



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

SPIRITUALISM.

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SEASON, 1880.

INSTITUTION WEEK,

FROM SUNDAY THE

5TH. TO THE 12TH. OF DECEMBER.

ANNUAL ADDRESS.

EVERY SPIRITUALIST is earnestly requested to participate in THE INSTITUTION WEEK exercises. Friends who are isolated may sit alone on one evening during Institution Week to meditate on the best means of being useful in the Great Spiritual Work, and receive impressions how to proceed. Two or more Spiritualists may meet together, exchange views and await impressions.

Where there is a medium to be controlled the spirit may take part in the deliberations.

Let every Spiritualist endeavour to discover what is meant by the Spiritual Movement, and how he can best promote its objects; and thus be a faithful and profitable servant of the Redeeming and Enlightening Power, and an intelligent co-worker with Almighty God.

As a visible point of union for practical work, sympathy with The Spiritual Institution, its work, its instrumentalities and its needs, is warmly recommended. The Spiritual Institution has been a means of doing a great work for the Cause, and its usefulness may be greater in the future: help it and it will help you, and unite the Spiritual forces all over the land. The MEDIUM, as the organ of Spiritual Teaching, is capable of unlimited usefulness by being widely circulated. The expense of the work at the Centre has been most inadequately met this year, and needs well deserved support.

This Institution Week Movement is not merely a money collecting affair. Its object is union with the spirit world, and with one another; but as a token of earnestness every Spiritualist is invited to contribute a small coin, if only one farthing, and sign his or her name on the subjoined Collecting Card—not necessarily for publication.

Much overwork and personal suffering has to be undergone in the course of the year, that the work of the Spiritual Institution may be maintained. All who have benefited by that toil and expenditure during the year, through the perusal of the MEDIUM, or otherwise, are respectfully reminded that a slight recognition however small, would cheer loving hearts whose sole stimulus to continuous work is spiritual affection, and cause them to know that there is a fibre of a similar character running along the hearts of those with whom they are in weekly communication.

Friends! to whom the spirit world has revealed itself, this is the heat of a mighty conflict for the establishment of a true and noble Spiritualism. The Angel-world expects every man and woman to do their duty.

A DISCOURSE

Delivered at Neumeyer Hall, Bloomsbury Mansions,
Hart Street, London, W.C.

MRS. C. L. V. RICHMOND

Under the influence of her Spirit-Guides, on Sunday
Evening, November 7th, 1880.

INVOCATION.

O, Thou Eternal One; Thou Infinite Light; Thou Divine Radiance; Thou Source of every blessing; Thou Splendour of the universe; Thou Wonder; Thou Infinity: O God, as round some radiant sun the worlds and systems move responsive to the law of love and light; so, for ever held by the magic chain of Thy light, sustained and uplifted by Thy life which is our breath, we turn to Thee for evermore. Thine is the music of the moving worlds; Thine the splendour of the orb'd suns, and Thine the radiant and over-shadowing power of that immensity that man can never grasp: but Thou art in the atom as in the sun, we see Thee gleam in the glow-worm's light, and the petal'd flower syllables Thy praise in silent incense, the offering of devotion. The earth vocal with many anthems praising Thee; and every germ and blade of grass, and leaf and flower and tree, and every mountain height and valley, and all streamlets in their course, and the waves that wash the shore, and the deeps calling unto deeps—these praise Thee with the solemn monotone of Nature. O God, we would praise Thee more than atoms or flowers or birds, more than summers and winters of earth, more than the harvest season praises Thee with its golden sheaves and ripening fruits: for we can bring Thee, O Father, the fruitage of time and eternity, the record of Thine own life upon our spirits, the matchless aspiration towards truth,—the untiring love, the abiding faith and hope in Thee. O, make us strong in these: may we yield to the kingdom of Thy Spirit the harvest of goodly deeds and ripened thoughts; may the fruitage of loving kindness grow upon the vine of human life until all are linked in sweet accord, and its purple flames mount up to Thee in the sweet wine of the Spirit. O Thou divinest Light, may every heart be kindled and every life grow more and more, and every spirit be filled with the inspiration of Thy breath, which is matchless, enduring, abiding evermore, and, with the angels ministering to man and guardian spirits filled with the voice of love, praise Thee evermore.

DISCOURSE.

THREE WORDS: WARNING, CONSOLATION,
AND HOPE.

"Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people." Doubtless, Spiritualists are not aware of the place they fill in the spiritual history of the world. Were they aware of it, and aware what Spiritualism portends, the magnitude of it would overwhelm them. The bread of life is broken in small pieces to small understandings, and to fit itself to the condition of earth, spiritual truth comes at various times and cycles according to human need. That this is one of the periods of great change, all who have eyes to see, ears to hear, or minds to understand, can readily discern. The mariner requires no supernatural gift to discover that the long line around the horizon betokens a storm. Out upon the desert, the Arab hastens to dismount from his steed and buries his face in the sand, because, long before one who is not aware has discovered it, he has discerned the approaching signs of the whirlwind. So, upon the mountain heights, where gleam the glaciers and the avalanche, there is a certain murmuring that precedes the descent of the vast and overpowering material above, and this trembling is a warning to the Swiss peasant of the approach of danger. So, near the volcano's breath the muttering earthquake

indicates the forces that shall soon leap forth, and pour down the sides in torrents of flame inundating the valley. Long after the overflowing of the Nile the traveller passes that way and notices the verdant fields the ripening harvest that blesses the beautiful land; but he did not know what mountain snows loosened, he did not know what torrents leaped down from their imprisonment to inundate all that valley and, perhaps, spread devastation and ruin around; for when Nature brings a great blessing—when she brings a great spiritual blessing especially, there is always material calamity. The rocks of earth must be broken ere the fountain can gush forth, and when material desolation is around man turns to the gleams of the spiritual.

The impending year is a year fraught with destiny: even now its fires are smouldering all around you; crimes leap up in unexpected places for no adequate cause or reason—father murders child, husband wife; the slayer is abroad and the red hand of blood seems to stain the choicest citadel of Christian civilization.

Intelligence does not suffice to prevent it, for, sometimes the greatest in mind are the weakest in humanity of spirit. What means it also that there are troubled tremblings of war, and, all along the horizon that a few months ago seemed smiling with peaceful fruitage, there are lurking clouds of discontent, brooding suspicion: nations that were allied refusing to ensure peace, and murmuring of dissatisfaction everywhere.

The Ultramontane difficulty in Germany, the Commune in France, the Irish Land-Leaguers in Ireland—these are typical indications of the hour and of the smouldering volcano that has broken forth. The Jesuits are expelled from France. Where will they go? What will they do? What other land will receive those who now enrol themselves on the list of martyrs, and receive also the impress of their lives, bringing with them the burden of their discontent and the great cause for which they think they have suffered. What other land shall now be peopled with those who, flying from religious persecutions, may seek a foothold elsewhere. It is idle to talk of every year being like every other year, and the average of human existence to be the same. The last three years have been years of disaster, and this that is coming is full of impending trials. In the midst of this Church and State will not be left in doubt; there will be serious severances and divisions threatening in Great Britain, doubtless an entire separation of Church and State. Spiritually it means that this is the outermost pressure of a wave that from spiritual sources is approaching the earth, and that first touches the debris and the floating things upon the surface of Society, then perhaps attacks the strongholds, and finally its full tide comes coursing in upon you. What will you do? Spiritualists would do well to remember that their position is a stronghold if they understand; if they do not, they are as weak and powerless as the feeblest waif that floats upon the stream. The only strength in the midst of all things is spiritual strength. The only grandeur in the midst of all danger is grandeur of mind. The truest safeguard in the tempest is the calm and steadfast captain or pilot at the helm, the truest protection is an attitude of mind which is heroic and trustful; the fearful are ever in danger: those who are contentious are for ever destroyed. What we desire most earnestly to urge upon spiritualists is that they shall be pressed by their danger into co-operation and harmony. We mean that you will have no time for idle bickerings and foolish personalities; we mean there will be sufficient to do in the great flood tide that is pouring on the world; that you shall not discuss one another's shortcomings, but see to it that your own altar fire is clear and pure; since he whose telescope is heavenward can see the stars, but whose points it in the mud will have blinded vision and no enlightenment. We therefore warn the spiritualist—not especially, but since they will hear what we say—against that which is approaching—

chiefly warn them from that which is within; since the danger visiting any citadel is the danger from within more than from without. By uniting harmony, strength, precaution, you thereby invite the protecting powers of the universe. By disseverance, contention, doubt, gloom and personality, you invite invaders of the universe; and these invaders are abroad, they must needs test your strength; it is the hour of testing and the hour of selection, and whomsoever is in the world of life and thought at this hour, capable of serving humanity or his kind—capable of planting a firm foot on the mountain heights of truth—he or she will be chosen as an express voice, as a power of ministration unto the world. We give warning not only to you, but to Society, and to the nation, and to the Church, and to the State. There is no greater strength than in a right act; that which is against it must for ever be swept away by the incoming, yet sure tide of spiritual strength and truth that is destined to uplift humanity. O, but there are hours in every life when the surging tide of materialism seems to threaten to overthrow. You may have felt it in passing a fiery ordeal of conscience, in seeking the truth against an error, in withstanding all temptations to compromise conscience for policy, in approving of that which is highest and best notwithstanding the scorning and scoffing of the world. There are many doubtless who have passed these trials, who understand that to follow the conviction of conscience means sometimes the severing of every outward bond, but, so you are free in spirit, upright in motive and purpose, What can it matter? You stand then upon the Rock of Ages.

We say we give a word of warning to spiritualists, because these of all others have heard the heralding of the approaching hour, these of all others understand the meaning of the turbid stream of life that is agitated now by unwonted crimes and disturbances. These understand also why the war clouds lower in the East, and why in the West the nations are anxiously looking toward one another incredulously, as if doubting what would be the next step. O, and this portends a deeper conflict, the spiritual, which with clashing, perhaps not of sword, but of ideas, shall make men try to know whither they are going and what they are worshipping. If it be Mammon, the golden calf will be destroyed, the idols will be taken from you; they will be trod underneath you, and you barefooted and alone must stand in the presence of that truth for which you have sacrificed yourself to the God of Mammon.

Remember too that those who have light are called upon to do more—that he who stands as watchman or ward by the gateway of any temple or of any truth is expected to give the signal when there is approach of danger, and whomsoever is so placed as to see these various conditions around him, must give the signal cry, and others must gather around him. It is not long ere all will be confusion. It is not long ere the various questions that now are smouldering, will spring forth to actual agitation: it is not long ere you will be called upon, each one perhaps, to make known your standard whether for man or Mammon, whether for God and the spirit, or for slavery and the flesh. For, two hosts—between which weaklings will doubtless hover waiting to see which is the strong—are upon the earth at this hour, and it is not without a final effort that those who keep the minds of man in chain will release their hold upon human conscience. We speak, not condemning, not blaming them for what they do. We merely state what they do and the probabilities as to what they will do. For it is well known in the history of the world that a power once obtained by might or force is grudgingly yielded, and that when the chain is forged it takes ages to file it away, unless a stronger power bursts the bond. Freedom is for ever an active spirit, not upon earth, but hovering o'er it, and what time her name has been taken in vain for centuries, she at last makes herself felt, kindles anew the fires, and in

the mouth or hand of some one rises up to proclaim her presence. This may be by war, it may be by a truth, it may be by a spiritual monition; but whatever way it comes, you are summoned to follow or to fall back in the ranks of the enslaved and abject. Who will fight, who will be enslaved, who will be guided where she leads, or who will be imprisoned, remains to be tested in the hours that are coming now. Nations are being weighed in the balance; it is not merely that individuals are following this or that or the other vocations of their minds, but it is nations also—from the subject to the throned monarch, from the man to the government; and whereso the balance is: whether in the realms of justice or on the side of tyranny, there the nation will be placed, there it will be left and from there it must work its way again till another cycle of spiritual unfoldment.

When Jesus came teaching in the temple and prophesying the desolation that should come to Jerusalem, he was laughed to scorn by those in power, since, what could the breath of a man and a Nazarene do against the power of the sacred Temple.

Agnes have passed: the temple is destroyed, Jerusalem is the haunt of beasts, the heathen sits in the sacred temple, and the Nazarene is revered the world over. Another temple and city, and another citadel like Jerusalem is represented in the civilization and enlightenment of to-day: not one place but many, not one temple but many, and the voice of crying out in their midst is like the voice of the Master who would have sheltered them under his wings but they would not. Now the admonition comes again.

The spirit of Christ has not prevailed, it has been cast aside, and at the very portals of the temple where men worship God—the god of Mammon—there placed in solemn mockery are the words—"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." The Lord's! and man presumes to enslave his brother, and man presumes to do injustice to his fellowman, and not only so, but reap every advantage of human weakness—building up splendour and poverty, crime and injustice side by side and calling this—civilization. We are not dreaming, we draw the picture. Say what you will of it, it is there: no one can deny it, and the voice of the Master outside of the temple is saying, Behold I knock at the door.

This word of warning having been spoken, what is the consolation? That the exact measure of safety in the universe is the exact measure of unselfish love to truth, and whomsoever seeks to preserve himself, his life, his goods, his chattels, his possessions, these, sooner or later in the greater grinding wheel of fate he is deprived of; but whomsoever loveth truth more than himself, tempests do not disturb, poverty cannot intimidate, suffering does not harm, and the spirit rises triumphant upon the wings of hope and blesses God in the midst of the tempest. Do not imagine we promise you exemption from any ills that are common to humanity; do not imagine that we offer you any promise or bribe whereby you at the expence of another or in preference to another may gain safety or security. There is no security but in knowledge, no safety but in truth, no highest altar where man can worship and gain admittance to the kingdom of heaven while his fellowman is left without, save the highest altar that would bless his fellowman there first and voluntarily stay without if one must be left behind. But self-seeking on this day is the great sin that has arrived at its culmination. Individualism is respected; the man is protected; you are paid to be selfish; you are educated to be selfish; you are bribed to be selfish; you are cajoled and taught to be selfish. And lastly you are won to the kingdom of heaven by selfishness. This now has reached its climax, and selfishness reacts to the degree of intruding everywhere upon the life, the liberty, the rights, the province of your fellowman. From self-seeking you have become self-centred; from living within oneself and for oneself. You have be-

come each one the centre or pivot upon which the universe seems to move. Society is so organized that the individual can call upon the government, the municipality, the church, or any other association to protect him against wrong, but subtly and absolutely he may be committing a manifold wrong against Society in so doing. Selfishness having reached its climax, the bomb must burst, the shell must be exploded. Society must learn now that self abnegation is the beginning of protection, that we win for ourselves that which we seek for others, that all we acquire by self sacrifice we shall surely possess for ever—and that we must not do it even for this purpose—but that whether annihilation or hades or the kingdom of heaven or prison cell or poverty or hunger were staring us in the face, we must give the preference to our fellowman as a reaction to this selfishness that has been in the world. The time has come now when prison walls, dungeon chains, haunts of voice and crime are one crystallization of the self-seeking tendencies of the age. The other may be a brighter picture to the outward gaze, but if self righteousness is to be judged the chiefest sin, then it is not brighter to the gaze of the angels or of the Master of light himself.

The comfort is to be found only in the assuaging of the wounds that you have helped to make, unwittingly helped, perchance unconsciously been forced to make. Wherever you can assist in removing the agony and smart of that great social and moral wrong that everywhere creeps out in the world, giving comfort instead of curses, uplifting instead of contending, pitying instead of despising, loving instead of hating. This is the balm and this the panacea.

Of those whom the world deem as outcasts Jesus said "these shall enter the kingdom of heaven before you." And yet how is it at this hour? The outcast stands without the door of the temple, and the Pharisee pleasantly asks God for self-preservation and self-happiness in the kingdom of heaven. We say that until you ask for the happiness of these, forgetting yourselves, you have no part of the kingdom of heaven.

And the spiritual monition of this hour and the spiritual comfort is that instead of this self seeking grasping individual life, the individual shall give all for the higher work and purpose of uplifting the whole, and shall find ample time and ample happiness and ample compensation in that which flows to the spirit as the result of this divine life.

If you make a window in your dwelling how beautiful it becomes; straightway the walls are pencilled with lines of light, the birds begin to sing the children laugh for very joy, and the pale wife opens her eyes heavenwards blessing God for the sunlight. If you make a window in your lives spiritward behold how the song birds come out. Those that were without song in the darkness leap forward to greet the light, and flowers spring up in the desolate corners, and the children of hope and joy run chiming their voices in glad song, through the halls and corridors of your being. You did not know how beautiful it was to bestow instead of receiving. O, for the great blessing of charity, oh for the wonderful boon of self-forgetfulness: pray to God, not that you may be blest, but that you may forget yourselves and in doing good to others and in uplifting them and in comforting them: pray that you may not lack the words, the strength, the smile, the joy, the gentleness to bestow upon them.

As the nurse and the husband walks with stifled footsteps and gently touches the brow of the sufferer, so in the great heartache of the world, and in healing the wounds that have been made in the mad pursuit of wealth, touch ye carefully, tenderly, gently the brow; because ye do not know by what agony the heart springs have been wrung. And the balm in Gilead is here, that, when the tempest sweeps all around you and warfare is upon you in spirit, mind or reality, you

then turn to this inner life, and if the body cannot be blest the mind and spirit can be transformed and transfigured. We have known in history of a good monk who praying always above the couch of the sufferer thanked God whenever the spirit was disenthralled from its earthly tenement saying, "I praise Thee, heavenly Father, that there is one sufferer less upon the earth;" so, if you would consider, those things that are curses sometimes may be made blessings, and, if around the couch of the suffering, or beside the heart of the despairing, you present the picture of that added life and added comfort and immortal strength—how vast the world becomes, how uplifted the clouds are, and the vapours that hung lowering above them are transfigured with the light of immortal consciousness.

We say when Christ has really come to the hearts and minds of men there will be no paupers, no criminals, no dungeon cells, no outcasts, no orphans. There is much to do in the world. The consolation is that for all this darkness there is a corresponding, aye, even greater light. As the night cannot equal the day, as the winter cannot equal the spring and summer and harvest time on earth, so the first tide of thought that flows from the unseen realm represents a realm inexhaustible in love, infallible in light, growing more and more glorious to your gaze the nearer you approach it with the word of promise we have given you, "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy that shall be unto all people." Christ promised the Comforter. Many expect him to come again, many believe the earth and heavens will pass away in a literal sense, and Christ will appear to claim his own. Oh, do not say simply his own, for shall not Christ come to claim those who are left behind? Shall no other gentle footsteps press the earth to gather the after harvest? Ruth the gleaner went forth glad of the sheaves that were left upon the field, and shall there be no later harvest, no final and concluding glory? The heralds from the spirit world proclaim the advent of the disturbance, and, turbid stream of life that now is sweeping forward bearing the debris of human society upon its surface, but represents that which coming from a clearer and purer channel pours its flood tide like a deluge upon the earth; but it is a deluge of light. Beyond the cloud, beyond the tempests and warfare and storm of man, some later inhabitant of earth—some one who a thousand years hence shall sit by the fireside of time and behold the blooming valleys and verdant fields, will have found the fruition of that which is now being sown. Quicker than this comes the announcement of the Messiah; quicker than this is the promise of the New Word spoken to earth, and he who is ready, and she who is made glad by this approach, thrills with the consciousness that life and death and time and sense and night and day and winter and summer and joy and hope and human fear are all swallowed up in the transfigured promise of that light which is approaching.

Departed spirits portend it by their messages of life and their words of preparation, angelic guardians predict it from the voice of their chosen instrument, and tell you that a cycle is here, that the world is ripening, that the first fruits are being gathered in, that a new dawn is approaching, and from Archangels, whose wings are bathed in the celestial sun-light of the New Morning, all the lines of light appear, and their promises are gladdened with the great hope that comes to the world, with the light of that harmony, that promise, that adjustment that shall give to each a glimmering of its radiance and give to all the fruits of the immortal kingdom. Oh, that this vision may be yours, that, in the midst of all this toil and conflict, when the great throes of human passion and pain are surging around you, you may gaze with the vision of the soul, and see, where far away beyond the lines of guardian spirits—beyond the lines of ministering attendants who watch your every footstep—

beyond lines of angels who have higher scope and vision—beyond the archangels who hold their watch by the very gateway of the eternal realm, the highest and the Most High see the approach of this wonderful light.

Behold the heart of love freighted with the voice of music that charms the world like Apollo to consciousness of love of life, crowned with the images of all the stars twelvelfold, the images adorned with the raiment of light that is the very whiteness of the soul of truth: the Comforter, even the Spirit of Truth descending, and, through the ranks of shining saints and angels and spirit and immortal being, clearing a pathway to the earth in answer to human need! O, wonderful Voices. O, uplifting Power, O, disenthraling Life! make room in your hearts, make room in your lives, for if ye snatch one sound of that celestial harmony, the world will be charmed from its sinfulness and pain, and man will forget himself in the glory of the Infinite Love.

THE MARVELLOUS CASE OF MRS. CROAD, OF BRISTOL.

(From the *Chard and Ilminster News*, Nov. 20.)

MR. GILLINGHAM'S VISIT, OCTOBER 27 AND 28, 1880.

"A Service of Suffering" is the title of a small work just published. For a two-fold reason the testimony it bears is of the deepest interest—first, because it furnishes certain facts to science well worthy of its investigation; and second, because it furnishes important confirmation as to the doctrine of the soul's existence and the teachings of Divine truth. To myself the whole of the facts and incidents are full of lessons. These lessons I must leave for a future article. The facts recorded will occupy our present attention, some of these facts having come under my own observation. The startling contents of the book will bear the closest investigation, and the confidence of any reader thereof will be strengthened considerably by his turning to the list of subscribers attached, in which are names of gentlemen who have personally visited the lady, and have witnessed many of the wonderful phenomena connected with her. To say that Professor Plumptre (of King's College, London), Dr. Kennedy (of Stepney), the Hon. and Rev. M. J. Ponsonby (Vicar of New Swindon), the Rev. W. Clarkson, B.A. (of Salisbury) are amongst these is a sufficient guarantee that this book and its contents may not be classed with the many shams and impositions of our day. The book refers to a lady whose condition is one that not only calls for our deepest sympathy, but tends to make us more grateful to God for endowing us with such wondrous powers and giving us the right use of our limbs and senses. This lady's case will force on us the conviction that the soul is the true being, and that with all its marvellous powers it is only caged within our material body, a living witness to confront the infidelity of the age, and at the same time to corroborate the teaching of holy Scripture as to the immortality of the soul. To me it is a case of intense interest, as it furnishes fresh argument in support of what I wrote some ten years ago on "The Immortality of the Soul," based upon facts and phenomena which came under my notice while treating my patients. Mr. Serjeant Cox, on reading this work of mine, stated that the facts and testimony I had recorded were of vital importance, and peculiarly welcome to himself, inasmuch as he had worked out a similar testimony from an entirely different branch of natural science, and the two diverse lines of argument came together as two witnesses confirming the same truth. Mr. Cox devotes seven pages of review to my little book in his last work, "What am I; or, the Mechanism of Man." I state this for the information of the reader that he may know I am in sympathy with the subject I am about to handle. Now I make no claim to be a scientific man; my knowledge comes simply from a close observation of facts. Thus I shall deal with the matter from this standpoint, and leave the formation of a scientific theory to those better able to do so. I shall only deal with the materials I have at command, well knowing that the unknown, as compared with the known, is vast and immeasurable. After giving the facts I will offer some suggestions by way of explanation, which my reader is at liberty to receive or reject, but whether my explanation be correct or not, there is one thing to be recognised—we cannot get rid of the facts. Having by this time roused your curiosity by such an introduction, I will at once proceed to the case of Mrs. Croad.

Formerly she lived at Swindon, and was then the patient of Dr. Maclean. Now she resides at No. 1, Collingwood Road, Redland, Bristol, and is under the medical care of J. G. Davy, Esq., and O. Andrews, Esq. Mrs. Croad is in the keeping and care of Mr. and Mrs. Harris, of Fernleigh, Woodfield Road, Redland, who in love and sympathy, with other Christian friends, care for her temporal wants. For ten years she has been paralysed in both legs and left arm, she is totally blind,

deaf, and dumb, and throat weak and jaw locked, so that she has taken no solid food for this period of time, but has taken nourishment by suction. All the avenues to her soul are thus closed. Her mode of communication is by strapping a pencil to her finger and writing on a slate, and the means of reaching her mind is by writing with your finger on her cheek. After reading her book I wrote to say I should call and see her, I could not say when, but she was not to be surprised at my calling any time.

I visited her on the 27th October. She was very ill; the lady who answered the door said I could not see her for that reason. A lady and gentleman had just left without seeing her, but there was a gentleman of Chard coming to-day. "If you are that gentleman she will see you." On entering the room I found her dressed and in a kneeling position on her little cot. She knew me on entering, and held out her hand, and drew me down to the chair by her side. Signing for her slate, she wrote, "How very kind of you to come and see me. I knew you were coming to-day."

How did she know? I did not say when I was going to call at the house. The first fact in the science of mind and soul now confronts us, to which I will offer a solution, but I prefer first to give all the facts connected with my interview, and then take them one by one and offer some explanation.

Mrs. Harris, the lady referred to above, made some remarks on her knowledge and perception of things, and said she could not understand it. Whilst Mrs. Croad had held of my hand I told Mrs. Harris I could offer a solution of her knowing some things by the sense of touch. When any of the avenues to the soul were closed those that were left became more intensified, refined, and attenuated. Mrs. Harris asked me to explain my meaning further, and took a sheet of paper to write what I was going to say, when Mrs. Croad stopped me, and, taking her slate, wrote, "Allow me to say what you are going to say, because if you say it first you will think I heard you;" and then she proceeded to write out my thoughts, which she afterwards copied on paper and gave me. There are as follows:—"A blind person feels and knows if there is an object before him. How does he know? The nerves are so sensitive that they have a feeling of fear, so to speak; not actual fear, but a shrinking from what would hurt, and they thus stay their too rapid way, and feel continually onward. Is it not so?" I responded, "Yes." Then she wrote, "This is communion of spirit, is it not?" I wrote with my finger on her cheek, "This is true communion."

Now we are confronted with another fact. How could Mrs. Croad write out my thoughts? We shall have to offer a solution further on. We are now getting into deep water.

Taking out a packet of my photographs, which represent all kinds of mechanism, artificial limbs, and amputations. I handed her one of a patient with arm amputated at the shoulder, with an artificial hand and arm. "Will you describe this photograph?" She said, "Yes."

But Mrs. Harris made a request that I should first test her eyes, because it had been remarked by some persons that she could both see and hear. Mr. Harris, being indignant, wrote to Dr. Maclean, of Swindon, under whose care she had been for so many years. I saw the doctor's reply, in which he stated that Mrs. Croad's case was no imposition. There has been so much imposition foisted upon us from time to time that it is to be expected that people should lose faith in any such wondrous facts as are connected with Mrs. Croad, but alleged truth commands respect, and we ought to disabuse our minds of all prejudice and do our utmost to discriminate between falsehood and truth.

Acting upon Mr. Harris's suggestion, I drew up the eyelids of Mrs. Croad. It was with difficulty I could open them more than half an inch. I found the pupils were completely turned up into the head, and the iris invisible, and only the whites to be seen. Having thus satisfied myself, Mrs. Croad took the card (let it be remembered that with a photograph there are no raised lines as with a painting or pen and ink sketch), and placed it on her cheek; then, taking her slate, she wrote, "A man;" then "No;" and with the index finger of her right hand placed on her left shoulder, she drew it down to the elbow, and thence on to the tips of the fingers, meaning "No arm." This was perfectly correct.

Now these photographs are of an unusual character; she could not possibly have known any of them.

I gave her another with both arms off and two artificial arms; this she placed on her cheek, and then wrote on her slate, "Both." She then pointed to one arm and shrugged the shoulder of the other—"Both arms." Quite correct.

Now here are facts for science, not to be pooh-poohed as unworthy of investigation, and the object of publishing an account of her life is to give every facility for doing so both in the interest of science and truth. Here, then, we are confronted with another startling fact; she can describe photographs and pictures, and knows different hand-writings, an explanation of which she herself gives, and on which I may say something. There is one important point to be noticed—when she read my thoughts she held my hand, but during the examination of the photographs there was no such link between us (reference is made to this "linking" in the history of her life).

She went on to tell me that she had learnt at Swindon that I could make her a couch and chair combined, so that she might ride out. I gave her no encouragement, as the secret in spinal complaints is rest. Being unwell, I did not wish to try her more, but two medical gentlemen coming in (Drs. Davy and Andrews, her advisers), I introduced myself to them, and we retired into another room for a conversation, after which I left.

I returned in the after part of the day, and on entering the room Mrs. Croad spelt out with her right-hand finger as index upon her paralysed left hand after the manner of a deaf and dumb person, "Gillingham," thus showing that she recognised me. She knows who are in her room by the vibration caused by their step and voice; she knows what things are being moved and shifted from place to place, and even knows what is going on in different parts of the house. This she explains in the course of her life history recorded in the book. A child cries; she feels the vibration in the air, and signs "Hush, hush." She asked me, "Have you any children?" I counted four on her fingers, at which she expressed signs of pleasure.

Her perception of colour is remarkable. It is thus described on page 48 in her own language:—"Colours are known by their degree of heat, smoothness, or roughness, white being cold, black hot or raised, red very hot and smooth, blue hot and grating, edging my teeth, brown very grating," and so on. I earnestly advise my readers to obtain the book and read its contents for themselves. Its spirit is excellent. A considerable portion of its pages is occupied with specimens of her own poetical and prose productions, all of no mean order, and written during her present most pitiable condition. Those who read it will learn a lesson never to be forgotten from her peace, and joy, and thankfulness, and her wonderful patience and submission to the Divine will under her severe afflictions. I know no other case where there is such strong confidence in God under heavy trial; instinctively it makes me think of the patient Job of olden days. I wrote on her cheek, "Jesus precious." She replied, "Jesus precious, VERY," underlining the word twice.

I waited on Mrs. Harris late in the evening, and said I wished to see Mrs. Croad in the morning when she was quiet, saying that my reason for so wishing was that I might make some unmistakable test. Preposed investigators, with stereotyped ideas, often test under unfair conditions; and if they cannot have their positive way in the matter they go off with some wrong idea and put the thing down as an imposition. What do I mean? If a photographer on taking his picture from the camera were asked to show it you, he would say, I cannot; and he tells you the eternal law will not allow him, and if you insist upon your conditions you spoil the picture: but to develop it he must go into the dark room, and pass it through a chemical process. In electric telegraphy, when the air is charged with electricity, the needle will not work, it fluctuates; it is no fault of the machine: let the disturbance cease and the needle becomes true to its work. This is corroborated in Mrs. Croad's letter to me, which she wrote in the night and handed me in the morning: she writes all her letters in the night in the dark, in preference to the day; she says, "If a person comes into my room with intent to test my knowledge of their presence, I mean if they creep in behind another, there is an instant feeling of horror. I feel as I should if a snake were creeping near me, and I have often cried out for them not to think me so green but come forward. I have not the same feeling with a believer and one that loves the Lord. Is not that the spirit feeling or meeting its kindred nature? I think so. I like not to be tested for two reasons: one, I feel it to be employing the gifts of God, or rather turning them, into a kind of witchcraft; another it tries my whole system. When asked for, there is a nervous dread lest I should make a mistake and so be counted an impostor. When not asked I never feel so; I mean when I take anything of my own free will. I hate show or pretension."

Before visiting Mrs. Croad I went to the Clifton Nursery and purchased some flowers, with which I wished to present her. On entering the room she had a letter on the bed opened; writing on the slate she gave the name of the sender. This she knows by placing the address on her face. There are four pages; now begins the tedious process of writing out the whole of this letter upon her cheek; this Mr. Harris does with his index finger. Now, if she could hear or see this process would be unnecessary. During the interval she hands me the letter to read on testing, which letter I have just quoted from at some length. It has been said that Mrs. Croad is clairvoyant; but she is not so, and I shall have to explain the difference between second-sight and her case. The letter being finished, to which she assents by nodding and writing, she beckons me over, takes my hand, and draws me down upon the chair at her side. I now answer her note and write upon her cheek, "I am perfectly satisfied; the Lord knoweth them that are His." She responded by writing on the slate, "And He hath promised that those that put their trust in Him shall not want any good thing." The flowers being on a table at the foot of the bed, I took them up and held them at a distance; she put forth her hand to receive them and smiled. I hung them a little nearer and still held them; she knows I am in a way tantalising her; when I placed them in her hand she took

them, first placing them to her bosom; she grasped my hand and thanked me with delight, then writing on her slate, "You are God's angels to me, looking unto Jesus, the heliotrope flower; with much Christian love and thanks." I now wrote on her cheek and ask her to describe the flowers to me. She began to feel and then to place them to her nose. The first I thought to be a small dahlia: she wrote out "Winter rose." "Quite correct," said Mr. Harris. Next heliotrope, geranium, various, fern, etc. This being done, I asked her if she would describe my photographs to Mr. Harris, as he had not seen them; she responded "Yes." I then dropped a pack of fifty into her lap; she smiled, shook her head, and putting her hand to her forehead, wrote on her slate, "No, no, too many; it would try me too much." I told her to take what she liked from the pack, I did not wish to tire her. The first photograph was a boy with both legs amputated. She placed it on her face, and expressed her surprise. "A boy. Is he well?" She then made two strokes on the slate and drew her well-across her thighs, "Both legs off." I now gave her another. She expressed a degree of pleasure and wrote on her slate, "The same boy, dressed." It was so, the boy having on artificial limbs, and dressed, in this picture. She is now getting spent and leans on the shoulder of Mr. Harris, and wrote, "It must be only one more, and that is all." I now gave her a photo of a spine case: the patient is stripped to the waist. She writes, "A man with his back towards me," which is perfectly correct. Then she wrote, "You can prove it to the world that my case is no imposition." The testing being over, she takes the photos and counts them over one at a time, and puts down the number on a slate, and said there were some missing. I was not aware of it, neither did I myself know the exact number of the pack. She was perplexed; when on turning myself round I saw two on the table that I had lost sight of. I took them, put them down with the rest, and then she was satisfied that they were all there. She at times gave way with pain. I had no wish to strain her, and wished her to understand that. She expressed her pleasure with my company, and said I did not weary her, but that she herself was always weary with her pain. "But don't you think God can make pain a blessing and a means of weaning us from the world? Don't you think heaven is very near,—only a thin veil between?" Holding her hand I was about to answer when she caught my thoughts before I could open my mouth, and beginning to write on her slate, filled it on one side and turned over to the other, referring to Elijah and the prophet's servant, the opening of his eyes, etc., etc., and it was all given as I was about to give it. Pointing to Mr. Harris she wrote, "He is my father." I had asked Mr. Harris on a previous occasion what relationship existed between them; he said, "No relation; I was introduced to Mrs. Croad at Swindon three years ago, and becoming interested in her, I brought her here a few weeks ago to care for her." Both Mr. and Mrs. Harris are drawn to her with all the intensified love of parents. I said, "I know you would be most unwilling to give her up." He answered, "Yes, that I should." Knowing this, I made a circle on her face and wrote in the centre, Love, then touched the wedding ring on her finger. She heaved a deep sigh and wrote on her slate, "Never to be broken." I then wrote on her cheek, "This is true union." How the Lord provides; bound by a bond that can never be broken; one that never galls: as light as a feather, but as lasting as eternity!

The lessons I learnt from this submissive, loving spirit. I shall never forget, and I do thank God from my very heart; that I ever had the privilege of being in her company. I shall yet write on the lessons the whole of her history teaches after I have given or offered some solutions of the extraordinary facts connected with her case. Her doctors now came in. I retired with them and gave them an account of my interview, but before doing so she is prescribed chlorodyne. She knows what is wanted, and puts her hand up to the shelf, but cannot reach it. A bottle is taken down and passed to her, but she refuses to take it, knowing it is not the right one. Another, and yet another is taken, but they are waved off. She makes another effort and fails, as the shelves are around her cot. Mr. Harris sees what she wants and gives her the bottle; she takes out the cork and gives it to the doctor, and when the chlorodyne is prepared she takes it by suction. We are then by signs told to leave the room, but Dr. Davy is to remain. She asks him if he would be offended if she wrote out his character. He said, "No," whereupon she does so. He brought it into the other room to us and read it. Dr. Davy said it was a true description. It was very pointed. There was one point of difference in it concerning a matter of doctrine, yet Dr. Davy admitted that from her point of view it was perfectly correct. Dr. Davy will pardon me for referring to this; I name it as it is of the highest importance that every detail should be duly weighed. How does she know character? This is another question to be answered and can be explained.

I must leave this narrative for the consideration of my readers. To use the words on the title-page of the book, "Truth is stranger than fiction." I will offer some solutions of the phenomena or suggest possibilities in my next letter, from a psychological point of view; and when any explanation

tions are written they are open to any further suggestions that may be offered by way of further elucidation or correction. If any suggestions or corrections come from Mrs. Croad they shall follow each solution which I myself may offer in the case. A physician who would understand her case from his study of nervous disease may give other explanations of the phenomena. Thus, in the interest of science and truth, by getting at the two sides of the question some light may be thrown on her case. I wish to adhere to simple facts and their teachings, and to steer as clear from theory as possible.

JAMES GILLINGHAM.

NOTES.

1.—By way of adding further testimony to the genuineness of Mrs. Croad's case I add two notes. After my first interview, Mrs. Harris said one of Mrs. Croad's medical attendants was about to try the effects of mesmerism. I said it could never affect her; mesmerism is the doctrine of sympathy, and the subject is reached through the external senses, which in the case of Mrs. Croad were completely sealed up. The following day one of her medical advisers said he had tried mesmerism, and there was no response! No clearer testimony could we have that the external senses were entirely closed.

2.—I was giving an account of my visit to Mrs. Croad to a professional gentleman who has known me for some years. He thought I was beside myself; he did not doubt my veracity, but what I stated was a physical impossibility. "Well," I replied, "it was not so much a question for physiology to decide as for psychology, and that psychology began where physiology ended." "If what you say," was the gentleman's reply, "is true, then we are brought to a standstill. Where are we going? what is the result of our experience and research?" I thought this was a sound common-sense way of putting it. "Do you mean to tell me," says the doctor, "that Mrs. Croad, who is blind, deaf, and dumb, can decide a photograph and tell a church from a house and a house from a man?" "Yes, I do; and describe and explain more wonderful things," Well, it seemed to take the breath out of him. I said, "I will tell you what I will do, doctor; I will write to Dr. Davy, of Redland, and ask him for your satisfaction to put various tests, and I will send you the results." A few days later I received a letter from Dr. Davy, from which I take the following extract: "Dr. Andrews and I called on Mrs. Croad, as you suggested. I put into her hand three photos, one of a dead dog, another of a church, and the other of myself. They were all correctly described by Mrs. Croad on her slate. I cannot indeed see any way to doubt her marvellous powers," etc., etc.

The book, "Service of Suffering," may be obtained of Mr. C. Harris, Fernleigh, Woodfield Road, Redland, Bristol, price 1s. and 1s. 6d., by post 1s. 2d. and 1s. 8d. This book, I believe, has passed through the second edition, and is now passing through a third: order in time. I would advise readers to keep this article or get a few extra papers, as the explanations of these phenomena will follow in my next article, which will take about three columns of the paper.

I wish it clearly to be understood that the medical gentlemen referred to in my articles are not responsible for any of my statements, and I think it only courteous to say this, as I may strike out a different line of thought from theirs.

GOOD AND EVIL SPIRITUALISM: MRS. ESPERANCE'S INNOCENCE.

We can assure our kind correspondent, P. O., that there is not the slightest stain on the reputation or mediumship of Mrs. Esperance arising from the "seizure seance." The evidence which we published showed that those in the best position to judge gave the lie to the charges of the accusers. Let it be borne in mind that a conspirator and an accuser is an interested party, and not fit to give unprejudiced evidence. At the same time it is well known to experienced Spiritualists that all the visible or solid portions of a medium's body may be absorbed by the spirit-form, and yet the medium remain as a conscious individual in his or her proper place. The medium is not controlled and walked out to personate a spirit in these cases; but the atoms are so far drawn on that the soul and its immediate surroundings alone remain as the sphere of personal consciousness for the medium.

This result happens to all mediums at all times in a more or less degree, as we showed in our articles on the "Mysteries of Materialisation." The evil is when sitters, instead of simply observing facts and endeavouring to understand them, mis-observe the facts and then straightway turn them into an accusation against the innocent medium. Every one, medium or other person, is to be deemed innocent till proved guilty. Mrs. Esperance has not been proved guilty in any respect, not even of having been, under control, made to personate a spirit. Why, then, all this uproar against her? It proceeds first, from wrongheadedness, ignorance of the true nature of spiritual phenomena and of the peculiar office of mediumship. These wrongheaded ones really do not know what they are talking about; they are incapable of forming any just judgement, and on opening their mouth invariably "put their foot in it." Secondly, this uproar proceeds from wrongheadedness, an

inherent wickedness which there is in some to blacken all they can get the chance to operate on. These carping saints require the aid of a very dark background indeed, to render their own self-righteousness luminous; and they scruple not whom they morally assassinate if they can thereby preserve themselves in the odour of a pharisaical sanctity. The mere fact that Mrs. Esperance was befriended in the columns of this journal was quite sufficient cause why she should be vilified in another. When such things are in our midst, Where shall we look for principle or honesty when all that true manhood would hold sacred is sacrificed on the altar of party spleen? Call this "Spiritualism" if you please, but if so it be, it is inspired from the nethermost hell. The question, then, is not, Are we under spirit-influence? but, What sort of influence is it? If the tree is known by its fruit, then the vile accusations that continually fill the mouth of a certain class of Spiritualists must show what kind of tree their "apples of Sodom" grow upon.

The world would be better far without Spiritualism than with the fool-mouthed article which would exterminate such mediums as Mrs. Esperance. She does not suffer alone. All who are not the tools of that particular influence are mercilessly assailed by it. Like the tyrant Nero, it would ruin all and make merry over the ashes.

That there is an evil as well as a good side to Spiritualism has been seen from the first. The earliest investigators in this country, the Howitts, Wilkinsons, and others saw this two-fold tendency and anticipated that which has now taken place, when the practice of spirit-communication became common and was used for self-aggrandisement, professionalism, and party purposes.

The work of the true Spiritualist is now to endeavour to liberate those who have become the organs and instruments of the evil influence. This can be best accomplished by keeping apart from those infected with it. Seek rather to form powerful spiritual centres on a proper basis, which operating on public opinion and the surrounding atmosphere will gradually modify them to its own likeness. To this salutary end all of the best mediums are being driven "out of the Movement," as it is called. They are being saved from the pollution which the disorderly circles and undisciplined domineers of the Movement would subject them.

Let every medium and true Spiritualist resolve forthwith to have nothing more to do with mundane influences—the attempts of one set of Spiritualists to coerce and control the views and acts of others. Appeal to your own conscience for support, and to your intuitions for guidance. By these means you will be related to the wise and good in the spirit-world and be saved from the wretched wrangle which the lower spheres breathe into the motives of short-sighted, self-seeking men.

HOW MEDIUMS ARE INJURED.

Mr. Bastian's success at Hamburg is most gratifying. Herr Sellin appears to be a large hearted Spiritualist, worthy to preside over these sublime demonstrations. But large heartedness may even err in the unrestrained exercise of its peculiarities, and we think grave error was perpetrated in admitting Mr. "Brimstone" to the circles. He may indeed be as luscious as treacle, and as salutary as brimstone—an excellent remedy for impure blood, but altogether out of place in confessions of another order. When will Spiritualists learn the least wee bit of common sense, and not pester themselves with hangers on who are entirely unfitted to participate in these inquiries? What would we think of the common sense of the music master who would persist in dragging into his classes, persons who not only hated music, and had no faculty for it, but on all occasions when they emitted sounds they were the most horrible discords! Consign Mr. "Brimstone" to his proper place, and, no doubt, he will be not only useful but ornamental; persist in allowing him to sit with mediums, and their guides will have to give these abused mediums a three months' holiday occasionally, such as Mr. Bastian is enjoying now; but the Mr. "Brimstone's" ought to contribute the expenses of such a long vacation, as they are the cause of it. Put together the failure of Mr. Bastian at Hamburg, under the fumbling of Mr. "Brimstone," and the disgust and pain of Mrs. Croad at the test-hunters, and we have the true rule of circle construction proved by two different processes. It is spiritual fitness that should decide the merits of sitters. If this be Spiritualism let us be consistent with that title, and conduct it on a spiritual basis.

THE HAPPY EVENING AT GOSWELL HALL.

Notwithstanding the exceeding wet weather, the Happy Evening on Thursday last was a complete success. The Hall was well filled, and the musical programme was ably conducted by Mr. Knight Smith. The vocalists, as previously announced—Miss Sparey, Miss Flora Hamilton, the Misses Gillam, Miss B. Freeman, Mr. L. G. Freeman, Mr. Ming, Mr. Furse, Mr. Presley, and Mr. Guy—did their parts well, and merited the applause of their gratified hearers. The dancing which followed, conducted by Mr. L. G. Freeman, was much enjoyed.

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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.

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

THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1880.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Mrs. Richmond's discourse is a lesson to every one. A distinction is made between the necessary observation of error, and bitter selfish censure. Faults are facts, and demand recognition; but only with a view to their amendment. One of the duties of the spiritual journalist is therefore of a very delicate though needful character.

There is a curious process of sifting going on in Spiritualism just now. Men, good men, and well known for their useful work and helpfulness in the past are being left out in the cold by those in power in local cliques. These excommunicated ones are the true spiritual teachers, who desire to follow the spirit and not bow the knee to the Baal of the Committees. They are well out of the mess; Sectarian Spiritualism is not a whit more enlightened and liberal than Sectarian anything else. Those that remain in the cliques are fighting away manfully with one another, and soon like the Kilkenny cats, there will be nothing but the two tails left. All true Spiritualists will thank God for being redeemed from the friction of the spiritualistic machine.

"Axe grinding" is the new term for "spiritual work" as practised by the wire-pulling class of "friends of the Cause," who get up the organisations, oppose independent Spiritualists, originate scandals and generally set the Movement by the ears, especially in the case of those whose aural organs are pretty well developed. The less spiritual, the more of a Spiritualist, in the sense which the Axe grinders most highly appreciate. To trouble the mind incessantly with views, opinions, and actions of a few busybodies is not Spiritualism, yet it is all that some Spiritualists and others attend to. The great question of spiritual science is as yet an unexplored region, and the public mind is very ignorant of those facts which have been already discovered. Let Spiritualists, then, leave off selfseeking and detraction, and labour with might and main at the discovery of Truth, the diffusion of Truth, and the application of Truth to the welfare of humanity.

Correspondents repeatedly call our attention to remarks made in other prints which these good correspondents think we should take notice of. Our reply to all is that we read none of the periodicals published in this country for whose

special benefit Spiritualism was created, just as the world was formed for the pampered goose. We have more than enough to do with the MEDIUM, and having sent that on its rounds weekly we are somewhat like the baker who could not stand the smell of new bread outside of his own bake-house. Our most truthful and charitable contemporaries may scribble away as they please; they will not hurt our feelings for we never read their remarks. As to injuring us, that is beyond their power: they have tried it and only demonstrated their own impotence. No, good correspondents, we are too busy to wrangle; Spiritualism is as much as we can attend to, we will allow our "brothers" to fight it out amongst themselves.

We desire it to be understood that we have never injured, nor do we now attempt to injure the interests of any publication in the interests of this Cause. We have, before now, differed very widely from the policy and teachings of other spiritualistic journals, as it was our duty in the interests of Truth to do; but that is a very different thing from hurting the business position of any speculator in printed matter, however mistaken he may be. Free trade is our motto: live and let live. We have never found any other publishing effort injure us and so we have no cause to be vindictive; we were in the field first, and cannot be said to have entered on the work from motives of competition. We have never regarded ourselves as the organ of any clique or party; Spiritualism has been our theme, and of that great Truth we have gladly allowed ourselves to be the organic expression. We do not exist for the purpose of publishing this and that man's contributions, or retailing the gossip of the busybodies who may find it to their advantage to make themselves popular amongst us. We exist because we are required by the spiritual influences which act through us, and while we serve these higher powers we have little concern about the contentions or patronage of the lower sphere. We well know that thousands delight to drink at that fountain which refreshes us, we are glad to see that number extended, but to proselytise or compete for popularity by the vilification of others is not a part of our policy.

The last two issues of the MEDIUM have been exceedingly well received, and every day we are sending out special parcels from the stock that remains—we have only a few of each left. There is a power to enlighten coming amongst us, which we hope will enable us to render the MEDIUM increasingly interesting and useful. Then, at the same time, a fervour will take possession of all readers to enable them to labour for its unlimited circulation, thus Spiritualism will become a power in the land.

It was with much pleasure that we received, the other day, a set of photographic portraits of the Ven. Archdeacon Colley, of Natal, whose sermons have so much edified our readers. He looks well, but bears the unmistakable marks of hard work. His resolute, kindly countenance warms the observer, and the deep request arises in the bosom that the church be speedily filled with noble men similarly inspired.

We regret to learn that on Sunday evening Mr. Morse was so seriously indisposed as to be unable to proceed with his lecture at Goswell Hall.

We thank kind friends who have aided us during the week with our printing effort. The want of material imposes serious inconveniences. Any payments our friends can favour us with immediately will be of double value.

ANOTHER SOIREE IN AID OF THE SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—It is my intention to arrange another soiree during the first week in January, the proceeds of same to be devoted to the Spiritual Institution.

I should be very glad to hear from any of your readers who are willing to assist towards covering expenses. I should be pleased if we could pay all the expenses independently of the proceeds from sale of Tickets, so as to be able to hand the latter over to the Spiritual Institution.

Trusting to have as hearty support this time as I had last, and that the present effort may prove even more successful, I am, dear sir, Yours truly,

L. G. FREEMAN.

29, Lichfield Grove, Finchley, N., 23 November, 1880.

P.S.—Permit me to ask those friends who intend assisting towards expenses to write me as soon as possible, in order that I may judge of the support I am likely to receive.

IS IT A CASE OF WRITING MEDIUMSHIP?

The following letter was received on the morning of November 11. The writer is quite unknown to us, and we have no guarantee of its genuineness beyond the internal evidence it furnishes, and the remarks which follow:

J. Burns, Esquire.—Dear Sir,—On Monday evening I was reading an article in the "MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK"—which paper had been lent to me by a friend—and saw with interest a letter signed "Ouina." I am not a Spiritualist, have only attended one seance in my life, and am certainly unaware that I possess any mediumistic qualifications; further, I am no poet, not having been even guilty of writing, or trying to write, a line of verse, yet after reading the above I felt an irresistible power compelling me to write the enclosed, spontaneously, within a very few moments and against my will. The signature puzzles me—I do not know its meaning, yet was obliged to write it. Even the handwriting differs from my usual penmanship, and the whole is so foreign to my nature that I send it you. Hoping you will be able to throw some light upon what, to me, is a mystery, I am, Sir, yours very truly,

EDGAR PATON.

7, Essex Street, Strand, W.C., Nov. 10, 1880.

From the world of the Hereafter,
From the painless spirit-shore,
I gazed upon the earthland
And heard the mighty roar
Of a rushing mountain torrent,
Whose resistless swelling force
Broke all barriers opposing,
As it hurried on its course.
And I knew that Faith, firm holden,
Was possessed of power as great;
And I languished for a Kwasin*
Who would work and who would wait:
And now, after many cycles
Of soul-hunger for the right,
I meet him and I greet him,
Pouring Truth's sweet spirit-light.
Roll on, brave Mountain Torrent,
Fear not the raging strife;
For the battle that thou wagest
Is a struggle fierce for life.
And I, thy spirit-mentor,
Will assist thee on thy way,
Till this earthly darkness merges
In a flood of glorious day!

"ENSOTA."

Mr. Richmond called in shortly after the letter had been received, and it was handed to him with the suggestion that he would present it to "Ouina" for explanation. This was done, and the following was written through the hand of Mrs. Richmond:—

"Sapphire,"—Please tell "Mountain Torrent" this brave became en rapport with my sphere when he read my letter in the little sheet. "Kwasin" means Faithful Friend, or Teacher. "Ensota" is the name of "Mountain Torrent's" friend or guide in my sphere who was able to reach the thinks of the brave and cause his hand to write—"Ensota" means Guardian Spirit, or Hovering One.

OUINA.

Taking "Ouina's" statement and the character of the verses into account, we cannot, without doing violence to an irreproachable stranger, do otherwise than accept the matter as genuine. The verses are singularly descriptive of the "struggle fierce for life" which "Mountain Torrent" (Mr. Burns) was passing through at the time the verses were written. This effort to pour "Truth's sweet spirit light" had been warmly commended by "Ouina" in the letter in the MEDIUM which Mr. Paton had just been reading, so that his verses are a fitting continuation of the theme. No one can realise as we do the appositeness of the sketch given in the poem.

Mr. Paton, in a footnote, asks as to Kwasin; "What does this mean?" "Ouina" replies "Faithful Friend, or Teacher," who would "work and who would wait." Very appropriate to the person to whom the writer of the verses addressed himself. The meaning of "Ensota" is also given; perhaps some reader skilled in the Indian language will be able to give corroborative renderings.

"Sapphire" is the name by which "Ouina" addresses Mr. Richmond.

It is only necessary to add that the last verse contains a prophecy which is being fulfilled: "I will assist thee on thy way." This assistance is coming in a most extraordinary manner, from the most unlikely quarters, and it is evident that the "Ensota" is reaching the "thinks" of those who can help on the course of "Mountain Torrent."

May the highly successful issue, "a flood of glorious day" to dispel "earthly darkness," be ultimately attained. Then in blessing others the one "who works and waits" will have his true reward.

FAREWELL CONCERT TO MRS. RICHMOND.

On Saturday evening, November 13, Mr. and Mrs. Richmond were entertained at a farewell concert at Neumeyer Hall, Bloomsbury Mansions, prior to their departure for America. It was a pleasant and wholly harmonious meeting: and the programme which has appeared in these columns was, under the direction of Mr. J. C. Ward, presented in a truly attractive and enjoyable manner.

It is not necessary that we dilate upon the merits of each item or the efforts of the performers: these friends are well known, and sustained their reputation in a way which gratified all. The Misses Ward, though young in years, are old friends to entertainments of this kind, and are each year received with that special expression of favour which has always been accorded them. Mr. E. Tietkens is a vocalist of a superior order and high culture. He renders his music with an expression which is more than artistic—it is inspirational. His mission appears to be to sing, and the more mankind hear such strains the better will it be for them. Miss Ada Earee was apparently a stranger to most of her auditors, but she won herself steadily into their favour, receiving a perfect ovation in her last song "The Kerry Dance." Miss Kathleen Hunt sang very pleasingly: the more she is known the better will she be appreciated. Mr. Ward's performances on the English concertina are always looked forward to with interest, and on the occasion in question they evoked a full measure of applause.

At the close of the first part, Webster Glynes Esquire took the chair and introduced an interlude of a very pleasing character in the following appropriate speech:—

SPEECH AND PRESENTATION BY THE CHAIRMAN, MR. WEBSTER GLYNES.

The first part of to-night's entertainment has gone by, and this is, I think, a fitting opportunity for carrying out the chief object with which we have been assembled, namely to give a few words of farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Richmond, who will leave England at the beginning of next week. This is not the first time Mrs. Richmond has been with us. She was here a few years ago, and enchanted us with her eloquent instructions concerning the principles of Spiritualism, leaving in our hearts a lasting remembrance of her teachings, and an earnest desire to hear more of them. Mrs. Richmond is permanently settled in Chicago but our kind Spiritualist brethren there have taken steps by which she has been enabled to pay a short visit to us. Her stay has not been a prolonged one, and our regret at losing her is deep and sincere, though tinged with the hope and trust that after her return she may find time to again come amidst us, (hear, hear) when the beautiful and benign lessons we have heard from her will have taken deep root, and she will perceive with joy that the seeds she has planted have brought forth abundantly. In saying farewell to our medium we must not forget to send our hearty thanks to our brethren in Chicago for the kindness they have done us in sparing her to come and say a few words to us. Let our gratitude to them serve to unite us; let us join hands together as Spiritualists and think of them as they think of us. Still more are our hearty thanks due to the band of spirits who control our gifted medium. Let us show our gratitude by laying to heart the lessons they have taught us, and by an earnest endeavour to fully justify the steps that they have taken (cheers).

What mighty things have been accomplished by Spiritualism, and what a privilege is it to be Spiritualists? Spiritualism has broken the bands which Religion, as it crystallises into form and loses its fluent spirit, weaves about us. It enlarges our vista. Not one life, not one world only, have we to look forward to. Age after age will unroll, bringing us, let us hope, nearer to perfection, but Eternity will still be ours in which to live and to work. Not until we have lived many lives can we join the angelic spheres, but we may hope ever to progress toward perfection. Spiritualism, too, though it cannot reveal to our finite minds a true idea of the Almighty Being who created the worlds, bids us worship him with reverence, and encourages us to hope that we may ever progress in our knowledge of Him, ever learning how to worship Him. Spiritualism teaches also our duty to man—to despise no one, to pity and succour the weak, and never to be proud with our attainments. Let us then, as Spiritualists, be hopeful as looking forward to a glorious future; patient, as knowing that pain and suffering are ministering angels; reverent and humble, as feeling how feeble has been the measure of our attainment and how wide is the circle of God's love and wisdom.

Our hearts are full of sincere feelings of gratitude and devotion, and well aware are we that these are the best gifts love can offer; but friends, although Mr. and Mrs. Richmond will not

treasure aught we can bestow so greatly as our love and esteem, several of us have thought it well to hand to them a more substantial proof of our regard, and I hold in my hand a purse which I beg them to accept as a sincere mark of our love and devotion. Let us wish them a hearty farewell and a safe return to our friends in Chicago, and let us part with them in the hope that we shall have them yet again with us.

Mr. Glynnes then handed the purse to Mrs. Richmond who accepted it, after which Mr. Richmond rose and made a few remarks:—

MR. RICHMOND'S ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

I wish to give utterance to my thanks for this kind expression of appreciation and regard. When I was told by the guides of Mrs. Richmond that they wished to have us come to England—that they had some work here—I was, I confess, very reluctant to leave my native land, but since being here I have found so many appreciative minds and warm hearts that I am now almost as reluctant to return (hear, hear); but there is one present far abler than I am to express my thanks, and I will give way.

Mr. Richmond having sat down, Mrs. Richmond, under influence, rose and spoke as follows:—

MRS. RICHMOND'S ADDRESS UNDER CONTROL.

Mr. Chairman and Friends, Sisters and Brothers all,—On behalf of her medium and her companion we desire to return their thanks and ours for your sincere expression of affection. Whatever the work that brought our medium hither, we feel that you understand that it has not been in vain. Whatever message we had to convey, we have spoken through her lips, in the brief time that she has been among you, and sown the seeds for the future. We thank you, Mr. Chairman and your friends, for emphasising the word that makes Spiritualism the brightest promise of human life. We thank you for remembering that though there are lovely scenes on earth, beautiful surroundings, loving friends—that which promises immortal endurance to thought and friendship, is far more valuable; and as our medium and her husband by faith came to you so augmenting the faith and love that you give, they return to their native land filled with the gladness that your hearts have imparted to them—filled with the assurance that the subtle seeds of spiritual life have been sown in many hearts unfamiliar to them before, and a renewal, we trust, of those former fountains of faith—that sometimes amid the struggles, confusions and cares of time well-nigh run dry—to show that the fountains still flow eastward and westward, that the light of the immortal kingdom links not only two continents but all nations together; that the spiritual world bends with ever-loving and ever-conscious care, and that Spiritualism is a perpetual and abiding light not to be changed by time, or sense, or conflict, or depression in outward life, but to be augmented more and more as humanity advances to receive it. In the midst of the breathless interest in human affairs, if you pause once in a lifetime, as you do this night, to wreath with blessing those who bear the good tidings of love to the world, your lives are blest; and if once in a day you can pause by the threshold of your own homes or your own places of toil, and ask of the spiritual world and of the angels above them the benediction and blessing that the All-Father gives to all,—this is an augmented benediction to your lives; and when the time comes, if every hour of every day you can spend one moment to breathe the upper air of the spirit-world, and feel the life of the spirit flowing into your hearts and minds, it then becomes a blessing beyond all blessings, priceless above jewels and the crown of human life. That the bread of life, broken to the feeblest and the humblest, may also be given to all, and that that which dries the mother's tears and links the orphan child to the immortal world, may be a bond of sympathy between you all, we most earnestly and devoutly believe.

Sisters, brothers, this is no idle hour of mere outward enjoyment: it is heart to heart or nothing, spirit to spirit and soul to soul, and we shall be glad to say when our medium crosses the ocean and once more addresses the people to whom we have recently ministered—life is still life, spirit is still spirit, and the world is still searching and finding the light which brings the need of salvation to all, and the blessing of the Heavenly Father upon all of earth's children: not the salvation of a few but the salvation of all. Again we thank you, and again we say, God speed your lives in that spiritual pathway that strengthens those who are weak uplifts those who are despairing, aids those who are endeavouring to forward the work of truth. In warning Spiritualists, be kind to one another; give your mediums and workers strength, sustain that which is nearest and dearest in your hearts by the testimony of your lives, and so shall the chains that bind you to the immortal world become strengthened with the strong bands of immortal faith and truth untired.

THE POEM.

Delivered by Mrs. Richmond under the control of "Quina."

You have brought us songs of music,
You have brought us many flowers,
You have brought the belt of wampum—
Gifts to move this world of yours.
But the treasures far more priceless
Than the songs that you can sing—
Than the flowers that blossom heavenward—
Than the wampum that you bring:
Are the flowers of hope and friendship
That beam forth from each heart—
Are the prayers and winged blessings,
That your presence must impart.
But the flowers of the spirit
Only thrive with sympathy,
And the dews of pure affection,
And the wealth of harmony:
All sweet grace and jewelled treasures,
Rapture making earth divine,
Fill the chalice till it measures
More than storied wealth of wine
In the winepress of the spirit,
By the vintage of God's hand.
All the wealth that you inherit,
Is the love at your command—
Is the love ye bear each other—
Is the love ye bear to heaven—
Is the love ye bear to angels,
And the messages thus given.
Oh, ye flowers, teach the lesson
Of your life of purity;
Oh, ye notes of music linger
Till ye answer bring to me:
What there is within each spirit
That gives sign of promise here?
What there is to bear you heavenward—
Gather fruitage for life's wear?
Friends, I thank you for these tokens
And the words of love here given,
I thank you for the thoughts unspoken
Bearing messages to heaven,
I thank you for the wreath of flowers
That bloom with loving light,
Twining like the angel bowers
In portals pure and bright.
Stars of faith seen in your glances,
Smiles of love wreathing each brow,
Hopes that grow like spirit lances,
The dark heavens above you now;
And bring down the angels' blessings
And bring down the angels, tears
Till you melt neath their caresses—
Bridging o'er the arch of years:
As the iris arch or span,
When the tempest cloud has passed,
Stretches o'er the mighty main,
And its beams of beauty casts,
Be the bridge of choicest love light
From your world unto our home—
Be the blessings here tonight—
Be the faith by which ye climb.
Link by link the chain is woven
That at last reaches above.
By my words I know I've proven
That the only God—is Love.

W. Tebb, Esquire, rose in his place in the stalls, and delivered an eloquent address which left a deep and fitting impression:—

MR. TEBB'S SPEECH.

It is now 22 years ago since I had the privilege of hearing Mrs. Richmond for the first time. That was in the City of New York. There was a large assemblage of intelligent people; there were, I remember, doctors of divinity and doctors of medicine; there were cultured lawyers and there were clever quierists generally; and, at the close of the address, so interesting, so eloquent, so full of noble thoughts, Mrs. Richmond asked any member of the audience to submit to her questions. If I remember rightly Dr. Sawyer, an able preacher of the Universalist Church, was present, and he submitted one question after another, each one seemingly more difficult than the one which had preceded it, with the intention of puzzling the lecturer; after that Professor Mapes or some other scientific man asked questions bearing upon his own special studies, and he in turn was followed by one or more able lawyers, and well do I remember the applause which greeted the ready and singularly pertinent responses.

At that time it seemed to be marvellous; it was something quite inexplicable, and the New York papers were filled with the reports, giving both the questions and the answers. Mrs. Richmond since that time has devoted herself to the service of Spiritualism and to the advocacy of those views and principles which we most value; but we must all feel that it is no slight sacrifice for Mrs. Richmond and her husband at the beginning of winter to travel a thousand miles by land and three thousand miles by water to deliver a message. Those of you who have attended the meetings here and elsewhere on Sundays, and the lectures and addresses which have been given on Saturdays must have esteemed it a privilege. I have not often been present myself, but from those who have been, I have gathered how full of noble ideas, of high and exalted truths, of incentives to earnest endeavours after a higher and better life they have been. There has been nothing narrow or intolerant; there has been no denunciation against those who disbelieve, no terrors of the law, but a sweet reasonableness after the manner of the Great Teacher. While listening to the music this evening my thoughts passed away to a scene which I saw some months ago. I no longer heard the music, I no longer saw the people, but my thoughts were carried away to the mountains of Bavaria. I was again in a village in that district and I was a witness of the Ober Ammergau Passion Play, and of all the beautiful scenes in that marvellous drama so vividly represented I think there was nothing more touching, nothing that excited deeper emotion or stronger interest than the parting of Jesus from his friends and disciples. It was a most pathetic scene. But it was that "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin," for these feelings of emotion, excited by the near separation of teacher and the taught, are not confined to Ober Ammergau, or to Bethany, but are exhibited in London, and they are present with us to-night. (Applause). I must not say more, but I am sure that the fitting words of our Chairman are responded to by every heart here present.

We feel that Mrs. Richmond's teaching has been good for us, and we echo Mr. Glynes' wish that she may be with us again. She carries with her our affection, our best wishes, our benediction.

One of the most interesting parts of the entertainment was the recitation, by Miss Ella Dietz, of an episode from Longfellow's "Hiawatha." This accomplished lady, who improves in the spirituality and expression of her pieces from year to year, was not named in the programme, but being present responded to the invitation of the Conductor and added much to the pleasure of the evening. The entertainment concluded with the "Star-Spangled Banner," by the Misses Ward, the entire audience standing and joining in the chorus. The enthusiasm may be imagined when it is stated that the meeting had exceeded by an hour the time at which carriages had been ordered, and yet there was a reluctance to break up the spell which held the audience together.

The usual votes of thanks having been passed, the friends gathered round Mr. and Mrs. Richmond and gave them a hearty shake of the hand, and many expressions of good will and regret at their departure.

HARRY BASTIAN IN HAMBURG.

By CHRISTIAN REIMERS.

In giving a report of this excellent medium's brilliant success in the Capital of Northern Germany I shall simply translate literally the letter received from Herr Sellin, the leader of the circle, and confine myself to a few remarks preceding and concluding this important communication.

Herr C. W. Sellin, a distinguished teacher of the High School in Hamburg, together with other colleagues of the elite of intelligence and education, took up our Cause, not as mere inquirers, but in a spirit of active participation, should its truth be established by tests, which, by the proverbially practical handling of the stern Northern Germans, would be of a nature to carry conviction either way beyond a doubt. But the esteem for other brother investigators (in this age of self-confidence so rarely met with) dictated test arrangements, which, although to the point as disarming wilful fraud, would not wound the feelings of the sensitives. Hence the most satisfactory results with Mr. and Mrs. Herne, whose success, considering a first visit or opening of practical investigation in a highly sceptical or even hostile town, left a decided mark in favour of our Cause, which success, by wise management of Herr Sellin and friends, was secured from "upsets" by keeping off unruly sceptical roughs. These fast meddlers, spirit-graspers, and grand trumpeters, into seance and print rushers, which create for a little while great noise but little harm, may now be viewed in a milder light, since Shakespeare teaches us how the overwhelming pressure of tragical scenes has to be relieved and spiced by the funny cuts of a fool. How willingly we join our smile with the clapping of hands of children when Bajazzo or Clown checks the current of too long endured seriousness! This my introduction enables me now to give the entire letter to the reader.

Hamburg, Nov. 11, 1880.

Dear Friend,—Excuse my retarded account of the fine seances with Bastian. Many other pressing duties prevented me up to this day.

I hardly know how to express my pleasure to have enjoyed Mr. Bastian's presence just before his spirit-guides ordered him to rest for three months to re-establish his health. This my pleasure and gratitude is shared fully by other friends, except, perhaps, Mr. "Brimstone,"* who once more, in spite of a materialisation under positive test conditions, grumbles, in his over-wise, good-natured, but confused manner, known to us since Herne's visit, that the preceding physical phenomena may be done by tricks. All other members of our circle are thoroughly satisfied.

Of the physical manifestations (the first part of sittings) I need not tell you, although many interesting things occurred. Two of these, however, I may mention. One of the members, a photographer, handed (of course in the dark) to "Johnny" a photo of Bastian to judge of its likeness. The photo was in an envelope. "Johnny" read the scarcely visible initials of his name on the breast-pin (known only to that same member) and date. In another seance "Johnny" asked leave for two minutes, and returned, saying, "I am quite out of breath!" and placed into the lap of Frau H.—a letter-weight, which he fetched from her residence, about two miles off, where it had been seen on its place the same day.† Among the spirit-voices we discovered, besides that of "Johnny," with great surprise, also that of a German, "Martin Weiss," and a French one, several times occurring.

However, I must touch the chief feature, the materialisations. We had eight seances, of which three were without materialisations—the first failure probably on account of too argumentative and lively conversation, so that Bastian could not be put in trance.‡ In the second failure perhaps the prolonged search of the adjoining locked room (my own bedroom), and uncalled-for remarks in general had a share, spoiling the harmonious collection of mind. The third disappointment may be traceable to Mr. "Brimstone's" exposure fit, he breaking the circle to get hold of Bastian's coat, and fumbling about his body, thereby irritating the medium, and probably spoiling the power for materialisation.

To judge of the excellent success of these materialisations I give you a diagram and description of the cabinet used.

[I, the translator, need not give it now in all details, but hope to convey the essential points. It is a firm wooden structure, covered, except the front, with strong sack-cloth, and has two compartments, separated, as with Mrs. Esperance, by a fine gauze-screened, of course so fixed that the medium could not pass from one into the other without destroying the separation. Both compartments (of convenient size) had curtains, and the curtain of the medium's compartment being fixed by nails, the medium could not slip undetected out of his seat; in short, there was no escape whatever from his compartment possible in any direction. The fact that all seances occurred in Herr Sellin's own room relieves me from the task of describing the surroundings of the cabinet, and I return to Herr Sellin's letter.]

On the first evening appeared in very good light (much brighter than at Esperance's) four forms, emerging from the empty compartment—the first a tall male figure in evening dress, and three female figures, none, however, recognised.

These forms appeared and remained at the opening of the curtains, plainly visible to all.

On the second evening five forms appeared, among them the tall figure again, then the spirit-guide of my brother, a fine figure with full black beard. I as well as my brother recognised him at once from a previous clairvoyant description, and he responded to it by a joyous shower of raps.

Third Evening.—Failure.

Fourth Evening.—Again four forms, among which one with a long pointed beard attracted our attention. At supper we learnt, during incessant raps, by mediumistic writing, that it was "Calvin." I felt rather astonished, and fetched from my library Henry's "Life of Calvin," in the first volume of which I hoped to find his portrait, and was not deceived. The likeness was, indeed, startling. Other members present confirmed the same impression. On a subsequent query, What might have drawn this spirit to our circle? the writing medium (who, by-the-by, knows very little indeed of Calvin) informed us thus:—"Calvin" has found out that his teachings were erroneous, because, distorting the very essence of Christianity, as not kindled and filled by that love which Christ taught. He ('Calvin') showed himself to signify that he had not obtained his rest, and that you may understand that all teachings are vain when lacking the highest, the love for the neighbour,—that love which is not the outcome of understanding, but of the heart, which aspires towards God, and not for honours on this side. He finds consolation in thus appearing before you, to take away the idea that he, as perhaps a favoured spirit would, dwells in higher spheres only."

* A name accorded to a sceptical sitter by "Peter."—C. R.

† The sometimes supposed liberated one hand of the medium elongated marvellously in this case!—C. R.

‡ A good lesson. The trance-wave could not reach him, being absorbed by too deep reflection.—C. R.

The fifth seance was minus materialisations, on account of different disturbances.

At the sixth, conspicuous for lively physical phenomena, three forms, among them the guide of my brother. On this occasion the form stepped out clear from the cabinet, and answered to our query with a "Ya" (yes), audible to all present. A female form, with long lock of hair dropping over left shoulder, was recognised after the sitting as a L. M., from Hamburg, who appeared on my behalf. I have, however, no recollection up to this time of this friend.

The seventh seance was spoiled by our Mr. "Brimstone," this time even robbing the usual physical phenomena of their convincing force.

But the crown of all was the eighth and last. Previously I took away the gauze-screen, because in the seance before "Johnny" explained that for spirits who know the nature of materialisations and have practice in them the gauze-screen formed no impediment, but there were a lot of spirits eagerly desirous (some of them being relations of sitters) to show themselves, but could not overcome these barriers. They were vexed with these unnecessary difficulties, and intended to overturn the whole cabinet (there was, indeed, after the materialisations closed a lifting up of the cabinet about three inches from the ground and violently dropped), which induced "Johnny" to give his warning.

On this (last) evening, where the fine fact of carrying the letter-weight occurred, the materialisations were of a wonderful clearness and beauty. There were five forms, the first of which I recognised unmistakably. I was only three feet away from the cabinet, and the light being so strong that I could read the watch-dial a foot off, I could examine every feature, and detect even the slightest tinge of red on the cheek of my lady friend plainly. She came entirely in front of the cabinet, and affirmed her identity by nodding her head and moving her hands. Also "Calvin" again appeared, and confirmed his identity, and a third figure strongly resembling Louis Napoleon. Also that with L. M. the identified form came again, but, singular enough, gave no nod in the affirmative when by mistake I suggested a wrong name.

The most wonderful was the conclusion of this seance, and that of preceding ones in general. After the last form disappeared and some interval had elapsed "Johnny" announced himself, requesting to stop the music-box. He thanked all in the most cordial terms for the kind, hearty reception his medium and spirit-friends had enjoyed, and then informed us that the captain of the band, "George Fox," demanded of the medium to postpone further sittings till the 7th of February next. This was imperative, else his health would break down. On my question whether Bastian might still go to Paris, I got the reply, he might go, but manifestations would not occur either there or elsewhere.

I may add that on the two days that Bastian was still with me not a trace of power was perceptible, whilst previously at all our meals, for instance, rappings and occasionally clairvoyant visions made us aware of the presence of invisibles. All gone like chaff before the wind! Not even so much left as to move a tiny little table, which we tried in company with a lady friend.

I need not tell you of our disappointment to forego thus the remaining four seances, and our sympathy for Mr. Bastian himself, for he has, besides an invitation to Paris, another for eight days in Berlin, which of course are now cut off, and just now, after his departure, I received an invitation for him from Brunswick, but for all that we feel glad that he will enjoy rest. His bodily health often touched me with apprehensions. The spirit-friends know better what may be good for him.

We Hamburg friends, however, who have met in Mr. Bastian an honourable, amiable gentleman, should his way lead him again to us, would receive him at all times with open heart and hand. Never mind if clumsy investigators or persons who seem to ignore that an untarnished, honest, good name is the most holy possession of a man, and which ought to be attacked only by the most positive proofs, will try to molest him, and twaddle about Bastian what they may,—we know that he is an upright, brave, honest fellow.

I hope, if you describe the cabinet arrangements sufficiently, that the brother investigators in England may also receive the impression that against such proofs the rude attempts of a Carl V. Buch and the confusion of our "Brimstone" fall dead and powerless. Give my greetings to Bastian and also those of my brother and all friends. I had not sufficient time to pen my report direct for the MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK, and must leave it to you to shape it for that purpose, as you know better, too, how to adapt it to requirements there. A report for the "Banner of Light" is prepared by Mr. H. You may use my name freely as the host of Mr. Bastian during his stay, and conductor of the circle. Also you may, for a little fun, introduce "Brimstone," as baptised by "Peter" with this nom de plume. His arguments about Bastian's tricks are highly amusing, and only beaten by his promise to do it all himself. If that affair shall come off I must secure my head, I guess, to escape danger from the floating music-box, &c.

Now, in conclusion, a word of business. The interest in mediums is now wonderfully on the increase here, and as we have some means in hand and new inquirers come in daily, so

to say, I should like you to inquire at Williams' whether he would feel inclined to come. How is Mrs. Olive? When is Mrs. Esperance? Will she resume sittings soon?—Yours sincerely,
C. W. SELLIN.

I received this morning (18th) another letter from Herr Sellin, which I take the liberty to add, as much better.

Herr Sellin describes the light arrangements in his letter and continues:—

I can add to my previous letter only, that the impression our circle received is deep and lasting. Where some objections and doubts still lingered they were swept away, particularly on the last glorious sitting.

If I had no idea before this how the appearance of an angel would impress the human eye, I have it now—and so have all who were present at the last seance. My lady friend (whose name I would not have mentioned, as R.'s boasting to have seen his wife come into the room 13 times is disgusting to me) came indeed in such celestial beauty and glory, that in spite of tangible solidness one felt to be in the presence of an unearthly being. The folds of the drapery, its matchless brilliant whiteness, the pose of the body, the movements of arms and head—all this under that heavenly nimbus of purity,—I scarcely understand how I have dared to address that being!

Now, dear readers, it seems we advance. There are more and more proofs of new converts not only, but real workers in the field. [Here Herr Sellin refers to former sceptical friends, not necessary to enlarge upon here.] I should like you to inform me of Bastian's further career. That the power should thus totally be silenced is highly interesting. Is no trace perceptible now in London? If I am not mistaken, I found his bodily emanations less perceptible on those evenings, but I may be wrong.

Please not to forget to ask Williams about a visit to Hamburg, etc.—Yours,
SELLIN.

Hamburg, 16 November, 1880.

A LESSON TO SPIRITUALISTS.

We are glad to introduce to our readers afresh this week Mr. Gillingham, whose interesting account of Mrs. Croad will bring to mind the case of Miss Fancher, of Brooklyn, N. Y., which was described by Mr. Epes Sargent in our first issue in 1879. We would particularly call to notice the effect which test-hunters have upon the sensitive when they are introduced to her presence. It is evident that a person without the usual senses of observation can perceive qualities which elude the ordinary percipient powers of man. All mediums are more or less affected by moral conditions in the same manner, and spirits are even more subject to these unseen qualities which, spiritually, are the more prominent surroundings of mankind. Here, then, is a lesson of supreme importance to Spiritualists. It is in this case demonstrated that testing injures the sensitive, lowers the tone of the phenomena, and paves the way for the manifestation of spirits of an inferior order. The hard-mouthed calumny which predominates in test-hunting circles is ample proof of the deteriorating effect of disorderly sittings.

SEANCE AND EXHIBITION OF MEDIUMISTIC ART.

Mr. J. G. Robson (secretary South London Spiritual Society, 8, Bournemouth Road, Peckham) will give an evening of control at the Spiritual Institution, 15, Southampton Row, Holborn, on Monday, November 29, and also exhibit an elaborate artistic illustration, executed under spirit-direction, of Hymn 167, "Spiritual Lyre." Proceedings to commence at eight o'clock.

Mrs. Tebb received from Mrs. Richmond a letter written on board "the Baltic" before reaching Queenstown. The trip down the Channel was beautiful, and hopes were anticipated of a pleasant voyage across the Atlantic. Mrs. Richmond expressed her happiness at meeting so many kind friends during her last week in London, alluding in particular to the concert at Neumeyer Hall.

INSTITUTION WEEK, 1880.

FROM SUNDAY, DECEMBER 5, TO DECEMBER 12.

Meetings will be held at the Spiritual Institution, 15, Southampton Row, as follow:—

Friday Evening, Dec. 3.—Mr. and Mrs. Brain, Trance Mediums.

Monday, Dec. 6.—Miss Samuel.

Tuesday, Dec. 7.—Mr. Towns.

Wednesday, Dec. 8.—J. Burns, O.S.T.

Thursday, Dec. 9.—O.S.T. School.

Friday, Dec. 10.—Phrenological Soiree.

We will be glad if our friends throughout the country will arrange to hold meetings during that week.

Tuesday, Dec. 14.—Mr. Towns will hold a seance at his residence, 1, Albert Terrace, Clouesley Road, Islington.
Mr. A. Duguid will hold a seance at Kirkcaldy.

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THE PHRENOLOGICAL MAGAZINE for November, now ready, price 6d., contains—Phrenological Delineation of Lord Beaconsfield—Are criminals Responsible?—The Face as Indicative of Character—Fossil Men—Southey; and on Character in General—Sir Walter Scott, &c. Fowler, Ludgate Circus.

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MANCHESTER AND SALFORD SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY.

268, Chapel-street, Salford. Sunday evening at 6.30.

Nov. 28.—Mr. Brown, Manchester.

Mr. Wallace, President; R. A. Brown, Secretary, 33, Downing Street, Manchester.

Mr. T. M. Brown will visit Chester-le-street, West Pelton, and Newcastle next week. All letters up to Wednesday to be addressed—Care of Mr. Samuel Stewart, West Pelton, Chester-le-street, Durham.

MANCHESTER ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Temperance Hall, Grosvenor Street.

President: Mr. R. FITTON, 41, Walnut Street, Cheetham, Manchester.

Secretary: Mr. W. T. BRAHAM, 392, Stratford Road, Manchester.

Nov. 28.—Mr. Howell.

A Society for the free distribution of spiritual literature in connection with the above association. Literature and donations thankfully received. Miss H. Blundell, 5, Summer Villas, Stratford Road, Manchester, treasurer.

A meeting is held every Wednesday evening at 7.30 in the Temperance Hall, Grosvenor Street, when trance discourses are delivered. Medium: Miss E. A. Hall.

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APPOINTMENTS.

LONDON.—Nov. 28. Goswell Hall. Subject: "Priests and Savours—their Functions and Purposes."

South London Society. Fraternal Visit, Wednesday, Dec. 1, 8 p.m. NEWCASTLE.—Dec. 5 and 6. KEIGHLEY.—Dec. 15 and 19.

GLASGOW.—Dec. 12 and 13.

Mr. Morse is open to engagements in all parts of the United Kingdom. All letters to be addressed to him at 22, Palatine Road, Stoke Newington, London, N.

MR. E. W. WALLIS, Inspirational Speaker. For terms and dates apply—338, St. Ann's Well Road, Nottingham.

APPOINTMENTS.

Sowerby Bridge Lyceum.—Nov. 23, at 2.30 and 6.30 p.m. Nov. 29, Tea and Entertainment.

Nottingham Spiritualist Meeting House, Shakespeare-street.—Dec. 5 and 6.

Midland Committee.—Dec. 10 to 16 inclusive.

Park Gate.—Dec. 17.

Manchester, Grosvenor-street, and Salford.—Dec. 19.

Nottingham.—Dec. 26 and 27.

Yorkshire District Committee.—Jan. 2 and 3.

Glasgow.—Jan. 9 and 10.

Mr. Wallis will accept calls to deliver trance orations in all parts of the United Kingdom. Apply by letter, to him at 338, St. Ann's Well Road, Nottingham.

N.B.—Mr. Wallis also gives entertainments, consisting of songs, readings, and recitations. Write for programme and terms.

QUEBEC HALL, 25, GREAT QUEBEC STREET.

On Sunday last Mr. MacDonnell replied to a lecture by Mr. Bradlaugh, M.P. The Christian Evidence Society was represented by Mr. Turpin, who took part in answering, as also did friends of Mr. Bradlaugh. It was a most important as well as interesting meeting, marked, I am pleased to say, by the absence generally of personal feeling.

On Friday, Nov. 26, the secretary attends to speak with strangers and to supply the literature of the week, and sometimes a seance occurs. Open 7.30 till 10.

On Saturday, at 8 p.m., a seance; Mrs. Treadwell, medium; admission 6d. Mr. Hancock attends half-an-hour previous to speak with strangers.

On Sunday next, at 7 p.m. prompt, Mr. MacDonnell will discourse on the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, and their grief over the Big Bell only weighing five tons, and desiring one to weigh 12 tons.

On Monday, Mr. Wilson will form or organise his Comprehension community, and speak to the members or associates. To commence at 8.30. Last Monday was a very interesting evening.

On Tuesday, at 8.30, Mr. Burns will lecture on "Phrenology," with public examinations.

Mrs. Slater has kindly offered to give an address on Sunday, Dec. 5, at 7 prompt.

On Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 8.30, Mr. Reed, a rising lecturer, will give an address; subject next week.

J. M. DALE, Hon. Sec.

GOSWELL HALL, 290, GOSWELL ROAD.

(Near the "Angel," Islington.)

On Sunday morning last Mrs. Baldwin had a great many friends to meet her. She gave diagnoses of disease to several people present. There was a great interest taken in her work.

On Sunday morning next, at 11, Mrs. Baldwin will be happy to meet friends.

On Sunday evening next, at 7, Mr. Morse will give a trance address. Mr. Knight Smith will sing "Cujus Animam," Rossini.

W. TOWNS, Sec.

THE Princess's Theatre, Oxford-street, has been entirely rebuilt, and was opened at the beginning of the month, Mr. Edwin Booth, of America, being the leading attraction. This talented actor is taking the leading parts in Hamlet, Richelieu, and other choice plays during the term of his short engagement. The new theatre is elegant and commodious and the performances in keeping therewith.

PROSPECTUS.

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For several years the most active promoters of the spiritual movement have aided the Progressive Library and Spiritual Institution in creating a popular literature on the subject by depositing to current account various sums of money, to be taken out, at a special price, in such useful works as might be issued from time to time. This system has been somewhat extended in the case of the "Dialectical Report"—a 15s. book which, when re-edited and pruned of redundant matter, was a better book than in the original form, and was sold to subscribers at one-sixth of the cost. By this plan nearly 3000 copies were put immediately into circulation—a work which could not have been effected in the old way by years of advertising and the expenditure of four times the money.

The "Memorial Edition of Judge Edmonds's Letters on Spiritualism" furnishes another example in which, on the subscription principle, each participant obtained one or more copies of a valuable work at less than half the price charged for the cheapest department of literature.

The "Researches" of Mr. Crookes are also being issued on the same plan, and when complete the work will be offered at about one-third of previous prices.

This plan has been so strikingly successful and has given such unmixed satisfaction that the most liberal friends of the movement have urged its more extended adoption.

In establishing the "Progressive Literature Publication Fund" two objects are held in view: I. The production, and, II. The distribution of valuable works of universal interest in such a manner that the expenditure of any given sum of money will produce the greatest result. To be successful in the economical production and diffusion of literature it must first be stated what items increase the price of books, and then means may be employed which will lessen expenses and secure cheap works. The first and inevitable item is the cost of producing the books; then there is the author's interest therein, or copyright; thirdly, interest on capital; fourthly, publisher's profit, or working expenses; fifthly, the cost of advertising; and sixthly, discounts to the retail trade. By the principle of unity of interests and mutual co-operation now proposed these expenses may be reduced about one-half.

I.—As to Production.

(a) *Cost of getting out a Book.*—This depends much on the number printed. Every depositor or prospective purchaser in obtaining other purchasers cheapens the book to himself. The manager, having a thorough knowledge of the printing and publishing business, can produce works as cheap as any house in the trade.

(b) *Copyright.*—The Progressive Library now holds the copyright of many valuable works; in other cases there is no copyright. Authors would be disposed to deal liberally under this arrangement, seeing that the profits go direct into the cause of Spiritualism, and not into the pocket of an individual who is anxious to make himself rich out of the work. By this plan the author might be more generously treated than in ordinary cases, as the other expenses would be less and the prospects of an extended circulation would be greater.

(c) *Capital.*—This is the screw that keeps down all truly progressive enterprises. By the present plan Spiritualists and others becoming depositors may hold the screw in their own hands. Every depositor is a proprietor without any further risk than the amount of his deposit, and the risk in that respect is *nil*, as the publishing department has lately been supplied with an augmentation of capital to cover all its usual engagements.

(d) *Working Expenses.*—These are in all cases limited to the bare necessities of the case. The "Dialectical Report" and the "Memorial Edition of Judge Edmonds's Works" are instances of wonderfully cheap books after the working expenses have been fully added. The more extended the circulation of any book, and the more frequently new books appear, the less will the working expenses be in proportion. The position which the publishing department of the Spiritual Institution now commands, after twelve years' standing, renders it the most eligible channel for the publication of Progressive works in the eastern hemisphere. Depositors have full advantage of this position in associating themselves with this work. The same capital placed in any other house would not realise one half of the results. All prestige, copyrights, stereo-plates, engravings, and property whatsoever, are freely placed side by side with the contributions of the smallest depositor to produce a result in which all shall mutually participate.

II.—Distribution.

(e) *Advertising.*—This essential service can be chiefly performed through the organs of the Institution, and by prospectuses and placards to be used by depositors or their agents, the cost of which may be included in "working expenses."

(f) *Trade Discounts.*—These would be entirely saved; and depositors could even supply the trade on the usual terms and have a good profit.

Plan Proposed to Depositors.

In accordance with these conditions, it is proposed that £1,000 be raised as a "Progressive Literature Publication Fund," by deposits on the following terms:—

£1 is the lowest sum which will be received as a deposit, but any sum above £1 may be deposited, and which will be placed to the credit of the depositor's account, at the following rates of interest or discount:—If allowed to remain one month or upwards, interest will be allowed at the rate of 2½ per cent., or 6d. in the pound; three months or upwards, 4 per cent., or 1s. in the pound; six months or upwards, 6 per cent. per annum. Thus a depositor by turning his money three times in the year may earn 15 per cent. interest on capital, besides what profit he may make on the sale of the works he takes out. All deposits to be returned in whole or at the choice of the depositor at the subscription price. Clubs may be formed, the members of which, by uniting the smallest subscription, may enjoy all the benefits of this co-operative system. Interest will be calculated and placed to depositor's credit each time the amount in hand is either augmented or diminished. Fractions of a pound under 10s. will not be subject to interest. This plan may be adopted:—

1st.—To supply dealers with stock on the lowest terms.

2nd.—Energetic Spiritualists and Progressives may sell large numbers of books at subscription price to friends and neighbours, and thus do a great deal of good with no loss to themselves, and have a fair interest for capital invested.

3rd.—Liberal friends of the movement, who have means at their disposal, may in this way make one pound go as far as three in obtaining parcels of the best books for distribution to libraries, &c.

4th.—Those who have cash at their disposal may invest a sum of money, and give some energetic and intelligent, yet poor brother, an opportunity of selling the works; or books may be placed with a bookseller for sale, and by this means the literature may be brought before the public in all parts of the country.

5th.—Clubs or societies may thus provide their individual members with private libraries of the best books at the lowest possible price, or books may be obtained for circulating libraries on the best terms.

6th.—Persons who have cash lying idle may invest it in this fund, and in return obtain the very liberal interest offered.

7th.—These advantages are offered to foreigners as well as to residents in the British Islands.

8th.—Foreign works may be imported, and choice books already published in this country may be secured for depositors at the lowest prices by an adaptation of this plan.

9th.—As the object held in view is to help one another to enlighten the public on the most important truths which the human mind can exercise itself, this plan can be of use to all who have the interests of the cause at heart.

10th.—Depositors may take out the balance due to them in any kind of books and publications, British and Foreign; in printing of books or handbills; in stationery of all kinds; in subscriptions to periodicals or towards other objects; or in any goods or line of business advertised by the general business department of the Spiritual Institution.

Security to Depositors.

The interests of depositors are fully protected by arrangements which are already in operation, so that works purchased at subscription price are not sold to the public at less than the usual publishing price. For example: The "Dialectical Report" was sold to subscribers at 2s. 6d. per copy, but to the public at 5s., and as soon as the work was ready, each copy costing 2s. 6d. became at once worth 5s. "The Memorial Edition of the 'Letters and Tracts' by Judge Edmonds" was sold to subscribers at 10d. in paper wrappers, but is published at 2s.; and the cloth edition subscribed at 1s. 6d. is sold to the public at 2s. 6d. These publishing prices will be in all cases scrupulously maintained, enabling subscribers to realise the fullest advantage from the investment of their capital, and on a business as well as on a moral basis push the circulation of information on Spiritualism to the fullest extent. Of course depositors are at liberty to sell the works they take out at full publishing price or at any reduction therefrom which may seem expedient to themselves.

The past workings and well-known character of the Progressive Library and Spiritual Institution is the best possible guarantee that full justice will be done in every transaction, while the best available works will be placed before depositors for their acceptance. No person will be compelled to accept any book of which he does not approve, or for which he has no use. The suggestions and wants of depositors will at be all times considered, as those works can alone be brought out for which capital is promptly deposited.

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CONTENTS OF THE "SPIRITUAL LYRE." (Sold separately: Paper, 6d.; Cloth, 1s.) INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

All men are equal in their birth Angels, bright angels, are ever around Angels bright are drawing near Arrayed in clouds of golden light Assembled at the closing hour As we part our prayer ascendeth Author of good, we rest on Thee [right Be firm and be faithful: desert not the Calm on the bosom of thy God Clay to clay, and dust to dust Come they, when the shades of evening Cherish faith in one another Death is the fading of a cloud Earth is waking, day is breaking Eternal Source of light and life Far from mortal cares retreating Father, breathe an evening blessing Father of all, in every age Flating on the breath of evening For all thy gifts we praise Thee, Lord Forever wakefully the air is turning Forward! the day is breaking Friends never leave us, those who call From realms supernal, fair and bright From the recesses of a lowly spirit God is Love: his mercy brightens God that madest earth and heaven Gracious Source of every blessing Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah Hail! the heavenly scenes of peace Hand in hand with angels Hark! hark! from grove and fountain Hark! the songs of angels swell Hath not thy heart within thee burned? Heaven is here; its hymns of gladness He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower Here at thy grave we stand	Here we meet with joy together How cheering the thought How pure in heart and sound in head How sweet, how heavenly is the sight Holy Spirit, kindly bless us How shall I know Thee in the sphere If 'tis sweet to mingle where Immortal praise to God be given In the broad fields of heaven In the lone and silent midnight In the sky that is above us Is it not sweet to think, hereafter Is heaven a place where pearly streams It is a faith sublime and sure Joy and pain to all are given Let monumental pillars rise Let one loud song of praise arise Life is loud,—use it Life is the hour that lies between Lo, in the golden sky Lo! the day of rest declineth Lord! subdue our selfish will Lord! what a fleeting breath Love all! there is no living thing Love never sleeps! the mother's eye May the grace of guardian angels Mortal, the Angels say My God, my Father, while I stray Nearer, my God, to thee No bitter tears for thee be shed No human eye thy face may see Now the shades of night are gone Now to heaven our prayer ascending Ocean and land the globe divide O give thanks to him who made O God of ages, by whose hand O land of bliss, my heart now turns	One sweet flower has dropped and faded Our best Exemplar, ere he breathed Our God is love: and would he doom O Thou unknown, almighty Cause O Thou, to whom in ancient time O Thou who driest the mourner's tear Part in peace! is day before us? Peace be thine, and angels greet thee Praise for the glorious light Praise God, from whom all blessings flow Praise to thee, though great Creator Prayer is the soul's sincere desire Sai its above hold sweet communion Shall we gather at the river She passed in beauty! like a rose Should sorrow o'er thy brow Sleep on your pillow Slowly by God's hand unfurled Soon shall the trump of freedom Sow in the morn thy seed Speak gently, it is better far Spirits bright are ever nigh Star of Progress, guide us onward Supreme o'er all Jehovah reigns Sweet are the ties that bind in one Tell me not in mournful numbers The Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall The mourners came, at break of day The morning light is breaking The morn of peace is beaming The dead are like the stars by day The mystery of the Spirit's birth The outward world is dark and drear The perfect world by Adam trod The Sabbath sun was setting slow The Sage his cup of hemlock quaffed The spacious firmament on high	The voice of an angel The world has much of beautiful The world may change from old to new There is a calm for those who weep There is a land my eye hath seen There is a land of pure delight There is a pure, a peaceful wave, There is a state, unknown, unseen There is no death—'tis but a shade They are passing, upward passing They are winging, they are winging Thou art, O God, the light and life Thou art the first and thou the last Thou who art enthroned above Though wandering in a stranger-land Thy name be hallowed evermore To thee the Lord Almighty To the father's love we trust To the world of spirit gladness True prayer is not th' imposing sound Your souls, like shadows on the ground We come at morn and dewy eve We gladly come to-day We do not die—we cannot die We will not fear the beautiful angel Welcome angels, pure and bright Whatever clouds may dim the day When fortune beams around you When I survey life's varied scene When in the busy haunts of men With silence only as their benediction When sorrow on the spirit feeds When the hours of day are numbered When the evening star is stealing When troubles overflow the soul Wilt thou not visit me With sunshine always on his face
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