

THE MEDIUM AND



DAYBREAK.

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VISIBILITY INVISIBLE AND INVISIBILITY VISIBLE.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

By MISS CHANDOS LEIGH HUNT.

CHAPTER I.

Three weeks from Christmas did not find the shopocracy of Pentonville behind in decorative and preparative show, colour, noise, and bustle.

'Twas a bitter cold frosty day, which made the strong of heart and limb stamp their feet briskly upon the crisp pavement, causing a sharp "clip, clip, clip" to resound through the atmosphere. Mingling with the "clip, clip, clip" echoes the butcher's cry of "Buy, buy, buy, what'll you buy?" and the potato man's "Hot, all hot, hot, hot," rendering inaudible the pale boy's small voice of the chestnut stove. The muffin man's bell rings out loud, clangorous, and clear, and the frosted hoofs of the horses beat time to the clatter. The boys, trooping from the National School, are busily endeavouring to break their young necks by all struggling at the same time to slide upon a six-foot by one frozen gutter. Oh, what a din! But the old apple-stall woman of sixty-five winters seems to be enjoying it, made cozy as she is by the friendly protection of the two placard boards inviting you to "Make your fortune by selling your waste paper," and the close proximity of our puny little orphan of the chestnut stove, who allows his "granny" to warm her old fingers at his bright red fire, in consideration of an occasional apple, or a darn on his almost footless and legless Sunday hose.

A brewer's cart is stopping at the "Salmon and Compasses," and merrily chirping around the horses' feet is a score of fat sparrows, and one robin-redbreast, made so daring by the cold that they appropriate the waste of the nose-bags as boldly as though they had applied for, and succeeded in obtaining, a parliamentary grant decreeing such property their legal perquisites.

Thus our scene is as gaysome as gay can be—but no, alas! 'tis true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true that in the midst of life we are in decay. Look! amid the throng of busy shoppers a dismal *cortège* wends its weary way. How black and dreary its mystic pallings. Many an eye, sparkling with pleasantry, tearfully moistens as memory brings back the fond thoughts of a dear one, lost for ever to their mortal gaze.

In the coach is seated a young girl, with a student-looking youth for her companion, and her only companion. It requires not a second look to see who is the mourner, for on her sweet, truthful, careworn face are all the traces of deep and recent sorrow, while his dark grey liquid eyes betray more concern for the one visible beside him than the invisible. Her hand rests between his as she leans listlessly back, fairly too worn in body, too broken in spirit and heart, to weep anew. She is pondering wearily and mechanically on the same chain of ideas over and over again, unconscious that her lips give utterance to her thoughts, grieving to the heart the sympathetic one who heeds them.

"It was strange, very strange, why Annie was sent, if merely to be taken away after but sixteen years of a miserable life,—but perhaps it is better it should be so. She won't be grieved now by seeing mother and baby pine and die, or by hearing father curse and swear when he has been drinking. I suppose it is best that she should be gone, but I would that she were with us, the only playmate and dear companion of my childhood, gone, gone for ever, and where? O Annie! sister Annie, where have you gone?

—good and sweet enough for heaven,—yes, to heaven surely, but, heaven is such a far-off mystery to us poor mortals, and I can never quite understand all that the clergyman tells me, and poor mother and baby are going fast, and then there will be only little Johnny and me to be frightened by—by—father. Well, it is better that two should suffer than five, and I am stronger than they, and Johnny he soon drowns his troubles in his toys."

And thus she bravely tried to force herself to believe that all her misfortunes were guided by the loving wisdom of an inscrutable Providence. But her strong faith was sorely tried when she felt that those that were nearest and dearest to her were torn away from her for ever by a cruel inevitable fate. Margaret had with her own loving hand engraved upon her sister's coffin the assuring words of "Not lost, but gone before;" but to her heart these words were cold and lifeless—words, mere words. Yet had you doubtfully interrogated her concerning her belief in a life beyond, she would have grown enthusiastic in the defence of her faith; yet the parting with her beloved ones rendered the certainty of her seeing them again shudderingly vague and mockingly comfortless.

Faith in immortality may be gained by a study of the mundane laws of existence; but absolute faith in the future companionship and companionability of those lost to mortal vision requires a subtler proof.

Margaret was the affianced bride of her present companion, and now she almost regretted that she had not quelled the rising of such deep devotion as she had allowed to develop in her loving heart, lest pitiless death should snatch him too from her side; and she raised her eyes to scan his healthy, kind, truthful face, betraying as she did so her unfounded fear to his fond gaze.

Placing his arm around her slender waist, he drew her yielding form closer to his heart, and, impressing a lover's kiss upon her brow, he softly made answer to her unspoken thoughts,

"No, Margaret; I am strong, and, God helping me, shall live to relieve you, my poor, broken-hearted darling, from at least the misery of your unjust poverty."

He released her, and she leaned back in her seat, too choked by tears to reply; but was comforted by the remembrance of this one bright star in the murky horizon looming in the future.

Lawrence Williams was deeply grieved at Margaret's having to bear such heavy sorrow, marking her youthful face with premature furrows of age.

He was an orphan, placed in the hands of strict, feelingless, money-loving, chapel-going guardians, who stinted his pocket-money to a penny, denounced laughing, singing, dancing, and all gaily as "of the evil one;" forbade him to mention, or think of marrying till he was of age, which would be in twelve months, and then he hoped to claim Margaret as his bride, and shield her by his ample fortune from all pecuniary anxiety. At present she, her mother, baby, and little brother, were dependent upon their father for the few shillings they could gain by hard begging, and pardonably artful contrivance, out of the many pounds he squandered upon alcohol and its concomitant evils. She tried hard to earn a little by dressmaking, but the pay was bad. Her fingers were unaccustomed to close working with the needle, and her household and nursing duties demanded her time and attention both night and day.

Three years had brought great change in Margaret Moreland's life. Her father had been an opulent Manchester agent; but one ill-fated week he associated with a reckless set of men, from which hour his whole life seemed devoted to drinking and his drinking companions, consequently they were heavily and hope-

lessly in debt, and the limited sum expended in Annie's funeral and meagre mourning had been earned by Margaret's needle, and by selling her watch and some trinkets, which, with a few pounds from Lawrence, saved them from the unhappiness of a parish burial. Mr. Moreland's resources were fast being exhausted. No business man put the slightest faith in his trustworthiness or previously unimpaired integrity. He had of late become apparently too indifferent to even try and lift himself from the debased mental, moral, and social condition he had permitted himself to sink into.

After a journey of three melancholy hours the dark equipage stopped at Margaret's door. Mrs. Moreland, from her bed of sickness, heard the sound of the wheels, which was quickly followed by her daughter's entrance into her room. Mr. Moreland met the undertaker's men to regale them with gin and biscuits, as he said they must be perished with cold after being out such a frosty day, for he was very cold, though sitting over the fire for the previous three hours, and a bright fire he had kept, for all the coals were used up without thought or care for others. A handsome man he had been; but as we see him now, he is degenerated into a coarse, brutal, selfish-looking individual, so unlike his former self that friends pass him by without recognising him.

Lawrence Williams followed Margaret upstairs into Mrs. Moreland's sick-room, as was his custom. Studying for the medical profession with an unusually passionate desire to relieve humanity, he made his presence always welcome.

"Oh, mother," exclaimed Margaret, "why, your fire's out, and I so begged father to watch it."

"It doesn't matter, dear. I am cold either with or without a fire."

A gentle tap at the door, and Mr. Moreland entered on tiptoe, as he always professed great concern for his wife.

"Margaret, those men are waiting. I suppose they expect to be paid; but you know I haven't any money," he whined.

"I have the money, father. But how could you let mother's fire out?"

"There's not any coals, my dear. But if you'll give me the money, I'll pay the men. It looks better for me to pay, you know."

"Thank you, father. I think I'll pay them myself, as I'm going down."

Poor Margaret knew from oft-repeated experience that when the demon Drink enslaved her father, that his means of satisfying his craving were most unscrupulous, and that if she gave him the money he would leave the house with whole or part, to return at an advanced hour in the night, to frighten them with his insane and unnatural threats of brutality. Paying the men, Margaret wrote a note to the greengrocer opposite, begging him to send some coals over immediately, which note, with the money, she gave to her little brother of six years old.

Johnny, a lively wee fellow, full of fun and health, clutched the money and note, promising to run *all* the way. Mr. Moreland was in the passage watching this little Johnny climb on the lower bolt of the door to raise himself high enough to open it. He catches the key of the lock with his left hand, and pulls vigorously with his right at the handle, with which he partly draws the iron catch from the lock, but not sufficiently to open the door, for the catch flew back, and in a second Johnny was laid upon the mat, and money and note were scattered over the passage. More frightened than hurt, as his father grumblingly set him on his feet, he commenced searching for his lost property; but Mr. Moreland soon started him off with money and note, and then himself left the house.

In five minutes, however, Johnny returned to Margaret with a very long face and doleful voice, saying:—

"Marge, you didn't send 'nuf money;" but upon investigation it became evident that Mr. Moreland had put the boy off with a single copper piece, and decamped with the remainder.

It was such actions as these that caused so much grief to Margaret and Mrs. Moreland, for they made them feel how utterly unprincipled and unlike his former self the drink had made him.

As soon as a fire was kindled Lawrence professionally examined the condition of Mrs. Moreland. A very limited medical experience was demanded to discern that the heart and nervous system were so weak that but a slight shock would stay for ever their intermittent action. The illness commenced with brain fever, induced by the anxious watching of her daughter, whom she attended till death, with the tender love and untiring care which none but the maternal heart can bestow. During all her care she was sustained by hope, but when at length her child expired in her arms, the shock overpowered her physical strength, and she was laid upon a bed of sickness. Rheumatic fever set in, which was quickly suppressed by Allopathic treatment. But with the change came delirium and a dangerous disease of the heart, and then life was despaired of. The infant of ten weeks seemed to suffer in sympathy with its mother, and Margaret felt that they would not be with her long. As Lawrence Williams diagnosed first one, and then the other, his grave face spoke the truth, though his lips never uttered an opinion.

"Margaret," he said, as he turned from the bed, "I wish, darling, I could be of some use to you. You can only keep your mother very quiet;" and with one fond kiss he left her, to return latter in the day, as he had a lecture to attend if he wished to be safe for his next examination. His heart prompted him to stay with her, but his guardians were very strict concerning close application to his studies. His father's will so decreed it that their discretionary powers were almost unlimited, and he knew that to cause them displeasure was either to be turned out suddenly and penniless upon the world to seek his fortune, or to be sent abroad and have

his studies interrupted, and his stolen snatches of Margaret's sweet society ruthlessly rendered impossible, therefore he preferred to give obedience so long as their wishes were not in contradistinction to his ideas of what was strictly right.

"But," replied Margaret, "you are of great use to me; indeed if it were not for you," she added almost passionately between her sobs, "life would be too heavy for me to bear, and I would wish myself lying with my poor stolen little sister Annie. Good bye, dearest. Run in after the lecture if you can do so easily. Good bye," and she wrenched herself from his loving embrace. Recent sorrow and trouble had destroyed her shyness, for till now she would never have dared to speak her heart so freely to him, but it seemed to her that he and Johnny were the only ones left to her to love, as the others were so near gone, and the father was almost worse than dead to her, though she never ceased to pray for some divine intercession to release him from his recent curse.

Scarcely had Lawrence gone when Dr. Burnlow's rat-tat, and the rolling wheels of his aristocratic carriage, were heard at the door. Johnny, recognising the knock, speedily concealed himself in the coal-cellar, which was his usual custom when this gentleman arrived, lest it should be pronounced necessary for him to take a "nassy powder," and moreover, he had a curious dislike to the doctor, and always asserted that "when me big man, me'll knock him out o' ouse."

The doctor was a man of a saturnine stamp, possessing a body, thick set, but rather tall figure, with broad, stooping shoulders, mounted by a round head pretty well covered with black hair, with moustache, whiskers, and beard to match, which were somewhat useful in covering his ugly thick animal lips. His gait was slovenly, his eyes invariably cast downwards, and his hands almost constantly in his pockets, mechanically counting his coins with a dissatisfied expression of countenance.

Yet, as Margaret opened the door, he assumed what might be designated as a kindly and gentlemanly attitude as he politely raised his hat with a well-practised bow, while bidding her a soft-voiced "Good afternoon," and inquiring concerning his patient.

"As may be expected, doctor, she is more feverish to-day, and less inclined to be composed in mind, and has been very tossing and restless since my return."

The doctor's bent head and becomingly modest demeanour implied his sympathy for their trouble, and a recognition of the likely effects upon Mrs. Moreland, as he softly stepped upstairs.

When at her bedside he went through his usual form of pulse-counting and stethoscoping heart and lungs.

"Has she partaken of any nourishment since my morning's visit?" he inquired.

"Immediately upon your leaving I gave her a small custard, which she enjoyed pretty well, and slept fairly quietly for about half-an-hour after, and then I gave her a few tea-spoonfuls of the beef-tea and wine, which you were so very kind as to send, but after that," — and Margaret stopped short, reluctant to hint even the remotest possibility of anything that had been provided by the doctor himself injuring her.

"And then what?" he questioned.

"Why, since then, doctor, she has been very feverish and excited, and the delirium seems inclined to return in a more violent form."

"Please, doctor, can I have," feebly begged Mrs. Moreland, "some cooked apples and a little lemonade to drink? I do so long for fruit."

"I will give further directions to your daughter, madam; but you require all the strengthening things I can order;" and he gently dropped her hand, and left the room.

Margaret followed him, her heart beating wildly, as it always did when she was compelled to be alone with this man, if only for a few minutes. She experienced a cold shiver pass through her frame, accompanied by a sickening dread fairly amounting to fear. She could only have described her feelings towards him as those of intense hatred, for which she took herself severely to task. "How wicked of me," she argued to herself, as she followed him down the stairs, "how ungrateful and unjust when he is so good and kind to us, and sends poor mamma so many nourishing things, and tended so patiently on my lost little Annie, and was not even above treating my pet dog, though he barked as furiously at him as if he would tear him to pieces every time he came to the house, as I never knew he *could* bark, and yet he treated that dog kindly, and let him die in his arms. Oh," she unconsciously sighed aloud, "all that I love, or love me, are either going or gone."

"Nay, say not so, sweet Miss Moreland," softly whispered the doctor, in an insinuating voice, intended to be expressive of concern for her trouble, and love for herself.

He had never assumed to her this voice and attitude before, and it but served to increase her feelings of fear and intense hatred as the idea flashed suddenly across her, that he would profess admiration and affection for her. Her first impulse was to run away, without knowing whither or exactly wherefore, but with a tremendous effort she regained her presence of mind, and making herself positive to all internal emotions, she simply inquired concerning her mother.

"Well, Miss Moreland," he replied, "I can only repeat my previously given opinion: she is sinking fast. Nevertheless, we must do all we can for her. To-night I will send you some more of that same old port, which may be alternated with a little iced champagne. She must get nothing to eat but calf's-foot jelly, beef tea, and chicken broth, which I may as well get my cook to prepare, so that you may depend upon its being the correct thing, as I know your time is too fully occupied to permit you to attend to cooking."

he added, intending to appear to delicately ignore the fact of poverty.

"Indeed," she replied, fighting down the inclination to proudly refuse all benefits at his hands, "you are too generous; I can never repay you. It is not that I have not the time, but rather"

"Well, never mind," interrupted the doctor, "I may as well send it as not, for you know cook has many other patients to prepare for at the same time;" and he chuckled to himself, "That's a polished one; she can't but believe it, and must be impressed with my benevolence, though I should be an awful fool to do that kind of work;" (and she thought to herself, "What a noble and good man he must be, and how hatefully wicked I am to feel so ungrateful.") "But," he continued aloud, "I will prepare you an opiate for your mother, which please administer according to directions accompanying it, and I will be with you at nine to-morrow morning, as I find it will be a painful necessity for me to insert a seton at the back of her neck, with the view of starting a counter irritation there to draw from the head; also that continual pain in her chest can, perhaps, be relieved by the local application of a strong cauter." "

Margaret shuddered. She had seen the sister she had that day buried drugged, opiated, blistered, leeches, cauterised, and setoned, and after all that intense physical agony—die; and now that the life of her dear mother was given over, she was told that to torture her was the physician's painful necessity. Breathing an inward prayer for strength, she asked him how long her mother could be expected to live.

"That is a difficult question to answer, Miss Moreland," he replied, giving his half-shorn chin a shave with his hand, displaying his irregular and tobacco-coloured teeth, while adopting a professionally-studious air by gazing intently at the ceiling. "That is a very difficult question to answer. She might—last a week, or even two, as she is now, but with perfect quiet and the most advanced medical treatment. I don't wish to build up your hopes, but still,—the science of medicine, peace and rest, do much towards the recovery of an apparently hopeless case."

"Do you think it possible mother can live?" eagerly and excitedly inquired Margaret.

"Nay, nay, do not let me raise your hopes too highly, all I say is, that with perfect quiet some hopes may be entertained; and we must do all we can to save the baby, if only for her sake, as its loss would be an instantaneous death-blow. You must follow my directions strictly in both cases."

Margaret was in an agony of bewilderment, and felt as if dumb. Her mother was ordered perfect quiet, the torture of a seton, and the dangers of chloroform, when it was plain to all that her heart's action and respiratory powers were so weak that at times they seemed almost to cease; and only five days ago she had read of another death produced by the administration of an anæsthetic upon an apparently strong and healthy body. The wines, beef-tea, meat, jellies, and soups, seemed but to increase the fever and prostration, and most certainly raised her pulse to an alarming height, for she had often found it fifteen to twenty beats higher after such foods, since Lawrence had taught her how to count it, and yet with this fever-producing, exciting, torturing treatment, she was professionally told her mother's life might be saved "if" kept perfectly quiet, which, by following the doctor's orders, it was a moral impossibility to do, and yet she felt that to dispute his treatment would be a ridiculous piece of presumption on her part; so, with a weight of grief at her heart, which added ten years to her looks, she contented herself by thanking the doctor for his kindness, and, with a silent attitude of acquiescence, she opened the door for his departure. He evidently was not prepared to leave at that moment. He had something more to say, but he saw Margaret was much too lost in truthful sorrow to listen to ought but of her mother; so, with his usual bow and a cough, to fill up a vacancy he felt existed somewhere, he ceremoniously backed himself out.

Margaret sank into a chair; had her grief been less, she would have sobbed, but her eyes were tearless. Her mind and heart were so disturbed that she could not even pray. She seemed to be out of herself, and would soon have become unconscious had she not been aroused by the well-known knock of Lawrence. When he first saw the deadly pallor of her face he thought all was over. Placing his arms tenderly around her, he said,

"Margaret darling, tell me."

"What," she asked, and reading the query in his eyes, she simply replied,—

"No, Lawrence; neither are gone yet, but I wish they were." And she compressed her white lips firmly together.

Lawrence was positively frightened by her strange looks, and feared that her strong brain was beginning to be affected with so much trouble.

"Why, darling?"

"Oh, Lawrence, think how my poor Annie suffered! If she had died a month sooner than she did, how much torturing she would have been saved. The sight of those leeches made her delirious, and the strong wines increased it; the emetics almost killed her, the blisters produced agony that I am sure must have done more harm than the disease itself, and every simple food she craved was forbidden. Oh, she was punished out of the world, and mother is to be punished out of it too. Oh, why may she not die in peace? Oh, Lawrence, what am I to do?" she asked in despair.

He was puzzled. Dr. Burnlow had offered to send in another physician, the same one he recommended in Annie's case, who pro-

nounced his treatment to be the best that could possibly be adopted. Lawrence, for his part, quite agreed with Margaret that it would be better to let her mother lie and die in peace, yet his only answer was, "I will go and see her."

"I want some roasted apples," were the first words he heard from Mrs. Moreland as he entered the room, her voice having become unnaturally loud by the fever.

"You shall have some, mother darling," replied Margaret.

"No, you deceive me, and will give me some broth instead. You are killing me as fast as you can, but I will get up and get it myself;" and she raised herself in the bed. The exertion was too much for her, and she fell back in a fainting condition.

"Lawrence," said Margaret, in a low but resolute voice, "you know, therefore tell me, can any doctor in the world save my mother by any known treatment? Have you ever seen such a case saved in the hospitals?"

"No."

"Can I do injury by giving her what she craves for? If she must die with doctor's treatment, and with torture, surely it is my duty to permit her to die without either."

"Yes, darling, if she were my mother, I would give her whatever she asked for in reason."

In five minutes Margaret had squeezed a couple of lemons in a tumbler, added boiling water and sugar, cooled it a little, and placed it to her mother's lips. In three more seconds Mrs. Moreland had drunk every drop at a single draught, and called for more.

"Presently, mother, but not yet; that is enough for a little. I will send Johnny for some apples for you," she replied as she smoothed her pillows, and proceeded to prepare some more lemonade, which she gave her at intervals in small quantities. Mrs. Moreland complained of the cold, and Lawrence felt her feet and found them icy and clammy.

"Do you think," said Margaret, "that if I were to put a hot foot-bottle to her feet that it could harm her?" growing bolder by seeing her mother enjoy the lemonade, instead of begging not to be made to drink it as she had done everything previously given her for over a fortnight.

"On the contrary," replied Lawrence, "I should think it would do her good, though we are taught in the hospitals that is weakening."

"Would you like one, mother?"

"You know I should; I have asked for it often enough, but you put ice on my head instead."

Margaret immediately procured the bottle, and it was very soon at her mother's feet.

To the astonishment of both inside, of fifteen minutes Mrs. Moreland was found to have fallen into a deep and comparatively peaceful slumber. Margaret took this opportunity of telling Lawrence how the doctor had given her some faint hopes of her mother's recovery. Stepping to the bedside, he minutely examined pulse and respiration, and found them considerably more regular, but still dangerously rapid.

"Well, dear," he said, "I would not raise your hopes, yet, with perfect quiet, there is no telling what Nature can do; and I agree with you, it is wisest to let her have whatever she craves, and useless to torture and worry her now. No such case has ever been cured yet, at least we are always taught at the hospital to never dispute their inevitable fatality; therefore no harm can be done, do what you may, and certainly no injury has been done so far."

Their conversation was here interrupted by a loud knock at the street door. Margaret left the room on tiptoe, and admitted the landlord's house-agent—a coarse, brutal, red-faced man, who always struck terror into Margaret's heart, more especially on this occasion, as she knew she had not the money for either this or the last two quarters' rent.

"Will you please to step in, sir," she said, and timidly begged him to "be as quiet as possible, because mother is very ill."

"So she was last time," he replied in a loud voice, giving a hoarse cough.

Once in the parlour, Margaret closed the door upon him.

"I hope," he began, dropping himself into a chair which groaned with the force of his weight, "I hope you're agoin' to settle accounts, as my orders is very strict," and seeing by her terror-stricken countenance that she hadn't the necessary money, he continued: "cos' business is business, and the gov'nor won't be put off by no more excuses; yer must either say yer have it or yer haven't it, cos' if yer haven't it, orders must be obeyed promptly."

"I am sorry to say, sir," began poor Margaret, trembling like a leaf, "that father's losses have made him unable to gather the amount up; and will you please tell Mr. Versey"—

"I can't tell Mr. Versey nothing; he's gone abroad, and 'is orders is, that if the money ain't paid within seven days, that I'm to put an execution in on the eighth day, and that the rest o' the bag o' tricks is to clear out immediately, as tenants what can't pay their rents is to be turned out, and them what can got in; and I've got a good payin' man ready to take this here house, and move in on the 26th, unless you can pay up. Yer know yer had conditional notice to that effect last quarter, so all's square on our side."

"Will you oblige me with Mr. Versey's address, please?" and I'll write to him," said Margaret.

"Mr. Versey has left me 'is orders, but no address, as he's a movin' about from place to place, and he's confidence in me to carry 'is orders out."

"But I'm sure if he knew that my mother was at the point of death," pleaded Margaret, "he wouldn't think of putting in an execution."

"Well, yer know, he don't know yer have a mother, and don't care, for the matter o' that, and it's no good my a-wastin' my breath about it; I've told yer what my orders is, and I'll just call again in seven days, as I said afore," and with a business-like air he abruptly left the house, loudly slamming the door after him.

Margaret re-ascended the stairs, stunned and bewildered. There was but one course for her to pursue, and that was to get her mother into a hospital, and herself, Johnny, and father—where? in the streets first, and then the workhouse, perhaps. She looked like one risen from the dead, or a dying somnambulist about to perform some fearful deed of necessity.

Lawrence met her on the landing, and saw by her rigid face that something fearful had happened. In a few seconds she told him all. She seemed to be turned to a piece of stone, for never was her voice freer from emotion, or more mechanical.

"Two quarters' rent are due," she explained, "and the man who has just gone is the landlord's agent, and he has received strict orders that if it is not paid in seven days from now that he is to put an execution into the house on the eighth, and we are to leave to admit fresh tenants. The selling of the furniture does not trouble me, but if mother is not gone by then, she will be cruelly killed by the removal, noise, confusion, and worry, and Dr. Burnlow and you agree that even she might be saved if kept perfectly quiet; but such an occurrence is enough to kill the strong, and how much greater must the torture be to the dying! I wonder if I could get a bed in a hospital for her, and if she could be moved there, though the mere thought of her dying away from me is truly terrible. O that I knew what to do! Father is out, and will not be home till morning, and then he will be raving. I would he were dead—no, I don't! I'm very wicked, I know; but troubles seem to crowd so closely one upon another that I scarcely know whether I'm dreaming or waking."

She ceased speaking as she entered her mother's room. Mrs. Moreland was slumbering peacefully.

"Now that she is a little better," whispered Margaret, "she is to be forcibly killed because of our unjust poverty, brought on by my father's insanity."

Lawrence was in an anguish of bewildered thought. Turn mentally which way he would, he saw no means by which he could assist the one whom he loved dearer than life. Every penny he had saved was already gone for Annie's funeral, no jewellery did he possess sufficiently his own that he dared part with it, for, according to his father's will, he was under the entire, absolute, and unconditional discretionary control of his hard-hearted guardians, and until he was of age everything was legally theirs. Had he foreseen all this trouble he would have entered some situation, where he could have been earning at least a certain income, but now he could make no immediate change that could assist Margaret out of her present trouble, and it was the present that was to be considered.

A little cry from baby commanded Margaret's attention. She carried him, cradle and all down into the parlour, so as to avoid disturbing her mother. Lawrence followed her.

But a few weeks since, the birth of this little fellow with his head covered with pretty flat golden curls, his limbs plump and round, and his voice sufficiently sturdy to make his will known, gave great joy to Margaret and her mother. Strangely enough Mr. Moreland had never seen him once. He seemed to fear treading within the precincts of this young innocent, and was once heard to say, when half asleep and recovering from a frightful fit of delirium tremens; "I will see my boy when I feel that I am going to become a worthy father—I am bad—I hate myself—its these devils that are doing it all," and then he went on wandering in his usual wild manner. After that Margaret often asked him to look at his pretty pink and white boy, but he fiercely told her that if once he got hold of him he would strangle him, and always after that, when not sober, he would stagger all over the house, terrifying Margaret by brandishing a large carving-knife, and shouting for the child that came to destroy him, and he would ask her if she didn't see the man at his back who told him to "kill the boy, or else the boy would kill him." Poor Margaret would follow him about the house, at the imminent risk of her own life, to defeat him from finding the infant. And when at length he would fall asleep, as he invariably did, she would kneel at his feet and pray for the remission of his sins, and that he might be relieved from this dreadful curse, for Margaret knew that at heart her father was not a truly bad man. For many years she had never heard the sign of an evil thought pass over his lips, but on the contrary, she had always from her childhood upwards, found him honest and just in all his dealings, and kind to a fault, almost unable to refuse a bounty or favour. She still thought that some day he would be himself again, and she believed it more firmly when she arose from her knees with feelings of renewed calmness and strength. She would then go to her infant brother and press upon his soft white forehead a gentle kiss, as she thanked God that he always slept, as though silenced into slumber by angels, during all his father's paroxysm of drunken hatred.

Placing the cradle before the parlour fire she lifted his wasted little form upon her lap.

"He is very cold, Lawrence" she said, "except his head, and that is so hot. Dr. Burnlow has sent me some ice to put upon it should I put it on now do you think? Look how he stretches his feet towards the fire."

"Yes" replied Lawrence, meditating cautiously, "I think, Margaret dear, I would try giving him a warm bath, and, not using the ice."

"A warm bath!" repeated Margaret in horror, "Why, when I suggested such a thing to the Doctor he said, he would die in my arms from exhaustion,—besides, I am sure he is too weak to bear it."

"Well, I am not so certain about that, Margaret," and Lawrence related his recent experiences, for he had been ordering warm baths to many children lately, and he was greatly surprised at the immense benefit received in every case. "I have observed very much lately, having had many opportunities to test my ideas, and, indeed, I find that the less medicine infants get the better; warm bathing, warm and simple food, and tender nursing appear to me to be of infinitely more value than all the doctors' treatment known."

Margaret had by this time determined to follow his advice, and asked him to watch Mrs. Moreland while she bathed her infant brother.

A girl that is not a mother must have an immense amount of courage to attempt to bathe even a strong, plump, healthy infant; and to succeed without either cracking, dropping, drowning, or breaking the slippery little eel, is an achievement that merits promotion to the dignity of a wife, with prospects of becoming a mother to a quick succession of these same slippery eels.

Margaret had washed baby many times; but *washing* a child is one thing, dipping and supporting him in water is another, and so our perplexed maiden mother discovered. Her heart failed her a score of times during that anxious ten minutes. He was so thin that she dared not rest him out of her hands when in the water, and all the time he continued to breathe such sorrowful, weary sighs, and gave such convulsive starts, that she could scarcely retain him in her grasp. Gradually she perceived upon his brow small beads of perspiration, which she hoped was a good sign, as his skin had been so distressingly dry and scaly since his illness. Great was her alarm when, exactly at the end of the ten minutes, she perceived him become so motionless that she feared he was dead. Removing him quickly from the bath, she wrapped him in a blanket and fanned him gently with her handkerchief, and with the other hand she felt the beating of his little heart, and finding it strong, though rapid and irregular, she trusted it was merely a faint, and great was her delight when in a little she saw him revive. Rocking him softly in her arms, she went slowly upstairs. In five minutes he was sleeping calmly in his cradle.

Mrs. Moreland awakened.

"How is baby?" were her first words.

"He is sleeping, and seems a little quieter, mother, dear. Are you any easier now?"

"Yes, my head seems calmer. Where have I been these last few days? Oh, I have had such stupid dreams, and I've seen baby dead so many times, that I quite expected to hear he really was gone; and I was dreaming about Annie so much, I thought she was beside me—indeed, I can almost see her now. I should like something cool to drink, but not that nasty wine."

Margaret gave her some lemonade, which was eagerly swallowed.

"Can I see baby?" she continued. "Oh, of course; you said he was sleeping."

"Could you eat a roasted apple, mother? I have one ready," she inquired.

"Yes, I think I could."

Margaret, with a spoon, fed her mother with as much aptitude as though she had been an experienced nurse of some years' standing. When she had finished she again left her and the still sleeping baby in the charge of Lawrence, while she isolated herself to think. She found it, indeed, almost impossible to collect her wandering thoughts together. She paced the room, unconsciously talking aloud.

"Poor Annie gone! and I haven't even time to weep for her. Alas! weeping will not bring her back to me, for if it would, I'd never cease till all tears were exhausted, and then I'd weep tears of blood. Mother is certainly better. It's strange that life and health-giving virtues are but contained for her in wine and medicine, and yet when getting them she grows worse, and when *without* them she grows better. I haven't the heart to give her the chloroform, or to prepare her for that cruel seton. Quiet. Lawrence and the doctor both order quiet. But how am I to keep her in quietude with an execution in the house? And there's no way on earth that I know of to get the money. I haven't a friend in the world that can help me. Yes!"

And she stood still. Her eyes opened wide, with a doubtful, wondering expression in them.

"There's the doctor. But no; though he's so rich, I cannot go to him for money. No. I somehow fear his kindness; but I'll write and tell him our circumstances, and ask him if mother can be moved into a hospital, and if he can assist me to get her in."

And her heart turned sick and faint at the thought of thus parting with her dear mother.

"And then, even if mother can be moved, where am I to take baby and Johnny? Oh, God! I see nothing but the workhouse staring us in the face when turned out of this house."

And she looked around her with loving eyes at the few things that had been saved from the wreck of the old home some two years since. Never had this cheerless, comfortless place seemed such a home to her, till now that she contemplated being forcibly driven from it. In fifteen minutes Johnny was sent with an epistle addressed to the doctor, and marked *private* by the fair hand of Margaret.

(To be continued.)

HISTORICAL CONTROLS.

(Reported and communicated by A. T. T. P.)

THE HIGH PRIEST OF THE JEWS, JADDAH.

29th October, 1878.

Before control, the medium, in a semi-unconscious state, said:—

"Why does he do that? He is kissing the ends of a fringed scarf: the scarf is white. There are knotted fringes in either end of the scarf. He is kissing the knots alternately. As he kisses the first knot he repeats something. He has kissed the second knot, and is still repeating something. Will he kiss the third knot? Could you speak like he is speaking? I can't say what he is saying. He has kissed the third knot. He is dressed in a long robe of spotless whiteness; along the edges of the robe that meet from his neck downwards are gold fringes. In front of his breast is a plate; upon the plate there are twelve Bosses. The plate is of gold: the Bosses are of silver; they are bright as a mirror. The scarf, the end of which he is still kissing, he has flung across his shoulders, the ends hanging loose across his breast. You can see in the opening of his robe that his legs are bare from the knee downwards to the feet, the feet having something like the sole of a shoe, fastened with laces crossing and recrossing each other along the whole front of his shins, encircling his legs. There are hundreds that are dressed in white, that are coming and going about him. He is coming towards us."

I may state that of late the medium has become both clairaudient and clairvoyant, and his powers seem to be improving at every sitting. Of late he has described to me men of all nations and of all times, some of whom I have never heard of as having existed, and whose names I cannot find in biographies or histories, whilst in other cases he has described men whom I knew at college and elsewhere in former days. Most frequently these descriptions are the forerunners of a Control that is coming to control immediately; but it occasionally happens that the Control so described does not come for a week or more. In the matter that came this evening previous to control, I was not a little puzzled to make out what it could all mean. It speaks, however, for itself, and all who can run can read and draw their own conclusions. He spoke as follows:—

"You are of a race that believe in truth and fiction combined, so cunningly blended together that discrimination between them becomes nearly impossible. You have, whilst sojourning on earth, received the knowledge of the spirit's ability to communicate, after its passing from earth, with those that still remain. There are millions amongst mankind in the flesh to-day to whom we would apply similar remarks. Should any be bold enough to aver their belief in this truth—remark, a truth, a wonderful truth—and why, sir, why should they not so believe? They would be ridiculed. These occurrences, belonging now only to a favoured few, were as common amongst the people over whom I ruled as they are uncommon now. Nay, in my time the power of spirit communication was so studied, that it became an art, a regular established science. Like every other art or science, it had amongst its true teachers a host of charlatans and impostors; but they were easily detected and quickly punished. Those who by study and unremitting perseverance had attained to the higher knowledge governing spirit-communication were raised to the highest rewards amongst the people."

"You may ask, then, of what nation I am? and to what nation I am referring? I am referring to a race of people who claim no spot of earth as their own to-day, as their own as a nation; who through the successive ages of the past, had studied the rule of successful servility and cringingness, who had studied how to become the humble servant, until at last they had reached the necessary consummation of such a study, forgetting the way to rule. I speak of my people, not as they exist amongst the nations of earth at present, but as they existed when I trod the beautiful aisles of the Temple, erected to the worship of the one God. I was Israel's High Priest, and amongst those who rendered me obedience—and they were every soul that constituted the children of Israel—not one amongst my people, but had received undoubted evidence of immortal life. With us the Rulers of the People, we would have wondered at the blindness of any soul that had failed to have seen the ever succeeding signs that were hourly occurring. I do not think that among Israel's many thousands under my special care anyone doubted of the immortal life."

"As for those of the children of Levi, which was my tribe, and whose descendants are privileged to perform the services to the Lord in his holy Temple, whose glorious beauties then existed, and are but as tradition to-day, whose grandeur and magnificence of architectural decoration, and whose grand ambassadorial receptions from every country and from every clime, is treated (or nearly so) as Eastern fable amongst you moderns; and so will this truthful statement of mine, about the whole of my people, be treated by many before whom your records appear; but whatever may be their state of mind or state of feeling concerning this admission, that can't alter the truth, can't destroy it, for truth is indestructible, truth is unchangeable. Truth has many various forms and parts, but they one and all tend to the formation of a complete whole. Truth is as accurate as any mathematical definition. It may be caviled at, sneered at, ridiculed, pitied, denied, but it still remains unchanged."

"Let me enter on to a higher statement still of our knowledge, spiritually, in the days long past, and deemed by modern minds

* My impression was, and is, that the future state is but dimly shadowed forth in the Old Testament. Can one get a real Hebrew Bible not a translated Septuagint?

barbaric. There was a theory among the sons of Levi, those sons most advanced in abstruse sciences, that the gift of prophecy was to be acquired, and along with that another gift of the spirit, which we had not then realised. The idea of sitting together in unison to try for this result arose, and we found that the grand work of our studies could only be successful by our commencing first by a thorough and complete abstraction. Have you ever tried to abstract your mind from all its surroundings? To arrive at the nearest possible passive state, for a human mind to be in? To cast from your mind all its memory of transactions of the past, of its hopes for the future, to surrender all memory of individuality, strongly willing but one thing, that is, to prevent sleep, a step to the consummation of your desires: a mind perfectly and thoroughly at rest, and yet watchful and wakeful? It was in such a state as this that I realised, whilst still possessing a living, moving body, the consciousness of my soul's separate existence. It is not the theory of a dual soul, for such was the abstracted state of my mind, that upon my spirit's return it could receive and take, and retain remembrances of the spirit's journey. Hence, spirit could make known to matter, which was by itself kept in being, the knowledge of its outgoings. Remember, I wish to instil this upon your mind, that my spirit has made journeys and visits to souls in the flesh, and returned to the body again, and the brain has been placed in a condition to receive the weakest impression of the spirit's acting and doing, by means of the thorough abstractedness it had obtained, and matter, *the brain*, receiving that impression in a manner suitable for that *matter's* retention. There were sixty-three amongst the tribe of Levi that had arrived at the same results, that is, the spirit visiting without any willing from the brain, where it listed, and returning again, it was enabled to impress the brain with a description of its wanderings, and these impressions of the spirit's outgoing were at once tabulated, and the testimony in thousands of cases fully authenticated by the records of the tablets.

"That the spirit acted thoroughly outside the will or consciousness of the spirits' knowledge in the body, was proved by several visits of several spirits into foreign parts and their return; proving that the spirit out of the body had a knowledge superior to its knowledge in the body. It also laid bare to us, what was ever unknown to us before, that thousands of the spirits, freeing themselves from the body, obtained knowledge, but that upon the spirits' return to their bodies they were unable to give expression to this added knowledge, and that the spirit in the body, in its expression through the body, would have most earnestly denied the truth of its wanderings. The cause of this being, that in the body it retained only what according to the conditions that body could afford—it retained no remembrance of its outgoing."

"Well might the body of man be called 'the prison-house of the soul.' I received a blessing, one of many; yet the most prominent one as a consequence of my spirit outgoing. I have stood in my pontifical robes before that soul, whose ambition had made him earth's sole ruler: he who has been here with you, I mean Alexander the Great. I stood before him with a full spirit-knowledge, that I could inform him of events yet in the future. I had looked at him, and had prayed to the Great Jehovah, that he might see my spirit; and I have had my prayer answered; and as I gazed upon his face, I noticed the entire absence of fear, only an expression of wonder and awe. He reached out his hands to grasp me, and his face became fixedly stern, when he found how futile was his attempt. I could not speak to him, though I had the power of movement; I could speak, but not to be heard by him. I pointed heavenwards, and a look of deeper reverence overspread his face. I could read his mind with a spirit-intuition, which words failed me to describe accurately. To you the distinction between the senses spiritual and the senses material, or in the body, differ as widely as the minds of men. Back to my body, with a thorough knowledge of having held an important interview with a Conqueror and great Monarch."

"There are many incidences of this spirit-outgoing that I could cite to you. I have chosen this as one of many that rendered service to my Faith and People. The Jewish records speak of hardy warriors, men enured to war, that had passed away. That it was so, the prophecies and sayings of the seers of old, whilst on earth, bid me to believe and accept. They, however, did not exist among my nation during my ruling. A patriotic warrior is above faction or party; aiming only always for his country's good. There were thousands of malcontents amongst my people, factions—a nation split up into fanatical sects, and bearing the necessary consequence, that of becoming a tributary state. According to my oath of tributary service, sworn to before Jehovah's high altar, Darius, King of the Persians, had been solemnly promised that we would supply food in quantities sufficient to maintain an army in the field, and also the means of transport for the same. I remember the second outgoing of my spirit to this Alexander, this Great Grecian Monarch, and in that visit it was tabulated by my own hand that my spirit had spoken to him. The words even were remembered, 'Fear not, great King, the Persian rule and its destiny are placed by Jehovah in your keeping.'

"Seated in the Temple, surrounded by hundreds of my people, in the foremost ranks were those nearest, by blood relationship, to me, and in the next rank were seated the priests of the tribe of Levi, which was my tribe; and the children of my people belonging to the other tribes were also represented in that meeting. Alexander's ambassadors were present with a message, that the legions of their master were before Tyre's walls, and, as I had done to Darius, in the supplying of transport and food supplies,

he, Alexander, their master, demanded the same at my hands. To me personally, Israel's High Priest, was the command made—my name is Jadoah.* I refused his ambassadors in the name of my assembled people. In vain they threatened, that in refusing the demand of their master, whom they represented, that I was degrading, and, at the same time, defying his power. They continued, 'Let Jerusalem, the Galilees, and Judea, combine to send these supplies demanded, else was to this city.' One of our prophets of old—he who received in his dire affliction comfort from God's ministers, He, who, through the tyranny of a King had been given over to death by fierce lions, and who, being mercifully saved, was again condemned, and again found that the God in whom he believed was again willing to stretch out His right hand to succour him; I am referring to our prophet Daniel, whom I have learnt, since I have been in the spirit-heavens, was my guide upon earth, and who journeyed with my spirit in its outgoings from the body, and who had accompanied my spirit in its interview with Alexander.

"News soon reached us of Alexander's thorough and complete success, and all Judea was loud in its wailing when this victorious commander, followed by his conquering legions, took the road leading towards Jerusalem, their breasts, as well as those of their commanders, being filled with revengeful feeling. To obtain thorough and complete abstraction under the prospect of such an invasion was a troublous task; but I succeeded at arriving at that perfect serenity and passivity of mind necessary for spirit communication: to hear him who loved and guided me saying, 'Arise, place thy robe of white around thee; place upon thy breast the breast-plate of Israel's High Priest, with the twelve Bosses representing the twelve tribes of Israel; place thy phylacteries across thy brow and the commandment-scarf across thy shoulders with its five knotted ends representing the Ten Commandments, delivered by our People's Law-giver. Gather also around thee all Israel's Priests, and have as many of the people whose hearts are in God's keeping as thou can gather together, and then go on thy road, thyself heading the procession, and meet this proud Conqueror, and thou shalt find mercy at his hands.'

"The most advanced of the Priests in the Temple believed me when I told them this message; some among my people believed in its efficiency and others ridiculed it. I formed the procession and met him, Alexander, in my full robes as High Priest. He left the officers by whom he was surrounded, dismounted from his horse, and walked reverently up to me, and then bent his lordly knees. There were those around him that ventured to rebuke him for offering homage to a Jewish High Priest; but he chided them, and said, 'I am not bending my knee to the man, but to the God he serves. I have seen him in his robes, dressed as he is now, in the sacred privacy of my tent. I have grasped at him, and have grasped but air. I have heard him speak to me, and these were the words he used: "Fear not; the destinies of Persia and her rulers are in your hands." And as he stood before me, after uttering these words, there came another voice from some unseen angel or spirit, saying, "The success of thy arms over the Persians, Great King, has been written in the book of fate centuries since."' Then why, sir, should that which was received as truth amongst my people be an object of ridicule to-day? No events, the consequences of great changes, but have had their causes, and civilised mankind (for by that name would Christian nations be designated) have turned from truth to fiction, and this, I allege, is the reason or cause of the suppression of spirit communication. Man's reason degrades its high estate by the acceptance of a lie, to the degradation of the law of God, from such a worship spring selfish feelings and a love of the world and its advantages, and, as the follower chooses the world for his guide, the conditions accruing prevent effectually spiritual controls. May Jehovah bless you both!"

In reference to the above Control, all I can say as to any knowledge on my part of the subject-matter is, that beyond some loose historical statement floating in my memory that when Alexander the Great marched towards the city of Jerusalem, he was met by the High Priest in his pontifical robes, who told Alexander something that diverted his wrath and saved Jerusalem, I knew nothing. A reference to Flavius Josephus confirmed the main incident of the seance. In reference to all the rest, unless it be as I believe, viz., the outpouring of the real Jadoah, it must be put down to the sensitive working on my imagination, psychologically, or using his own in fraud and trickery. I am quite satisfied he has not the ability to do the trick; and even if he had the power to cram up the matter, I would defy him to read in my mind what was never there.

DANIEL DEFOE.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I had been all day preparing a lecture on Defoe, when the MEDIUM with the last "Historical Control" was placed in my hands. I naturally ran through it with eagerness. In common with all the other "Controls" from the same source, it is certainly a most remarkable production. And I no more suspect A. T. T. P. of conscious deception than I should suspect the soundness of a Bank of England note handed to me in Thread-needle Street. Yet I cannot bring myself to believe that Defoe in *propiâ personâ*, any more than "Numa Pompilius!" influenced the medium. My interest in the matter is not destroyed on that account. Whatever opinion be entertained as to the identity of the intelligence communicating these "Historical Controls," the psychological problems suggested by such phenomena are in the

very highest degree curious and interesting. And the manner in which such things are ignored is a disgrace to English intellect, and a fact in its way as worthy of study as any other mental phenomenon of normal character.

But why not, some one may say, believe that Defoe himself actually influenced the medium? It would be easy to give twenty reasons, if the reader's and writer's patience permitted. Let one suffice. We have almost as much ground to believe in the genuineness of the control by that semi-mythical person, Numa Pompilius, as by Daniel Defoe. Now if the individuality of poor Pompilius has not undergone change enough in 2,500 years to render him irreconizable by readers of Goldsmith's "History of Rome," there is certainly a miserable look-out for us in the spirit-world. It is the old confusion of planes we meet with in Swedenborg's "Memorable Relations," who represents the spirits of men who died centuries ago discussing in his own wearisome metaphysical jargon the same theological questions that had a meaning only to himself or to his own age. Who would not accept annihilation in place of such employment?

Your respected correspondent, A. T. T. P., to whom all your readers are so much indebted, might perhaps peruse with pleasure an article on Defoe, by Arthur Lloyd Windsor, in his remarkable work called "Ethica," published by Smith and Elder. I have seen no biographical estimate of the great Whig champion of political freedom and social progress which does him equal justice. It is strange indeed that the heroic character of a man to whom every English child is under much obligation, should be so little known. What a pity it is that some able pen does not do for Daniel Defoe what Washington Irving and Mr. Forster have done for Oliver Goldsmith!

Asking pardon for occupying so much of your space, I remain, yours faithfully,
S. E. BENGOUGH.
Darmstadt.

THE TRANSMISSION OF DISEASE.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—Will A. T. T. P., through the columns of the MEDIUM, kindly state what good to humanity as a whole, either physically or morally, can accrue from such operations as are reported in this week's MEDIUM, to have been performed upon himself, under the control of "Dr. William Harvey"? The result of the operation appears to have been, not a cure, but a transmission of a disease from one person to another, or rather an exchange of health aura for disease aura. The recipients benefited under such manipulation would seem to exercise a cruel selfishness, as is evidenced by the after state of the medium under control, recorded in a leader in the same number; it says: "Not only was this healthful life-essence imparted to the patient, but, what is more remarkable, the diseased fluid was at the same time extracted, and carried away by the poor medium, who was sick in bed for some time afterwards, and wondered at the cause of his illness."—Yours truly,
ROBERT R. CAMM.

Harleston, Jan. 18.

[We may just say that the method of cure performed on the occasion in question is the same as that so frequently adopted by healers by laying on of hands. These practitioners will at once tell what ails a patient, by feeling in their own bodies the patient's symptoms, and by taking on the sufferer's disease they relieve the sick one, and then throw off the disease by a power which they can exercise, but which a patient can't. Dr. Mack keeps a basin of water into which he puts his hands, and thereby gives off the disease into the water, which has the power of affecting a sensitive with the disease, should such a person put hands into it. Thus in disease, as in other matters, we can bear one another's burdens, and do great good without serious injury to ourselves. A sensitive or medium takes on the diseased aura, but under the control of guides can readily dispose of it. We have a friend who is thus often relieved by a relative unconsciously, who is a medium. The spirits can rid our friend of impediments, which if retained would completely interrupt the career of great usefulness which he follows. The work is rather unpleasant to the medium, but does her no particular injury. Some people can be useful to a great end in that way, and perhaps in no other. But let us not forget that there are thousands of delicate sensitives killed annually amongst us, by taking on diseases unconsciously, and without the spirit-guidance, or other power to free themselves. We think the case of A. T. T. P. is much more valuable and instructive than our correspondent inclines to admit, and with these few remarks we leave the matter to the handling of our contributor.—Ed. M.]

A NATIVE of Newcastle left this country for Australia, in search of health, on the 30th September, and reached Adelaide on 12th November. After wending his way some 200 miles into the bush, he purchased at a town called Allbury a bottle of Eno's Fruit Salt.—Who'd have thought it?—*Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*.

A GENTLEMAN has had three visits from "Jefferson Davis," the Confederate President during the civil war in the United States. He was rather surly at first, but by coming, progressed, and then was affable, and considered it an honour to be in our correspondent's company as he would have been honoured by an introduction to Davis when on earth and in power. When he last visited, he was in the third sphere. If any friend of Jefferson Davis reads this, and would desire it, we could introduce him to our correspondent.

A WELL-KNOWN pioneer, writing of the "mighty and general upheaval of diverse systems at present going on under the crust of society" in various parts of the world, says he feels, at times, "like a race-horse before the start, especially when I read some of your letters, and those of A. T. T. P. in the MEDIUM. I believe A. T. T. P.'s letter of to-day (Dr. W. Harvey's) is one of his most remarkable ones: he will not go without his reward. Neither will you." We hope the fiery steeds of Progress will make a start soon, and are pleased to think that our words urge them to the onset. The result of the race depends on the rider as well as on the steed.

* Jadoah is the name given in a French edition of Josephus.

THE FIRST MONEY THAT MISS WOOD RECEIVED FOR ANY SEANCE.

This was what we called a "dark seance"; nearly all our seances at this time were held in the dark, when the tying and untying of the medium, the ring test, and other physical phenomena took place. On the present occasion, one of our members, thinking himself more expert in tying knots than his fellow-members, would venture a sixpence that he would tie her so securely that the spirits could not unloose her, nor could she possibly unloose herself. Permission was given, to work he went with as much cord and time as he chose to take, and he took some time to secure the medium and save his sixpence. First he tied the right hand at the wrist to the side of the chair, and then he tied the left, next he tied the elbows, then her feet to the chair rail, afterwards passing the cord around her waist, through the back of the chair, under and over her shoulders, crossing it over her back, and securing the ends behind the chair. He then expressed himself satisfied with this tying, and would give the medium sixpence if she or the spirits could undo the tying. I ought to state that flour was put into her hand as a further test. The table (not a small one) stood in the middle of the room, the gas chandelier was suspended above the middle of the table; there was quite sufficient room for two or three chairs between the table and the walls on all sides. All being ready, one of the members was requested to stand with matches in hand, ready to put out the gas and relight at command, while all the rest of the company took their seats. The medium (under control) now gave the word, "Put out the light," and in the same breath, "Light up," which was done instantly, when the medium and chair were found to have been lifted on to the table.

After examining the tying, and seeing that all was right, the light was again put out and instantly relighted, when the medium and chair were found to be on the floor. This was repeated three or four times. The medium and chair were now on the table, the cords, &c., closely examined, and as Mr. P—— was not willing to lose his sixpence without having his sixpennyworth, he, in particular, examined the fastenings and other precautions against trickery very minutely, and expressed his entire satisfaction. It ought to be stated that the medium was entranced all the time, and spoke under control. Two iron rings, five inches in diameter, made of quarter-inch iron, were next laid on the table, and the light ordered to be put out and immediately relighted. This was done, and one of the iron rings was found to be on the right arm of the medium between the tyings on her wrist and elbow. Another close examination of the fastenings was now made, with the result of finding them to be thoroughly secure, and, amidst exclamations of astonishment, one person was asking another such questions as "How did the ring get on to the arm?" Matter through matter! "Did it pass through the arm, or the arm through it?" Who can tell?

Order having been restored, and all seated, except Mr. — who stood match in hand, ready to obey the order, which was given: "Light out,"—"Quick, relight," but before the light was well out, the ring was thrown against the opposite wall and fell on the floor with a ringing noise. The light was once more ordered to be extinguished, and in less than one minute the cords were thrown in the face of Mr. —, who at once confessed he was beaten, and handed over to Miss Wood the first sixpence she received for the exercise of her mediumship. No more severe test could possibly be applied, in a dark seance, than that to which Miss Wood was subjected on this occasion, to the complete satisfaction of all present.

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

Cross Houses, Upper Claremont, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

SPIRITUALISM AT NEWCASTLE.

On Sunday afternoon, Jan. 12, Mrs. Batie delivered two trance addresses in the hall of the Newcastle Psychological Society. As it was announced that these were the farewell addresses of this lady, preparatory to her leaving our land for the opposite shores across the Atlantic, it was anticipated that there would be large audiences. This expectation was fully realised at the afternoon meeting. Mr. W. C. Robson, vice-president, officiated as chairman. The subject of the address was, "The Many Mansions in our Father's House," which was treated in a very interesting manner. The speaker dealt chiefly with the spirit's experience in the spirit-world and his progress therein. At the conclusion of the address the spirit of a child called "Blue Bell" gave a few remarks on the same subject, after which the meeting concluded.

In the evening a very large number had assembled in the hall, and at the time for the commencement of the meeting the hall was completely full, and it was found necessary to close the doors, and a great many were reluctantly refused admission. Mr. John Mould officiated as chairman, and he was supported on the platform by Mr. W. C. Robson, Mr. H. A. Kersey, Mr. J. Hare, and Mr. W. Hunter. The subject of the address: "What Advantages has a Spiritualist over a Christian?" was treated in an excellent manner. She recited the many evidences which the Spiritualist possessed to prove to him the existence of another world, which was a great advantage over the Christian, and concluded her address by citing one great advantage: they possessed healing mediumship.

Mr. Wilson rose, and proposed a vote of thanks to Mrs. Batie and her guides, for the pleasure they had experienced in listening to her, also on account of that being the last lecture she would deliver before she left these shores for America. Many others spoke in seconding and supporting the motion. Mrs. Batie, in a

few appropriate remarks, briefly acknowledged, after which the meeting concluded.

At the Spiritualist Improvement Class, on Wednesday evening, January 15, Mr. Geo. Wilson read extracts from a book entitled, "Biblical Contradictions Considered," by Mr. Robert Cooper, upon which an interesting conversation followed. In the last week's notice of this class, the name of Mr. Morse was inadvertently inserted for that of Mr. Mann.

A CURIOUS EXPEDIENT FOR DETECTING THIEVES.

The following paragraph on superstition, which has been going the round of the newspapers, may prove of interest.

A singular case of superstition revealed itself at the Borough Petty Sessions at Ludlow. A married woman named Mary Ann Collier was charged with using abusive and insulting language to her neighbour, Eliza Oliver; and the complainant, in her statement to the magistrates, said that on December 27th she was engaged in carrying water, when Mrs. Collier stopped her, and stated that another neighbour had had a sheet stolen, and had turned the key on the Bible near several houses; that when it came to her (Oliver's) house, the key moved of itself, and that when complainant's name was mentioned the key and the book turned completely around, and fell out of their hands. She also stated that the owner of the sheet then inquired from the key and the book, whether the theft was committed at dark or daylight, and the reply was "daylight." Defendant then called complainant "A — daylight thief," and charged her with stealing the sheet. The Bench dismissed the case, the chief magistrate expressing his astonishment that such superstition and ignorance should exist in the borough. It has been explained, by one who professed to believe in this mode of detecting thieves, that the key is placed over the open Bible at the words "Whither thou goest I will go" (Ruth i. 16); that the fingers of the persons were held so as to form a cross, and the text being repeated, and the suspected person named, the key begins to jump and dance about with great violence in such a way that no person can keep it still.

SPIRITUALISM AND CHRISTIANITY UNDER THE HAMMER.

A rather curious incident occurred at a sale by auction the other day. One of the lots put up was three vols. of the MEDIUM which went, after a spirited competition, for the sum of 6s.; the curious part was that the lot following was a number of Bibles, Testaments, and Prayer Books, which was knocked down for the small sum of 1s. The auctioneer was greatly shocked that Spiritualism should bring in a higher sum than Christianity.

R. H. M.

LECTURE AT CAVENDISH ROOMS.

Mr. J. William Fletcher lectured at Cavendish Rooms on Sunday evening on, "Are the Manifestations of Modern Spiritualism Anti-Biblical?"

Mr. Fletcher's guides treated especially of the manifestations of spirit-power recorded in the Bible, and claimed that the same law which operated in the age of so-called miracles is in existence, and operates through the manifestations of Modern Spiritualism.

The propositions were many and well sustained; and those who for years have felt that the Bible was rich in precepts and pathos would have found new beauties to admire, and fresh truths held out for their acceptance, while Spiritualists, who have in many instances utterly discarded the Bible, found that much wheat has been wasted, in order to destroy the chaff.

The lecturer took occasion to impress upon his audience that he made no effort to sustain the Bible, because its occurrences were in many instances counteracted by the spiritual manifestations now being developed, nor did he value modern developments the more because they were paralleled by the manifestations of Bible times, but to prove if possible, that the spiritual law had existence, and demonstrated itself throughout all the uncivilised and bigoted eras of the past, and has outlived the King Herods of bigotry that would have killed it in its infancy. Mr. Fletcher's comparisons of the phases of mediumship now extant, and those possessed by Jesus, Peter, Cornelius, Joshua, and Paul were such as to encourage the workers of to-day in feeling that they were supported by the precedent of honourable work and workers, and to give exceeding gladness to those dear companions of the truth teacher of Nazareth, who left this world early with their mediumistic work unfinished.

In summing up, he said, the grandest spiritual manifestation yet given to mortals is the phenomenon of existence; that the body is but the living cabinet through which the indwelling spirit expresses itself; the eyes are but apertures in the dark cabinet curtain through which the soul peeps out; our lungs the tube through which the direct voice of our spirit is given; and night and sleep the music and darkness necessary to furnish the spirit full and exalted power. Truly, Nature holds a dark seance every twenty-four hours.

Not content with preaching, Mr. Fletcher proposes to form a Sunday-school, where children from eight to eighty may be taught something of that belief now so little known and greatly misunderstood—Spiritualism. I also add that Desmond Fitz-Gerald, Esq., very ably presided, and fine music was furnished by Miss Leslie Younge and Miss Maitland.

"ONE WHO LISTENED."

HACKNEY SPIRITUAL EVIDENCE SOCIETY.

6, FIELD VIEW TERRACE, LONDON FIELDS, E.

At a meeting on the 7th inst. the above title was formally accepted, and the following officers were unanimously elected, viz.:—Mr. H. J. Peck, president, *pro tem*; Mr. C. R. Williams, honorary secretary and treasurer; and your humble servant corresponding secretary. Members' seance on Monday next, 27th inst.

A meeting will be held on Tuesday, February the 4th, at 8 p.m., to relate experience, and to consider the desirability of forming a developing circle.

The Sunday evening meetings will be resumed on the first Sunday in March, at 7 p.m., under the direction of Mr. C. R. Williams, and distinct from the work of the society.

Jan. 20th, 1879.

A. J. LONDON, Cor. Sec.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF THE MEDIUM.

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One copy, post free, weekly	0	2	per annum	0	8	8
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All orders for copies, and communications for the Editor, should be addressed to Mr. JAMES BURNS, Office of THE MEDIUM, 15, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

The MEDIUM is sold by all newsvendors, and supplied by the wholesale trade generally.

Advertisements inserted in the MEDIUM at 6d. per line. A series by contract.

Legacies on behalf of the Cause should be left in the name of "James Burns."

SEANCES AND MEETINGS DURING THE WEEK, AT THE SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION, 15, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, HOLBORN

SUNDAY, JAN. 19.—J. Burns, O.S.T., at Doughty Hall, 14, Bedford Row, at 7.

MONDAY, JAN. 20.—Physical Seance by Mr. Husk, at 8, admission 5s.

TUESDAY, JAN. 21.—Select Meeting for the Exercise of Spiritual Gifts.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 22.—Lecture on Phrenology by Mr. Burns, at 8. 1s.

THURSDAY, JAN. 23.—School of Spiritual Teachers at 8 o'clock.

FRIDAY, JAN. 24.—Social Sitings, Clairvoyance, &c., at 8. 1s.

THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 24, 1879.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE tale by Miss Chandos Leigh Hunt, begun this week, opens with a consideration of social and hygienic matters as a ground work. The closing chapters are full of Spiritualism of a very instructive and interesting character. It is calculated to afford information on various subjects and to arrest the attention of a variety of readers.

THE social sitting with "Daisy" at the Spiritual Institution on Friday last was of a most interesting character. A number of incipient mediums were present, and the influence was exceedingly good. Such meetings would lead to important results in development.

MR. MORSE'S debate with Mr. Watson, on Saturday evening, at Matlock, attracted 300 listeners, amongst whom there appeared to be many Spiritualists. The opening speech by Mr. Morse, under influence, contained much good matter, but rather abstruse. The reply of his opponent was the most wretched twaddle we ever read in print. The *Derby Gazette* devotes three columns to the event; and in the leader on the subject goes into a pet because ashamed, no doubt, of the champion of non-Spiritualism—for what else can we call him? as he seemed to be ignorant of the spiritual meaning of the gospels—and decries Spiritualism because it does not excell in the line of the fortune-teller. The debate, though rather disappointing, will do some good, as Mr. Morse was as superior to his opponent in enlightenment as day is to night.

THE demand for the "Old Man's Christmas-box" has been so hearty and universal that the publisher has resolved on printing it in a separate form for wide circulation. There are only a few copies of the MEDIUM now left containing that Christmas Tale.

THE indulgence of readers and contributors is craved in respect to any shortcomings or omissions observed in the present number of the MEDIUM. Circumstances of a very urgent nature have so engrossed attention in other directions that there may possibly be room for criticism.

MR. W. H. LAMBELLE has been offered a very advantageous position at South Shields, which, from his mechanical experience, he has considered it wise to accept. He does not intend to turn his back on the intellectual duties of his mediumship; but for these many months, ever since the commencement of the Doughty Hall series, the strain upon his nervous system has been such that life has been a misery, and the result depressing. The change from a very laborious occupation to that of pure brain work was, perhaps, a transition too sudden. Mr. Lambelle has literary abilities of great value, and as a medium he is not to be surpassed, but only as yet undergoing development. Patience, and the alternation of conditions will, no doubt, bring out these powers to their normal degree of development, and enable Mr. Lambelle to accomplish a mission which he is adapted in the future to sustain. He has our hearty good wishes wherever he goes, and we shall expect to hear of his usefulness under the influence of those noble and wise spirits who have access to the outer world through his organism.

MR. J. WILLIAM FLETCHER will continue his lectures at Cavendish Rooms, Sunday evening; his subject will be, "Mediumship, and What we Know Thereof." All are invited to attend.

FRIENDLY VISITS FROM J. BURNS, O.S.T.

WEST HARTLEPOOL, Feb. 2, and following days.

BISHOP AUCKLAND. Debate with Rev. W. Baitey, Feb. 25.

We perceive that a date has been again fixed for the debate between the Rev. W. Baitey and J. Burns, O. S. T. It is to come off at Bishop Auckland, on Feb. 25. It was proposed by Mr. Burns's committee, to have a second night, but to this, we understand, the other party raises an objection.

A HAPPY EVENING AT DOUGHTY HALL ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

If the hall can be procured on Valentine's Day, this forthcoming Happy Evening will take place on February 14. If the hall is not to be obtained on that day, the nearest one to it will be selected. Mr. Towns, Mr. King, Mr. and Mrs. Swindin, Mrs. McKellar, Mrs. Nichols, Mr. Pounds, and other sitters in the Inner Circle are making the necessary arrangements. Besides the desire to satisfy the great demand for another social evening, the Inner Circle have an object in view in connection with the promotion of Spiritualism, to which they intend to devote any sums which may be in hand after paying expenses. It is not intended to have a tea, but an early instrumental promenade concert; than a regular programme, to conclude with dancing. The tickets for the whole to be 1s. Ladies and gentlemen are invited to volunteer their services as players, singers, or reciters. All communications to be addressed to the Spiritual Institution.

THE GREAT WORK HAS BEGUN.

On the same day that the letter of "Cambor" appeared in the MEDIUM, the work commenced of preparing packets of literature for distribution.

For several months it has been resolved to undertake a work of the kind, and a body of "spiritual workers" has been impatient to open up the great task of carrying the knowledge of Spiritualism to every intelligent inhabitant of Great Britain. On an early date full particulars of the plan will be given, but at present it is important to state that the plan is in operation.

In one day 2,000 publications were sent out, of which a strict record is kept, and those who receive them are requested to report what use they made of them, and also to state with what results. Demands for literature are constant, and soon we hope to be in a position to afford increased supplies.

A VOICE FROM NEW SHILDON.

MR. J. BURNS.—Dear Sir,—I am well pleased with your MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK; it has given every satisfaction to me and my partner. I attend the meetings regularly for spirit-communications. I have convinced no less than ten persons, male and female, with answers through the table; given names of several departed friends that belonged to the strangers that came to our house to be convinced, and gave the time when they departed and the names correct. I have a great deal of opposition; but I know that Spiritualism is from God, and I mean to battle on against all opposition. We Spiritualists at this place are longing for the debate with Mr. Baitey to come off; and I also beg to inform you that the Good Templars of New Shildon want a good sound teetotal lecturer in the Mechanics' Hall, New Shildon, and we want a lecture on Spiritualism at the same time. They will help us all they can for the cause of Temperance. If you could possibly make it convenient when the debate comes off just to state the terms, if you please, for both lectures, and I have no doubt but the lectures will give every satisfaction to all, and I will give it my earnest help. Please put it in the MEDIUM, I am saving all waste paper as well.—Yours truly,
January 20th, 1879. H. W.

P.S.—I have been a Spiritualist four months.

[Will H. W. send us his full address?—Ed. M.]

NO. 1 INSTITUTION SEANCE.—On Tuesday evening a powerful magnetic influence in the room but thoroughly inharmonious and variable. There were seven visitors with considerable mental capacity, the greater part no doubt in favour of Spiritualism and good purpose. The controls were equally varied and at a loss to know what to do. "Sam" controlled the movements of the table to an unusual extent, and "Mrs. Shipton" asked for a subject. "Spirit, Summer-Land," was proposed and a very good oration proceeded.—J. KING, O.S.T.

OSSETT SPIRITUAL INSTITUTE.—A public tea will be held on Saturday next, Jan. 25th, at half-past 4 o'clock; adults 9d., children of the Lyceum 4d. each. Entertainment will consist of an exhibition with magic lantern views—delineator, Mr. Heydon, of Leeds—interspersed with songs, duets, instrumental music, and explanatory addresses. The vocalists, Miss Mabel Gregg and Mr. G. Main; pianists, Messrs. H. and M. Gregg; solos by Mr. J. Kitson. On the following day (Sunday afternoon) an experience meeting, to which all Spiritualists are cordially invited. In the evening a similar meeting or lecture will be given by some of the friends that may be present. These special meetings are got up to defray expenses of the hall.—CHARLES HALLGATH.

MODERN MARTYRDOM.—Few know how much those have to suffer who take their stand in opposition to tyranny and superstition. If the liberty-loving one is poor, his worldly circumstances go to ruin; if he is of delicate temperament and weak in health, his life may be placed in jeopardy. To illustrate the latter alternative we take the liberty of making the following extract from a private letter from Mr. Tebb. He has withstood eleven prosecutions:—"After a contest in the Police Court at the 'hearing' of those oft-recurring summonses, I suffer so much from physical exhaustion, that to escape further persecution I should feel it my duty to leave the country, were it not that so many are crushed and ruined by the Compulsory Vaccination Acts who have no one to speak for them. The 20,000 doctors in Great Britain, according to Sir Thomas Chambers, divide amongst them two millions a-year perpetuating this revolting medical superstition."

THE HEART AND NO HEART OF SPIRITUALISM.

We will get to the "Heart of Spiritualism" when we get to our own Hearts.

Do you see a man who shows "heart" in his work? That man has got to the "Heart of Spiritualism."

We must not go to the "Heart" blindly, like the sects and savages, to whom stocks and stones are divine. To know what we are about—why, how and what we love—is the guardian and protector of love, as man is the strong arm of woman.

When woman takes a prominent place in the general work of Spiritualism, and superintends its administration in the family, as she has done on the platform, and as a medium generally, we shall have got nearer to the "Heart of Spiritualism."

When we love to live the Truth as well as discuss it; when we love God, whatever He may be, instead of stretching ourselves up in intellectual vanity to try to know Him—be as great as Him—or disregard Him altogether; when we love mankind in addition to anatomising his organic and psychical structures; when we are as anxious to gratify, advance, and expand the desires, interests, and souls of others as we are solicitous about ourselves—then the "Heart of Spiritualism" will be within our keeping.

The "Heart of Spiritualism" is, indeed, that "charity" which suffereth long and is kind, bears revilings as a reward for duty, and never wearies in well doing, though the flesh wither from the bones with toil and anguish.

All Spiritualism without the "Heart" is devilish, because it is "heartless"—selfish; so is anything without the "heart," also bad, undeveloped.

Spiritualism may be of the "Heart" though it be initial in its degree of manifestation, just as the babe at the mother's breast may be of a holy, spiritual type, though weak and unable to express all that is locked up in its illimitable future.

It is not, therefore, the mighty intellect, vaingloriously proud, that is most bright and pure. The Spiritualist, taking his first lesson in table-tilting and tests, may have more of the "Heart" than the intellectually sweeping philosopher and moralist,—even he who is aflame with inspiration.

Men with mighty intellect, and grandly exalted moral conceptions, are not on that account devoid of the "Heart." These great teachers, are oftentimes as humble and unselfish as those of moderate attainments.

Those phenomena-hunters, who see nothing therein but a "reed shaken by the wind"; who do not perceive the existence of spirit, though it manifest itself ever so forcibly; those whose knowledge is ignorance, whose creed is agnosticism, whose religion is self-conceit: they have the hard and stony heart, not the "Heart of Spiritualism," and their folly shall become the laughing stock of the multitude, even as those who play the fool in a "Comedy of Errors" evoke peals of laughter.

Those who would reduce Spiritualism to the position of a crutch to sustain rickety religious crotchets, paralyse the action of the "Heart of Spiritualism" by that incurable heart-disease, sectarian bitterness: they are spasmodic workers, and will only perpetuate their name in history by a memory of their inconstancy and fickleness.

Those who strive to institute "spiritual" (?) work, to serve personal interests, and gratify selfish ambition: have not got any of the "Heart of Spiritualism." Verily their reward shall be disappointment and poverty of soul and body.

Those who build up "Associations" to draw in the patronage of the worldly, and the money of the rich: have not yet budded the germ of the "Heart of Spiritualism." Their treasury shall be enriched with insolvency and dishonour.

Those who as puppets for the manifestation of envy and hatred, assume empty official positions wherefrom to smite the worthy soldier with envenomed darts, hidden and open: they have not of this "Heart," but of another—the Heart of the Spiritually-Eclipsed Soul. Weep for such: they banish themselves to the wild wastes of infamy, and oblivion hides their depravity from the gaze of outraged morality.

Those who embark in "spiritual" (?) ventures, to undermine and ruin the brother; to reduce to emptiness the hand that has fed them, and to paralyse the arm that has defended them: have they, in their souls, the "Heart of Spiritualism?" No; *not yet*. Their house will fall about their ears, and they shall crave alms of those whom they have sought to supplant, and having received from these kindly ones good for evil, it shall cause the "Heart of Spiritualism" to grow within them.

There are mouths which are entrances to the sepulchre of sensuality; there are tongues which delight in revilings and slanderings; there are hands which clutch all and give not; there are exacting sabre-souled ones who will cut their "pound of flesh"—no matter whether they require it or not, or how much suffering it gives:—these have a heart of rottenness, and through the sufferings of putrefaction and the agonies of a living death, they shall cast off their over-earthiness, and the spiritual shall at length bloom in future ages.

Can any one of us say I am whole? O God, send to each and every soul the Physician.

SPIRITUAL POLITY AGAIN AT DOUGHTY HALL.

On Sunday evening Mr. Burns will resume the subject which he took up last week, after which the congregation will offer individual views on the question. Doughty Hall, 14, Bedford Row Holborn, and Theobalds Road, at 7 o'clock.

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The Order of Spiritual Teachers.

No. 1 SCHOOL, 15, SOUTHAMPTON ROW.

The meetings on Thursday evenings are being regularly held, and are of more than usual interest. The subjects are generally conversational, and though no set subject is pre-arranged, yet the proceedings are highly interesting. On Thursday last a lady present was entranced, and her guide gave advice for the furthering of Spiritualism, which has already been acted upon. A very powerful influence was felt by all, and the meeting gave great satisfaction. We wish all Spiritualists held a meeting of the kind once a week.

"JOHN KING."

The spirit known as "John King," and who purports to be really that of Sir Charles Morgan, a buccaneer, of about the fifteenth century (?), made his first appearance in the United States about the year 1854, at the circle room of Mr. Jonathan Koons, in Athens County, Ohio. Mr. Koons published a pamphlet at the time in which he describes spirit "John King" as a constant visitor in materialised form at his circles, and then conversing, &c., as an ordinary mortal does.

So incredible was such a state of things at that time, this pamphlet was generally regarded in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and in eastern portions of the Union, as a mere hoax, while not a few apprehended it was fire kindled in the rear by opposing parties who hoped to crush the cause of Spiritualism by rendering it ridiculous and absurd, if not the absolute madness so many charged it to. The pamphlet might well engender such apprehensions at a time when not only monopolists of true holiness but also those of science and of all common sense and sagacity sneered and abhorred; but as I had been expecting that, inasmuch as mental and spiritual conditions were more simple and primitive in the west than in the east, we might reasonably hope for, and expect, more decided manifestations there, I was disposed to credit the account received rather than await a general clearing in regard to a matter apparently so important. I therefore very shortly proceeded to Ohio, where I remained about a week, and left entirely satisfied of the genuineness of Mr. Koons' account of the phenomena, though the seances were dark, occasionally and often attended, however, by spiritual light, and I think phosphorus was provided by Mr. Koons for use of such spirits as might desire it.

"John King" was there every night, the leading genius of the manifestations. Mr. Koons and most of his numerous family were mediumistic, but the medium was his eldest son, then about eighteen years of age, and evidently an innocent, unsophisticated young man.

There was scarcely a feature of the manifestation that I witnessed then, more interesting than the amiable disposition manifested by "John King," and his anxiety to do whatever he was asked to do, for satisfaction of *all* inquirers.

He seemed to particularly appreciate the fact, that I had made a long journey to see him, and it was probably on such account that on the evening of my final departure he sat at a table by my side, and with his illuminated hand wrote a brief, but very gratifying note, which he presented to me. My letter upon this seance, written at the time to Prof. Robert Hare, of Philadelphia, appears in his book upon Spiritualism, that was published about that time.

Within a few years past I have seen much of "John King" at various circles, where he appeared in materialised form, and in nearly full ordinary gas-light—the last time in October, 1876.

Upon my recent arrival in London I took an early opportunity to attend seances here as circumstances would permit, and for especial purpose of ascertaining, if I could, if the "John King" here is the same as he of the same name I had so often seen and conversed with in America.

Having attended two seances, at both of which he presented himself and conversed with me, as well as with others, I consider the identity as being absolutely unquestionable, unless indeed it can reasonably be supposed that some other spirit who knows "John King," could so perfectly personate him that no one would be likely to detect the difference—and be base enough so to do—and apparently without any motive for degrading himself. I have not the slightest apprehension that such was the case, and this, notwithstanding the fact that the seances were dark, and that he did not remember me at the first seance nor at the second, until I

mentioned my name, and even then not readily. There is a peculiarity of voice and manner in "John King," that is most *strangely* marked, and which seems to me to be absolutely unmistakable—and points thereof which would be very difficult for mortals to simulate at least—whatever spirits may be able to do.

As the spirits on these two occasions only exhibited themselves by their own lights, I saw only the head of "John King," but it appeared to be of that squareness of form, &c., that also characterises that of the "John King" I have seen in America.

When at the first of these two seances, I asked "John King" if he could call me by name or remember me, who "had so often seen and conversed with him," he replied that he could not do so, at the same time remarking, "I see so many, I cannot remember all."

At the second seance, on asking him the same question, he replied in the negative, whereupon I mentioned my name, but with similar result; but my identity gradually opened to his recognition, and without further aid or hint on my part. He then expressed great pleasure at meeting me again, and returned to me repeatedly during the evening, with expressions of kindness and interest that were almost emotional in manner, and which, I have no doubt, he intended as conciliatory, probably apologetic, though there was no need whatever of either form of demonstration on my part.

When I told him I had seen him in Ohio many years ago, he said, "With the boys—the Davenports?" But when I responded, "At Mr. Koons," he made no reply, and I thought he might be unable, under existing conditions, to remember Mr. Koons at all.

He asked how Spiritualism is getting along in America; also when I expected to return home, and when I came out, &c.

When I replied that I had just come round the world, *via* the East Indies, he remarked as I named some of the sea-ports, "Yes, yes," to several of them, at last adding, "I have been there, I was an old sea-dog, you know," or to such effect.

Of these two seances, the first was held by Mr. Williams, of No. 61, Lamb's Conduit Street, the other by Mr. Rita; both at the same place. At neither of them, more than six or eight persons were present, none of whom had, I presume, ever before seen me; and I think no one present could have known who I was,—nevertheless, the amiable and obliging "Peter" asked me if I knew Mr. Owen: on my replying in the affirmative, "Peter" remarked, "He is standing behind you."

On further inquiry, it appeared that both "Robert Owen, of New Lanark," and his son "Robert Dale Owen," were present, both of whom I number among my friends—a fact that could not have been known to any mortal present, excepting myself.

I have extended these very hasty remarks (for my time is very limited) quite beyond such as I would consider reasonable limits, but from your remarks, I inferred you might prefer a minute statement. Hoping it may answer your purpose, and that you will be kind enough to make such curtailments as you may think best, I remain, respectfully yours,

JOS. P. HASARD.

London, Jan. 20.

Questions and Answers.

In this department we desire to present from week to week those queries for information which may occur to our readers. In the following or other succeeding weeks we will give the replies, if any such are sent us. We invite answers from spirit-controls in any part of the country, and thus may various views on the same subject be presented.

ANSWER.

2. OBSESSION (page 554, last vol.)

Sir,—This subject has not evoked much information; I have a little to offer.

It must not be supposed for a moment that the servant girl mentioned by Mrs. Nosworthy (page 726 last vol.) has been freed from the obsessing spirit. Far from it. He is still there, only he has been coerced into better behaviour by the pressure brought to bear upon him by good spirits. It seems to me that the more advanced spirits will not, or cannot, remove these evil beings. They can do so through a medium, though this is a long process, and may need months to accomplish it. It can be effected also through powerful healers, such as Dr. Mack. This means will also, in general, require considerable time—months, probably. Dr. Main, of America, has great power in these cases. The former method, through a suitable medium, if the spirits of the latter will undertake the task, is the more benevolent course, as the obsessing spirit is enabled to progress to a higher sphere in the process of exorcism, if it may be so called. Obsession is effected by the spirit making passes down the back of the head, thus coming into magnetic rapport with the lower propensities, and being enabled also to influence the whole mind.

It is suggestive that these evil spirits generally obsess mortals of the opposite sex. It is true that a male and female spirit will be found associated in possessing a female mortal, but in such cases it is always the male spirit who is the chief obsessor and persecutor. A startling fact depends on this allegation, so astonishing and beyond credence that most people would receive it with derision. Nevertheless it is a stern and lamentable truth.

It is little suspected, even by Spiritualists, how common obsession is. About a fifth of our population is obsessed, and in countries where the people are less advanced the proportion is probably larger. It is not generally known that the obsessing spirit acquires, after a time, the power of entering the body of its victim. Thus concealed, he or she is not visible to the more advanced spirits who may be present at a seance or elsewhere. The victim must be followed to his home by one of the attendant spirits to discover the arch-fiend.

The great magnitude of this evil—obsession or possession—the thoroughly fiendish character of obsessing spirits, who are wholly lost

to all sense of right, morality, decency, truth, propriety of speech—in a word, who are the highest development of evil, render it incumbent on everyone who may be unhappily labouring under one of these evil controls, to emancipate themselves as speedily as possible from an incubus which is inflicting on them serious moral and physical injury. Most persons are wholly unconscious of it, but a time may come when they may suspect something abnormal, or become in some degree sensible of an external influence.

Those who are obsessed should not sit for development till they are freed from this grave misfortune; and those in whose families there may be a taint of mania, should never, for any consideration, sit in a circle or attempt their development.

Obsessing spirits prefer as subjects those who are mediumistic less or more, as they are more amenable to their influence.

January 8, 1879.

Y.

3. Answer to Question I, 1879.

Dear Sir,—I have penned a few thoughts on the question—"A Personal Devil—A Saviour." I send them, thinking if you should reply to them yourself, you may pick something from them, as you will like fact better than theory in this case; and the experience of one is sure to be the experience of many others. I wish I was competent to reply without giving you any further trouble. I have many thoughts; but I cannot put them in proper form for publication. I cannot imagine how any rational man who has arrived at maturity, can be under the influence of religious training, where the Bible is put before him as a guide to truth and knowledge, and he to read it through and through, and yet never discover its discrepancies, never detect its errors, unless indeed he were blinded by the gods of this world, as I was ten years ago. I mean the orthodox teachers and preachers. Some of them want you to look on them as gods, and to receive everything from them as *Thus saith the Lord*. They entice as many as they can into their churches, and then they are in bondage. They (the teachers) begin to lay the laws down, and if you do not adhere to them, and support God's cause, as they call it, you are threatened with eternal punishment, until they can do almost anything with you; and I found some of them had a lot of magnetism about them, for they could almost draw the money out of my pocket before I was conscious of having touched it. Believe me, Sir, I blush to write it; but I remember the time when I was so enslaved as to be made to think that if I was only in possession of one shilling, that I ought to give it to them, or to the Lord, as they used to term it; but of course they appropriate it to their own use, and the Lord hears no more about it. I would do anything to meet their requirements, if in return they could assure me that the devil would not have me, and cast me into everlasting burnings. Oh! this doctrine of eternal punishment. It has cast a gloom over my life, it robbed my childhood of its glee, and cast its shadows on all the days of my youth. I would pay or sacrifice anything for truth; but I don't like to be duped. Thank God I no longer sit in darkness. The light has come, and shed its glories around me. That which has been struggling with me for years, has at last gained admittance so far as to make rough places plain and crooked places straight. Things which used to be mysterious I now comprehend, through divine inspiration and the guidance and use of my reason, instead of that complicated book called the Bible.

I think that the questions of "One in Perplexity" are partly answered in the foregoing. If our friend cannot reconcile the teaching of the spirits that there is no such person as the devil, with what the Scripture says about him, how will he reconcile the teaching of Scripture itself on this point, for it speaks of the devil, and of seven devils, and a legion of devils? And if he cannot reconcile the teaching of the spirit-world that every man is his own saviour, with what the Scriptures say on the Atonement, how can he reconcile such passages of Scripture as these—"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin"—with "Work out your own salvation," and numerous other contradictory statements? I am wondering whether the questioner is an aged one. If he is, and has been cracking the empty orthodox nuts for a number of years, he will find it rather difficult to crack a good substantial one, such as the higher class of Spiritualists offer him. But if he should succeed, and get at the kernel, it will digest and give more satisfaction than empty shells. I dare venture to say, if he once gets his eyes open to the true condition of the Bible and the popular religions of the day, he will cast a deal of what he has learned to the four winds as worthless; and though his hair be as white as the morning frosts with age, it will put new life in him and he will work with the vigour of youth to make up for lost time. God's agents or ministering spirits are ever around those who are seeking light and knowledge, but to some they come in vain. The door is hard to open, the weeds of self-will and old dogmas are entwined around the hinges, and the angel of light cannot enter. The still small voice is there unheard. Intelligence is all around them, but it shoots above their heads, and floats off into a channel where it is received, leaving them with their old creeds in the land of speculation.—With best wishes, I remain, yours for the Truth.

M. GILBERT.

Loughborough, January 10, 1879.

4. On page 10 of the *MEDIUM* for 1879 "One in Perplexity" has presented two theological nuts to be cracked. If a nut be too hard for our teeth, let us bury it in the ground and it will crack of itself, germinate, and produce a tree that will in time bear new nuts that may not be quite so hard to crack. In the Pentateuch we certainly read of a personal devil in the form of a serpent; but we hear nothing of his being kicked out of heaven until John Milton gained such knowledge of him as to be able to tell us all about his antecedents. We must always bear in mind that the book called King James's Bible is only the sixteenth part of the truth. If we acknowledge the book to be divine revelation, we should also be true to ourselves and try to obtain all the information that can be known of the history of the book. The first great lesson will be to divest ourselves of all prejudice and preconceived notions, and let our mind be free to consider the following facts:—In the year 325 Constantine assembled 2048 bishops to compile the Bible; 318 only were retained to complete the task; the others were dismissed, as they were deemed altogether incapable of entertaining the subject.

History tells us that those worthies were occupied three years in their undertaking, and that sixteen different compilations were produced, then a great dispute arose which of those books should be the one chosen to be called the Bible—God's book, divine revelation. One of them, being more clever than the others, proposed to submit the difficulty to lot, and that Bible found lying on the top of all the others in the morning should be the one chosen. So we may see how we have been supplied with divine revelation, for it must be evident that we can have only the sixteenth part of the truth. Would not those fifteen neglected versions help to crack your nuts, even if they were twice as hard? One more idea to help our friend out of perplexity. The man that wrote the Athanasian Creed boasted of having made it so utterly ridiculous that no one could possibly be deceived by it.

Hoping this may help your readers to crack many such nuts, and likewise to digest the kernel when cracked,—I remain, yours truly,
W. WALLACE.

A LETTER FROM MR. GEDDES AT LONGTOWN.

The gentleman who has contributed several discourses and poems to these columns has recently been appointed to Blackburn School, Longtown, *via* Carlisle, on the Scottish Border. He says there is no sectarian feeling in the place, and he has a pleasant cottage and premises with a garden and orchard. We give a few extracts from his letter:—

"Spiritualism is a *terra incognita* here, and I have not been able to meet with a brother or sister in the place, nor yet to hear of any. This is a very great misfortune to me, the more so as I am too positive a subject for the denizens of the Beyond to manifest to alone. I can have no rappings, no table movements, no writing, no direct voice, no vision, by myself. They have promised, however, their aid in healing mediumship through me; they can and do work intuitively, and by mind impress with me, and they have armed me with a powerful mesmeric influence. For these gifts I desire to thank Our Father, and next to Him yourself and co-workers in Liverpool, who have led me to a knowledge of their possession and the mode of utilising them. Their influence and power over others have often caused me to stand aghast at their wondrous capability. Pain I have seen removed or alleviated in a few seconds at my commands, evil obsession has departed at my control, mesmeric sleep and a clairvoyant state has been induced by my will—while I have trembled at the power and its effects; the while feeling humbled and convinced that it was not I, but the spirit which worketh within me to will and to do of his good pleasure. Of the latter form of manifestation, let me give you the last instance which occurred. To me, Longtown was unknown by description or ought else, and I could meet with no one to tell me anything of it. Having a lady-patient under treatment for rheumatism, I resolved to gain information through her if possible. So the evening before I left Liverpool, I induced a state of mesmeric trance, then, placing her in a comfortable position on a sofa, I put in her hands a purely business note, which I had received from Longtown, commanding her to go there and see the place. With a slight shudder of the frame, she obeyed, and in the space of five minutes she gave me a very concise and lucid description of the place, much to the astonishment of the other members of her family, who were present the whole time, not one of whom, herself included, had the remotest idea of the existence of any such place. Taking the note from her, at the desire of her mother I requested her to go to Bala and see her grandfather. On finding she could do so, anxiety caused the other members to close around the couch, and pour a torrent of questions on the medium, thereby breaking the conditions, weakening the control, destroying the rapport, and causing the experiment well-nigh to fail. Symptoms of exhaustion now showing themselves, I again induced the comatose state to give her rest, and shortly awoke the patient, evidently much the better—none the worse of her spirit-travels.

"The description of Longtown I verified next day, and found it to tally with the place.

"On my journey, I distributed a quantity of literature furnished me kindly by Mr. Scott, of Perth Hall, Liverpool, to whom my acknowledgments are due. One clergyman accepted one or two *Mediums*, and a copy of *Human Nature*, expressing his desire to know more of the subject, and his intention to accord them an earnest perusal. I send you his address as near as I can remember it; perhaps you can assist him.

"Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, also of Liverpool, deserve my sincere gratitude for their kindness and their tokens of remembrance since I came here. Mr. John Lamont, Mr. Chapman, Mr. Irving, Mr. Warren, and Mrs. Jones, I do not forget, but will write to them when I can. I am trying to establish rapport with the spirit-friends of Mrs. Rosbottom, *nee* Miss Dixon, of Liverpool, as that is the only available means of spirit-communion I have, but as yet without success.

"I am glad to say that I am already known here as a Spiritualist by some, and am solicited to lecture. Pressing duties, however, cause me to postpone doing so at present. To all my friends (among whom I number you as foremost) I wish a very glad New Year, and hope it may prove one ever to be remembered in the history of our Cause.

"I send my first half-year's subscription for the *MEDIUM*, which I will supplement by the other half as soon as I can afford it. I also send 1s. for the Institution, and will continue to send 6d. weekly as long as possible (more if I can, but that at least)."

MACCLESFIELD.—SPIRITUALISM AND TEMPERANCE.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—On Thursday last I attended a lecture, delivered by Mr. J. J. Morse's guides, on "Temperance; its Moral, Social, and Religious Advantages," being the first I have heard for many years. The hall was not filled on account of other attractions in the town, one especially being an experiment with the electric light in the market-place. The lecture was treated in such a masterly, philosophic, and logical manner, that it could not fail to win the admiration of any class of people. His guides taught that abstinence is absolutely necessary before much intellectual advance could be successfully made. That any attempt to elevate the individual, prior to a thorough cleansing of his physiological conditions, would prove a failure in a more or less degree. That a pure body is the first step towards spiritual elevation. How can we expect the "high and loving ones" to frequent a

temple of physical disorder, inflamed with a mixture of unclean influences derived from flesh-eating, beer-drinking, and the like? But I cannot attempt to follow Mr. Morse's guides. I can only say emphatically to all Spiritualists or non-Spiritualists GO AND HEAR THEM.

To me it was a treat, and has given birth to many important points as a means of doing good and furthering the cause of Truth. Let us look upon the drunkard with love and sympathy, knowing that the divine light is surely within. The germ is certainly there, and the only way to reach it is by that mighty principle, love. In it we have a power against which none can withstand; it will soften the hardest heart; it commands a gentle obedience that none can resist; it utilises and transforms everything into beauty and harmony.

I sincerely hope that these trance lectures will find their way into the midst of all temperance societies, and thus all progressive societies may work unitedly together for the uplifting and purification of the people.
—Yours faithfully,
C. BAKER.

Park Lane, Macclesfield, Jan. 18, 1879.

PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.—THE RESULT OF A YEAR'S DEVELOPMENT.

To the Editor.—Sir,—I think it my duty to inform you of the progress of our circle, especially in respect to physical manifestations that are now taking place. We have sat for upwards of twelve months for the development of this department of phenomena, and I am happy to inform you that we have been amply repaid for all our patience. I will give you a little report of one of our sittings, which is a specimen of many others.

On Saturday night last the circle consisted of about twelve sitters. We have got a cabinet and the usual things that are wanted at such sittings—a violin, tube, bell, tambourine, and a small wooden hammer, which are all placed on the table, measuring four feet by two. We all sat with hands joined, our medium, Mr. Young, being placed in the cabinet. We commenced with singing, when the bell was heard to ring about our heads. It was replaced on the table, and the tube was used to tap the sitters' heads; a small picture tacked on the wall was taken off and placed in the end of the tube, which was afterwards heard to touch the ceiling and different parts of the room.

The little hammer was then used on a musical instrument, which was afterwards carried into the cabinet. The tambourine was then used rather freely on the sitters, which thoroughly convinced them of the reality of the phenomena. When it was laid aside a small drawer in the table was taken out emptied of its contents and carried into the cabinet. The bell and tube were again handled, after which the table was cleared of its contents, and it was turned upside down, and put into different positions, at our request; after which it was restored to its original place. Some sitters were anxious to leave, but the spirit said the power was yet good, though they closed the manifestations at our request.

Hoping this brief account of our experience will encourage others to proceed in similar methods of investigation, I am yours truly,

J. LIVINGSTON, Port Bello, via Washington Station,
Co. Durham.

The names of six other sitters are appended.

MR. T. M. BROWN'S MEDIUMSHIP.

It is with the greatest pleasure that I testify to the mediumship of Mr. T. M. Brown. Considering that he was suffering from exhaustion and the fatigue of a long journey, he traced my life from youth, describing my relations in and out of the earth with marvellous accuracy. In fact his guide, "Bretimo," speaks that which is beyond contradiction.—Yours truly,
"Progress."

Whittington, near Chesterfield, Jan. 17th, 1879.

I wish to testify to the great medial powers of Mr. Brown, test medium. A few days since I had the pleasure of a private seance with him, when his guide, "Bretimo," astonished me greatly by the accurate description he gave of persons, places, and circumstances figuring in my past life. I had expected a great deal, and my expectations were more than realised; I should not have been quite so surprised had I been more in the medium's company, for Mr. Brown had arrived weary and ill from a very cold journey, and he had not been more than an hour and a-half in the house when I had my sitting with him. I think the descriptions given under such ill conditions were something extraordinary.

I would add that Mr. Brown is a very sensitive medium, and if persons would have really good seances or meetings with him, they must have good sympathetic feelings towards him and his guiding spirit "Bretimo;" my seance was really a treat to me.

Lea Bridge, Bromford, Jan. 18.

ROSA D. NIGHTINGALE.

MR. T. M. BROWN will be at Mr. W. Wheeldon's, Cluster Buildings, Balper, early next week, after that he will return North, calling at Manchester, Macclesfield, and Rochdale. Friends who desire a call will do well to make their arrangements as soon as possible.

On Sunday evening Mr. Burns spoke at Doughty Hall on "Spiritual Polity." It is possible that some of the remarks may appear in the *MEDIUM*, as he has received an urgent request to give his views the widest possible publicity. A correspondent says in a note: "I walked part of my way home with a perfect stranger. He wanted to know what we meant by Spiritualism. It was the first time he had been at the place, and if that was our style of teaching which he heard that night, he certainly should come again."

OBITUARY.—We have received the following card, and learn that a gentle, kindly, and enduring woman has been removed to the more congenial realms of the spirit:—"In affectionate remembrance of Sarah, the wife of George Dawson, who died January 14, 1879, aged 55 years, and was interred at Salford Borough Cemetery, on the 20th inst.

"Dust, to its narrow house beneath,
Soul to its place on high;
They that have seen Thy look in death,
No more may fear to die."

"Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers
Whence thy meek smile is gone;
But oh! a brighter home than ours,
In heaven, is now thine own."

MARYLEBONE ASSOCIATION OF INQUIRERS INTO SPIRITUALISM.

QUEBEC HALL, 25, GREAT QUEBEC STREET, W.

On Sunday, January 19, we commenced our Sunday evening services, which proved a thorough success, every seat being occupied by the time appointed for commencing. Mr. W. H. Lambelle, in the absence of Miss E. Young through ill health, occupied the whole of the evening, taking for his subject, "What is Truth," which was treated in a thorough, intelligent, and philosophical manner, commanding the attention of the large audience for the whole time allotted to him for the address.

On Tuesday, January 21, Mr. Lambelle again occupied the platform for the last time of his sojourn in the metropolis. On this occasion the gentleman delivered his lecture in his normal state, on "Emigration," proving himself an excellent speaker in such conditions, and in the debate which followed he at once established his reputation as an able debater, which numbers of the audience testified at the close.

Mr. Tomlin then rose and read the following resolution:—"That this meeting desires to express its appreciation to Mr. Lambelle of the unselfish manner he has laboured during his stay with us to spread the truths of Spiritualism; and this meeting deplores that such untiring zeal and self-denial should be so inadequately estimated as to necessitate his removal from us; but we trust our loss will be his gain, and that better opportunities may be afforded him for his ministrations, and that he may be strengthened in the conviction that, although baffled here and misunderstood there, he is ensuring for himself a greater victory in the future, and afford one more proof to the many now existing that they who find their work, and resolve to do it, may be sure of the ultimate victory and the completion of their task." Seconded by Mr. C. White, whose remarks were supplemented and enforced by other speakers. After which a very touching scene was witnessed whilst the numerous friends were bidding our friend farewell.

On Sunday morning next, January 26, at 11.15, a meeting for social conversation and spiritual development.

Sunday evening, January 26, at 6.45, Miss E. Young will occupy the platform, also attend the seance after the service at 8.15.

On Tuesday, January 28, at 8.30, Mr. F. Wilson will lecture, subject, "The Sixteen Stages in the Life of Man." Discussion invited.

W. O. DRAKE, Hon. Sec.

Mr. E. W. Wallis is having a very good time in Co. Durham and Northumberland. Sympathising with the hard times he does a good deal of gratuitous work. Every time he goes north the friends find occasion to congratulate him on improvements in his platform duties. These signs of development on all hands are significant.

SUNNY BROW.—Mr. Charles Campbell, from Ouston, will be at Sunny Brow on Jan. 25 and 26, and hold the following meetings at Mr. R. Pearson's, 7, West Street: Trance address on Saturday night at 7; on Sunday afternoon, delineations of mediumship and medical diagnosis; and on Sunday evening at 6, a trance address. All friends are cordially invited to attend.

MR. WALLACE IN CORNWALL.—The tea-party last Wednesday at Plymouth came off fine, and seeing it was the first ever held by the Spiritualists in the place, it must be considered a grand affair; all present were delighted. W. Wallace the pioneer medium is now in Falmouth. Leaving Salt ash, he made a short stay in St. Austel, where he found plenty to do, but could not cover expenses, and so was obliged to pass on.—All communications to be addressed W. Wallace, 329, Kentish Town Road, London.

DALSTON ASSOCIATION OF INQUIRERS INTO SPIRITUALISM.—Notice is hereby given that the eighth annual general meeting will be held at the Association's Rooms, 53, Sigdon Road, Dalston, London, E., on Thursday evening next, the 30th day of January, 1879, at 8 o'clock precisely, when the annual report of the council and statements of account for the year ended the 31st day of December, 1878, will be submitted for approval and adoption, officers for the year 1879 elected, and other business of a general character transacted. Notice of any proposed alteration in the constitution and rules of the Association must be sent to the secretary, *in writing*, one week prior to date of the above general meeting.—AMELIA CORNER, President, THOMAS BLYTON, Hon. Sec., 53, Sigdon Road, Dalston, London, E., Dec. 12, 1878.

BIRMINGHAM PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—On Sunday afternoon, Jan. 12 the first annual meeting of members of the above society was held, when a report was read by the secretary, showing that meetings had been held every Sunday evening since, and including September 29, 1878, which had been well attended—the average number being better than had been attracted by like efforts in former years. The platform had been occupied by Messrs. Harper and Mahony, Mrs. Groom, and other members of the society, also by Mr. E. W. Wallis of London. The statement of accounts showed a small balance of income over expenditure, which, considering the age of the society and the general state of financial depression, is highly satisfactory. Many have been induced to inquire into the subject of Spiritualism by means of the Sunday evening lectures and trance addresses, and it is felt that this society, with the valuable aid of the Midland District Committee, will do much for the advancement of the Cause in this town. After the members had partaken of a social tea, a public meeting was ably addressed by the spirit-guides of Mr. E. W. Wallis, on "The Experiences of Men and Women after Passing through the Change called Death." The lecture was listened to with great attention, and evidently awakened much interest. At the close of the lecture Mr. Frank O. Matthews, a remarkably well-developed test, clairvoyant, and trance medium, gave some astounding and convincing tests to several persons in the audience, who frankly acknowledged the truthfulness of the statements and descriptions he gave with regard to their private affairs and deceased friends. The display of this gentleman's mediumistic powers made a deep impression on the majority of the audience; and, undoubtedly, very many minds will be brought to a knowledge of the truth by his instrumentality. The society will continue to hold meetings every Sunday evening until further notice. Every particular as to terms of membership, &c., may be obtained from the secretary, Mr. Slaughter, 11, Lyttleton Place, Balsall Heath Road, Birmingham.

MR. MORSE'S APPOINTMENTS.

KEIGHLEY.—Sunday, Jan. 26, Temperance Hall. Afternoon at 2.30, Evening at 6.

GATESHEAD.—Saturday, Feb. 1.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Sunday and Monday, Feb. 2 and 3.

STOCKTON.—Tuesday, Feb. 4.

GLASGOW.—Sunday and Monday, Feb. 9 and 10.

LIVERPOOL.—Sunday and Monday, Feb. 16 and 17.

CARDIFF.—Sunday and Monday, March 30 and 31.

Special terms offered to societies and circles for week-night private meetings for Spiritualists and others; an excellent opportunity for becoming better acquainted with the teachings of the spirit-world. Mr. Morse has held hundreds of such meetings, that have been attended with the best results. All letters to be directed to Mr. Morse, at Elm-Tree Terrace, Uttoxeter Road, Derby.

MR. E. W. WALLIS'S APPOINTMENTS.

(Address, 1, Englefield Road, Kingsland, N.)

GLASGOW.—164, Trongate, Jan. 26 and 27, at 2.30 and 6.30 p.m.

ROWERBY BRIDGE.—Arrangements pending for Feb. 9.

Fortnight's Mission-work for Lancashire Committee—Feb. 12 to 25 inclusive.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WEIR'S COURT, NEWGATE STREET.

(President: John Mould. Hon. Sec. H. A. Kersey, 4, Eslington Terrace, Jesmond Road.)

Sunday, Jan. 26, at 6.30 p.m. Trance Address, Miss E. A. Brown.

Admission free. A collection to defray expenses.

WEEKLY SEANCES AND MEETINGS.

Sunday, Seance at 10.30 a.m.—Form Manifestations. Spiritualists only.

Tuesday, " at 8 p.m.—Physical Manifestations. Members only.

Wednesday, at 7.45 p.m.—Spiritualists' Improvement Class.

Thursday, Seance at 8 p.m.—Private Circle.

Friday and Saturday at 8 p.m.—Developing Circles for Members and Friends (free).

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

SEANCES AND MEETINGS IN LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

MONDAY, JAN. 27.—6, Field View Terrace, London Fields, E. Seance at 8, Members only.

TUESDAY, JAN. 28.—Mrs. Prichard's, at 10, Devonshire Street, Queen Square, at 8.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 29.—Mr. W. Wallace, 329, Kentish Town Road, at 8.

THURSDAY, JAN. 30.—Dalston Association of Inquirers into Spiritualism. For information as to admission of non-members, apply to the honorary secretary, at the rooms, 53, Sigdon Road, Dalston Lane, E. Mrs. Prichard's, at 10, Devonshire Street, Queen Square, at 8.

FRIDAY, JAN. 31.—Mr. J. Brain's Tests and Clairvoyance, 29, Duke Street Bloomsbury, at 8. Mr. Savage, 407, Bethnal Green Road, at 8.

SEANCES IN THE PROVINCES DURING THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, JAN. 26, ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE, 185, Fleet Street. Public, at 6 p.m.

ADDINGHAM, Yorks, 1, Crag View. Trance and Healing Seance, at 6.30.

BIRMINGHAM, Mr. W. Perks, 312, Bridge Street West, near Well Street.

Hockley, at 6.30 for 7, free, for Spiritualists and friends.

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