”

“Such specious arguments are all very well if one's conduct in life could be judged of by the world's standard of right and wrong; but, from my point of view, I cannot see that because some one else does wrong, therefore I am justified in doing evil also. I am responsible for the evil I do, and if I refused to do it and some one else did, the latter would bear the blame and not I. Because, for the sake of gain, I do that mischief, do you think I am to be excused on the ground that some one else would have done it had I declined? Here you have a man who presumably will one day give an account of the way he has spent his life. When on his death bed he will be brought face to face with the question ‘how have I spent my life?’ His answer will be, ‘In making money.’ ‘For what purpose?’ ‘For self.’ So far he is no worse than other men, but then comes the question of ‘How it has been made?’ Surely no standard of right and wrong will pretend to rank as high the man who has made his money by giving employment to men and women, and who entertain no ill will towards him, and the man who has made his money by selling drink to weak men and women who, but for

the temptation he has so luringly placed around their squalid home, might have been comparatively happy, contented and useful members of society. Surely there must be a great difference here in a man's responsibility for his earthly life."

"It seems to me that there is a fearful amount of humbug talked on the liquor question. Some men talk glibly about 'the law of supply and demand,' and protest against 'interfering with the rights of property,' or 'the liberty of the subject?' 'If people get drunk, say they, it is their own fault,' and so on. Now, it appears to me, that although the immediate cause of drunkenness is, undoubtedly, *drinking*; yet there is another cause behind that, and another yet further beyond. These men drink because they are not comfortable at home, and since they cannot stand in a wet street, and since—until quite recently, when coffee taverns began to exist—there were no other wholesome places to tempt them into, whilst gin palaces are permitted by an enlightened legislature to stare them in the face at every street corner, it is surely not to be wondered at that they yield to temptation, so glaring and so irresistible. Once inside, they have no right to remain there, excepting by reason of their drink patronage, and so they are again tempted."

"To all intents and purposes, such men are mere children. They are too ignorant to know that drink is bad for them, since the whole traditions of their youth have been on the side of drinking, they have no other attractions offered to them, and they naturally do what they like best, until the habit becomes formed, and they no longer *could* resist the temptation if they would. The obvious remedy, therefore, is to *remove or reduce the number of temptations*, and to tempt them in the right direction by more wholesome amusements, as well as to educate the women, who are to become their wives, into a knowledge of the way to make their husbands' homes an attraction as great as the public-house."

"All this talk about 'the liberty of the subject,' and 'the rights of property,' simply comes to this, that a certain number of unprincipled, selfish men, who care not how much suffering is caused so long as they make money, insist upon having a right of property in the drinking community; they look upon drunkards apparently as their stock-in-trade, and resent your reducing the number of drinkers with as much display of virtuous indignation as an honest baker would the confiscation of his loaves. Then they say that to prevent a man getting drunk when he likes is infringing his liberty. Liberty, forsooth! The liberty of a man to neglect his children, maltreat his wife, and generally to avoid doing his duty to society, thereby compelling his fellow citizens to incur enormously-increased outlay in providing prisons, lunatic asylums, and workhouses, which the virtuous stickler for the rights of property is indirectly engaged in filling with thieves, lunatics, and paupers!"

"Formerly, it was said that we were a nation of shop-keepers. Now, forsooth, we are rapidly becoming a nation of publicans!"

(To be continued).

[This tale was commenced in No. 1 Vol. II. (Jan. 7th, 1881) Back numbers can always be had.]

TRANSITIONAL MAN, OR A SPECIES OF EXTINCT CREATURES.

Translated from a Mediumistic Communication published in *Revue Spirite*.

[For the commencement of this subject, see *Herald* of 13th May.]

I now come to the inner development of the creatures introduced to our notice by the late W. N. Rose, who says as follows:—As to their inner development, these Wrangas were characterised by violent and unbridled passions: they were ferocious, cruel, and vindictive, and added to the vices of other animals, those with which these former were unacquainted, such as spoliation and plunder. They had no idea whatever of system or orderly habits; their depots were caves, crevices in the rocks and hollow trees, or they buried their spoil in the ground. Thus they were either in opulence or penury; in the first case they were intemperate—ferocious, and in the other hunger and sexual passions urged them always to extremities, which incessantly brought quarrels and massacres amongst themselves, and attacks upon man.

It is not necessary to trace the qualities they had in common with animals, it is clear they had them all, we ought rather to examine in what way they were inferior to men.

Their constructive faculties were limited; they constructed huts, but they also lived in dens and caves. This was nevertheless almost the exception. They were equally too volatile in temperament, and delighted in change; in this they differed from monkeys; some of the races led a wandering life; others travelled, urged by want, and then remained several years in the same country. There was no progress whatever to be discovered in their construction; they knew how to make a fire-place of large stones, and keep on the fire; if this went out, they had no other means to relight it than to go and seek it from men. Their huts took fire from their carelessness, which often brought about quarrels. Strength of will was not wanting in them, but it easily degenerated into obstinacy. In consequence of their indolence and laziness, a moral application of will, like that which we exercise to overcome ourselves, was altogether unknown to them. With a sufficiently good memory, their intellectual faculties were feeble, comprehension difficult, and limited to things sensual; their judgment was not much superior to that which we would name choice; choice was always governed by material well-being. The comparisons which they made were excessively defective, and always incomplete; the consequences which they derived from their observations only shewed themselves in their actions, and were ordinarily little intelligent. As to morality, in the sense of performing a duty, it was never a question with them; there did not exist amongst them any idea whatever of disinterestedness; to the contrary, the most absolute egotism was almost always their only motive for acting; they had, however, in some way a kindly feeling, sometimes even towards men, when they were at peace with them; or they had services rendered to them; but it was always on condition that they themselves were living in plenty. Thus their habitual idleness, their indolence and thoughtlessness, had the power of bringing forth a species of complaisance which looked like kindness. In this mood they could be called good, but the slightest incident brought about sudden and furious passions; then they broke loose like madmen. In this state they were capable of anything. To ill-treat, to murder all that came in their way was then their custom, nothing was sheltered from their fury, not even their wives or children. These generally took flight, not to return again, so that they were separated for ever. Such events were not rare: the man cared little for his wife, and still less for the children, and ignored them the oftener, if it was his own that were near him. It did not matter much to him. When he was in abundance, the distribution of food was great; if there was little, he took all for himself; if there was nothing, he had to seek the wherewithal for subsistence; at all times he preferred to take it by theft or brigandage, even from his neighbours; if he were not able to procure it, he would kill the women and children to feed himself upon.

Rarely with these races were there any laws. Each one did what he pleased; nevertheless, in the most advanced types there was a species of agreement, naturally verbal, which was limited to a little co-operation or an obligation to abstain from certain acts. The government consisted of a few chiefs who were temporarily elected, sometimes only for a few days.

Polygamy was general and natural, because there were many more women than men, in consequence of incessant battles, in which the males perished in great numbers. The conquerors then took possession of the females and children of the vanquished, made a great repast—their food consisting principally of human flesh: the women and children took part in this, and also fed sometimes on the human flesh of their fathers. Even several of them had later on to serve for food to the remainder.

They had no notion whatever of good or evil; they were extravagant in their wants, and only recognised evil so far as they suffered from it; that is to say, when they had troublesome matters affecting them, without considering motive or intention, a wicked design was not bad. They did evil with impunity; when in their attacks they did not meet resistance, or escaped vengeance, there was only evil for him who submitted to it. Besides, they never talked of these matters; they ordinarily talked little, and announced their impressions, which were always of a sensual nature, but by coarse sounds.

The idea of a superior life, and any notions of eternity, were

still far from their conception. There remained for future man still much to develop.

Transitional man is distributed in a great many planets, and they differ much one from the other. There are some who may be taken for monkeys of an advanced species, and others that might be considered as wild men, coarse and limited.

Upon some of the planets they constitute (of the animals) nearly the whole population. The same as on earth, man is the most advanced creature, transitional man is so on other planets. But there are also planets on which the most developed beings are much more advanced than we are.

Upon those planets in which transitional man is placed under the authority of men more highly advanced than we are, we find them united in societies, tamed, governed, and arrived to a degree of development which prepares them for human incarnation. This degree of development also exists upon other planets of inferior order; there even the degrees of development can be distinguished, and though the difference is trifling, the superior are evidently distinct from the inferior species.

In the meantime, the spiritual principle has progressed with these transitive men. It already distinctly contains the human soul form, the spirit body is more developed, and commences to acquire the qualities of the human spirit body. The will has freed itself in some way, and begins to acquire some notions of responsibility. Nevertheless, progress is principally in the spirit body, and in the consciousness of a life of incorporeal spirit which now commences. With the animals this does not exist at all; the spiritual principle passes immediately into an animal of the same or a higher species; but this is no longer the case with transitional man; for them there is a wandering life of incorporeal spirit, but very short in comparison with that of man; the time of wandering life increases in the measure that races and species progress, and can even remain a very long time in the last period which is necessary for the spirit to remain before incarnation into humanity. Nevertheless, that the spiritual principle of transitional man has arrived at the condition of incorporeal spirit, their spiritual organs are very defective. They feel themselves most all unhappy in this condition; they do not know how to act; they have but a vague consciousness of their condition, but the remembrance of their sufferings follows them in their first human existence.

It is due to this that savages have these vague ideas of a life beyond the tomb, and the fear of suffering which may attend it. Others have been happier, and bring ideas which cause a better perception to grow of good and evil, and a vague conscience, which they have the faculty to use, in one sense or the other. That gives rise to the desire of a happier state, also a more elevated aspiration, a want of help and protection against evil, which threatens them from without, and a conviction that they cannot obtain that protection gratuitously, but that they should render themselves worthy. These details have already carried us into the reign of man, and allows us to see, in the inferior races, the germ of a religious feeling.

To the Editor of the "Herald of Progress."

DEAR SIR,—On perusing your journal of May 13th, 1881, it struck me that I had some notes of seances made some years ago, which corresponded with the article, page 299, on the "Agénères," or "Wrangus;" the coincidence is so remarkable that I have extracted the memorandum, which I made at the time, and send it to you at foot. My subject was a strictly private clairvoyant, whom I often mesmerised, and whom I never found at fault, and the results were obtained apparently by absolute vacation of the body. I may say that I have never mentioned this particular subject to any one, so that there is no possibility of your Mr Rose having heard of my previous experience. Another matter I may allude to in regard to your correspondent F.A.B. (on above named page), whom I recognise as the author of a book which I gave to a friend who sent me this number of your *Herald of Progress*. I see at once from his note that he alludes to a gentleman with whom I have had one business transaction, and who then gave me most remarkable proofs of his wonderfully easy clairvoyant powers. From what I saw of him, I fully believe all that F.A.B. says of him.—Yours truly,

Withington, Manchester, May 18, 1881. JOHN YARKER.

Relations—No. 88.—June 18, 1876.—Our guide took me away to-night to see the first race of men who were far away in a

forest of large trees; they had no clothing, but are covered with hair of a mouse colour from the crown of the head to the feet and hands. They had a peculiar shaped face, with a prominent mouth or muzzle. They stood perfectly erect. I saw no tail. They have very long arms, and their bodies are longer and legs shorter than our ordinary race of men; the legs are thin and of a uniform thickness from the knees downwards. They seem to roam about the forest without feelings or object, but looked surprised at seeing me there. Our guide wished me to go and see another race of people, which he pointed out to me, with dark brown skins, but I declined for the present; one of them advanced as if to receive us. He had a bow and arrows, and the skin of some animal thrown over his shoulders; his face was tattooed; he had a ring in his nostrils, and three bracelets on his arm.

102—June 28th, 1876.—The hairy covering of the first race must be natural, and not artificial; the second race does not seem much different to the first, except that only the upper part of the body is covered with hair or fur. The third race is said to be a tumultuous race, and I am not sure that I have seen them. The fourth race are the red Indians. The people who sat in niches of their temple, and whom our guide said he believed to be the authors of true religion, we took out of their due course. They were copper-coloured—Ethiopians, I think he told me.

266—Sept. 18th, 1877.—(Possessing spirit.)—The last time I came to see you, you were cross, and in my haste to get away, I took the wrong road, and found myself amongst an ugly race of people like monkeys; they had hairy bodies, long thin hands, and long thin feet. They talked a very uncouth language, but were not cruel, and did not annoy me in any way, but the reverse; they looked upon me as a superior being, a sort of queen. I said, do you know that your friend was once taken amongst these old people, who belong to the first ages? No (she said); I never heard of them before.

G A S P A R.

"At Worcester a few weeks since, I accidentally met, at the house of a banker in that city, a lady whom I had not previously known; and from her lips I heard a story of a character so extraordinary that no common-place voucher for the veracity of the narrator would suffice, in the eyes of most people, to establish its authenticity.

"Nor was it an ordinary testimonial, which on applying to our host, he furnished to me. He had known the lady, he said, for more than thirty years. 'So great is her truth,' he added, 'so easily proved is her uprightness, that I cannot entertain a doubt that she herself believes whatever she says.' Blameless in her walk and conversation, he regarded it as an incredibility that she should seek to deceive. Of strong mind, and intelligent upon all subjects, it seemed almost as difficult for him to imagine that in the narrative he had himself frequently heard from her lips—clear and circumstantial as it was—she should have been a self-deceiver. And thus he was in a dilemma. For the facts were of a character which he was extremely reluctant to admit; while the evidence was of a stamp which it seemed impossible to question.

"My own observation of the lady, stranger as she was to me, confirmed everything which her friend the banker had told me in her favour. There was in her face and manner, even in the tones of her voice, that nameless something, rarely deceptive, which carries conviction of truth. As she repeated the story, I could not choose but trust to her sincerity; and this the rather because she spoke with evident reluctance. 'It was rarely,' the banker said, 'that she could be prevailed on to relate the circumstances; her hearers being usually sceptics, more disposed to laugh than to sympathise with her.'

"Add to this, that neither the lady nor the banker were believers in Spiritualism, having heard, as they told me, 'next to nothing' on the subject.

"I commit no breach of confidence in the following communication. 'If you speak of this matter,' said the lady to me, 'I will ask you to suppress the name of the place in France where the occurrences took place.' This I have accordingly done. I may add that the incidents here related have been the frequent subject of conversation and comment between the lady and her friends.

"Thus premising, I proceed to give the narrative as nearly as I can in the lady's words.

"About the year 1820," she said, "we were residing at the seaport town of ———, in France, having removed thither from our residence in Suffolk. Our family consisted of my father, mother, sister, a young brother about the age of twelve, and myself, together with an English servant. Our house was in a lonely spot, on the outskirts of the town, with a broad open beach around it, and with no other dwelling nor any outbuilding in its vicinity.

"One evening my father saw, seated on a fragment of rock only a few yards from his own door, a figure enveloped in a large cloak. Approaching him, my father bid him 'good evening'; but, receiving no reply, he turned to enter the house. Before doing so, however, he looked back, and, to his very great surprise, could see no one. His astonishment reached its height when, on returning to the rock where the figure had seemed seated, and searching all round it, he could discover no trace whatever of the appearance, although there was not the slightest shelter near where any one could have sought concealment.

"On entering the sitting-room, he said, 'Children, I have seen a ghost!' at which, as may be supposed, we all heartily laughed.

"That night, however, and for several succeeding nights, we heard strange noises in various parts of the house—sometimes resembling moans underneath our window, sometimes sounding like scratches against the window frames, while at other times it seemed as if a number of persons were scrambling over the roof. We opened our window again and again, calling out to know if any one were there, but received no answer.

"After some days, the noises made their way into our bedroom, where my sister and myself (she twenty and I eighteen years of age) slept together. We alarmed the house, but received only reproaches, our parents believing that we were affected by silly fancies. The noises in our room were usually knocks, sometimes repeated twenty or thirty times in a minute, sometimes with the space perhaps of a minute between each.

"At length our parents also heard both the knockings in our room and the noises outside, and were fain to admit that it was no imagination. Then the incident of the ghost was revived. But none of us were seriously alarmed. We became accustomed to the disturbances.

"One night, during the usual knockings, it occurred to me to say, aloud, 'If you are a spirit, knock six times.' Immediately I heard six knocks, very distinctly given, and no more.

"As time passed on, the noises became so familiar as to lose all terrifying, even all disagreeable, effect; and so matters passed for several weeks.

"But the most remarkable part of my story remains to be told. I should hesitate to repeat it to you, were not all the members of my family witnesses of its truth. My brother—then, it is true, a boy only, now a man in years, and high in his profession—will confirm every particular.

"Besides the knockings in our bedroom, we began to hear—usually in the parlour—what seemed a human voice. The first time this startling phenomena occurred, the voice was heard to join in one of the domestic songs of the family while my sister was at the piano. You may imagine our astonishment. But we were not long left in doubt as to whether, in this instance, our imaginations had deceived us. After a time, the voice began to speak to us clearly and intelligibly, joining from time to time in the conversation. The tones were low, slow, and solemn, but quite distinct: the language was uniformly French.

"The spirit—for such we called it—gave his name as GASPARD, but remained silent whenever we made inquiry touching his history and condition in life. Nor did he ever assign any motive for his communications with us. We received the impression that he was a Spaniard; but I cannot recall any certain reason even for such belief. He always called the family by their Christian names. Occasionally he would repeat to us lines of poetry. He never spoke on subjects of a religious nature or tendency, but constantly inculcated Christian morality, seeming desirous to impress upon us the wisdom of virtue and the beauty of harmony at home. Once, when my sister and myself had some slight dispute, we heard the voice saying, "M——— is wrong; S——— is right." From the time he first declared himself he was continually giving us advice, and always for good.*

* The italics are in the original manuscript.

"On one occasion my father was extremely desirous to recover some valuable papers which he feared might have been lost. Gaspar told him exactly where they were, in our old house in Suffolk; and there, sure enough, in the very place he designated they were found.

"The matter went on in this manner for more than three years. Every member of the family, including the servants, had heard the voice. The presence of the spirit—for we could not help regarding him as present—was always a pleasure to us all. We came to regard him as our companion and protector. One day he said, "I shall not be with you again for some months." And, accordingly, for several months his visits intermitted. When, one evening at the end of that time, we again heard the well-known voice, "I am with you again!" we hailed his return with joy.

"At the times the voice was heard, we never saw any appearance; but one evening my brother said, "Gaspar, I should like to see you;" to which the voice replied, "You shall see me. I will meet you if you go to the furthest side of the square." He went, and returned presently, saying, "I have seen Gaspar. He was in a large cloak, with a broad-brimmed hat. I looked under the hat, and he smiled upon me." "Yes," said the voice, joining in, "that was I."

"But the manner of his final departure was more touching, even, than his kindness while he stayed. We returned to Suffolk; and there, as in France, for several weeks after our arrival, Gaspar continued to converse with us, as usual. One day, however, he said, "I am about to leave you altogether. Harm would come to you if I were to be with you here in this country, where your communications with me would be misunderstood and misinterpreted.

"From that time," concluded the lady, in that tone of sadness with which one speaks of a dear friend removed by death—"from that time to this, we never heard the voice of Gaspar again!"

"These are the facts as I had them. They made me think; and they may make your readers think. Explanation or opinion I pretend not to add, further than this: that of the perfect good faith of the narrator I entertain no doubt whatever. In attestation of the story as she related it, I affix my name.

"London, June 25, 1859."

"S. C. HALL."

CONFESSIONS OF A MEDIUM.

In a long article in the *Graphic News* (a journal for ladies) for May 14th, there are a great many assertions as to the fraud of mediums, and details freely given, which may be perfectly correct, for Spiritualists know very well that the phenomena really occur, and they also know that imitations are attempted. But the writer strangely misses his object when he admits the real and the counterfeit, and says that on finding fraud, he remained in the movement and in fellowship with the guilty parties. He should have purified the circles, and not have sacrificed a sacred truth because it was perverted. Here is his account:—

"If, in this article I may be severe on charlatans and tricksters I will not willingly offend the proper sensitiveness of those spiritually-minded people whose souls are yearning after knowledge of the unseen world. These are they in whom spirit mediums traffic; these are they who are most liable to be deceived, and who, as a matter of fact, are the principal victims of many painful deceptions. I do not dispute the existence of a great spiritual realm, but I do deny the occult powers assumed by numbers of those mountebanks and impostors called mediums, who impudently pretend to bring us messages from the dead, and superlative teaching from the higher spheres, in order that they may trade in our most sacred affections and in our highest religious aspirations.

"How I myself fell into their snares and became their victim is not now of much importance, but I am justified in saying that I entered into the investigation of the subject with the utmost sincerity; and, after I had attended a few seances, I became enchanted, fascinated, spell-bound. Under the delirium of this enchantment I thought that Spiritualism was a New Gospel, and the unfoldment of a better dispensation. Entertaining this view, I devoutly consecrated my life to it as the supreme cause of God and humanity. The 'dear spirits' recognised my enthusiasm and self-sacrifice, and promised me that I should be a powerful

medium and an evangelist in the new era. I naturally coveted the best gifts, and my highest ambition was to devote myself to a movement so sublime as that which essayed to bring Heaven and earth into close and constant communion. Heaven soon sent the opportunity that my soul desired. I became acquainted with a medium of large experience and of a larger frame, and as a special favour was admitted to his seances, which were held twice a week in his house. I considered myself privileged beyond the common lot of mortals, and sincerely and devoutly thanked God for this signal mark of His favour.

"A short time after my first introduction I was invited to join in the manifestations, and was glad to accept the invitation. For some time I was treated as in novitiate, and was not admitted into the rites and mysteries of fraud. I assisted in the outer courts, and without any guilty knowledge of the *arcana* of iniquity which formed the basis of the Satanic imposition. At length, however, I was drawn further and further into the vortex, and the whole system of fraud was laid bare to me. Not however, till it could no longer be withheld from my observation and knowledge. Then those high priests of Baal frankly told me the whole truth, and attempted to justify the deliberate frauds by arguing that 'the people will have the phenomena, and will be disappointed if they do not occur. Whenever, therefore, they fail, we must supplement the real with the counterfeit. Our clients will never be any wiser—they will be abundantly satisfied, our own fame will spread far and wide, and the guineas of the 'flats' will fill your pockets.'

"The disillusion came with this terrible revelation, and it brought me a long agony. It was some time, however, before I was able to realise my true position and to break away from the bondage of that diabolical connection. When at last I did escape from their snares I felt as if I had fled from a conspiracy with Satan, and now I am happy because I am free."

We have seen imitations also, and when the real manifestations fail, we withdraw from the association with known deception, and find plenty of the genuine evidences of spirit power and communion. No doubt the writer of "confessions" will do likewise, for we have not yet met with any one, who fairly investigated, with a single eye to truth, that could long withstand the evidences which the spiritual world are giving of their mission to this benighted world of ours.

Truth is a two-edged sword—hence a truth misapplied becomes a curse rather than a blessing, and while we ardently aspire to make a good use of the heaven-sent revelations of to-day, as also of those of all previous times, we bespeak for the author of "confessions" a re-consideration of the whole matter in the spirit of prayer and humility, and then, we feel assured he will again publish a "confession" to the honour of the development which, unfortunately, has met his gaze under too great a cloud.

SING, BIRDIE, SING!

Sing, birdie, sing those notes again,
Which gently stole away,
The weary feel of ache and pain,
Which burdened me all day.

The incubus of maddening thought,
That would not lifted be,
A glimpse of heaven it has caught,
Which, thanks, I owe to thee.

Sing, sing, to keep my thoughts still fair,
For they are very prone,
To lose the touch of light they bear
If I am left alone.

Sweet messenger, you little guess,
The wondrous work that's yours,
How your sweet carol lifts distress
How your joy-telling cures.

Chirping, as if for some gone mate,
You track the cloudless sky
You seemingly at heaven's gate
While low and lone I lie.

Long as your music fills my soul
The solitude is filled,
As if some heavenly control
The whirl of life had stilled.

I seem to hang upon your strain
For, when 'tis gone, I fall
Unto my own sad self again
With nothing bright at all.

Sing, then, sing gladsomely and full
Till my thoughts rush to thee,
Then I can never more feel dull
Where you so happy be.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

SARAH MOULD.

SPIRIT MESSAGE.

Men and worldlings will you never,
Hear the solemn spirit call,
Lo! it whispers, whispers ever,
Unto one, and unto all.

Be no longer blindly wrangling,
Notching the keen word of truth,
For the fadged edge is rangling,
Even in the breast of youth.

Wherefore to this vain world clinging,
Listless as the noon-day cloud,
Wherefore, toiling vainly wearing
Golden lining for a shroud?

Truth bestows a crown of lightness,
Easy on the brow it lies,
But ye spurn it, lest its brightness,
Vex your filmy mortal eyes.

Every soul has got its mission
There is work for all to do,
Up the mountain climbs ambition,
For a wider clearer view.

Then unclasp the Book of Ages,
Read it with thy inner eye,
Breathe thy soul upon its pages,
With a love that cannot die.

Heed thou not the gay winds driving
Let life's shadows earthward roll,
Be thou dauntless, ever striving
Heavenward to raise the soul.

Men and worldlings, will you never
Hear the solemn spirit call,
Lo! it whispers, whispers ever,
On for ever—onward all!

E. DEAN.

REVIEW.

THE VALUE OF PRAYER—a scientific and practical view of the subject. By Nicholas Morgan—price 2d. This is a pamphlet well worth reading, especially by those of a sceptical turn of mind, as it admirably, and, we think, conclusively shows prayer to be natural to humanity, and that to neglect this duty is to enervate one of the highest intellectual jewels of our spiritual constitution, and proportionately decrease our perception and appreciation of Divine revelations. The pamphlet can be obtained at Mr E. J. Blakes's, Grainger Street.

The Philosophy of Prayer is ably set forth in an article which will appear in our next issue. Mr Morgan's appeal is from a different standpoint, and all Spiritualists should seek to know, and make up their minds what their duty really is on this wondrous privilege of Prayer. It would be one link in the chain in answer to our friend J. Enmore Jones.

On Sunday, June 5th, the experience meetings, both morning and evening, will be specially addressed by our old friend Mr Armstrong. Mr Ogle has also consented to give a history of his discovery that Spiritualism is true.

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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.

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The Herald of Progress.

FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 1881.

JOTTINGS.

The address through the mediumship of Walter Howell is very fine and suggestive. It is due to him to state that it is imperfectly reported, and the Editor has curtailed it very much, without in the least altering the sense. A verbatim report would have been preferred, but the address, as it stands, is evidence of the flow of inspiration through this instrument of the spirit-world, and makes us wish to hear him for ourselves. May we have a continual growth in all spiritual gifts.

One of the greatest glories of our philosophy is that of its manifold character, and the communications through trance speakers and other mediums are sure to be appreciated, because they herald a loving *faith* for a blind and almost dying *hope*. The utterances are adapted to the wants of every mental state, and the yearning of the soul of man for knowledge of the future conditions of existence is so universal, that our victory is assured. The churches are gradually modifying their teachings, and will awake to a recognition of their ancient belief in the "Communion of saints."

In the columns of a contemporary, a letter appeared upon the state of the cause in Newcastle, and the North of England generally. The tone of the article is not reassuring, but we do not at all sympathise with it. The sifting process is good for us and has brought out a firmer adhesion to principles, and a recognition of the real foundations of our noble faith. The Society here is stronger than ever, because it has a single eye to the spread of truth and the triumph of right, liberty and justice.

The writings of Apollonius show him to have been a man of learning, imbued with noble sentiments and profound philosophy. In a letter to Valerius he says:—"There is no death of anything except in appearance; and so, also, there is no birth of anything except in appearance. That which passes over from essence into nature seems to be birth, and what passes over from nature into essence seems, in like manner, to be death; though nothing

really is originated, and nothing ever perishes; but only now comes into sight, and now vanishes. It appears by reason of the density of matter, and disappears by reason of the tenuity of essence, but is always the same, differing only in motion and conditions." The wonderful things done by Apollonius thought to be miraculous, the source and cause of which Modern Spiritualism reveals, were extensively believed in by the early Christians and others.

The most revered modern thinkers have erroneously discarded all religious impulses. They speak wisely, when they tell us, that nothing happens outside the domain of law, but they dare not set bounds to the laws of the universe, nor seek to fathom their potencies. If they would humble themselves to embrace spiritual intuitions, they would discover, that love, faith and will tower supreme over and above the laws of the physical universe.

The columns of the *Herald of Progress* are open for questions or discussions on the principles of Spiritualism and all sides will be fairly given, if free from personalities.

Writers of eminence in the movement are respectfully asked to contribute papers to its columns, as all the work is voluntary, and if requested the writer's name will not be published.

If Spiritualism means anything, it means that we should act in harmony with nature's laws, and to sit on summer evenings in the heated atmosphere of Weir's Court is not obeying their injunctions. Why could we not have open-air meetings; others have, and draw good congregations. Could we not do something in the same way?

Can nothing be done to enlist the services of those who have voices, to make the singing a greater feature than it has hitherto been at our services, for good singing will draw a good attendance at any time.

The *Herald of Progress*, being conducted on purely voluntary principles, being the property of no individual or individuals, is peculiarly the organ of the movement, therefore secretaries of societies and others are requested to forward reports clippings from the newspapers concerning Spiritualism, or any matter of interest to the cause for insertion in its columns. Of course all news must bear the signature of the sender, and newspaper clippings the name and date of the paper from which they are extracted.

We beg to inform all friends that certain statements have been circulated which are incorrect in reference to the present Editorial arrangements. The whole of the staff are working gratuitously, as stated in our issue of May 13th.

Our course is well defined thus far, and we shall try to maintain the co-operative principle, and continue to hold the trust committed to us by the meeting of the Board of Consultation, full well knowing that we shall win the aid and sympathy of all true lovers of our cause.

A friend of ours was called to the outer door of his residence by a slight timid rap. Going to which he found a little child with the tiniest bit of a kitten. "Don't you want a kitten, sir?" she asked. "What kind of a kitten is it?" he enquired. "It's an orthodox kitten, sir." "No; we don't want any such

kind of a one," was the reply, and the child departed. Some days after, our friend was again called to the door, where he met the same girl on the same errand. "Didn't I tell you I didn't want an orthodox kitten?" "But, please sir, it's a Spiritualist kitten," responded the child. "Is'n't this the same you told me the other day was an orthodox kitten?" "Oh! yes, sir, but it had'n't got its eyes open then, and now it has." Our friend took the kit, and gave the child a coin.—*Banner of Light*.

In the course of a business letter from Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, a correspondent writes as follows:—"I look forward to the arrival of the *Banner of Light* every week with pleasure, and trust it long may wave at the front of the spiritual army. The movement is very much torn by dissensions in this country, and I often wonder what will become of it; verily, if men were at the helm instead of our angel friends, the ship would soon be wrecked—we can only trust that wiser and cooler heads than ours are steering it, although all unseen by mortal eye. People often speak of nonsense talked by spirits at seances, but they do not speak of the nonsense talked by many Spiritualists. Surely, with such a grand theme we ought to be more harmonious and less quarrelsome."

THE POET BRYANT ON MEMORY.

Yes, for ever! I have no doubt of the eternity of memory, else why so hallowed? Why so green in our declining years; To-day, the fragrance of grapes and flowers that grow by a stream comes to me over the years, and takes me to the banks I loved. If a flower is brought to me that I have not seen since boyhood, I see the spot where I used to find it. I hear the sounds that were about me then. I go to it in my soul. I am the being filled with the joy of nature as I knew it then. And, think you, that this dream of dreams, this reality, I might better say, passes from the soul when the material part lies down—its mission done? Memory is a part of the immortal! We shall know and love in our future state; that future is but the ongrowth of existence.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T.L.—You ask "why are Spiritualists so severe on dogmas?"—

Because they believe them cramping to the mind and obnoxious to the reception of Truth, but no doubt, if we wish to gain converts from the churches, it would be policy to dwell upon their good points, to praise their religious zeal, their union and sympathy, to show them that their own sacred Book was the bulwark of our system, being full of spiritual manifestations, and we would encourage you to write in this strain for our columns.

"COMET."—We have not yet arrived at sufficient popularity to obtain the means of building costly edifices, but for all that our church is in the hearts of our members, and we aim to devote ourselves, by doing our work well, however humble our place may be, and we aspire to worship God in actions more than in words. The Newcastle Spiritual Evidence Society has about 130 pounds towards a building fund.

"X."—By all means send us original articles. Our work is entirely voluntary, and we not only require, but should command, the best services of all writers who sympathise with Spiritualism in any of its phases,

THOUGHTS ON BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARIES.

The natal day comes round to old and young, and the reminiscences of kindly greetings and the anticipations of coming congratulations are sweet to all. The years are chequered; sunshine and cloud follow each other more or less rapidly in life's history—sometimes a turbulent stormy year overtakes us—and then it becomes a point of comparison, from which we gather strength, and say to ourselves, on a recurring birthday, "the past year has been one of considerable moment, and, while it has not been the brightest in my earth-life, it has been far, very far, from being the darkest."

Temporally and spiritually, some minds appear to lack certainty, but looking back, they generally find their outward wants have been marvellously supplied, while the thirstings of their spirits have remained largely unsatisfied.

It may be best that such should be the case, it is most likely a necessary consequence of organization—the body is a cloud to the spirit, and will remain more or less so till the moment of separation comes.

The non-Spiritualist, in such mental surroundings, can make no advance till that momentous time arrives, and then doubtless his speech will be overpowered,—he may say, with the mighty spirit of a master mind, such as Lord Beaconsfield's, "I am overwhelmed," but he will not be able to testify of heavenly visitants surrounding him. He will be dazzled by the dawning certainty of a life for ever, but he cannot add to the happiness of his friends around him by uttering the words that burn to voice themselves, for his whole spirit, soul, and body are transfixed in wonder, joy, and praise. But he has his compensation, for while he passes from our midst expecting nothing, he awakes to a new and more glorious existence, where his highest aspirations in earth-life are treasured, ready to burst forth into bloom and fruitage, where his love of truth, his veneration of justice, and his adoration of the Divinest charity will be consummated.

The Spiritualist, on the other hand, may at this solemn moment be somewhat disappointed with the position and surroundings that attach to him, and stand reproved for too great assurance and over sanguine expectations, supervening on this the day of his second birth, this transcendent miracle of his transfiguration.

Be this as it may, we may indulge the hope that as we have all been worth making, we shall all be worth saving from the changes which overtake mere matter. And, inasmuch as we have now consciousness, will, and personality, we may feel sure that these attributes will never pass from us.

If, then, we are joyful together on our anniversaries, if we take pleasure in the love of friends and the kindnesses of kindred, if we are free from bodily ailments, let us feel cheerful and grateful; living thus, however poor, we shall be indeed rich, for our minds will be calm and contented, and we shall prepare the way for the inspiration of the angel-world.

On our natal day, let us one and all feel our individual responsibility, mark out a higher and more faithful career for the next span of days, constituting the new year to us. Then we shall hasten on the car of progress for all people, we shall add to the mighty power of the heaven of the kingdom of heaven, and thus effectually aid in heralding the glorious dawn of universal liberty, fraternity, and equality to the sons and daughters of our race.

NEW ERA.

A FREE PLATFORM IN LIVERPOOL.

For many Sunday evenings past, the well-known hall in Perth Street, West Derby Road, has been occupied by Dr. W. Hitchman, M.R.C.S., one of the oldest reformers now living in this city or out of it, not only in medicine, but in theology, science, and politics, as well as in all matters pertaining to physical education, and the mental elevation of the people. He has invited discussion (by advertisement) of every subject with which he has yet dealt, and opponents, belonging to the Doctor's own profession, as well as clergymen and other gentlemen engaged in literature and philosophy, here or elsewhere, have joined in these interesting and instructive debates, either *via voce* or by correspondence. The Doctor has been ably assisted in these free platform lectures by the presence thereon of excellent vocalists and instrumentalists, who have rendered some of the best music and poetry in a style that commended itself favourably to very competent judges.

TO THE FIFTH MAN IN ONE OF THE QUINTETTES,
THAT HAVE BEEN INVESTIGATING AND INTERVIEWING,
AND WHO CANNOT MAKE UP HIS MIND.

Alexander Pope sends greeting, and wishes to add his testimony and to ask why you are the only one standing out in opposition to the conclusion. First, Alexander Pope wishes to tell you, through the Recorder's communications, that he is aware that the Sensitive has been interviewed by you on three different occasions. Two of them on coming and one on going from these chambers, and that you are perfectly aware of the mental condition of the Sensitive in his normal state, and of the unconscious change that takes place in his manner and style of diction. Secondly, he wishes to offer another proof, he wishes to give a verbatim repetition of lines written by you, and which are to be found in your diary at page 119. The reason of these having been written was, that the Recorder was feeling the same as you (the writer) felt when you penned the following lines. Alexander Pope was standing by your side, and witnessed what was written in your diary, the lines are these:—

"I find my life ebbing apace, and my affections strengthening as my age increases I am better in my health now than this time last year; but my mind finds neither amendment nor improvement no support to lean on from those about me; and I find myself leaving the world as fast as it is leaving me. Companions enough, I have, but friends few, and these too much guided about the concerns of self-interest for me to bear pace with them; or else so divided from me in opinion that they are but like the dead whose remembrance I hold in honour; friends but few, and yet my desire has ever been to fix and preserve a few lasting and independent friendships however humble. It seems not to be now. I neither care nor labour, but may sink into idleness; proposing no rewards to myself, and therefore, why take any pains on trouble in myself. Here I move, or sleep; here I shall sleep, yes, sleep on, sleep on for ever." Alexander Pope tells you "out of these thoughts you shall surely waken even as he did."

And so do I, the Recorder, tell you, and unless you want to be rudely awakened hereafter, you had better shake off these thoughts before you pass the Big River. You seem as if you had made up your mind to drag on the remainder of earth-life helpless, and pass into life eternal hopeless. Rouse yourself, and if you have any doubt as to the fact of spirit communion, or the genuineness of these Records, or still run away with the idea that the Sensitive "crams" for the occasion, (if my guides permit) I invite you to be present at my Chambers, and see and be present at one of the seances, and if you are not permitted to be present at a seance, I shall be happy to see you, and argue the point. I want not at present to know who you really are, if you wish to remain *incognitus*. The Editor will give my address, and you can accept the invitation or not as you like. If you come bring the diary.

RECORDER.

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 APPEAL FOR A BLIND MEDIUM.

To the Editor of the Herald of Progress.

Dear Sir,—Would you kindly acknowledge, with many thanks to the sympathetic friends, the following subscriptions in the Herald of Progress.—

Brought forward from last list...	1	10	0
A Peterborough Friend	0	1	0
Charles Avison, Batley	0	5	0
E. Wollam's Circle, Macclesfield	0	5	3
S. Nicholson, London	0	3	6
H. Hunt, Nottingham	0	5	0
J. M., Haydon Bridge	0	2	6

£2 12 3

J. RODGERS, Hon. Sec.

Ulverston Road, Dalton-in-Furness,
May 24, 1881.

SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

To the Editor of the Herald of Progress.

The Herald comes regularly to my address, and I thank you for your promptness. I am quite pleased with the chaste conservative manner in which the Herald puts forth its best thoughts—more especially with reference to the Christian idea. In my judgment, radical iconoclastic Spiritualism will sooner or later perish for want of cohesion. Consequently, its champions stray wide from the mark. Spirit is the potent force in all things, and those who are illumined by this divine afflatus, must see a divinity in the advent of Jesus—not as a God, but God-sent. The only principle that will ever bring the world up to true brotherhood, must have, as a basis, the teachings of a Christ-spirit.

I feel thankful to the noble hard-working A.T.T.P. He is doing a great work in the spiritual cause, which will yield him many a golden sheaf. I very much regret that age and infirmity are beginning to press heavily upon him, and wish that I could add 50 years to his earth-life. For the people are just about waking up and appreciating the knowledge that is brought to them by the historical controls. All I can now say—May God and the good angels give him strength for his day and duty.—Most respectfully,

JOHN A. HOOVER.

Philadelphia, U.S.A., 940 S. 3rd Street,
May 6th, 1881.

LECTURE ROOM, WEIR'S COURT.

The guides of Mr J. C. Wright occupied the above platform on Sunday last, both morning and evening, and gave addresses with great eloquence and power. The lectures were well attended. A report will appear, if possible, next week, press of news and other matter crowding them out this week. The evening gathering was very much larger than of late, and the chairman, Mr Swanson, of Gateshead, related a fact that has occurred in his own experience of a remarkable and interesting character, which will also be published shortly. The remarks from the chairman on the necessity of harmony were enthusiastically received, and the feeling pervading the audience was marked by the earnestness and soul-life of our most palmy days.

General News.

MANCHESTER AND SALFORD SPIRITUALIST SOCIETIES.—On Sunday, June 5th, (Whit-Sunday,) Mr Wallis, of Nottingham, will give two inspirational addresses. In the afternoon at 2-30, in the Temperance Hall, Grosvenor Street; and in the evening at 6-30, at 268, Chapel Street, Salford. This being his last visit prior to his departure for America, we hope our friends will attend in good numbers, and encourage this most popular and deserving worker in the cause of truth and progression.

BINCHESTER COLLIERY, SUNNY BROW.—Mr Barker gave a lecture in the open-air on the morning of Sunday last, and Mr Tewart in the afternoon on the "Use of Spiritualism to man." Mr Barker's guides gave tests which were very good, and well received. He is also a good healing medium, and would be glad to do anything he can freely. Any fees given will be devoted to the gratuitous distribution of the Herald of Progress.—W. TEWART.

On Sunday next, Mr William Scott, will occupy the platform at the Temperance Hall, Gurney Villa, at 2:30 and 6 p.m.

GOSWELL HALL.—On Sunday evening last, the platform of the above hall was occupied by Mr Walker, the subject selected by his guides was "Spiritual Wisdom," on which they delivered a most lengthy discourse. This being Mr Walker's first appearance in public, it would perhaps be hardly fair to subject him to criticism of a severe nature, but the rather aid and support him with our sympathy, and hope that with a little more experience in a more genial sphere than a mixed audience, he will be able to take his place among our platform workers, and carry the truths of Spiritualism far and wide. On Sunday next, morning and evening, there will be a debate in the above hall between Mr J. Holmes and Mr Carpenter, secularist.

"**HISTORICAL CONTROLS.**"—There is a long extract in the *Boot and Shoe Trades' Journal* of May 28th (282, Strand), on "The Control by a Bermondsey Tanner," concluding with the remarks by the editor of that paper as follows:—"What more friendly than this can be conceived? It is almost enough to induce one to become a Spiritualist on the spot, in the hope of being taken in hand and assisted in one's daily labour by such a good fairy as this genial old Bermondsey Tanner appears to have been." We have the pleasure to inform our readers that "Historical Controls" will continue to appear in this journal. The Bermondsey Tanner appears in *Herald* of May 13th.

OLDHAM.—On Sunday, May 29th, Mr Wallis, of Nottingham, gave his farewell addresses previous to leaving for America. His guides took for their subjects—afternoon—"Endless Torments or Eternal Progress," evening—"Spiritualism, the Key of the Bible." Mr Wallis treated the subject in the afternoon in a very forcible manner, leaving little or no room for discussion. In the evening, the room was crowded, and was one of the best meetings we have had for some time. The lecture was eloquently delivered, and conclusively demonstrated that the Spiritualist would read the Bible with more understanding than any other person. A few questions were asked at the close of the discourse, but all of them were answered very satisfactorily, and all that were present went away with smiling faces, as if they had received something that had really done them good. On Monday night, Mr Wallis read a paper he had prepared on "Materialisations," stating that in his opinion seances would be more satisfactory to the public if there were more light and better conditions observed.

QUEBEC HALL.—Mr James Veitch delivered at the above hall a lecture on Sunday evening last, in which he most ably showed the unwarrantable assertions made on behalf of the churches, as to their being of divine origin, to be without any evidence to support them. The subject of the lecture was "The Claims of the Churches," and, certainly, they were all completely shown to be unreasonable. A most instructive interchange of thought followed, in which all the speakers bore out the position of the lecturer. On Sunday, June 5th, at Seven p.m. prompt, Mr I. MacDonnell will discourse on "The Signs of the Times." On Monday, at 8:30, the Comprehensionists will meet. On Wednesday, Mr F. O. Matthews will give clairvoyant descriptions at 8:30 p.m. Every Saturday, at Eight, a seance. Mr Hancock attends half-an-hour earlier to speak with strangers. Mr F. O. Matthews, medium. Admission 6d. On Sunday, June 12th, A. T. T. P., recorder of "Historical Controls," will give an address.

LADBROKE HALL.—On Sunday next, morning service at 11:30, evening at 7 o'clock—F. O. Matthews' medium, when the controlling intelligence will give his experience in spirit-life, followed with clairvoyance. Last Sunday, Mr. Holmes, of Leicester, occupied the platform both morning and evening. The Hall was well filled at the evening service—the subject being "Jesus not so black as Sceptics paint him," which was well delivered and much appreciated by the large audience that was present. The lecturer paid a most fitting compliment to Mr Knight Smith, who so beautifully rendered the piece from "Handel" "Comfort ye my people," Mr Holmes said—if the people allowed such a place as Ladbroke Hall to be closed by not holding up Mr Matthews' hands in such a noble undertaking, it would be a burning shame to the city. There was not another place belonging to the Spiritualist society, so far as he knew, that presented such an inviting appearance. What with the nice altar piece, and flowers, music, and talent displayed from

time to time, he himself felt constrained to give expression to his heart-felt thankfulness that such a place was opened where Spiritualists could meet in harmony. Mr Matthews also announced that he would like to hold a special meeting on Sunday, July the 3rd, being twelve month's since he emerged from Wakefield gaol to face the enemy—"Public Opinion," and hoped friends would come forward to help him on that occasion upon the platform.

A tea and entertainment will be held at Wade's meeting room, Bowling, on Tuesday, June 14th. Tickets for tea, 6d each. After tea, 2d. each. A class of hand-bell ringers will attend, and play choice pieces of music.

Mr T. M. Brown will remain another week in the North, as his engagements continue to increase. He will visit as many places on his way back to Newcastle as time will permit. Address all letters up to Tuesday first, c/o Mr E. Blake, stationer, Grainger Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Wednesday and Thursday, c/o Mrs Walton, grocer, Walton's Row, Blackhill, co. Durham.

WRECKENTON, PORTOBELLO AND WASHINGTON SOCIETY.—Two trance addresses will be delivered on Sunday, 5th June, at 2:30 and 5:30, by Mr Charles Campbell, at Mr L. Ridley's, Portobello. Last Sunday, Mr Westgarth lectured at 2:30 on the "Atone-ment," a tea was provided for strangers, and at 5:30 (the subject being chosen by the audience) Mr Westgarth gave a thrilling address on the question "If a man die shall he live again."

NEWCASTLE.—The platform on Sunday will be free for "experience" speakers at 10:30 and 6:30. Mr Armstrong, the veteran worker in Newcastle, will take a leading part, and Mr Ogle, a former opponent, will announce the result of his investigations. The meetings are expected to be very interesting. On June 12th, at 6:30, the platform will be graced by a lady, who will lecture on "Plant Life." This will be made interesting to Spiritualists by a reference to the hidden mysteries of this portion of Nature's wondrous realm.

WALSALL SPIRITUAL SOCIETY.—We, the members of the above having struggled hard for two years to establish a society of progressive Spiritualists, and having been rewarded with intelligent audiences, and many having received the truth for themselves, and are now holding seances in various parts of the town, are, with this encouragement, stirred to make further effort to overcome the debts we have incurred. We intend holding a Sale of Work in September next in aid of the above object; several friends have promised to help us, and we now appeal to you and all friends of the cause for help. Contributions towards the same, either in money or goods for sale, will be most thankfully received by the committee.—J. TIBBETS, Secretary, Junction Street,

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN AGNOSTIC.

In *Frazer's Magazine* for the current month, there is a cleverly written article which is well worth a careful perusal, bearing the somewhat pretentious and not easily understandable title of "Autobiography of an Agnostic," but which, when translated into every-day language, simply means a sceptic's history of his own opinions.

Although written by one fully conversant with the Agnostic's processes of reasoning and modes of expression, which are faithfully and rigorously adopted throughout the entire essay, you early on, detect that the writer is no Agnostic, but that he is fighting a system of thought with weapons of its own fashioning, and at the finish you instinctively feel that not only is it a well sustained reply, but that it is likewise a piece of the most polished as well as scathing sarcasm of a refined, but none the less, irrational Scepticism.

It is really an inquiry (couched, of course, in modern scientific terms, to meet the so-called advanced thinker) into the old time conflict of the claims of reason and faith—that man may have convictions which are not logically demonstrable, but which, nevertheless, lead to certain truths—that if his impressions are frequently fallacious, if testimony is oft-times untrustworthy, leading mankind into error, a strictly logical adherence to negation (were it possible) would as infallibly lead society into mischief as great, if not greater.

That an unquestioning acceptance of facts exposes man to fraud and imposture is undeniable, it is, however, equally indis-

putable that pure negation excludes him from all that is true and enjoyable; and we might very appropriately enquire, whether it were wiser to yield (in a conflict where the claims appear so nearly equally balanced) to the spirit of belief, which will—though never before so highly trained and cultivated—still assimilate fictions of the fancy, all the while soberly suppose they are objective facts—or to the spirit of denial, which so strongly affirms that we know nothing actually and really, but shadows and semblances, and that even these may be as unlike the reality as the unlikeness distinguishable between our impressions which convey us the ideas of black and white.

Non-such, becomes an Agnostic at Eton and Oxford where he was so powerfully and mournfully impressed with the sad spectacle of so many young minds according implicit belief to facts handed down to them on testimony and trust alone, as to lead him to resolve, never, however, habitually he might be compelled to act as if he believed—to allow his mind to accept positively what admitted of a doubt.

He carries out his resolution in the most serious concerns of life with anything but pleasant results.

He won't believe nor will he deny he is, his mother's son, notwithstanding hers and his father's most solemn assurances, which he however disregards in favour of his theory of the "balance of probabilities," and because the "old people" naturally get vexed with him for such irrational scepticism, the dominant feeling with him, he says, is regret for the deplorable spectacle of human intolerance and unreason which stood revealed.

Having obtained a first-class and other honours at the university, his abilities were in request, and as he was prospectively cut off with a shilling—he required to cast about for some appropriate employment, and speedily obtained an appointment as tutor to a nobleman's son.

The pupil gave him no trouble, unless it were that of keeping duly ahead of his curiously rapid progress, in various departments of knowledge, which was really astounding, considering his years, and of which "Non-such" kept the nobleman fully advised; and so delighted was the father with his son's remarkable progress, as it confirmed an opinion he had previously entertained; but of which he refrained from giving any expression as he was desirous of obtaining the tutor's impartial and unbiassed reports.

On the nobleman and tutor meeting, the father affirmed that it was demonstrated beyond all possibility of doubt, his son had extraordinary ability. Such a positive assertion was enough to induce "Non-such" to suggest other probable explanations than that of natural ability—the use of translations might explain his apparent mastery of the classical languages, his compositions, in prose and verse, though manifesting much originality and power for a man of mature years, much less a lad of fourteen, might all be—in a great measure—due to his unconscious recollections of what he had read, which was pretty considerable. The father could not believe his son's productions were merely echoes. The tutor, though undesirous of impairing the parent's agreeable convictions of the lad's extraordinary abilities, nevertheless maintained that as his Lordship had called for an unconditional ratification of a positive assertion, that it was very far from being scientifically demonstrated beyond a doubt that his son's, abilities were so well established.

Such hyper-criticism, the nobleman would not understand, and he courteously intimated to the tutor that his services would be no longer required.

"Non-such" falls in love, and for awhile basks in the sunshine of the lady's charms, but the positive assurances of his friends that he ought to be the happiest of men with such a treasure, wakens him up again to accept nothing positively that admitted of a doubt.

Never again could he permit his gaze to feast on the exquisite bloom of his Vivia's cheek—that nectarine like hue, so fresh seeming, so clear, could be artificially produced as to defy detection—the tint of her hair, her pencilled eyelids, were touches so uncommon, left no excuse for discarding the art concealing art hypothesis.

They looked, real but he might be in the region of illusion—recalling the necessity of submitting them to some test, but how could he utter the question—*Vivia do you paint.*

Vivia, though not sentimental, was by chance one day thrown into a tender mood, which gradually became more assured, when she exclaimed were ever two people happier than we—were

ever two better suited to each other,—“Non-such” gently remonstrated with Vivia that such expressions were expressions of exaggerated confidence, and very liable to lead to error. The perfections we see in each other, “Non-such” explained, may fairly be speculatively questioned. The indefinite shapes of the glowing mass of coals offer an excellent field for the creative fancy. Persons of vigorous imagination will there discover endless forms in what to an unimaginative eye, is a formless waste.

To Vivia their love for each other was an absolute certainty, but when pressed for a concurrence of opinion, “Non-such” could only distressfully murmur that he believed he loved, but Vivia would have him answer sincerely, positively, indubitably, that he knew he loved her, but in an agony “Non-such” could only exclaim that Vivia had no idea of what she asked, and getting her to sit beside him, said to her:—You and I perceive in each other certain qualities that excite in ourselves certain feelings—sympathy, love, reverence, admiration, for instance. Philosophers have proved to us, however, that these sentiments may be but the semblances of just perceptions—semblances to which reality will afterwards be found not to correspond.

A stick plunged in water looks broken—when in the train, we drift into the allusion that the trees we pass are moving, and we ourselves at rest, but the reason why we are not taken in by such is because the means of verification are at hand. Take the stick out out of the water, step out of the train, and you correct your falsified impressions.

In moral feelings no such means are available—there is no limit to the range of imaginative influence in modifying the character of a present sensation. You ask me if I love you? I trust I do. I act on the supposition, yet it is possible I may not, you know!

Vivia could not understand such a mode of reasoning. Are you laughing at me, she exclaimed? Are you in play? What makes you say all these strange things to me? You forced them from me, dearest, answered “Non-such.” I asked you a simple, straightforward question, rejoined Vivia, it was not much.

It was, Vivia, the most frightful demand you could possibly put on a man of my way of thinking, cried “Non-such.” I had rather, my love, that you asked me to walk over red hot plates of iron than to state a proposition in terms of such certainty as that.

Then you can never have believed in my love either? You have my word for it. Are you going to say that is not enough? All human testimony, Vivia, is valueless as an ultimate criterion.

Even yours to me—mine to you.

The more so dearest, since our predilection to believe each other as good as settles for us what we shall regard as proof. Thought, it is well said, depends on the organism, the organism on the environment. There is no escaping the conclusion that the whole of our love may be a beautiful but baseless dream, deluding us with the phantom of certain knowledge.

Her countenance changed, she turned suddenly as white as death, I noted it, and in the relief of that moment a thoughtless exclamation of joy broke from my lips.

Vivia! You grow pale—PALE! Thank heaven, then, that magnificent complexion, at last I know it—it is your own, indeed.

My own, she repeated, wondering. What else should it be.

In my frenzy of delight at getting the required proof, I had forgotten all beside.

“Non-such,” she said, in a tone that trembled, I feared, with anger, tell me the truth. Did you—could you think that I . . . ? She stopped and covered her face with her hands.

My natural conviction, dearest, I said gently but firmly, was that you did not. Proof of some kind was called for, my doubts were not only legitimate but necessary, till the point in question had been submitted to a test. They can now happily never recur. I have seen you grow pale, and my faith in the reality of that incomparable bloom is henceforth established on the basis of philosophical certitude.

Go, she said, all is at an end between us; you have no faith in me; in yourself, no power of trust. I have been deceived in you, basely deceived. Oh, there you were right.

“Non-such” applies his philosophy in other spheres of life with the same fruitless results; perhaps, however, this hasty outline of a really rare and interesting paper may induce readers to give it a more careful perusal.

LIST OF SOCIETIES.

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

President: MR. JOHN MOULD, 12, St. Thomas' Crescent, Newcastle.
Hon. Cor. Sec.: MR. W. C. ROBSON, 8, Brandling Place, Newcastle.

LECTURES.
Sunday, June 5..... Experience Meetings
Sunday, June 12..... Local Speakers.....at 10:30.
".....A Lady.....at 6:30 p.m.
" Admission free. A collection to defray expenses.

WEEKLY SEANCES AND MEETINGS.
Sunday, Seance, 2:30 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 Brown, 27, Greensfield Terrace, Gateshead.
Sunday Services closed during summer months.

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.

Ecclesior 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.
Spiritualists' Lecture Hall, Silver Street, Leicester. Sundays. Public Services, 11 a.m. and 6:30 p.m. Thursday, 8 p.m., Members only.
Pres., Mr. E. Larrad, 10, Edwyn Street. Sec., Mr. R. Wightman, 56, Cranbourne Street.

Manchester and Salford Spiritualists' Society.
President, Mr. Shaw, 2, Little Gold Street, Pendleton. Secretary, Mr. J. Campion, 33, Downing Street.

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.

Manchester Association of Spiritualists.
Temperance Hall, Grosvenor-st. Pres., Mr. G. Dawson, 27, Elloamere Street, Hulme, Manchester. Sec., W. T. Braham, 392, Stretford Road, Manchester.

June 5, Mr E. W. Wallis (farewell visit) | June 12.....Mr Brown
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:—

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

Plymouth Free Spiritual Society.
Sec., Rev. C. Ware, 12, Stanley Terrace, Albert Road, Plymouth.
Sunday Services at Richmond Hall, Richmond-street, Plymouth; morning at 10:45, afternoon at 3, evening at 6:30. Developing circle, Wednesday evenings at 8; strangers only admitted through a member.

Yorkshire District Committee.

President: Mr. B. Lees, New Marsh, Sowerby Bridge.

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

Plan of Speakers for May.

BRADFORD.—Spiritualist Church, Charlotte Street, Manchester Road, at 2:30 & 6 p.m. Sec., R. Jarvis, 20, Paisley Street
June 5.....Mrs Illingworth, Bradford | 12..... Mr Peel, Bradford
(Wade's Meeting Room, Bowling, at 2:30 and 6 p.m.)
Sec. Mr. Smith, 7, Parsonage-road, West Bowling.
5..... Mrs. Dobson, Batley Carr | 12..... Miss Harrison, Shipley

(Spiritual Lyceum, Top of Heap Lane, Tennyson Place, at 2:30 & 6 p.m.)
Sec., C. Poole, 28, Park Street.
12..... Mr Armitage, Batley Carr
5..... Miss Hance, Shipley

HALIFAX.—Spiritual Institution, Peacock Yard, Union-st., at 2:30 and 6 p.m. Sec., Mr. Chas. Appleyard, 6, Albert-st., Gibbet-st.
5..... Mr Wright, Keighley | 12..... Miss Hance, Shipley

SOVERBY-BRIDGE.—Spiritualist Progressive Lyceum, Hollins Lane, at 6:30. Sec., Mr W. Walker, 46, Conway Street, Halifax.
5..... Mr A. D. Wilson, Halifax | 12..... Mr. Wright, Keighley

BATLEY CARR.—Batley Carr Association, Town Street, at 6:30 p.m.
Sec., Mr. J. Armitage.
5..... Mrs Butler, Bingley | 12..... Mrs. Dobson, Batley Carr

MORLEY.—Spiritual Mission Room, Church Street, at 6 p.m.
Sec., Mr John Hinchliff, Providence Buildings, Britannia Road, Morley, near Leeds.
5..... Mr Hollings, Churchwell | 12..... Mr Olfie, Ossett

BINGLEY.—Intelligence Hall, Russell Street, at 2:30 and 6 p.m.
Sec., Mr Amos Howgate, Crossflats, near Bingley.
5..... Mr Armitage, Batley Carr | 12..... Mrs Scott, Keighley

OSSETT.—Sec. Mr George Cooper, Prospect Road, Ossett.
6..... Local | 12..... Mrs Illingworth, Bradford

KEIGHLEY.—East Parade Meeting Room. Secretary, Mr J. Pickles, South Street.
5..... Miss Harrison, Shipley | 12..... Mrs Butler, Bingley

Liverpool.

Services are held every Sunday in the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson Street, at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; and Monday evenings at 11, Towerlands Street, at 8 p.m. H. Morris, 35, Cobden Street, Hon. Sec.

Heywood Spiritualists' Society.

Sec. Enos Ellis, 139, Manchester Road, 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 Kimmersley 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.

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

North Seaton Spiritualists' Society.

Secretary: Mr W. Keenlyside, North Seaton Colliery, Northumberland. Circles meet regular for Trance and Physical Manifestations.

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Hodge's Rooms, Northgate, Darlington. A. C. Clark, President.

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LONDON, June 12 and 26
 KEIGHLEY, June 19th.

STAMFORD, July 24th
 BELPER to follow

MR. E. W. WALLIS'S APPOINTMENTS.

(Farewell Visit.)

GLASGOW, June 12th, 164, Tron-gate, at 6.30. Subject, "What will the Harvest be?" Monday, 13th, Farewell Soiree at 8 p.m.
 NEWCASTLE, June 19th, at 10.30 a.m., "Idols of to-day: their worshippers;" at 6.30 p.m., "Spirits: their nature, powers, and state of existence." June 20th, at 8 p.m., "The Three Fs of Spiritualism."

DARLINGTON, June 22
 ULVERSTON, June 23
 BARROW-IN-FURNESS, June 25th, Pic-Nic; 26th, at 2.30 p.m., "Three Curses: how to remove them." at 6.30, "Salvation by Grace or Growth."
 BELPER, July 3
 KEIGHLEY, July 10 (probably)
 NOTTINGHAM, July 17th and 18th

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