



A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE HISTORY, PHENOMENA, PHILOSOPHY, AND TEACHINGS OF
SPIRITUALISM.

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND ABROAD.]

No. 486.—Vol. X.]

LONDON, JULY 25, 1879.

[PRICE 1½d.]

LIFE AND WORKS OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

A Discourse by the spirit of "George Thompson," given through the organism of Mrs. CORA L. V. RICHMOND, at Chicago, on Sunday evening, June 1, 1879.

(From the *Spiritual Record*.)

INVOCATION.

Oh, Thou Eternal Spirit! Thou Creator of worlds and of nations; Thou Dispenser of every blessing; to whom we turn for guidance; who art the Strength of the weak, the Light of those who are in darkness, the Power and Abiding Might; Thou Benign and Perfect Soul, our thoughts turn toward Thee with ever-living gratitude. We praise Thee for the gifts of life, for the beneficent laws of the universe, for the wonders of creation, for the majesty, the harmony, the order of the material creation. We praise Thee for the light and the darkness, for the summer and the winter, for all forms of life and being, for the bloom of spring-time and the whiteness of that rest typical of the rest of passion and of matter. We praise Thee for the strife of nations—those throes wherein humanity is outwrought, the trembling earthquake of warfare, the tempest storm of revolution, driving the pale army from the earth, and causing tyranny to depart. We praise Thee for those purifying storms that sweep into lives, disturbing that they may assuage, giving force and power to human character, and giving opportunity to the soul of man. We praise Thee that in the midst of oppression and the darkness of human ignorance, Thou hast reared prophets and sages, seers and saviours, to teach mankind: beacon-lights along the shores of time, pointing to immortal truths, mountain-peaks above the low valleys and mole-hills of outward life, freighted with the snows of truth, and glimmering in the resplendent fires of Thy love. We praise Thee that Thou hast reared those who are the leaders of nations, not in battles, not to bloody fields of human conflict, but to loftier fields of human thought, where Liberty holds sway, and where Truth for ever is supreme—those persecuted and reviled in their time, whom the nations turn back to revere and worship, and who are for ever exalted among their kind. Oh, Thou Divine Light! even these are types of that immortal inheritance wherein truth and liberty shall have an abiding place in the human heart; and mankind be made free—free from chains and thralldom of outward bondage, free from the oppressions of might, of tyranny, and power, free from appetite and corroding passions, free from the rust of time and sense, free from mad ambition and worldly pride, free from the stain of low desire, free from all that drags the spirit downward, free in the light of Thy freedom, pure in the light of Thy purity, truthful in the glory of Thy truth, lovely in the love and light that cometh from Thee for evermore. Amen.

THE DISCOURSE.

"Remember those in bondage,"

"He is not dead; he doth not sleep;
 He hath awakened from the dream of life;
 'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
 With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
 And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife,
 Invulnerable nothings—"

The life, the work, the spirit which this night we commemorate is not dead; in full possession of its powers, in perfect consciousness of existence, it abides an immortal presence in your midst. More than this, it has a living presence in far other ways. Fifty

years of active life in the most active period of a nation's history, in a history of imminent and absolute danger, in the history of the culmination of that danger and the vanquishment of it, certainly is one that will make the record memorable.

This man's life is the life of the nation, for the last fifty years are the record of that life. I believe I will not say too much, when I declare that it is more the conquest of that record than any other one individual mind your country has yielded. What that record is, most of you are aware of—how it is filled with import to the nations of the earth; how it imperilled the hopes of humanity; how it gave life and strength to those hopes after almost despair; how, in its advancement and in the fulfilment of its wonder-working, that spirit of freedom wrought out in God's way—not in man's—the wonders of the redemption of a race. I am to speak of a mind to-night, whose career is incident with this struggle; who was not the champion of human rights in the halls of legislation; who took no active part in the administration of the government; who was not eloquent in halls of Congress; who made himself felt nowhere in power or authority; who was not gifted by governments, or empowered by kings, or called even by peoples to do their bidding; who did not lead armies to victory, nor did he seek at any moment of his material life, to bring about conflict between man and man; who was no sympathiser with war; whose religion was the religion of Christ—that of non-resistance; who never raised his voice or his hand in the forwarding of human conflict, yet whose tongue was sharper than the sword of the warrior; whose thought was more potent than the war power; whose influence was more distinctly felt in the nation, than if all the armies of the earth had been combined against you.

When England, waking from her trance of tyranny, under the dominion of Sir Robert Peel and his coadjutors, abolished the dreary laws that held the poor in bondage for bread; when in 1833 the Reform Parliament was fairly inaugurated; when human slavery as supported by her government was abolished; when the real nature of the wrong had come home to the thought and mind of her statesmen, and the nation had sufficient consciousness of her policy to accept that conviction in her head if not in her heart, there were those who turned to America with longing eyes, with fervent hearts, with prayerful lips, that she of whom the nations had dreamed, to whom the liberty-loving of all lands had turned with longing eyes, should also waken, arouse, because aware of the terrible wrong she had engendered. Your present speaker, young in years, but filled with the enthusiasm of that hour, coupling his own life with the life of freedom, aware that for the most part Great Britain would move on toward liberty in the steady tread of her appointed way, turned toward this land with an unspeakable longing, a fervour only second to the yearning for humanity, a hope not second to anything; and soon after, forming alliance with those who had discovered the wrong of human slavery here,—a wrong incorporated by mistake into your constitution, a wrong upheld by statutes of the land, a wrong that the shortsighted and mercenary were bound to protect, a wrong that had its fastnesses in the greed and avarice of the people, in the cupidity and ignorance of demagogues, a wrong not likely to be averted without much pleading, much statesmanship or conflict; I say, when this was perceived, I joined those upon your shores and sought to avert the calamity of war; with what success you will remember, if you have traced the history of those first days of anti-slavery excitement in the Puritan city of Boston; with what success you will remember, if you know that it was not safe for

me to land there—that I was obliged to be smuggled into that city of freedom, that there could be no abolitionist landed in Boston harbour, and that the authorities of the State were on the look-out for those who were to advocate insurrection and revolution here; with what success you will remember, if you followed those earnest meetings in the old South Church, and in Faneuil Hall, where on some occasions I was obliged to be passed out of the window, through alley-ways and darkened chambers, to escape the anger of those whose wealth was fastened in the chain of the slave; with what success you will remember, if you know that William Lloyd Garrison was stoned and mobbed on the streets of his native city—you will remember when you know that his thought and mind, uplifting itself in the form of speech, met that mob violence with the calm, clear spirit and determined will of him who knows he is right, and is bound to suffer martyrdom, if need be, for the sake of that truth. The clear eyes, the calm, unruffled brow, the thin, firm lips, the nose that might have belonged to a Spartan or Roman hero, the amiable, kind, loving countenance that expressed no harsher look than sorrow, no greater anger than justice—you will remember this face. If you have it not in your picture-gallery or collection, see that your sons and daughters gaze on it—the face of him who fought the greatest battle without arms, who gained the greatest victory without militia, and who conquered a hearing in a land of prejudice and thralldom. The word that like a bombshell fired the enemies of human freedom, was that spoken word that declared the Constitution of the United States to be a league with the devil, and a covenant with hell; and when this was met with the scorn, the sneers, the jeers, the anger of the crowd, what does this calm man do but stand face to face with the seething and surging sea around him, declaring “I am in earnest! I will not equivocate! I will not retrace a single step, and I will be heard!”—and he was heard.

Year after year the fire of enthusiasm slowly kindled; year after year the unseen messengers of freedom wafted the tidings southward; the Southern cotton and sugar fields were illumined by its invisible presence. Year after year the whispered word was borne on the wings of human thought, that there was one in the North who with a small circle, dared to maintain the right of human freedom, beyond laws, above codes, beyond any constitution, if need be, that would enslave humanity. It was whispered that all through the North were sympathetic heart-throbs, silent, invisible, yet potent; friends of the slave who would aid them to freedom at whatever cost; friends who would stand by the slave on his pathway to the land of freedom; friends who would make known those ways in every possible manner, and who were ready, if need be, to perish at the point of the bayonets of the “land of freedom.” Oh! I well remember with what blushing face and indignant eye this same mild-mannered man spoke of this land of his as a land of freedom, holding slaves in bondage, and daring to use its authority to send them back to servitude. “Whatever we think,” he said, “of the negro, what a stain upon our souls!”

It was William Lloyd Garrison that kindled this fire of the anti-slavery society; born and bred in the midst of the laws that protected its existence; born and reared in sight almost of Bunker Hill, full of the memories of the Puritan Fathers; who blushed in his soul and heart to remember that his native land was not free. It was he who wakened in the breast of that wonderful eagle of eloquence, Wendell Phillips, the master of the silver tongue and earnest speech, the fires of enthusiasm. It was he who kindled far to the South and West, sympathetic cords in the minds of the Quakers; it was he who called to the front Lucretia Mott and a score of earnest minds like his own. It was he who welcomed me to the shores of this New World, a champion of freedom coming from the land of the persecutors to the land of the free, to plead the right of humanity to freedom. It was he who made it possible for that Nestor of the Senate, Charles Sumner, to stand up in his place, and meet face to face the enemies of human freedom on the legitimate battle-ground of America—the Congress of the United States. It was he who made in all the years of conflict between 1830 and 1860 the wonderful word of freedom possible. It was he who dreamed a dream far wiser than the government would understand, far more beneficent than the law-makers could dream, far more kindly than that Nemesis that finally came to work out the same dream, but not in the same kindly way. When, finally, after long years of compromise, those that pulled at the heart-strings of humanity, that made one after another a concession to the hand of tyranny that made it possible for slavery to be perpetuated, yet ultimately made it impossible for slavery to be perpetuated; those years laden with that wonderful complication of sins known as the omnibus bill, passing through periods of legislation, that would lay waste and desolate the field of human hope and liberty—it was he who steadily, conscientiously, and without any thought of insurrection or warfare, proclaimed the freedom of the slave, the right to human freedom. Not his the hand that should lead to insurrection; not his the fire and fervour that should kindle the uprising of the slave; not his the mistaken but wonderful heroism of John Brown; not his the power that would place the weapons of warfare in the hand of the slave, but his the pleading, the earnest voice, giving warning to the nation that every wrong will be redressed unless amended; asking for liberty, not as a favour, but as a boon, speaking such words as no Spartan or Roman ever heard, and yet unheeded by that very nation so soon to reap the reward or penalty of its wrong-doing.

The only time he ever bore arms, and the only time that another, Theodore Parker, the eloquent champion of human liberty, the wonderful theologian who dared to interpret the word of God in

the name of humanity—the only time these two ever bore arms was to battle down the prison walls that held a slave in bondage, to return him to freedom if possible; but the powers of the State were there too soon, and the prison doors closed again upon the slave, and he was returned to bondage. This act, more than almost any other, kindled the enthusiasm of those who sought for freedom; and through twenty-five years of onward march of the one thought on America, the emancipation of the slave was such a march as only ideas can make under the strong conviction of an earnest and growing generation, who had read of freedom from the records of their fathers, upon whose mind the Declaration of Independence had been engraven as in words of fire; who had been taught that the Constitution was next to the word of God—and these were the minds that this man kindled to fervour. He it was, therefore, who awakened the first fires of that freedom that had they been heeded would have averted the conflict that followed; and when, after labouring for many months with these, I returned to my native land to plead with England the cause of another down-trodden people—I mean the wrongs of India, the wrongs perpetrated in the name of Christianity, the wrongs of a people vanquished by military power—and when afterward returning here again, in 1863, the tocsin of war did ring through the land, the power and fervour of inspiration seizing hold of the people to preserve the integrity of the Union, an integrity not worth the name if freedom were left out—when that fervour awakened the silent fires of anti-slavery, and the sleeping, dormant sensibilities of the people finally aroused to the conquest and the magnitude of the difficulty, I said to Mr. Garrison, “How is it now? Are you still non-resistant?” He said, “I would not have abolished slavery in this manner; but it is God’s way, and I am content.”

Human blood, the sacrifice of the first-born of the children of this chosen Israel, the slaying of those who took no part in the formation of these laws—this was the penalty the nation paid for not heeding the voice of the prophet, a prophet born for the very word and hour, born in the midst of those perilous times, with prevision to see that which would come to the nation unless she heeded his request. Devoid of ambition, save that ambition that would do good to others; loving all nations and all humanity, but chiefly finding his labour here, because the greatest wrong was here. He it was that with Herculean mind and the mild power of moral force, sought to cleanse the Augean stable of this government from the corruption fastened upon it in an untoward hour.

Oh, what majesty was here! I have seen him as pale as the marble Goddess of Liberty for whom he was pleading, and as clear in the fervour of his inspiration, with calm, trenchant, terse sentences, divide in twain the pretensions of this land from the reality, and point to that nation which the people had a right to expect from the government intended by those who first proclaimed the right of man to liberty. I have seen him awakening enthusiasm and enkindling fire impossible to quell; and I wondered at the time, why this fire and fervour, so wonderfully potent in arousing such natures as mine, a nature full of impulse, a nature full of passion, a nature full of that kind of ambition which, when once set forth, would, perhaps, not have yielded to the check of reason, nor even to the peacefulness of human pleading—I wondered why, by what majesty of authority and what supremacy of law, a law unseen to me, he could hold in check his forces, keep them to the clear, calm line of duty, telling them that the right of appeal and the right of pleading and petition belongs to republics, but that the right of revolution does not belong to reasoning men. I wondered at this, but now I wonder no longer.

Behind the scene, beyond the veil, were those summoning him to their aid and counsel. These were the powers, these the genii, that kept back the hand of insurrection for the sake of those who would be made free; for would not insurrection have precipitated war? Would not the power of the nation have crushed the slave and crushed the friend of the slave? And was it not wisdom, and justice, and strength, beyond human ken, or human speech, that gave to him the authority to curb the passions of man—to curb even that indignant justice that would have meted out revenge to those who tortured, and to say, “We can afford to wait; we can afford to plead; we can afford to petition; we will work our way to the minds and hearts of men. We will educate the young, the rising generation; these shall be our army; they shall go to the victory, not with swords and cannon, but with the voice of peace and the power of human liberty and justice.”

I was reminded of that wonderful Spartan law-giver Lycurgus, who was content to make the laws for his native land and leave them to their fulfilment; who was content to abide his time and carry out the fulness and perfection of those laws inspired by the oracle; banishing himself an exile from his own land that the people might be saved. Even so with Mr. Garrison, immolating himself upon the altar of no ambition, of no individual pride, but of steady and constant work, of earnest labour and toil. No point was neglected, no opportunity unheeded, not a movement of the government but what was noted; not a speech but what was accounted, not a thought went forth from the various politicians of the land but what was closely scanned with reference to this one plan for the future.

It was he who behind the scene could inspire such minds as Charles Sumner. It was he who behind the scene, and with his wonderful hand of coadjutors, could sway the political influence of the North, not to warfare, but to earnest maintenance of the right. It was he who could note the rise and fall of ambition in the hearts and minds of men, could watch with earnest eyes and lofty

sentiment the growing power of statesmanship in the mind of Daniel Webster. He saw him kindling with fervour and oratory to the grandeur of human freedom; shed tears of disappointment over his compromise with slavery, and over the fall that overtook him because ambition held away. It was he, I say, who could do this and remain unmoved in human passion, having no thought but the emotion of liberty.

I have seen every other mind in this country, and, I believe, in England and in many other lands, who have sought for freedom; I have seen the hope of Hungary imprisoned in Kossuth; I have seen Garibaldi, Mazzini, pleading for Italy, the one a risen prophet, the other an abiding reproach to the nation. I have seen those in the East who, looking from out the Orient, from the strong chain of bondage heaped upon them by Mohammedan and Christian, have aspired to know of the liberty of America. I have seen France smiling and writhing beneath the dominion of tyranny and the hope of freedom; I have watched the prophecy of her Victor Hugo; I have noted the advancement of her republicanism, and I have watched the extremes incident upon her government. I know what it means when I say that in all the lands and in all the minds of the present century, I know of none who held so strong a power, so calm a majesty, so fervent and deep an inspiration, whose name will be remembered as long, whose history will be recorded on records so enduring as William Lloyd Garrison's. I know of none whose thought and purposes were less for self.

The dominion of one idea, when that idea is for humanity, is the most justifiable in the world. Smaller men, with smaller emotions, are content to dominate one thought through a petty life-time, to make a single line of study their theme, a single line of song their anthem, a single line of poetry their accomplishment, a single line of art their triumph, a single line of science, or knowledge, or literature, the fulness of human hope and ambition; but when that one line and one thought culminated in the hope of the world, when it is that for which you and I and every one strives, when it is the beginning and the ending, the Genesis and Exodus of human existence, when it is all that humanity pines, hopes, and aspires for, is it not sufficient that that one idea shall dominate the life, shall reveal itself in a single line of light and conduct that which of itself is so brilliant as to illuminate the world? What William Lloyd Garrison was to the negro slave he was to humanity, to you, and to me, in our appointed places in human work, to me pleading with England for the freedom, first, of English subjects, and then for those in the East; to you pleading with every false authority for the right and freedom of thought, of private judgment, of individual conscience, and the regulation of individual life. What the hand of government would have fastened on the negro slave would be fastened upon you in change of scene or change of dynasty. He pleaded not for them alone, as individuals, not for them as a race, not for them as representatives of humanity merely, but for the right, for the divine power incorporate in every human soul of standing unfettered and untrammelled before God.

Was not this prophecy? Was not this salvation? Was not this Christianity? All honour to those ministers of the Christian religion who, seeing the word of Christ imprisoned in the least of these slaves, dared, like Parker, like Channing, like Ballou, like a score of others, to raise their voices against this injustice. All honour to that religion that interpreted the word of Christ to mean the black as well as the white man. All honour to that divine thought within the mind of these revered men of whom I speak this night, who could inculcate his religion and his thought of government without violence to individuality, without hatred to any man, only hating the wrong, only despising the injustice, only protesting against aggression.

Let everyone who loves his native land, that land so typical of all that is lovely beneath the sun, that land girded on three sides by ocean wave, a bulwark against the invader, filled by vast territory; that land interlaced with seas, whose mighty billows would themselves cause the nations of the East to wonder; that land with bracelets of rivers and girdles and mountain chains that circle from north to south and east to west; that land so fertile in valleys, so wonderful in plains, so beautiful in mountain heights; that land so rare and rich in treasures, in mineral stores, in everything that man can prize and desire—let every man and every woman who loves this land, who loves the ideal America, the true Columbia, the land of your fathers, the land of the Declaration of Independence—let everyone who loves it for the sake of human freedom and the promise of higher life, who loves it not so much for what it is as what it may and shall become, who loves it for the sake of freedom's dear self, freedom slain on every soil beneath the sun, freedom fleeing from Greece, and Italy, and France, and Britain, and the western shore; freedom seeking an abiding-place in your hearts and minds, to find herself chained and fettered here—everyone who loves this land, let him look to the record and see what wonderful prophet now has risen, whose name repeated with sneers and scoffs, even at this hour by those who claim to be the champions of freedom's cause, will live imperishable when theirs shall die and be forgotten; whose name will be associated with the word of Christ and the voice of peace to man; whose name will be uplifted and exalted as the years roll by as the founder of that thought of freedom, the uplifter of the hand of the weak, the despiser of tyranny, the lover of his country, the worshipper of humanity, the true adorer of the Almighty God in heaven, who praises His name, not in words of slavery and bloodshed, but in the sublime spirit of freedom known and interpreted to the hearts of such as he.

A nation could weep when a lesser man passed on; a nation could be clad in mourning when a military hero was vanquished by death. And no wonder that when the martyred President, whose murder I read with trembling heart—no wonder that the nation was clad in mourning, for herself was the cause and she paid the penalty. But this man's presence and this man's life made it possible for Abraham Lincoln to do mechanically what he had done in his heart nearly half a century before: this was a martyrdom that culminated in the life of that man, and in the sacrifice of all the fallen heroes North and South; for with all her wrong-doing the South was not alone responsible; Boston, the North, the typical North, was the abettor, the source of commercial support of the institution that was engrafted upon the hearts and minds of the Southern people. I say, then, the sacrifice of all the lives North and South rested upon the nation's altar, and the salvation of those lives, had it been in his power, rested in the hand of this single man.

If we live in thoughts, if we count time by heart-throbs, if our deeds are imperishable, if the glorious wishes and hopes that we have for humanity, if the performance of duty, well defined and closely adhered to every day and hour of existence, if the fulfilment of the one purpose that includes humanity, constitute the right to human praise and worship, then this man is revered of all nations. If to do for each individual what he would have them do for him, if to be matchless in social life, kindly in the privacy of home; if to be the true Christian and to love those who reviled and hated him; if to do this, all the time battling with error with the might of a clear mind and conscious will; if in the hour of danger to stand unmoved, and in the hour of peril to be calmest among all; if, seeing the hope of the world resting in human liberty, and liberty the hope, the crown of human goodness, he pleaded his whole life away and gave his strength, his mind, his ardour, his fervour, his all, upon this one shrine—if this constitutes the right of human immortality, then will his name be emblazoned beside the few who are immortalised in this world.

Another and a peaceful picture is presented. Retiring not from the interest in the slave, not from the interest in human freedom, not from the interest in those who had lately been his constituents; but retiring from that active participation in a society that could not properly exist when the government had promised to protect the late slave; retiring, and handing over to the hand of the government the work which he and his few coadjutors had performed alone and single-handed; handed over to the laws of the land and the amended Constitution of the United States, those who had been lately enslaved—the crown of this man's life was as peaceful as the harvest scene upon the hill-tops; as lovely as the sunset scene in Switzerland, the glowing heights tinted and adorned with the many rays of the setting sun; those vast, those wonderful heights, pictured and mirrored in the abiding glory of that ever-fervent sphere—even so was his life crowned.

As the conflict passed, and as peace was proclaimed, as freedom in name, at least, was engrafted upon the law of the land, there came into this man's life the glory of that peaceful consciousness, the triumph of immortality, the abiding faith, the knowledge in the world beyond.

As we were twin brothers in the thought of human freedom, so in the latter years of our lives we were brothers in this faith. Across the sea the invisible wires of spirit-life had linked our hearts in sympathy, and he looked forward with such certainty to the recognition of his friends that no blot or stain of doubt, no cavilling of creed, nor captiousness of the materialism of this hour, could affect, mar, or in any manner deprive him of that supreme consciousness. How they ministered to him in the quietude of his home; how they spoke to him words of cheer, as one after another joined the unseen army of the attendant hosts for freedom; how they walked by his side; how they pleaded silently for the quietude of his declining years; how they spoke fervently of that higher life and broader freedom in familiar converse and communion, you will doubtless be made better acquainted in another way. But for the termination of such a life that did not go out in martyrdom, a life that was not sacrificed in the bloody scenes through which it passed, a life with no assassination, no assailing—a charming life that went its way through all of conflict and peril; walked triumphantly into the land that formerly had been the land of bondage, and walks triumphantly now in the land that is the land of freedom.

For this life we can give no other praise than its simple record. Read that record. Place on the one side the history of this nation for the last fifty years; on the other, the record of this small band headed by William Lloyd Garrison, and you will see that the scales in the hand of the powers of justice will be heavily laden by this wonderful record, the culmination of human freedom that he and his co-workers alone hath wrought unto God.

MR. HANDS has issued the second (July) part of his "New Views of Matter, Life, Motion, and Resistance." (London: Allen, price 6d.) In many respects, this thoughtful and industrious author has trodden paths which are also explored by Dr. Babbitt in his great work on "Light." These writers are pioneers in new fields of scientific research, and as such, a duty falls to their lot which cannot be attributed to a selfish motive. Mr. Hands is a true author, and gives to his readers profound, original thought, at a popular price, his single object apparently being the education of the public mind in all its multitudinous forms.

HISTORICAL CONTROLS.

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

[The medium is a working-man, possessing the scanty education of his class; A. T. T. P. is a gentleman of education and independent means, and hence has no interest in deception, as these seances entail upon him considerable labour and expenses. He has made his mark in the world as a successful lawyer, and is not likely to be duped. The medium passes into the unconscious trance, in which state the spirits speak through him, making gestures appropriate to their character. A. T. T. P. takes down every word thus spoken by the spirits through the medium.]

ELLEN BRYCE.

June 1, 1879.

The medium in trance, not controlled, said: "There are two of them that separate themselves from the rest of your surroundings; they are pleasant to look upon. They say that on earth they were twin sisters, and their names were Martha and Ellen Bryce, and the place of their birth was Greenhythe, in Kent. They afterwards removed to Scotland with their parents, and they are permitted to speak to you. The eldest, born first by two minutes, is Ellen, and she will speak of her earth-experience, combined with her spirit-experiences, that were so strangely united in the early years of her soul when on earth."

Here he went under control almost imperceptibly, and spoke thus:—

"Ellen Bryce gives you a loving greeting. You can head your record with 'My Remarks upon the Reality of Trance;' what an entire regeneration in the opinion of souls here on earth will the realities of spirit-influence realise. The realisation of spirit-influences are to-day in the possession of very few among the whole of the races of mankind—the most part of the great human family clinging to priestly ruling, and the remaining portion thereof having only reached the realisation of believing that the soul's destiny is a day of ordered inactivity for ever. Speak to such men of the spirit's love for its kindred and of its return, and they will ridicule the notion and will tell you their memory and their senses are gone, alike unknowing and unknown. Their hatred as well as their love is lost, and their envy is buried with their bodies in the dust. They have no share in all that is done beyond the circuit of this world. This is the actual belief of the majority of the human race. There are, however, circumstances continually occurring which shake this belief to its very foundation, and men flock together in consultation over these circumstances, and their souls are held with ill-defined longings for a belief purer and better—to use your own words, these minds can enter into eager controversy about the smallest matters connected with science, however inconsiderable its value to the soul's welfare; but when a marked and uncommon circumstance thrusts itself forward on their notice, their consultations are held in secret and attended with fear. I myself when on earth presented a circumstance upon which scientific men consulted—a circumstance that was attended by fear—fear felt by those consulting. A spiritual circumstance was presented to their notice: something for which their minds could realise no basis—something for which their minds could not establish a cause, although the effect was most marked; but when that circumstance became dual in its nature, their consultations became more frequent and their fears more marked.

"I was returning to my home one Sabbath evening in the company of my twin sister. We had reached home—she had just sufficient time to turn to me and say: 'Nelly, dear Nelly, I am going.' I, inexplicable as it will appear to you, answered her: 'You are not going alone; I will accompany you,' and flinging our arms round each other, we sat for a brief space on the edge of the bed, for we were unrobing ourselves. Neither of us remembered any more until when we returned to consciousness simultaneously. On the return to consciousness, the first question we asked of our mother was: 'What day is this, mother?' and our mother answered: 'It is Tuesday only. The time is two o'clock in the afternoon; and you have lain in an inanimate condition since Sunday night.'

"The voice of him that had taken me away commanded me to affirm the happy state that my sister and myself had been in, and to demand food, accompanied by a request to my mother, that on the following Tuesday, punctually at two in the afternoon, food was to be prepared for us, and, without asking, to be ready for our reawaking. I then asked my sister to confirm my mother, as to her being happy during her removal from the earth, and she answered, 'Dearest Nelly, you have seen what I have seen; how can I answer, but that my absence has been attended with perfect happiness?' A man of about fifty years of earth's experience, leaving the group of strangers assembled around us, advanced to near where my sister and myself were sitting, that is, on the bed, and in a grave and kindly manner asked me the question, 'Have you been subject to visions during your early childhood days? Are you nervous? Are you highly sensitive at any sight on which others could look unmoved?' I answered him in the negative. He asked me was either my sister or myself enthusiastic in our religious notions? I answered him in the negative. He then asked me whether I had distinct remembrance from the Sunday evening to the Tuesday afternoon? This I answered him in the affirmative. He asked my sister whether she also had the same knowledge? She answered in the affirmative. He then went back to the many that were gathered around our bed. He with the others, drew near to our mother, and held some conversation

with her; making a request to her to which she acceded under one condition, and that was our acquiescence. This request was that our experiences were to be given apart from each other; that they themselves, being eye-witnesses of our awaking, could prove that there had been no collusion since our awaking, and if our experiences agreed only in one incident, it would present a problem to their consideration greater than any the scientific world had succeeded in solving.

"We were examined apart from each other, and whilst the question was being propounded, the voice of him that had taken me away said, 'Answer not until you have rightly heard what you are to say; do not let your thoughts speak, but trust to your spirit-hearing.' The question propounded was, 'What one incident has happened, in which your sister as well as yourself, was an eye-witness.' A strange and incomprehensible contradiction. 'A vacant place, an empty chair.' These were the words dictated by him that had taken me away; these were the words I repeated. The next question propounded was, 'Has this seeming riddle an answer?' Again I heard the dictation of him who had taken me away say, 'It is no riddle; myself and my sister were transported to a fairer world than this world here, and inhabited by inhabitants who seemed lost to their beautiful surroundings, and instead of presenting to our notice countenances beaming with happiness for vouchsafed mercies from their Almighty Father, their countenances were marked with sorrow, despair, and utter hopelessness; we bade them to lift up their eyes, and to behold the beauties with which their Father God had surrounded them;' and they made answer, 'Child, this is a place of contamination for your purity, your being in our presence is painful; you speak of a fair world, of a beautiful world; none can see it; none that are denizens of this world; to them all is darkness, and from them all hope is banished; enter into other halls of meeting; gaze ye now upon those whose whole aims during their life was to controvert the truth of the living God, and amongst the millions that are assembled in this fair world, not one there is who is not smitten by spiritual blindness.' I asked, 'and for whom is that empty chair reserved?' 'God help the owner for whom that seat is reserved,' was the reply. 'Will you not tell me for whom it is reserved,' I again asked, fear permeating and filling my whole being as I asked the question. 'It is being reserved for your father,' was the answer given, 'unless he avoids it by mending the errors of his ways.' Turning to my questioner I asked, 'Have I sufficiently explained the incomprehensible contradiction, and the empty chair?' I would rest now on my bed, I requested.

"When I was placed on the bed I found my sister had been placed there before me, and those that had consulted together with her drew near in consultation with those who had consulted with me, and compared the results of their inquiries; and strange to them, and fearful the fact, the words that had been dictated by him that had taken me away had also been uttered by my sister: 'An incomprehensible contradiction and an empty chair.' He that had spoken so kindly to me still continued holding my right wrist, whilst another one on the other side of the bed held the left wrist of my sister. They had both their watches in their other hands, and their remarks were being taken down by an amanuensis. They kept repeating numbers, the beating of our pulses being counted by them, and the words 'strange' and 'yes' were the only words used. The pulsations of both bodies were exactly the same, and the variations or the cessation were also exactly similar, the pulses of both of us getting gradually weaker and weaker:—I mean perfectly alike, until at last I was bidden by him who was about to take us away again to caution my mother to remember two in the afternoon of the following Tuesday."

Here there was a break to enable me to rest my hand a few minutes, and I happened to make the remark that I had not the same power of writing as I had forty years ago, and I also asked the Control whether she would tell me when all these extraordinary phenomena took place. She answered me,—

"You had reached manhood's estate when these things happened. To continue:—I said, 'Mother, we are going; we are going;' my sister having sufficient strength of will to kiss her hand to my mother.

"Upon our return to consciousness the same faces, but with many more strangers added to the company, stood around our beds. The voice of him that had taken us away dictated the words, 'Food, mother, food,' and we ate most heartily of the food prepared for us. After repletion the voice of him who was waiting to take us away again dictated these words: 'We must not linger to talk now; we know that you are armed with many questions, awaiting our answer, but opportunity does not favour.' 'My mother, dear, forget not next Tuesday; we are going, we are going away together.'

"These exact weekly absences from our bodies were continued for the period of nine successive weeks, and in these nine weeks only nine meals had been partaken of. Watchers there had been, so we were informed, day and night around our bed. The scientific inquirers, that were gathered together on account of this extraordinary circumstance, were firmly convinced that there was no collusion between ourselves and our parents. During these nine weeks we had not controlled our own bodies more than three hours and fifteen minutes, and these intervals of our controlling our own bodies were partially expended by our bodily requirements during the small interval allowed for inquiries. The most use undoubtedly was made of that interval; sufficient be it to say, that hundreds that came into our house scoffers as to any future state, left our doors humbled in opinion, and fearful of the consequences of their

former disbelief. So interested were my sister and myself in the sights permitted us during our absences from our bodies, that we looked on final release from our bodies with hope, unalloyed by fear. These things which the Almighty God permitted my sister and myself to see, will be hereafter given to you through this sensitive by me, and if possible (and to God all things are possible) we will bring with us a spirit who still is in possession of a living body, and this spirit shall speak through the lips of this sensitive. We have been showing her those things which were shown and revealed to us, and her body has been kept in motion by him who conducted us when we left our bodies.

"The action of trance, to be a successful one, must be of a dual nature; meaning, one spirit alone cannot effect a successful trance. In the case of the spirit leaving entirely the body, although the absolute unity of the spirit with that body is never completely broken, yet it loses its power of action for governance, consequently the further a spirit is removed from its own active body, it becomes more necessary to place that body under the guidance of another to keep and preserve its active functions—in fact, in a measure, to control it, controlling it with the slightest exhibition of life possible; else would so long a control (a week, for instance, the length of time we were absent from our bodies), produce obstacles in restoring the fullest power of conscious individuality on the return of the spirit to its own body. The control of one hour of earth-time produces a slight labour to restore the individuality of the spirit proper; how much greater then would the control of a week's absence make the task to be? To obviate this difficulty, the control, during the spirit's absence, is but the control of motion. The heart-pulsations are not strong enough to produce bodily movement, yet they are strong enough to keep vitality or life within it; not strong enough in the heart-pulsations that in ordinary bodies would be present, when the soul is at rest, known as sleeping, but performing its required work, although the pulsation of the heart is weaker, more feeble, more a subject of—"

Here was a sudden break; after a short pause, the Control continued—

"I am afraid that the atmospheric conditions have prevented me making the last part of my discourse as plain to you as I should wish; but to sum up all briefly: the condition of a controlled body, whose spirit is absent, and the condition of one at the greatest point of exhaustion, with a most feeble pulse, no restlessness or motion exhibited in the outstretched limbs, except when food is forced into the body, is the case of the body belonging to her who is with me now, and to whom we are showing the glories of the spirit-world, and whose body is at the present moment lying in the London Hospital,—the deepest problem that the medical staff have ever had presented to them, and whose active functions have been brought into play by the control of him who took us away from our bodies when upon earth. Further than that, there is another difference between her who accompanies us, whose living body is now the subject of earnest inquiry of Dr. Langdon and his medical staff, and ourselves; this difference being, in our case we could remember parts of our spirit-journeys, but in her case, as in the case of this sensitive, no remembrance worth recording remains, and if any does remain, it is only of an unsatisfactory and obscure nature.

"And now, dear sir, my power of holding control has nearly passed; it is my duty to tell you why my sister, who accompanies me here by permission, had a prepared duty for her to follow, viz., that of engaging the spirit controlling this body as its own, in subjects of conversation about the visits to those who have spiritual belief; but this duty was countermanded by him, for none so able to govern a body as its natural occupant, and I, from the first part of my controlling, doubted the length of the control, by reason of the diminished strength of my power of controlling; hence I prepared the rightful spirit remaining near its body. I have many things to speak to you concerning the spiritual world. I am anxious also that one who is still of the world should speak to you, so that the ideas of a spirit concerning the spirit-world may be given to you by a spirit out of the body, and also her opinions of the spirit-world whilst in the body."

Here the Control broke off suddenly.

During one of the breaks I asked what was the condition in life of her father. She told me that her father was a barge-builder at Greenbythe and a ship-builder at Leith.

The following day I discovered in the newspapers that there was a case of a woman in trance in the London Hospital, and she had been in trance since May 3rd. I am anxious to discover some particulars about the trance of the Bryce girls in Edinburgh. I feel thoroughly satisfied that I shall find it all to be true. I waited for some weeks before publication of this, in hopes that I should have had another visit. I feel satisfied, however, I shall have one in the course of time.

THE LONDON COTTAGE MISSION amongst the East-End Masses, by Walter Austin, hon. superintendent (London: Hamilton & Co., price 6d.), gives an interesting account of mission-work amongst a class who certainly stand in need of teaching and guiding. The author believes strongly in spiritual influences, and gives some very instructive instances of their action in modifying the hard hearts and refining the rude manners of some who have been made the subject of mission-work. We wish Spiritualists would work in these mission-fields and apply, as far as they could, the aid of spiritual co-workers to take part in winning the erring. This time will come, and then the evil ways of earth's uncared for children will be supplanted by pleasant paths, enlightened by truth and goodness.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL REMINISCENCE.

By CAROLINE CORNER, Author of "Twixt Will and Fate," "The Slinkensmirk Family," &c.

(Concluded from p. 440).

In the course of a few weeks I had so far recovered as to enjoy the fragrant and life-giving air of early summer at one of the German watering places.

The worst was over; the delusion (so-called) had left me, and all that now remained to bear testimony to my late sufferings was intense weakness. With care (which, Heaven knows, I had), nourishing food, and everything extant in the way of imparting strength, I was on the sure road to health and vitality, such as had formerly been mine.

It was my custom to "take the waters" every morning, and for this purpose a *chaise longue*, drawn by a pretty, dapple pony had been procured for my accommodation, comfort, and ease.

A very short time served to elicit the sympathy of the visitors in my behalf. Doubtless the picture I portrayed of a fair and fragile young creature was sufficient for this. However it was, I became an object of interest, and received tokens of kindness and regard from the great and nobly born, as well as devotion and respect from those less favoured.

One fine, sunny day I was feeling wonderfully better, so had prevailed upon my aunt to stay another half-hour in order to listen to the music in the *Kurhaus* gardens.

The weather was delightful; everything was looking so bright; the people so happy. I no longer was in pain, but felt the same light-hearted girl I had been of yore.

The military band broke out into a lively, inspiring galop. I scarcely could withstand breaking from my bondage to indulge in a brisk and animated dance. Had it not been for Aunt Maria's restraining influence, I believe I should have done something equally as desperate.

With this feeling full upon me, the music ceased; applause followed; then a pause; after which the band recommenced.

This time the strain was totally opposed. A few low-toned chords introduced the *aria*. It fell so sweetly upon the soft, warm air, that the attention of the entire audience was enlisted. To me it brought something more than a soothing charm. There was a spell in those gentle sounds that seized upon me as the reminiscence of a hidden, though never-to-be-forgotten dream.

Where had I heard that air before? What could it be? "Ah! *Dinorah, Dinorah*." A murmur reached me from a passer-by.

The flood-gates of memory were thrust back, and the night of the L— ball, with its all-important incidents in singularly minute precision, flowed in with the tide of remembrance.

I hearkened again to the avowal of eternal love, experiencing that same delight—only intensified, it seemed to me—and raised my drooping lids to meet the gaze of those earnest, speaking eyes. Every trifling detail was recapitulated, and my heart beat in gladness, as, in fancy, I heard that momentous question put; the tone, the inflexion, synonymous with that of four long months ago.

At this juncture, my reverie was cut short by an unaccountable proceeding on the part of the pony. Something must have occurred to disturb its usual equanimity, for it started, reared, plunged, and the next instant took off at tremendous speed. I hold a very hazy reminiscence of the consternation that ensued. For my own part, I was incapable of being much concerned, and was only aware of the great danger which had threatened, after all was over.

The first sensation I experienced was similar to that occasioned by an electric shock. I opened wide my eyes, and took in a full survey of my preserver; then relapsed with a sigh into his powerful arms, as naturally as if we had been on intimate terms of relationship heretofore. It was not that I recognised his features, but his *influence* was so familiar; more than that, it was overpowering, and I fell into a sound sleep.

No serious nor permanent effects resulted from this catastrophe. Aunt Maria was the one who was physically most affected, for she in her devotedness, had clung to the *chaise* and been drawn along for some fifty yards. Fortunately Uncle John had been out of the way, or he, being, I repeat, a bachelor, fat and fussy, would have done something of the sort and suffered accordingly.

When tranquillity was restored, and no alarming results were ascertained to have accrued the affair was discussed, and inquiries made for my deliverer. To obtain the name and certain particulars proved an easy matter. My uncle, it was decided, should call upon the gentleman. He did so, but finding him not at home, left his address-card with the desire of being permitted the opportunity of rendering due thanks and praise.

Count Adalbert readily accorded permission, courteously declining to see that he merited such gratitude, and conducting himself with the ease of a refined and large-hearted gentleman.

If Uncle John was pleased, Aunt Maria was trebly so, and when the handsome Hungarian pressed her hand (mittened, of course,) to his lips, she was transported.

"People may talk about equality, but in my opinion there's nothing like birth. Who could not perceive at a glance that our friend is a nobleman born?"

Irrespective of Uncle John's concurring in this my aunt's favourable opinion, I entertained grave doubts concerning our newly-found friend. I combated against these suspicions as groundless and unjust; nevertheless they persisted in annoying and rendering me sorely perplexed.

The Count became a frequent visitor and often played the rôle

of cavalier to myself and aunt when my uncle was unable or disinclined to accompany us, and, I must acknowledge, a more agreeable or entertaining escort we could not possibly have had.

Although when alone I was distressed strangely and unaccountably; upon the approach of the Hungarian this unpleasant and undefinable sensation left me, and in its stead a quiescent languor, agreeable and soothing, stole upon me. Immediately his hand came into contact with mine a thrill pervaded my system: my heart flickered, then became unnaturally calm; my pulse in like manner throbbed, then gradually became enfeebled, until the strength which had been mine was exhausted, overpowered, subdued. Sometimes during the still hours I was awakened from a frightful nightmare, ever the same, and presented in strikingly realistic colours.

The scene was that of a gaming-saloon with its accessories and throng of eager, anxious faces, with eyes concentrated upon the green cloth. Two figures rivetted my attention: one, in particular, conveying a species of familiarity and imprinting a deep and lasting impression upon my abnormal senses. A restlessness would come over me, and sleep be wooed in vain for the remainder of the night. The morrow's light brought little relief, but no sooner did my preserver pay his customary call than instant calm was accorded. So long as he remained by my side, doubts, irritability, and unrest ceased to trouble and perplex. The wide gulf of difference of opinion which necessarily two such opposite natures must have maintained, and which was so palpable to my understanding in his absence, was bridged over, so that the ideas of the one became the ideas of both. Had I paused to analyse, I should have found that *his* was the dominating principle, and not mine. But I was satisfied, and content, when listening to his fluent conversation (invariably addressed to others, rarely to myself), to penetrate no deeper into the problem of why and wherefore.

Week after week glided by without anything worthy of remark occurring. We still lingered at the German Spa. Count Adalbert had become as one of ourselves. Uncle John could never sufficiently repay him for his gallant service, and Aunt Maria was more enthusiastic than ever on her pet theory of inherent nobility; everything was so pleasant we did not care to move on, as had been our intention.

One day it so happened that the count and myself were unavoidably left alone; unavoidably, not from any lack of confidence in or respect for him, but because I was deemed incompetent in my poor state of semi-convalescence to observe the rules of hospitality; consequently my uncle or aunt had always arranged to be present to take the burden upon themselves, leaving me a silent yet attentive listener.

After the conventional remarks and regards in answer to my excuses for the absence of my relatives, the Hungarian expressed his regrets and prepared to take his departure. My heart sank weightily at the prospect. A bright flush had suffused my cheek upon his entrance, my eyes glistened feverishly, and my pulse throbbed tumultuously.

A perceptible alteration took place in my countenance now. Useless was it to attempt to hide my disappointment; my emotions vanquished my sounder judgment, and in words that were scarcely my own, I besought him to stay. He smiled placidly at my vehemence, and took a seat close by my couch. Then in his usual way he talked of common-place topics in such a manner that to me no melodrama could possibly have been more absorbing. His eyes, never for an instant relinquishing their steady gaze, were so penetrating, I felt there was no secret in my inmost breast that was not shared by him; and yet I neither shrank nor wished to be delivered from this tribunal.

How it came about I know not, but so it was. From an insecure anchorage our fragile bark drifted on to the vast ocean of love; alas! not to glide smoothly on untroubled waters, but to founder and wreck upon a quicksand, the terrible issue of one fatal night.

Bending low, so that his warm breath fanned my hair, he reverentially acknowledged the tender feelings which he cherished for me. No outburst of passion; only a calm and undisturbed avowal. Then, laying his hand with tenderness, bordering on veneration, upon my arm, he looked deep into my wondering eyes, and asked me to be his bride.

A vision, dim and far distant, rose up before me—the scene, without the threshold of the old Town Hall of L—, but it vanished entirely when he bent still lower and pressed his lips upon my brow. That kiss appeared to me to seal my fate. No response was required; my glance was all-sufficient. He was satisfied, and I—ah! I was satisfied because *he* was; whatever sensation he experienced I experienced also. Even as he regarded me in the light of a superior being, so did I him; but, he possessing the more powerful will, all originated in him, and I was the willing recipient, willing yet impotent. He swayed my affections even as he would direct and govern a piece of mechanism in his employ to the bent of his will and inclination. Thank heaven it was no worse! bad as it was to be thus obsessed by another human spirit, it might have been worse. I tremble to think what might have been the consequence of this strange psychological fact, and, in spite of what followed, adhere to the belief that in Count Adalbert, as in most others, there were sparks of a pure and divine nature smouldering beneath the crust of ashes which circumstances had ruthlessly heaped upon him.

The gorgeous saloon of the *Kurhaus* was resplendent with fashion and glitter. An immense crowd of human beings had assembled within the artistically-enamelled walls; some occupying the ori-

ental divans, and engaged in low and earnest converse to the monotonous waving of the ladies' large Spanish fans; others speechless and all-intent on the spectacle before them, their faces alternately clouding with disappointment and brightening with success. The centres of attraction were the three long tables covered with green baize upon which was heaped gold and silver in abundance. The nearer one approached these tables, the more intense interest and suppressed excitement were depicted on the countenances of the thronging multitude. The heat occasioned by the enormous concourse, breathless atmosphere, and profusion of lamps, was only exceeded by that provoked by inordinate mental anxiety. Engrossment to the one passion excluded all else. The world was forgotten; its classes and distinctions lost; its ties and sympathies spurned.

On the *croupiers* right at the *roulette* table is seated an individual conspicuous in his disguise: a well-built man wearing a dark gray cloak, with hood that enshrouds the greater portion of his features. A pile of bank-notes lies beside him, from which he makes frequent drawings. His neighbour is a spare, sallow-complexioned Russian. As the play goes on, this one repeatedly passes his handkerchief across his brow, and watches each action of the hooded man narrowly and with nervous zest. This scrutiny is in no wise calculated to disturb the equanimity of the latter. He proceeds calm and unconcerned, saving once when his right hand supporter's cold and clammy fingers perchance come into contact with his own in the transfer of some coins,—then and then only is the impassive unknown observed to flinch. But he speedily regains his composure, and with it a propitious change of luck. The exhausted stock of notes is replenished, and fortune henceforth loads him with her bounteous favours. From ashen pale, the lips of the Russian are transformed to purple-blue, and that trick of his with the handkerchief is called into constant requisition.

Time wears on; the evening shadows deepen and wane into night—a night overhanging with clouds. Still that vast assembly remain transfixed as by a subtle spell. Still the round is kept up; *rouge-et-noir*, *roulette*, *trente-et-quarante*—*trente-et-quarante*, *roulette*, *rouge-et-noir*; no variation, yet all absorbing, and never wearying; heart-sickening, nerve-straining, maddening, yet marvellously fascinating beyond all things. Some quit the heated saloon to take in a life-giving breath from the terrace outside; but invariably they quickly return, for the charm of the blossoming groves, with their cool and balmy atmosphere imbued with fragrant perfume, is tame and unendurable to the *habitué* of the *kursaal*. An insidious and irresistible force lures him in again, and he resumes with fresh energy and more ardent spirit of hope.

Meanwhile the crisp bank-notes, the property of the man in disguise, have accumulated into a small volume, which the owner carelessly pockets. Then, with the utmost *nonchalance*, proofs of his being no tyro, the fortunate possessor prepares to take his departure. A hundred curious eyes are turned towards him, yet his gait is steady, his bearing easy and unrestrained. A buzzing murmur reaches his ear; he knows he is the observed of all observers; nevertheless, neither the voices congratulatory and envious, nor inquisitive gaze, have power to affect him. He draws one long breath when he gains the terrace, and turns his face upwards so as to meet the huge splashes of falling rain. Then, assuring himself of the safety of what lies concealed at his breast, and drawing his cloak more closely around him, he leaves the gardens and proceeds in the direction of the neighbouring woods.

The tall pines and graceful lindens with their flourishing foliage contribute to the gloom abroad; so that the darkness necessitates extreme caution in selecting the way. At intervals he pauses, glances penetratingly before, behind, and around, then takes from their safe retreat a packet of notes amounting to a fabulous sum. These he retains but a minute or two prior to reinstating them in their former hiding-place; but to recapitulate the performance again and again. Finally, ere they can be restored, a pair of hands from behind pinion the arms of the owner. A grip, almost superhuman in its might, renders resistance vain. Futile are all efforts to release himself. Powerful as he is, he is at a disadvantage now, and his strength avails him but little. A short, demoniac cry pierces the air as the notes are wrenched from his hand, swiftly followed by a blow, severe and skilfully dealt upon his temple. Spontaneously physical force is released from its unfair thralldom, and the next moment finds him grappling with his adversary—the spare, sallow-complexioned Russian. The contest is savage and brutal; the blood of each boiling; the fury of the one equalled by the greed of the other. Presently the lightning's glare illumines the features of the Russian; his brow is spotted with beads of perspiration; froth oozes from his nostrils and lips, and he succumbs to the superior strength of his opponent. One frantic effort more, and a hand is raised; no light is there now by which to discern the steel that is flourished in the midnight air. The blade descends with well-poised aim, and the broad-shouldered man in disguise staggers and falls mortally wounded at the other's feet. But a fiendish yell of exultation serves to quicken his enfeebled pulse. Vengeance must be his; vengeance at any price. His enemy shall not live to triumph with the spoil. The whole force of his fleeting vitality is summoned in order to avenge his wrong. From his belt, concealed beneath the huge hanging cloak, a richly jewelled revolver is drawn forth, cocked, and pointed. A loud and vibrating report rends the atmosphere, echoing and re-echoing throughout the forest with ominous pertinacity; and the night-wind arising bears along with it a wail that death alone can interpret. The prize is gained, but the purpose vanquished; for the Russian, with that one long wail of anguish, has fallen to the earth.

a corpse. A few minutes' agony, regrets, and remorse, and his foe, with blood-stained hands—the man in disguise—lies by his side, cold and stiff in death.

The morrow's dawn revealed the scene of a fearful tragedy; how perpetrated 'twas never known. Numerous papers contained lengthened and sensational reports of the shocking discovery of two dead bodies; and many conjectures were made, but the truth was never arrived at. Only one certainty was there for discussion, apart from the terrible affair itself, and that was the personality of one of the enactors. For several seasons public curiosity had been baffled as to the individuality of "the man in disguise" by which name he had become known. Now that mystery was unravelled; the "man in disguise" was proved to be none other than Count Adalbert, the Hungarian, who had some years previously gained for himself notoriety as an adept in the occult sciences, and in his new rôle of late had been so fortunate an *habitué* of the gaming saloons. Truly was he an extraordinary man; a character to be studied, not harshly judged and condemned.

Since that night when this explanation was revealed to me in a dream I have never experienced anything of a like nature. My health improved; I gave up dreaming and lived, and was no more subject to either fanciful delusions or psychological obsessions. Indeed, it is only now that I am a grandmother—prosaic and beyond the age of romance—that I can be induced, at the urgent request of my husband, Edric Westcott, to make a full confession of a curious incident which occurred in my early life.

With verity it may be said that truth is stranger than fiction, and destiny is the will of God.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF ROBERT BURNS. TO BURNS ON EARTH.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—On the 21st of July, 1796, there passed into spirit-life one of the greatest of Scotland's many famous sons.

In spite of the worldly disadvantages of humble birth, faulty education, and exhausting physical toil, Robert Burns, by the aid of his inspiring genius, rose to an honourable position amongst our national poets, and Time, who tries all things, has not yet seen fit to reverse the verdict passed by your fellow-countrymen, nearly a century ago. That verdict was, "*Found worthy.*"

Religionists have of course, carped at his heterodoxy, and from their point of view, the author of an "Address to the De'il" has certainly committed himself. It is, dear Sir, painful in the extreme to observe the immensely disrespectful way in which he apostrophises that mythological individual, Old Nick! He calls him "Auld Hornie!" "Cloutie!" "Auld Hangie!" &c., and in other ways shows an unbecoming familiarity with, or contempt for, his Christian highness the Devil!

Is it any wonder that his pious friends became his fiercest foes? Fancy what their feelings must have been at seeing a faithful worker in the cause—the chief whip as it were—handed down to posterity as

An "auld sneek-drawing dog;"
Who "came to Paradise incog.;"
An' played on man a cursed brogue
(Black be your fa'!)
An' gied the infant world a shog
'Maist ruined a'."

Verily it was enough to make their old-time prejudices tremble with virtuous indignation. If, however, we judge of Burns's character from a more enlightened standpoint, we shall perceive that he was but a pioneer in this battle of freethought, which is approaching a crisis in our own time; for inasmuch as he intuitively knew the true from the false, his religious convictions were of necessity at variance with the accepted teachings of the day. Hence his social ostracism.

But whoever has read "The Cotter's Saturday Night," must admit that Burns's faculty of veneration was not a negative quantity; and we, dear Sir, may, I think, rightly conclude that had he known a shrine worthy of his devotions, the religious element of his nature would have flooded the world with hymns of adoration and praise. But the light in our midst to-day was but faintly discerned by him; and lacking its vivifying and guiding rays, he sometimes stumbled and fell. Considering his unsatisfying environments, the wonder is that he was so faultless. But who has not sinned? If you should hear of anyone who, without claiming to be good, is good, will you kindly let the world know him by name, and then calling to our aid the mighty ones of the past, let us with flowers of exquisite beauty and fragrance wreath above the figure of such a God-like man these characters, acceptable to every tongue and nation under heaven—"Ecce homo!"

TO BURNS IN HEAVEN.

While to thy mem'ry sculptured stones uprise—
A votive offering of a nation's love,—
While choice laudations rend the echoing skies
And reach thee in thy blissful home above,—
Approach, and list to one who would aspire
To strike, and not in vain, the tuneful lyre.
To thee, dear Burns, was inspiration giv'n,
Which, gushing like a spring from out the soil,
When free, flowed onward, warbling songs to Heav'n,
But straitened in its course, would fret and boil;
Thou wert before the world could comprehend
That fearless thought with piety may blend.

I love thee, Burns, for standing all alone
And battling like a hero in the strife;
And though this age appeareth to atone
For bigots' hatred which made dark thy life,
Still, if thou'rt wise, dear "Rob," ne'er show thy head,
But let them mourn and honour thee as dead!

But though I ask thee from the crowd to flee,
And hint that persecutions yet abound,
Come in thy spirit's fulness unto me,
Unite thy thoughts with mine—let them resound
In thunder through the arches of the sky,
Proclaiming, "Man—the spirit—cannot die!"

I feel thy presence!—and this falling tear
Of thankfulness at God's mysterious ways
Denotes that knowledge hath cast out the fear
That oft assailed me in the olden days:
And now my bosom burns that all should know
These truths which mitigate deep, human woe.

But what availeth prayer, or song, or tears,
Whilst ev'ry pulpit in this Christian land
Suppresses reason by evoking fears
Of dread Apollyon, armed with flaming brand,
Awaiting grimly on hell's lurid brink
Those awful sinners who presume to think?

To THINK is just as godless now as when
Thou from the plough wert called by higher Will,
And took th' appointed place 'mong feeble men
And struggled well thy mission to fulfil;
And they, dear Burns, who strove to dim thy fame
Are—WHERE?—whilst loved and honoured is thy name!

Farewell, sweet minstrel of the gifted North:
Fair Scotia lovingly claims thee and thine!
Long may her hills and valleys green send forth
The thought majestic and the song sublime!
But let each heart that affectation spurns
In gratitude remember Robert Burns.

"THE CORNISH EXILE."

PRIVATE SEANCE WITH MRS. BILLING.

There were seven ladies and two gentlemen present; most of them were mediums, and all engaged in the Cause. During the first part, a lady sang four songs, and four different spirit-voices (two women's voices, one man's voice, and a child's voice) accompanied the singer. Those spirit-voices were heard in various parts of the area, in front of the sitters, and indeed close to the faces of several sitters.

Then came "Ski," and saluted all, going particularly into affairs, advising, encouraging, and giving tests. Spirit-friends of sitters then came and spoke to them as in earth-life, producing a feeling of certainty and satisfaction, which is inexpressible. Several clairvoyants in the circle now began to see well, and corroborate one another. When historical spirits and guides of those who work in the movement were described, "Ski" would give names and additional particulars, so that it was a question whether the physical sitters were more intimately blended with the spiritual state or the spiritual visitants with the physical state. It was a wonderful demonstration of the spirituality of man while in the body, and that existence is perpetuated for centuries after the loss of the mortal body, thus implying a continued immortality, an eternal individuality. Powerful spirits spoke to spiritual workers in words of encouragement too sacred for public statement, and made clear the use and purpose of much that is obscure in the working of our Movement. This was itself a great use, for many of us are apt to forget that Spiritualism is a spiritual work, and to regard it as any other piece of human business or avocation.

A clairvoyant said to "Ski," "What a bright light you carry; what does that mean?" "Ski" said in reply, "Ask 'James Nolan,' when he comes, to give you his views on 'Memory.'" This was accordingly done, and here they are:—"That question has puzzled some of the wisest heads in your world. They knew they had memory; they knew there was such a thing in existence as memory—a remembrance of things that passed once before them; but they could not locate it or say in what it consists. Around each individual there is a magnetic light (the ancients understood it better,—it was then called an astral light), and in that light is imprinted every act, every thought, and every deed. I do not think I can make myself understood or comprehended by presenting it sufficiently clear.

"There are magnetic emanations coming out from the brain continually, and these are like the wires of your telegraph, reaching out from the centre of this magnetic light; and when you think or desire to remember anything, if your brain is *en rapport* with that portion of the magnetic sphere, the memory sought for comes down that magnetic cord. Sometimes it takes you days to get *en rapport* with that peculiar part of the magnetic light that is around you, but when you succeed, then suddenly the thought will flash across your mind, and the memory that you have been trying to recall for days will return to you."

Upon this most original discourse an interesting and practical conversation followed. A sitter had found a great change in his memory. He could not remember physical events as once, but his mind was larger in an inspirational sense. This was explained to arise from a change in the quality of the magnetic sphere, produced by severe suffering and illness, which made the astral light less susceptible to earthly influences and more open to spiritual impressions.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF THE MEDIUM.

	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
One copy, post free, weekly	0	2	per annum	0	8	8
Two copies " "	0	4	" "	0	17	4
Three " "	0	5½	" "	1	3	10
Four " "	0	7½	" "	1	12	6
Five " "	0	9	" "	1	19	0
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Thirteen " "	1	6	" "	3	18	0

Additional copies, post free, 1½d. each per week, or 6s. 6d. per year.

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, JULY 27.—Address, at 7.

TUESDAY, JULY 29.—Select Meeting for the Exercise of Spiritual Gifts.

THURSDAY, JULY 31.—School of Spiritual Teachers at 8 o'clock.

FRIDAY, AUG. 1.—Social sittings, Clairvoyance, &c., at 8. 1s.

THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.

FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1879.

THE AFFAIRS OF THE SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION.

I am glad that the burden of difficulty rests on my individual shoulders; for I, through the aid of my spirit-friends, have sustaining power to bear the load. A conflict is raging, and the issue is: Will spiritual light and human liberty succeed in its progressive course, or will the opposite party, the spirit of the world, with its mad ambition and selfish demands, prove the conquering hero? We know that heaven will win, but not without a struggle, and the evidence of that struggle is not alone to be gathered from the assailable position of those in the front of the battle, but also from the apathy and cowardice of those in the rear.

The only reason why I should desire to be differently placed is that it would afford me the distinguished privilege of coming to the rescue of him who leads the advanced column, and has to stand the heat and fury of the savage and remorseless enemy. My happiest times have been in helping forward the many causes that have demanded my assistance. And now I ask no one for help—it will come. Faith and resolution are the best friends any man can have: through them the greatest difficulties can be surmounted.

A spiritual work has its roots in the spiritual stratum. From thence it draws its vital resources. There is where I am as a spiritual worker fixed. I simply do my duty: hold on to the post I have been planted to defend, and whether I individually succeed or fall, I will have done my part to ensure the ultimate success of the campaign.

That success is a certainty. Every spiritual fact attests it. Every Spiritualist's progress and the onward development of spiritual ideas warrant it. What is there to fear, timid souls? Only your own weakness and unworthiness to succeed. The time of reckoning has yet to come, when rewards and punishments will be meted out. But the reward of him who does his duty is continuous; it sustains even in the severest conflict.

The scales are even now turning, and when the balances incline the other way, as they will do before long, things will appear in their true light. Thankful for that light even now, and glad that in an hour of darkness I am permitted to dispense it to all who desire to partake, I, at the same time, express my gratitude to the kindly brethren whose words and deeds, though to the amount of a few shillings only, have echoed responsive to the wants I expressed last week. The third surety is still wanted. J. BURNS, O.S.T.

Mr. Editor.—Sir,—Will you kindly insert the following in your next issue, as we think it would be a means of doing good for the Cause?

We, the readers of your valuable paper, see by the number of the 19th July, that you are placed in difficulties on account of creditors you are connected with, and that if some help or aid is not lent or given you, the paper called the MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK, to which we (as you will have seen before this) are contributors, is likely to collapse or come to a close, whereby we should lose the information which we most cordially accept and believe to be the one and only true religion. We, as readers of this valuable journal, think it the duty of all readers of this paper, who have the Cause at heart, to take some steps towards extricating you from your present circumstances, by each contributing a small trifle towards the object which we think is a noble and just one.

It seems you are placed in pretty much the same circumstances as Christian climbing the hill of Difficulty. You have advanced so far, and it is our duty, we think—indeed we think it the duty of all readers—to do good, which is the very essence of Spiritualism: Do good to each other. In a cause so noble, truthful, and good, we should not wish to lose sight of our valuable journal, in which you advocate fairness with and by all creeds, being no respecter of persons. That you may glide peacefully and amicably through the present crisis, is our most earnest desire.—Yours respectfully,

THOMAS HAMMOND.

EDWARD SEPHTON.

Halton, near Leeds, July 19.

P.S.—We along with the above, send you postage stamps to the amount of 2s., to show we are in earnest respecting the Cause we advocate.

"GEORGE THOMPSON'S" ORATION ON WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

In No. 476, published on May 16, we gave a discourse through Mrs. Richmond by "George Thompson," on his "experience in spirit-life." That effort was regarded by Mrs. Thompson Nosworthy as containing reference to fact and forms of expression, which could not have been given by anyone but her father. Again this week we publish another discourse from the same spirit and through the same medium. A copy was sent to Mrs. Nosworthy for her opinion, and we give a few sentences from her letter:—

"The controlling spirit of Mrs. Richmond could be none other than my father. The one man in all creation, after Jesus Christ, on whom my father looked as the noblest reflection of God in humanity, was William Lloyd Garrison; and I think the address a fitting tribute from him to this loved friend, and worthy of those old days of his eloquence, fire, and passion, when George Thompson was held in his own country and in America to be the first natural orator of his day—Lord Brougham's expressed opinion of him."

Critics may possibly find points on which to cavil. The speech had to be given through the brain of another, then taken down in shorthand, and the personality, in a magnetic, if not in a mental sense, is different. These facts may give rise to minor incongruities; but the value of the effort or the identity of the speaker are not to be determined or set aside by these. Mrs. Nosworthy says further: "The tribute is characteristic of my father's style in his earthly life. Mark especially those passages in which one word is made prominent over and over again; as in the case of the word 'wrong,' as applied to slavery, this was my father's favourite style of writing and speaking." The style is very unlike other discourses through the same medium. Those well acquainted with Mr. Thompson were much struck with the former discourse, and we feel sure a deeper impression will be made by the present one.

Such a production should have a wide circulation. If any friends desire to have it reprinted in the form of a penny tract we will keep the type standing for a few days.

What a different aim is attempted in the eulogy by "George Thompson" in spirit-life on his translated friend, William Lloyd Garrison, from what is to be observed in the verbiages that have been perpetrated on Louis Napoleon, who was killed by the Zulus. What we publish this week is morally purifying, spiritually elevating, and ennobling in every way. The toadyism on the "Prince" has been nationally humiliating and demoralising to all engaged in it—from prince to penny-a-liner. The one breathes the atmosphere of liberty, peace, self-devotion, heaven; the other is frantic with that wild ambition that leads to murder and slavery on the most extensive scales, and rejoices in that which only devils can appreciate in perfection. Why are such extremes to be seen amongst us? We answer, because the Chislehurst widow is a prime centre of Jesuitism, which is making such headway in Imperial circles, and our ruling classes are all more or less mesmerised by its baneful influence. The recent laudations have given the Jesuit and anti-British influence great sway, and made all who came under its influence less of men and lovers of liberty, and more the tools of infamous soul-destroying oppression and mental darkness. Recent events are a bad omen for Imperialism, and indicate that reckless degradation and lack of patriotism which foreshadows dynastic destruction.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE publication of "Historical Controls" has raised another question of identity. These problems can only be solved after much experience and dispassionate investigation. The value of the work of A.T.T.P. is in great part due to the large array of facts it presents, and the longer the series extends, there is a broader basis for arriving at a satisfactory conclusion. We have much to say on this point; but the time is not yet.

THE Newcastle circle has adopted a modification of the cage-test for materialisations, as fully described by Mr. Adshead, in his "Miss Wood in Derbyshire." See Mr. Barkas's letter.

THE presence of Dr. Talmage in this country has given a fresh interest to Mr. Burns's Reply to his attack on Spiritualism in a sermon entitled, "The Religion of Ghosts." Now that Dr. Talmage is to be seen and heard amongst us, the position taken by Mr. Burns in his "Spiritualism, the Bible, and Tabernacle Preachers," will appear more striking and just. Wherever the Talmage craze breaks out, it would be well to apply a little of the Burns's salve, for which purpose parcels of the "Reply to Talmage" may be had at a reduced price. It may be the means of drawing the attention of many to Spiritualism.

MR. W. CLARANCE is at present in Paris, where he has given several private seances. Due notice will be given of his return to London.

MR. BURNS spoke at the Spiritual Institution on Sunday evening, on "Why do the Good Suffer for the Redemption of the Evil?" It was altogether a novel subject. He will speak again at 15, Southampton Row, on Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock.

THE social sittings on Friday evenings, at the Spiritual Institution, keep up an unflagging interest. "Daisy" gives valuable information to sitters, and very pleasant evenings are passed. The answers to letters are perhaps the most striking part of the proceedings.

MRS. LOWE'S SEANCES.

In the report given last week there were many important omissions, because, for want of forethought, no steps were taken to secure a note of the occurrences. It should have been recorded that "Mrs. Hardy" spoke to Mr. Burns, and he exchanged remarks with her in reference to her visit to London and the extraordinarily successful seance for spirit-hands which she gave in that same room by which nearly £12 was obtained for the Sunday services. This spirit spoke in a cheerful tone and expressed herself as happy and thoroughly reconciled to spirit-life.

We have not been present at another seance of Mrs. Lowe, but hear of the great satisfaction that is obtained by those who have attended her sittings. Relatives, spirit-guides, and acquaintances speak freely to sitters, giving many tests of identity and manifesting great ability to impart advice and instruction on questions of importance to the sitters personally. She has already given many sittings, and has the promise of having much more to do than her strength will permit. Mrs. Lowe's address is 23, Upper Baker Street, Regent's Park.

THE SPIRITUAL RECORD.

We have on hand a supply of three recent issues of this new periodical, each containing an oration through Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. These copies we can supply as specimens, price 2d. each, or the three post free for 6d. We can take subscriptions and supply the *Spiritual Record* for the whole of 1879 for 8s. 6d.

A TRACTOR FOR SALE.

Mr. R. Dick sends for sale a tractor for the alleviation of pain, the proceeds of sale for the benefit of the Spiritual Institution. We shall be glad to have an offer from some friend who understands its use. Apply to J. Burns, 15, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

The Committee arranging for the forthcoming Convention have got on well with their labours, and may have a programme to publish in another week.

The July number of the *Texas Spiritualist* furnishes indications of progress. It is interesting to observe the gradual development of the Cause in a new region. It reminds us of the early pioneer periodicals in this country. Various parts of Texas have been rich in mediumship in years gone by, as we learned long ago from conversation with Texans. We hope Spiritualism will strike its roots deeply down into that which will one day become a truly great and liberal country.

On Sunday, July 28, a seance will be held at 70, Mark Lane, E.C., when some good mediums will be present. A collection at the close for the benefit of Mrs. Mills. After which the seance will be resolved into a general meeting, to take into consideration the best means to assist the Spiritual Institution, as help is seriously needed. We cordially invite all those Spiritualists who have the good of the Cause at heart, to assist by their co-operation and advice.—C. W.

We have received with last number of *Le Messager* of Liège a pamphlet entitled, "What is the Religion of Jesus Christ?" an essay by a working man. It is printed in the French language. The prevailing question everywhere is the attitude of priesthood in the matter of genuine religion. As yet there are only faint breathings of the outburst that is to come when spiritual thought takes hold of the theme and shows up the truth as it is and ever has been and will be to all eternity. The sophistries of sects and the denials of materialism are of no avail. The light of the spirit reflected by human reason must be brought to bear on the fortress of ignorance and superstition, and then it must fall.

DR. NICHOLS' SANITARY SOAP, advertised in our columns, is an article to which we with pleasure draw the attention of our readers. We have seen it tried repeatedly and for a long time in cases where soreness, tenderness of the skin, or chapped hands were suffered from, and after trying all kinds of medicated soaps none were so cleansing and soothing as "Dr. Nichols' Sanitary Soap." Some time ago it was not so well known as it is now, and we have been in the habit of keeping it in stock for the convenience of correspondents who either called or had it sent to them in their London parcels. It may now be had almost everywhere, but in places where it is not kept intending purchasers may refer to the advertisement on p. 467, and have a supply from head quarters, or we will be glad to enclose any quantity in parcels that we may be sending to correspondents. A convenient supply of this excellent article should be in every family for personal use, particularly in the case of children and sensitive temperaments at any age.

Mrs. GAWTHORNE, 12, Boundary Road, Derby, writes: "I have given upwards of two hundred seances to a great many people in Derby, and very many of them have received *undoubted tests* from their loved ones that have passed on to the spirit-world. Circles have been formed, mediums brought out, homes made bright, hearts reunited that were estranged, by this grand power that all the human family must some time hence accept and thank God for it." The test-medium who labours in the quiet circle, and proves to many the truths of spirit-communication, does a work which the public lecturer cannot attempt. Spiritualism after all, is not a work of lecturing, and in this respect differs essentially from the religious systems. The generality of people do not think for themselves, but listen to what their favourite preacher says, who purports to be the only avenue between man and the spirit-world. But Spiritualism teaches all men to open their souls to inspiration, to catch the light of heaven for themselves, and to be their own preachers; and so Spiritualism flourishes in many places where the voice of the speaker has not been heard. As Spiritualists, we too much under-rate private work, and spend all our halfpence and effort on public demonstrations. The sects have their Bible-women, but women like Mrs. Gawthorne who are mediums, could not only throw light on Bible truths, but give tests of spirit-presence and valuable spiritual advice.

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WONDERFUL MATERIALISATIONS UNDER TEST-CONDITIONS.

To the Editor of the MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.—Dear Sir,—For the last two and a-half years I have only been present at about half a dozen seances—my numerous engagements in other departments of inquiry render attendance at seances difficult. I have for twenty-five years investigated the phenomena, and am perfectly satisfied as to their reality and genuineness, and am, therefore, less disposed to make sacrifices of time in order to attend seances for the development of phenomena similar to those I have previously witnessed.

On Thursday evening last, July 17th, I attended a seance at Weir's Court, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for the purpose of accompanying two personal friends who, for the first time, had arranged to attend a seance. One of those friends is a minister of the Gospel, and the other is a scientific government official—both of them, therefore, are well-informed men; and, so far as my knowledge of them goes, they appear to have the courage of their convictions, and are, therefore, open to investigate extraordinary alleged facts, come from where they may. They both profess to be unable to explain what they saw; but are not prepared on one observation to offer any opinion, except that they are unable to account for what they observed.

At eight o'clock, the hour appointed for the commencement of the seance, there were present about forty ladies and gentlemen, many of whom I inferred, from their conversation, were frequenters of the rooms, and familiar with the phenomena of Spiritualism. My clerical friend remarked to me, *sotto voce*, "They appear very amiable people," and I replied, "Yes; they are well-meaning people, just such as may be found at any respectable place of worship."

The spectators sat round three sides of the room: on one side in one row, at the end in three rows, and at the other side in two rows—all more or less facing the corner of the room in which the medium, Miss Wood, sat. The medium was closed in the corner of the room by a slight wooden frame covered with thin muslin, through which the medium could easily be seen. The sides of this muslin-covered frame were screwed to the wall on one side, and to an angle bead on the other, and the heads of the screws were sealed with wax, thus totally preventing either ingress to or egress from the corner in which the medium sat. The muslin-covered frame is upwards of six feet high. Two long curtains suspended from the ceiling enclosed both muslin-screen and medium, who, under those conditions, was firmly secured; and if any materialised forms passed within the curtains, it is quite clear that those forms could not be personated by the medium, who was behind the muslin-covered frame, which is so slight that any attempt to escape from behind it would have resulted in its being broken to pieces. These arrangements having been made, the gaslight was lowered and we sat in dim light, quite sufficient to enable me to see all who were in the room.

For the first hour the time was occupied by pleasant chat with one of the controls having the sobriquet of "Pocka," who controlled the medium. At nine o'clock the talk ceased, the audience sang one or two hymns, and presently a tall female figure, draped profusely in white, walked from behind the curtains into the middle of the room. The figure professed to be the daughter of an aged lady who was present. The mother afterwards knelt on the floor at the feet of her psychic daughter, and the two—mother and daughter—embraced each other in the most affectionate manner for about sixty seconds. This form retired, and was immediately succeeded by another female form, somewhat stouter than the last, who professed to be the mother of the lady who sat next to me. The lady rose, went forward to her mother, and the two affectionately embraced and kissed each other. This form withdrew, and was succeeded by a male, somewhat smaller of stature, who took up a guitar which stood in the room, carried it aloft and walked round the room, pretending to strike various sitters on the head, but always checking the downward course of the guitar before the head was struck. He was instantly followed by a female form, who moved much more slowly and gracefully in the room, and shook hands with several of the sitters, conducting herself in a gentle and womanly manner. She retired, and was succeeded by two small children, apparently not more than two feet high, who, in a child-like way, patted and kissed the hands of the visitors. One of those children patted and kissed my hand. Its hands were very small and warm, and its lips were soft and moist. These two forms were followed by another small psychic known as "Pocka." She was about four feet high, moved about the room freely, shook hands with several of the sitters, spoke several times, and eventually retired. A hymn was sung, the gaslights were raised, the curtains were drawn back, and I went

into the recess for the purpose of examining the muslin-covered frame and the condition of the screws. I found the screen firmly fixed to the walls, the screws with their wax-covering intact, and the medium sitting on a chair within the enclosure formed by the muslin screen.

This seance, remarkable as it was, was perhaps not sufficiently convincing to justify a person who, for the first time, attended a seance and witnessed phenomena of this kind, receiving them as certainly genuine.

It is requisite, in order to be thoroughly satisfied as to occurrences so antecedently improbable to ordinary persons, as are those I have described, that they have opportunities of examining them under various conditions, and that, in fact, all the surroundings and circumstances should be understood; but to myself, who had witnessed materialisation under almost every conceivable condition and on many occasions, these phenomena were absolutely conclusive; and I could as soon believe that the medium, by trick or deception, produced the phenomena, as I could believe that, by an act of volition of any mere man, the sun would stand still, or, what is equivalent, that the earth could be stopped in its axial motion.

Inquirers into this extraordinary subject are at present adopting a very proper course in not forcing their facts upon the unwilling attention of scientists and theologians, who are conceited enough to reject, without investigation, the great facts and phenomena which are testified to by men who are every whit their equals in standing, in observation, and in critical acumen, and who vouch, after careful investigation, for the genuineness of the phenomena, such as those I have just described. Phenomena compared with which those investigated by Helmholtz, Huxley, and Tyndall, sink into utter insignificance, because they relate to the phenomenal conditions of this life only, while those to which I have referred relate to the life that now is, as well as that probably infinitely longer and more important life which is to come.—I am, yours sincerely,

T. P. BARKAS, F.G.S.

26, Archbold Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne., July 18.

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.

QUESTION.

14. WHICH IS "ROGER BACON?"

In the "Historical Controls," reported by A.T.T.P., in the MEDIUM, No. 484, I see that "Roger Bacon" has been controlling. He commences after the invocation: "Many years, many centuries have passed since my spirit expressed its ideas through lips of perishable flesh; it does so to-night, and you realise it." Are we to understand from this that this control is the first, or are we to understand him to mean that it is many centuries since he spoke through his own "perishable flesh"? If he means that this is the first control, how are we to reconcile it with a control who speaks through a medium who lives here in Blackburn, and who has, during the last five years, given some scores of addresses, all purporting to be given by the spirit of Roger Bacon, the Franciscan Friar? These addresses have always advocated a greater liberality of thought in religious matters, as well as in scientific. During the various controls by the spirit purporting to be "Roger Bacon," he has described the persecutions he was subjected to by the priesthood and his eleven or twelve years spent in prison through his speaking out his thoughts. He often speaks on the creation, the origin of species, and the philosophy of life and death. I should like, if A.T.T.P. can get another control by the same spirit, for him to ask if he is the same one who controls the Blackburn gentleman.

R. W.

MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANCE BY MRS. ESPERANCE.

Mr. Editor,—Since I became an investigator I have embraced such opportunities as presented themselves to visit the various mediums within my reach. Accompanied by my wife I went to Newcastle to hear Miss Brown on June 29, and having read in your columns of Mrs. Esperance's mediumship, I made up my mind to secure admission into her Monday evening seance if possible, notwithstanding the sacrifice of time in remaining so long away from home. We succeeded in our requests, and attended the seance-room, 28, New Bridge Street, Newcastle, with a few other sitters (nine in all), and I was well repaid for the sacrifice I made. The sitting was held in complete darkness, and the medium described spirits around us and wrote messages while in the dark to my great surprise, which, to me, proved Mrs. Esperance's clairvoyance to be of a very high order. This was more particularly the case when Mrs. Hope's disease was described, who sat alongside of me at the opposite end of the table from the medium. We did not require to say that we wanted advice or to put any kind of question; and yet the symptoms were accurately detailed and a suitable prescription given. All true Spiritualists in the north should be proud of Mrs. Esperance. She is one of the grandest mediums I have come in contact with, and I am sure she will prove a blessing to humanity. I desire you to publish this for the benefit of your readers, as well as in justice to the medium in return for the kindness with which she treated me, a stranger to her, on my recent visit. By doing so you will oblige a free-thinker.

JOSEPH W. HOPE.

Ferry Hill.

RIVIERE'S PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Season October. Mrs. Weldon's amateur choir. Three classes weekly—tuition gratis. General rehearsals, Fridays half-past 7, at Tavistock House, Tavistock Square. Apply by letter (enclosing envelope addressed and prepaid) to Mrs. Weldon for prospectus.

THE MALTON REPORT.

Mr. Editor,—Have just seen MEDIUM of 12th and 19th inst. Your remarks at end of my last letter are worthy of consideration—the last line excepted,—“He is jubilant because he was amused and treated for nothing!” I cannot think it wise to make remarks that are likely to insult your best friends, especially when there is not the slightest truth to support you.

'Tis not right to tell what one gives, and I would not were it not to clear this imputation from me. In this case I almost paid half the expenses (although only invited), offered money to Mr. B., and also offered to clear deficiency, if any. In accordance with my means, the Institution, periodicals, and many mediums have had a goodly share, and will again, I hope; therefore, as I am free from the delineation given above, I must either consider it ungentlemanly to a degree, or a hasty run of the pen,—no doubt, the latter.

We cannot get at truth by personalities.

All your friends in Malton and district think it a gross insult; I don't; but as it will have reached some hundreds of my friends in Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland, I shall be glad if you will put it right again.

J. SLATER.

[Speaking of “personalities,” that was the point to which we took exception in Mr. Slater's first letter. Every public medium was thereby personally attacked, much to the damage of their personal interests and the success of their spiritual work. No remark made by Mr. Slater touched us in any way, so that we wrote under no feeling of irritation whatever. Our remarks were cool and logical, written upon mature reflection, and so connected the one with the other that the truth of any one implied or necessitated the truth of the whole. It is not often that we offer any remarks on the letters of correspondents, but remembering that the aggrieved parties were not possibly in a position to defend themselves, we took speech in hand on the principle of doing as we would be done by. And let us say further, that no consideration of friendship or thought of selfish profit arising from anticipated orders for papers or donations could stop our pen in doing that which we feel to be our conscientious duty; and furthermore we are bound to say that the recommendation contained in that letter was based entirely upon the performance being “cheap,” and therefore the gist of the whole was summed up in the short, pithy sentence complained of. It is a case of seeing “oorsel's as ithers see us.” Nor did we in the slightest degree mean to undervalue the writer as a man or a supporter of Spiritualism: all that we touched was his letter, and duty compelled us to deal with it. But on looking into the matter more deeply, aided by the present letter, we find further cause for criticism. The letter was written ostensibly on behalf of greater unanimity amongst mediums, but it breaks the law it purports to lay down by holding up to censure those who mind their own business and require no advice from Mr. Slater, who, it would appear, with Mr. Bland, deliberately concocted the assault, and what is worse, based it on a false issue. It is made to appear that Mr. Bland's visit to Malton was a mere act of benevolence, whereas “expenses” are alluded to. Mr. Slater paid the half, and in return was benefited, diagnosed, instructed, and amused. Mr. Bland and his amanuensis Mr. Slater therefore condemn other mediums for doing the very thing they have done themselves. We know for a fact that professional healers and mediums give as much gratuitous work to the Cause as the private mediums do, and we do not find them employing correspondents to make use of the fact in the way that has been done in this case. We are sorry that any medium should be led to adopt the tactics or entertain the views which have been made public in this affair, and we give prominence to it that a public use may be fulfilled. Let all mediums work as best they can for the Cause, but avoid making their acts a condemnation of the course followed by others. There is no compulsion to pay any medium, or, indeed, to receive their services on the “cheap”—a practice which more than anything else is the disgrace of Spiritualism. We are sorry that Mr. Slater has been influenced (perhaps without any conscious effort on the part of anyone) to take up his pen in this matter, and we are more particularly sorry that he should have thought it proper to call us names for inserting his letter and noticing it as we think it deserved. We are not to be frightened by the possible consequences of the ire of those who may look on in this matter. We have attacked no one personally, not even by imputation, but have attended to the merits of a letter which, if not agreeable to those concerned, may lead to greater discrimination in future correspondence. Query: How much permanent benefit can accrue from mediumship which gives rise to disputes of this kind?—Ed. M.]

MATERIALISATION AND SPIRIT LIGHTS IN COUNTY DURHAM.

To the Editor.—Sir,—On Sunday, July 6, nine of us, including the medium, Mr. J. Ellison, had our usual sitting. The medium, who is a hard-working miner, entered the cabinet, and we commenced singing. In a short time, Mr. G. Harle, a clairvoyant, told us of what was going on in the cabinet, and leading us to expect what we had never before experienced. After a little more singing, to our amazement a spirit-form emerged from the cabinet, carrying a light on its head. It moved about, visible to all in the room, and replied to our questions by movements of its dress. It returned to the cabinet, and again appeared, carrying the light as before. It retired, and the clairvoyant informed us that a larger spirit would appear with a much brighter light: a statement which was verified by a figure coming forth with a bright light, which shone right down its form. This spirit also conversed with us by movements. This spirit was followed by another of still greater size, which communicated with us in the way already described. Then it also retired, and by knocks we were signalled to close the sitting, which lasted one hour and twenty minutes. We sat in a dark room, but the spirit light was sufficient for us to see one another. Mr. Ellison is doing a great work in this locality; he gives a materialisation seance every week. This is the first time we have had the spirit-lights with the form visible at the same time.—I remain, yours in truth,

J. LIVINGSTON.

Portobello, near Washington, County Durham, July 9, 1879.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. T. M. BROWN, PRIOR TO HIS DEPARTURE TO AUSTRALIA.

Mr. Morse reports that this testimonial is making fair progress. With the view of aiding the object we publish the following circular:—

*Elm-Tree Terrace, Uttoxeter Road,
Derby, April, 1879.*

Dear Friend,—Through circumstances that in this country's present commercially depressed state can be readily understood, our good friend and earnest co-worker, Mr. T. M. Brown, of Howden-le-Wear, Durham, finds himself impelled to leave England, and found for himself and family a new home across the waters, in Australia.

Mr. Brown has worked hard and faithfully in the discharge of his mission. As a test medium he has brought the light of spirit-communication into many a darkened home, and, as a trance-speaker, many have been the excellent addresses given through that phase of his mediumship. His works have been performed quietly, but none the less effectively on that account. At the call of our spirit-friends he forsook all, and devoted himself to the valuable labour he has been engaged in—devoted himself with an unselfishness that cared only to do good. Now, he feels it is necessary to make provision for a numerous and rapidly rising family. He therefore turns his face hopefully across the seas, feeling that in Australia a field is presented for the exercise of his mediumship, the providing his family with a proper livelihood, and the attainment of the ease and rest his advancing years entitle him to look forward to.

To help him to realise this, many of his friends in various parts of the United Kingdom have suggested a subscription testimonial, and it is with the view of increasing its amount that I venture to respectfully solicit your contribution to the fund. This object is so thoroughly deserving that the case is rested upon the bare recital of the above facts, as it is felt they are more powerful pleas than any that could be advanced.

At the close of the testimonial the accounts will be audited by two prominent Spiritualists—J. Mould, Esq., President of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Spiritual Evidence Society, and W. P. Adshead, Esq., of Derby House, Belper, Derbyshire,—who have kindly consented to act. Their report will be sent to the current Spiritualist periodicals for insertion, as a satisfaction to the contributors.

Cheques and P.O.O.'s to be made payable to me at Derby.

Awaiting the pleasure of your favourable response, I have the honour to remain, yours very respectfully,
J. J. MORSE.

THE SPIRIT OF A MURDERER—A CORROBORATION.

To the Editor.—Sir,—The letter in your last, headed "The Spirit of a Murderer," was very interesting to the friends who regularly meet at our weekly seance, held at Mr. Ward's, Cowper Cottage, because that same spirit came to us three times in succession, but on neither occasion was he able to get complete control of a medium. The first time that he came, I, not knowing that such a person ever lived, described him standing close to me, the very same as given in your last number; and to show how hard he tried, and how anxious he was, to get control, I felt a depressing influence for hours after the meeting was over. I send the above, believing it will be interesting to some of your readers, and more so to F. P., our Battersea friend, who, I believe, is quite unknown here.
Yours,
C. E. GUBBINS.

Northampton, July 21, 1879.

SPIRITUALISM IN GREAT YARMOUTH.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—Behold those that turn the world upside down are come here also. Mr. W. Wallace, the pioneer medium, after having the satisfaction of seeing the formation of the first society in Suffolk, for the investigation and promulgation of Spiritualism in that county, came into Norfolk, and the first evening held a very successful circle in Great Yarmouth. Mr. Wallace quite despairs of spiritualising the inhabitants here, unless he could stay some time. The town is composed of about 4 roads, 10 streets, and considerably over 100 alleys. Mr. Wallace thinks the people as narrow-minded as the alleys in which they dwell, and that nothing short of training a number of mediums among their own people would make any permanent impression here; but he cannot stay to do that, as he cannot live on the air. No man can be more fit for such employment, yet he will, through necessity, be driven from our ranks for the want of means to sustain his mission.

All communications to be addressed, Mr. W. Wallace, 329, Kentish Town Road, London, N.W.—Yours in the Cause,
Great Yarmouth, Norfolk.
CHAS. A. JOHNSTONE.

MR. D. R. WRIGHT, Stockton, and Mr. J. Watson, West Hartlepool, accompanied by other friends, have left for New Zealand. Both gentlemen are mediums, and the Cause will feel their loss. Mr. Wright called on us on his way through London, and took out with him a parcel of literature. He hopes to maintain the exercise of his mediumship, and build up in his adopted country the spiritual altar to which he so usefully devoted himself in this. A Stockton friend reports that most of the active Spiritualists of the town have left, or are leaving the country, and that but few of the old stock will be left.

FERRYHILL.—Someone is trying to convince the people that the devil performs the spiritual manifestations. Mr. Hope, in reply to these speculative believers, says he believes in God much more than in the devil, granting for the sake of argument, the existence of such a personage, and he is sure that the love of God will send to man's aid angels able to cope with any demons the devil may have at command. The fact is, Spiritualism proves that those called dead do come back and manifest, and an overpowering faith in God must be the best protection from devilish arts, whether it be in spirit-communication or the ordinary affairs of life. Strange, is it not, that orthodox people will not believe in the testimony of their senses, and investigate Spiritualism for themselves, but credulously and unreasonably lend themselves to a superstitious belief in rumours made by factious persons, which rumours dishonour our divine Father by giving more abundant power and dominion to his adversary.

ANNIVERSARY DEMONSTRATION AT SOWERBY BRIDGE.

The anniversary at the Spiritualists' Lyceum, Sowerby Bridge, was celebrated on Sunday, July 13, when two discourses were delivered by Mr. E. W. Wallis, of Nottingham. Notwithstanding the fact that the weather was very unfavourable, the rain continuing to fall nearly all the day, yet the meetings were a splendid success. The hall was crowded on both occasions by a most respectable and intelligent audience, who listened to the discourses with almost breathless silence. The hall itself, which has been thoroughly cleansed and beautified, seemed to add something to the general harmony of the occasion.

The afternoon discourse was upon the "Nature and Destiny of Man," and that in the evening upon "Redemption and Forgiveness spiritually Explained." It was really a treat to listen to the rich, flowing language of Mr. Wallis while under control, and the able manner in which he dealt out the philosophy of Spiritualism was very convincing. If we could only have our platforms throughout the length and breadth of the country, occupied by such speakers every Sunday, the cry that Spiritualism is of the devil would soon be heard no more. Indeed it seems to me that it is the defective and inefficient advocacy of the Cause, which, more than anything else, makes it objectionable to the more intelligent classes of society. Most of our mediums are illiterate men, never having been trained in the first rudiments of education, and the ungrammatical and uncouth manner in which they deliver their addresses, is often calculated to do more harm than good when delivered in public. This idea seems to be shared by many of our Yorkshire friends, and on the morning of the day of the anniversary, this matter was made the subject of discussion. Friends were present from most of the Yorkshire societies, when this defect in the public advocacy of Spiritualism was admitted, and it was accordingly decided to make an attempt at organising a movement, having for its object a more thorough and efficient propaganda of the Cause in the Yorkshire district. If this can be done, I think we shall get on better in the future than we have done in the past.
B. LEES.

TO THE NOTTINGHAM SPIRITUALISTS.

A PIC-NIC AND DEMONSTRATION PROPOSED.

Several friends having suggested the advisability of holding a pic-nic I take the liberty, by the kindness of our brother the Editor, of publishing the following announcement:—

That it has been arranged to hold a pic-nic at Gedling on Saturday, August 2. A train leaves the G. N. R. Station at 2.30 p.m., reaching Gedling at 2.40. The friends will assemble outside the station and receive instructions where tea will be held, and be then left to follow their own inclinations till 4 p.m.

At 5.30 a short conference will be held, to be addressed by several speakers, each one being allowed ten minutes. At the conclusion, games and dancing will be carried on until time to return; trains leave Gedling at 8.23 and 9.28. Friends will please provide their own refreshments.

It is hoped that this will be made a pleasant re-union for old and new friends, and that a happy time of social enjoyment will be spent.

Further particulars may be obtained of Mr. Wallis, who will hold a public meeting at 92, Caroline Street, Nottingham, on Thursday evening, July 31, at 7.30 for 8 prompt; when his spirit-guides will deliver an address; subject, "Have Spiritualists a Creed?" Questions solicited at the close. No collection. All friends of the Movement in the town are invited to attend.—Yours in the good Cause.
E. W. WALLIS.

MR. EDWARD WOOD, of Oldham, will give two trances addresses on Sunday, July 27, at the house of Mr. John Dearden, Summit; to commence at 2.30 and 6.0. All friends are kindly invited.

A GENTLEMAN residing in Westminster would be glad to join a circle in that locality. Applications may be directed to the Editor of the MEDIUM.

WANTED by Mrs. Olive, a nursery-maid kind to children, and a general servant. Apply to Mrs. Olive, 15, Ainger Terrace, King Henry's Road, Chalk Farm, London, N.W.

MR. JOSHUA WOOD, 25, Darnborough Street, York, late of Oldham would be glad to meet with friends of Spiritualism during his sojourn in the ancient city.

A LADY Spiritualist and medium is forming a circle for inquirers every Monday and Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock. She wishes to engage a genuine materialisation medium for once a week. Kindly communicate to A., 2, Scarsdale Villas, Kensington.

MR. J. HAWKINS, 11, Mount Pleasant, East Road, City Road, will open his room for healing and the investigation of Spiritualism every Sunday morning, at eleven o'clock. To commence on Sunday first. Voluntary contribution.

MISS E. A. BROWN will be at Derby and Belper on the 28th. Her address for letters, care of Mr. W. Wheeldon, Cluster Buildings, Belper. From Derbyshire Miss Brown will go to Walsall, Birmingham, Leicester, and other places en route.

PEMBERTON.—On Sunday Mr. J. Walker, of Wigan, again addressed the seance at Mr. John Hathcote's; Mr. Thomas Piggott, of Wigan, a true Spiritualist, presided, and gave an interesting address on "Intoxicating Drink." Then he proposed the following subject: "Darkness covers the earth, and gross darkness the minds of the people,"—upon which Mr. Walker's guides discoursed, to the satisfaction of all.

NO. 1 INSTITUTION SEANCES.—On Tuesday evening, twenty-three persons met at 15, Southampton Row; the conditions were most harmonious, and the influences genial. The secretary read a paper, upon which the controls of Mr. Towns discoursed approvingly. The tests were very satisfactory. A gentleman who had come from the country, who had attended expressly for a test, received one of an extraordinary description; the person and the circumstances described to him, he had not thought of for 30 years. He was quite satisfied. Spirit-lights in abundance and of all colours, were described as being over the table.—J. KING, O.S.T.

MR. MORSE'S APPOINTMENTS.

LEICESTER.—Sunday, July 27. Lecture Hall, Silver St. Evening, 6.30.
 WALSALL.—Monday, July 28. Lecture Room, Exchange Buildings.
 Evening at 7.30.
 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Aug. 3, 4, and 5.
 GLASGOW.—August 6 to 12.
 EDINBURGH.—August 13.

LIVERPOOL.—August 17.
 DERBY.—August 31.

Mr. Morse is open for engagements in all parts of the United Kingdom.
 Address all letters to him at Elm-Tree Terrace, Uttoxeter Road, Derby.

MR. E. W. WALLIS'S APPOINTMENTS.

LANCASHIRE DISTRICT.—Monthly Visit, July 20 to 28, and August 3 to 11 inclusive.
 NOTTINGHAM.—At 92, Caroline Street, Thursday, July 31, and picnic, August 2. For particulars see announcement elsewhere.
 NEWCASTLE.—August 17 and 18. GLASGOW.—August 24 and 25.

Mr. Wallis will accept calls to deliver trance addresses in all parts of the United Kingdom, and attend open-air meetings and pic-nics. Apply, 92, Caroline Street, Nottingham.

MARYLEBONE ASSOCIATION OF INQUIRERS INTO SPIRITUALISM.

QUEBEC HALL, 25, GREAT QUEBEC STREET, MARYLEBONE ROAD.

On Sunday evening last Mr. Joseph Ashman addressed a very attentive and numerous audience. Mr. Ashman's earnestness appeared to be felt, as it was remarked afterwards. Mr. J. Macdonnell presided. That meeting will not be without results.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Slater addressed a highly respectable and full hall, Master Slater reading "One by One," which were both well received and highly spoken of.

On Sunday next, at 6.45, Mr. G. King, on the "Teachings of T. L. Harris."

Wednesday evening, seance, 8.30 prompt; members only.

Saturday seance, Mr. Webster medium.

MIDLAND DISTRICT SPIRITUALISTS' COMMITTEE.

The third quarter's conference of the above Committee will be held in the Lecture Hall, Silver Street, Leicester, on Sunday next, July 27; the meetings commencing at 10.30 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. All friends are cordially invited. A public lecture at 6.30 p.m.; Mr. J. J. Morse, medium, speaker. Admission free to each meeting.

R. H. ARPER, President.

J. J. MORSE, Hon. Sec.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE SPIRITUAL EVIDENCE SOCIETY.

WEIR'S COURT, NEWGATE STREET.

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

Sunday, July 27, at 6.30, Inspirational Address, Mr. Westgarth.

Admission free. A collection to defray expenses.

WEEKLY SEANCES AND MEETINGS.

Sunday, Seance, 10.30 a.m.—"Form Manifestations," Miss C. E. Wood.
 Tuesday, "8 p.m.—"Physical Manifestations."
 Wednesday, 7.45 p.m.—Spiritualists' Improvement Class. (Discussion.)
 Thursday, Seance, 8 p.m.—"Form Manifestations," Miss C. E. Wood.
 Friday and Saturday, 8 p.m.—Developing Circles for Members and Friends (free).

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

BIRMINGHAM, 312, Bridge Street West, Hockley.—The services of Mrs. Groom have been secured to give another trance and clairvoyant meeting in these rooms on Sunday, July 27. Doors open at 6 o'clock. A collection to defray expenses. Miss Blinkhorn, of Walsall, will also visit the circle, of which due notice will be given.

HALIFAX.—The Spiritualists' Society will hold their anniversary in the Central Hall, Union St., on Sunday July 27, when Mr. J. Lamont, of Liverpool, will give two addresses:—in the afternoon at 2.30, and in the evening at 6.30. Tea will be provided for friends from a distance at sixpence a head.—C. APLEYARD.

CHESTER-LE-STREET DISTRICT.—All friends are invited to attend at the house of Mr. Joseph Beck, Ewe Hill, on Saturday, July 26, at 7.30 p.m., to endeavour to unite and form an association of Spiritualists on Sunday evening, at 6.30. Mr. J. Beck will give a trance address, subject, "The general Causes of Revolutions and Ruin of Ancient States."—JOHN WILSON.

Mr. T. M. BROWN is now on his journey South. He will be at Malton from Friday, 25th July, till Tuesday, the 29th. Address for letters, care of Mr. Geo. Hall, Stationer, Finkle Street, Malton. Mr. Brown will proceed to Selby, Leeds, Halifax, Manchester, Liverpool, and thence through Derbyshire to London. As Mr. and Miss Brown intend leaving England soon, their visits to each place must necessarily be short.

Mrs. WELDON's Wednesday Evenings, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, from 7.30 till 10 o'clock.—Mrs. Weldon continues these entertainments weekly. They consist of a short lecture; sacred and romantic, serious and nursery songs, music to suit all tastes, by Gounod, Uriah, Mrs. Weldon, &c. Tickets on application, free. A collection is made by Mrs. Weldon for her orphanage. Tavistock House is about three minutes' walk from Euston Road; corner, St. Pancras Church.

FLOWERS.—J. M. Dale, 50, Crawford Street, Bryanston Square, W., begs to announce that he will sell on Saturday next, July 26, and during the week following, at his house of business, as above, the flowers, in baskets, dishes, vases, &c., of various devices, not disposed of at the Floral Display, Quebec Hall. Fresh flowers of a very choice kind, and very cheap, will be introduced. J. M. D. will be very glad of the visit of any friend.

RULES AND CONDITIONS FOR THE SPIRIT-CIRCLE.

ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS.—The phenomena cannot be successfully elicited in very warm, sultry weather, in extreme cold, when thunder and lightning and magnetic disturbances prevail, when the atmosphere is very moist, or when there is much rain, or storms of wind. A warm, dry atmosphere is best, as it presents the mean between all extremes, and agrees with the harmonious state of man's organism which is proper for the manifestation of spiritual phenomena. A subdued light or darkness increases the power and facilitates control.

LOCAL CONDITIONS.—The room in which a circle is held for development or investigation should be set apart for that purpose. It should be comfortably warmed and ventilated, but draughts or currents of air should be avoided. Those persons composing the circle should meet in the room about an hour before the experiments commence; the sitters should attend each time, and occupy the same places. This maintains the peculiar magnetic conditions necessary to the production of the phenomena. A developing circle exhausts power, or uses it up.

PHYSIOLOGICAL CONDITIONS.—The phenomena are produced by a vital force emanating from the sitters, which the spirits use as a connecting link between themselves and objects. Certain temperaments give off this power; others emit an opposite influence. If the circle is composed of persons with suitable temperaments, manifestations will take place readily; if the contrary be the case, much perseverance will be necessary to produce results. If both kinds of temperament are present, they require to be arranged so as to produce harmony in the psychical atmosphere evolved from them. The physical manifestations especially depend upon temperament. If a circle does not succeed, changes should be made in the sitters till the proper conditions are supplied.

MENTAL CONDITIONS.—All forms of mental excitement are detrimental to success. Those with strong and opposite opinions should not sit together; opinionated, dogmatic, and positive people are better out of the circle and room. Parties between whom there are feelings of envy, hate, contempt, or other inharmonious sentiment should not sit at the same circle. The vicious and crude should be excluded from all such experiments. The minds of the sitters should be in a passive rather than an active state, possessed by the love of truth and of mankind. One harmonious and fully-developed individual is invaluable in the formation of a circle.

THE CIRCLE should consist of from three to ten persons of both sexes, and sit round an oval, oblong, or square table. Cane-bottomed chairs or those with wooden seats are preferable to stuffed chairs. Mediums and sensitives should never sit on stuffed chairs, cushions, or sofas used by other persons, as the influences which accumulate in the cushions often affect the mediums unpleasantly. The active and quiet, the fair and dark, the ruddy and pale, male and female, should be seated alternately. If there is a medium present, he or she should occupy the end of the table with the back to the north. A mellow mediumistic person should be placed on each side of the medium, and those most positive should be at the opposite corners. No person should be placed behind the medium. A circle may represent a horseshoe magnet, with the medium placed between the poles.

CONDUCT AT THE CIRCLE.—The sitters should place their hands on the table, and endeavour to make each other feel easy and comfortable. Agreeable conversation, singing, reading, or invocation may be engaged in—anything that will tend to harmonise the minds of those present, and unite them in one purpose, is in order. By engaging in such exercises the circle may be made very profitable apart from the manifestations. Sitters should not desire anything in particular, but unite in being pleased to receive that which is best for all. The director of the circle should sit opposite the medium, and put all questions to the spirit, and keep order. A recorder should take notes of the conditions and proceedings. Manifestations may take place in a few minutes, or the circle may sit many times before any result occurs. Under these circumstances it is well to change the positions of the sitters, or introduce new elements, till success is achieved. When the table begins to tilt, or when raps occur, do not be too impatient to get answers to questions. When the table can answer questions by giving three tips or raps for "Yes," and one for "No," it may assist in placing the sitters properly. The spirits or intelligences which produce the phenomena should be treated with the same courtesy and consideration as you would desire for yourselves if you were introduced into the company of strangers for their personal benefit. At the same time, the sitters should not on any account allow their judgment to be warped or their good sense imposed upon by spirits, whatever their professions may be. Reason with them kindly, firmly, and considerately.

INTERCOURSE WITH SPIRITS is carried on by various means. The simplest is three tips of the table or raps for "Yes," and one for "No." By this means the spirits can answer in the affirmative or negative. By calling over the alphabet the spirits will rap at the proper letters to constitute a message. Sometimes the hand of a sitter is shaken, then a pencil should be placed in the hand, when the spirits may write by it automatically. Other sitters may become entranced, and the spirits use the vocal organs of such mediums to speak. The spirits sometimes impress mediums, while others are clairvoyant, and see the spirits, and messages from them written in luminous letters in the atmosphere. Sometimes the table and other objects are lifted, moved from place to place, and even through closed doors. Patiently and kindly seek for tests of identity from loved ones in the spirit-world, and exercise caution respecting spirits who make extravagant pretensions of any kind.

BEFORE proceeding with their investigations, inquirers into Spiritualism should correspond with Mr. Burns, Proprietor of the Spiritual Institution, 15, Southampton Row, London, W.C., who will gladly forward a packet of publications and useful information gratis. Stamps should in all cases be enclosed for return postage. Deputations of mediums or lecturers may be arranged for to visit any locality where public meetings or seances can be instituted.

In the Press.—Seventh Edition, cloth, 1s.; paper wrapper, 6d.

ILLNESS: ITS CAUSE AND CURE.

Showing how to preserve health and cure diseases by a safe, scientific, pleasant, and efficient means within the reach of all.

HOW TO PRESERVE HEALTH is a matter of no small importance, nor is it an Utopian undertaking. Nearly all diseases are preventable, and the fraction of time and money spent in acquiring the necessary knowledge is insignificant compared with the loss and suffering incurred by ill health, doctors, and drugs.

HOW TO CURE DISEASE NORMALLY is indicated by the means required to preserve health. Such modes of cure are:—

SAFE,—being in accordance with the laws of health, they cannot possibly destroy the patient or undermine the constitution, as the common practice of administering poison does.

SCIENTIFIC. The remedies propounded in this book are based upon the nature of disease, and the demands of the system in respect to regaining the normal condition. Hence dangerous courses of experiments are superseded by a certain means producing the desired result. This practical knowledge will prove the death-blow to all kinds of medical quackery and malpractice.

PLEASANT are such means and grateful to the diseased condition as food is to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, or rest to the weary. No disgusting draughts, painful operations, or enfeebling processes, but the whole is regenerating and restorative.

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THESE MEANS ARE WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL. The poorest in the land may understand the system and avail themselves of its blessings. Sanitary associations should be formed in each town, and missionaries employed to teach it to those who cannot read and investigate these simple phenomena for themselves.

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SUNDAY, JULY 27.—6, Field View Terrace, London Fields, E. Devotional Meeting at 7. Physical Manifestations at 8. Miss A. Barnes, medium.
 MONDAY, JULY 28.—6, Field View Terrace, E. Seance at 8. Members only.
 TUESDAY, JULY 29.—Mrs. Prichard's, 10, Devonshire Street, Queen Square, at 8.
 WEDNESDAY, JULY 30.—Mr. W. Wallace, 329, Kentish Town Road, at 8.
 Mr. J. Brain's Tests and Clairvoyance, 29, Duke Street, Bloomsbury, at 8.
 THURSDAY, JULY 31.—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, 10, Devonshire Street, Queen Square, at 8.

SEANCES IN THE PROVINCES DURING THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, JULY 27, 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.
 BOWLING, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, 2.30 and 6 p.m.
 BRIGHTON, Hall of Science, 3, Church Street, doors closed 6.30 p.m.
 CARDIFF, Spiritual Society, Heathfield House, West Luton Place. Public Meeting at 6.30.
 DARLINGTON, Mr. J. Hodge's Rooms, Herbalist, High Northgate. Public Meetings at 10.30 a.m. and 6 p.m.
 GRIMSBY, S. J. Herzberg, No. 7, Corporation Road, at 8
 GLASGOW, 164, Trongate, at 6.30 p.m.
 HACKNEY, Spiritual Evidence Society, 6, Field View Terrace, London Fields, E. Devotional Meeting at 7; Seance at 8; Collection at close.
 HALIFAX, Spiritual Institution, Union Street Yard, at 2.30 and 6.30.
 KEIGHLEY, 2 p.m. and 5.30 p.m.
 LEICESTER, Lecture Room, Silver Street, at 10.30 and 6.30.
 LIVERPOOL, Perth Hall, Perth Street, at 11 and 6.30. Lectures.
 MANCHESTER, Temperance Hall, Grosvenor Street, All Saints, at 2.30.
 MIDDLESBRO', 23, High Duncombe Street, at 2.30 p.m.
 OLDHAM, 186, Union Street, at 6.
 OSSETT Spiritual Institution, Ossett Green (near the G. N. R. Station). Lyceum, 10 a.m. and 2 p.m.; Service at 6 p.m.
 SEAHAM HARBOUR, at Mr. Fred. Brown's, in the evening.
 SOWERBY BRIDGE, Spiritualist Progressive Lyceum, Children's Lyceum, 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. Public Meeting, 6.30 p.m.
 MONDAY, JULY 28, LIVERPOOL, Perth Street Hall, at 8. Lecture.
 HACKNEY, Spiritual Evidence Society, 6, Field View Terrace, London Fields, E. Seance. Members only.
 TUESDAY, JULY 29, SEAHAM HARBOUR, at Mr. Fred. Brown's, in the evening.
 STOCKTON, Meeting at Mr. Freund's, 2, Silver Street at 8.15.
 SHEFFIELD, W. S. Hunter's, 47, Wilson Road, Well Road, Heeley, at 8.
 WEDNESDAY, JULY 30, ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE, 28, Bentinck Street, at 8 p.m. for Inquirers. Thursday, Members only.
 BOWLING, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, 8 p.m.
 BIRMINGHAM, Mr. W. Perks, 312, Bridge Street West, near Well Street, for Development at 7.30., for Spiritualists only.
 CARDIFF, Heathfield House, West Luton Place. Developing Circle, 7.30.
 DERBY, Psychological Society, Temperance Hall, Curzon St., at 8 p.m.
 MIDDLESBRO', 38, High Duncombe Street, at 7.30.
 THURSDAY, JULY 31, GRIMSBY, at Mr. T. W. Asquith's, 212, Victoria Street South, at 8 p.m.
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