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LUKERIA.

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and from German into Swedish; the following translation
being from the Swedish by F. ORTHWAITE.]

"Thou martyr's true home—
Thou Land of Russia's people!"

A French proverb says that, "A dry fisherman and a wet hunter are pitiable to look upon." As I never had any particular liking for fishing I cannot judge of the humour of a fisherman in clear, fine weather; neither can I say whether the pleasure he experiences after a good catch suffices to balance the unpleasantness of being wet through; it is certain, however, that rainy weather is highly distasteful to the hunter; such I proved it to be when one day I happened to be out in company with my huntsman Jermolai shooting grouse in the neighbourhood of Bjelewski. We left no means untried to protect us against the rain which from early morning fell in torrents; we drew our water-proof coats up over our heads, and sheltered under the most shady trees where the rain fell less heavily; but besides the disagreeableness of standing thus wrapped up, and all our measures of prudence and foresight, the water ultimately penetrated our so-called "water-proofs;" and when the dense tops of the trees had on their broad leaves collected a quantity of water, either they were bent down by its weight, or a blast of wind shook it off and down in a moment came the mass on our heads, and, like a cold thread slowly made its way under our neckerchiefs and down our backs.

"No! this is going almost too far" ejaculated Jermolai. "To-day there cannot be any shooting. In such weather as this the dogs lose the scent and the guns miss fire. Its wretched."

"But what shall we turn to," I asked.

"Go over to Alexejewka, which lies about eight versts from here, and there we can get into some peasant's house over the night on the estate, which perhaps, you don't even know belongs to your mother."

"Shall we come back here to-morrow?"

"No, not here. Near to Alexejewka I know some

places which so far as grouse shooting goes are much better than this."

I did not trouble to ask my faithful guide and hunting comrade why he had not taken me there direct, but silently I agreed to his proposal. We got up, set off, and before evening arrived on the estate which previously, as far as regards its being my mother's property, I had not the slightest conception. On the farm was a little building, out of repairs, and uninhabited—under its leaning roof I spent a quiet night.

I awakened early on the following morning. The sun's first beams greeted the dawning day, and not a cloud was to be seen on the wide expanse of clear sky.

On grass and leaves still quivered large rain-drops, and the morning dew in glittering pearls reflected the sun light in all the beauties of color. Whilst my horse was being harnessed I took a walk round the little garden which if tended might have been rich in both fruits and flowers, but now, notwithstanding the tall, leafy pear trees, which on almost all sides overshadowed the building, it looked like a wilderness.

Oh! with what pleasure I breathed the pure, fresh, morning air—how enchanted I glanced up to the pure deep blue vault of heaven under which the little larks poured out their clear tones as a rain of silvery pearls; their song sounded fresh as though it fell enwrapped with the morning dew, and on agile wing the joyful songster-troop ascended and descended in the ether above.

I took off my hat, breathed deeply and filled my lungs with the scent-laden air. Alongside of a broken down railing, within a kind of fence, stood a few beehives. There was a narrow winding path through the thick weeds and tall nettles, amongst which, here and there grew bunches of flax apparently sown there by the wind.

I followed the path towards the hives; close by stood a little, leaning, wooden shed under whose roof they probably found shelter during the winter. I glanced in through the half-opened door. Within all was dark and the deepest silence reigned. A strong smell of balm and mint streamed towards me. Furthest away in a corner I thought I could perceive a bed wherein wrapped up in a common coverlet was a little human being. I intended to go further.

"Sir! kind Sir! Peter Petrowitsch!" cried a weak, trembling voice, soft and low as the gentle murmuring

of the wind amongst the bullrushes on the banks of the river.

For a moment I stood immovable.

"Peter Petrowitsch! come nearer," said the voice slowly and supplicatingly. I perceived that it came from the corner where the bed stood.

I stepped in and was literally paralysed with astonishment at the sight which met my eyes. Before me lay a living human being, but merciful God, its appearance!

The fleshless, bronze colored, mummy like head, reminded me of an old Byzantine image; the nose was sharp like a knife blade; the lips scarcely perceptible—only the teeth and eyeballs stood out with a peculiar whiteness from the dark skin; a little towsey, yellow hair was seen here and there under the head covering.

On the coverlet moved two skeleton-like small brown hands whose long fingers were exactly like stiff wooden pins. I stared as though I could not believe my own eyes. The countenance was finely formed, but terribly wan, ghost-like and frightful to look at; over it there rested a mild, almost eloquent and friendly, expression which was all the more heart-rending, when I observed on the metal colored cheeks and withered lips a vain attempt to smile upon me.

"You certainly do not know me again, Sir?" she whispered through her almost immovable lips, "and how should it even be possible. I am Lukeria! Do you not remember Lukeria who long since was with your mother, and who always led the ring-dance and sang so many glad songs?"

"In heaven's name is this then Lukeria!" I exclaimed involuntarily.

"Yes sir, yes it is so in reality."

I knew not what I should say as I stared bewildered on the dark, fixed, deadly countenance whose bright eyes were steadily gazing upon me. I was almost unable to grasp the meaning of her words. Could this skeleton of a human being be Lukeria, the blooming and most beautiful young girl not only in the immediate neighbourhood, but in a circle of many miles; the smart, tall Lukeria who in the freshness of youth and health was like a sweet rose, and was regarded by all as a perfect beauty; the lithest in the dance, the gladdest in the song, always kindly, smiling and lively, she who had the worship of all the young men amongst whom even I—a sixteen years youth,—dreamt and suffered for her—could this be she?

"Heavenly Father! What has happened to thee, Lukeria," I said at last, recovered somewhat from my astonishment.

"Misfortune has bound me in chains, Sir. Do not allow yourself to be too much horrified with my appearance, and do not turn yourself from me in my misery; shew me the kindness to stay beside me a moment; sit you down on the cask—a little nearer—otherwise you cannot hear what I say; my voice is so very weak. You do not know how happy it makes me to have you once more, but what could have brought you this way?"

Lukeria spoke slowly and with an almost toneless voice, but perfectly connected and clear.

"It was my huntsman, Jermolai, who by chance shewed me this place as a shelter from the rain yesterday. But tell me now—"

"Of my misfortune! Yes willingly, kind Sir, if you have but patience to listen. It is now six—very soon seven years since it fell upon me. I had just then been betrothed to Wassili Poljakow—the stately, curly haired young man, who you perhaps remember was butler with your mother. You had already gone from home and commenced your studies at Moscow. Wassili and I loved each other sincerely. I scarcely owned a thought which did not belong to him, he was continually in my mind. It was in spring. One night—or rather towards morning—the day had already begun to dawn,—I awakened and could not possibly get to sleep again. The nightingales trilled in the garden

and sang so lovely that I felt an irresistible longing to be outside. I jumped up, threw on a little clothing and went out on to the steps, the better to hear the dear little birds' mild, melodious tones. Just as I stood at the door there met my ear a voice precisely like that of Wassili's that whispered slowly "Luscha!" (shortening of Lukeria). I gave a start and wide awake as I was I rushed to one side to run down the steps, but missing my foot I fell over, down to the ground. At first I did not feel as though I had hurt myself very much. I got up and returned to my room, but I soon felt that the heavy fall I had had might result very seriously. I felt a strange smarting pain as though something within me had burst. Let me rest a moment, I am so tired."

Lukeria was silent. I could scarcely command my emotions and surprise. Most of all I admired the almost superhuman patience with which she seemed bound to her fate; it was in a satisfied, almost glad tone that she related to me her misfortune and without a murmur or complaint; neither did she appear to make any claim upon my sympathy.

"After the heavy fall," continued Lukeria, "I began slowly to pine away and sink into a heap as it were; my skin began to darken in color over my whole body, and gradually I felt it more and more difficult to move; at last I could neither walk nor sit and had to lie. My appetite diminished, and every week I became worse and worse. Your mother was very kind and good. She had me taken to the hospital and got me the best medical assistance, but no relief could be given to me. No doctor could say what the illness was that I suffered from. Everything possible was tried. I had my back burned with hot irons—I was put into finely crushed ice—all in vain. My body fell into a heap and my limbs became stiff and immovable. When the doctors saw that I could not be cured they would not treat me any longer, and as such a cripple as I am could not of course be up at your mother's to be of trouble there, I was sent here, where I have some relations—now you have heard my story and why I am lying here.

Lukeria was again silent and tried to draw her lips into a smile.

"But, poor Lukeria! Your existence is almost unendurable," I exclaimed unthinkingly. Tell me what became of Poljakow?" This inconsiderate question afterwards appeared to me extraordinarily stupid.

Lukeria turned her eyes to one side.

"Poljakow! He troubled himself long and was very sorry for me, but at last he married another—a girl from Glinnoje, a little village that you may perhaps remember, that lies in the neighbourhood of where I was born. Her name is Agrafena. He was very fond of me—loved me truly—but he was young, and could not go all his days unmarried for my sake. What sort of a wife could I have been for him? Only a burthen and a hindrance. Now he has a good and beautiful wife and they have already some children. They live here on one of the neighbouring estates, where he has obtained a place as farm-foreman, and your mother has promised to help him, so now God be thanked, all is going well with him."

"And you are lying here continually?" I asked.

"Just as you see me I have lain here nearly seven years. In summer my bed stands here in this shed, but towards winter, when it begins to be cold they take me into the bath-house just opposite."

"Who looks after you? Who waits on you?"

"Oh, here are kind people who do not forget me, but for that matter I require very little looking after. As to food, I eat so little that it scarcely deserves mentioning, and water I have there in the jar, I get fresh and good direct from the well. As I am still able to move one hand a little, I can myself lift the jar and drink when I am thirsty. Besides, there is an orphan girl—a nice little girl—who runs in every now and again to see me. She was here just a moment ago, did you not meet her? She looks so sweet and nice, and gives me sometimes

large bunches of fresh flowers—the dearest to me of all that I can get. We have no longer garden flowers, they are all gone, but the meadow flowers are so very beautiful, and their scent if possible, more delicious than the others. Can one imagine anything more charming than a lily of the valley?”

“But do you not feel the time long, Lukeria? Are you not weary and tired of life?”

“Oh! yes, sometimes, but what shall I do kind sir? I do not deny that at first I sorrowed deeply, indeed almost inconsolably, but I struggled against that and gradually I acquired patience and accustomed myself to my fate. Now the days are alike and pass by one after another. There are some who are even worse off than I am.”

“How is that possible?”

“Many have not a roof to cover their heads, but homeless they are obliged to wander; others are blind or deaf. I have, thank God, both eyes and ears; my sight is remarkably good, and my hearing so quick that I can hear even a mole when it is making its way under the ground here. My sense of smell is also extremely fine. No one needs to tell me when the limetree begins to flower on the hillside, or the buckwheat in the field, because the gentlest wind wafted through the doorway tells me and brings me a greeting from God's free nature. No! I have, certainly, no right to complain, because as I said before, many are worse off than I. Think only how easily those that are always fresh and well can fall into sin and become weak before the temptations that meet them; for me there are none. When our priest, Father Alexei, sometime ago gave me the sacrament, he said, ‘Any confession of sin you scarcely require to make, for in such a condition as you are, your faults cannot be so many.’ ‘But impure thoughts,’ said I, ‘are not they reckoned as sins.’ ‘Not as very great ones,’ replied he, with a smile.”

“But even in that respect I have striven to be a better being,” continued Lukeria, after a short pause. “I try, for instance, not to remember the past, and in proportion, not to hope for the future; in that way the day that is goes somewhat quickly.”

I must confess that I was so astonished that my mind for the moment became almost a blank. “You are, of course, always alone, Lukeria, how can you keep yourself from falling into dark and melancholy musings; how can you prevent sorrowful thoughts coming into your mind? Perhaps you sleep most of the time?”

“Oh, no! kind sir! On the contrary, I sleep very little, because, if I do not always have severe pains, there is always a gnawing and racking so that I scarcely ever get any quiet sleep. The best I can do is to try not to think of anything; I know that I still live and breathe and that is all. I see and hear what is going on round about me: the buzzing of the bees in the hives, the cooing of the doves on the housetop, and sometimes a hen comes here with her chickens to seek food. Now and again a sparrow or a butterfly flies in and out of the doorway, and all such as that fills me with happiness. Last year two swallows built in here, laid their eggs, and hatched their young ones; that pleased me so much. First one of them came flying in and on the edge of the nest fed the young ones—and away it went again. In a moment the other was there, and thus they relieved each other, whilst the piping young ones, hungry, lay with gaping beaks and took whatever was stopped into them. I was hoping that the little pair would build here again this year, but a hunter in the neighbourhood, it seems, has shot them. What pleasure could it give him? A whole swallow is not much bigger than a beetle. Amongst you hunters there are some very hard-hearted people!”

“I have never shot any swallow,” I hastily remarked.

“Another time something very amusing happened,” continued Lukeria. “Just fancy, there was a hare came bounding in, the dogs were close after it, I sup-

pose—it sat down close alongside of me, stuck up its ears, and sniffed with its nose, and then with its fore feet stroked its small moustaches like an officer, and looked straight at me; it seemed as if it quite understood that it had nothing to fear from me. In a moment with two jumps it was at the door, glanced back, and then at once vanished. You cannot imagine how funny the little creature was.”

Lukeria looked as though she expected I would laugh, and I did so to please her.

She bit her dry colourless lips and continued, “In winter it is much worse for me when the days are so dark, and to light a candle for my sake, of course, is unnecessary. I learned to read, and always found much pleasure in it, but how could I read now? There are no books here, and even if there were I could not hold one up. Father Alexei lent me once a Christmas number to amuse me a little, but when I could not derive any pleasure from it he took it away again. Even when it is ever so dark there is always something to lie and listen for, a rat gnawing at the floor, or a cricket chirping behind the wall, and to listen to these passes the time better than thinking of anything else.

“Very often I say my prayers,” said she, after a silence—“many, of course, I don't know; and besides, why should I trouble the Allgood, when He, in any case, knows best what I need. Because He has given me the cross to bear I consider that He loves me, for so has He commanded us to understand Him when He punishes us. I say my ‘Our Father,’ the prayer to God's mother, and I pray for heaven's grace and help for all other sick and suffering, unfortunate and oppressed, and so I lie here and I feel in good spirits.”

A few minutes elapsed of deep silence. I did not break it, nor move from the cask which served me as a stool. It was as though the sight of this unfortunate, almost petrified being, had produced paralysis in me. Not without an effort could I, on trying, command the power of speech.

“Listen to what I have to tell you, Lukeria,” I said at last. “I have a proposal to make; if you have nothing against it I shall arrange that you come into a comfortable hospital in the town. Who knows but there is still within the bounds of possibility the means of curing you. You are still young, and in any case, you would be better looked after there, and would escape having to be so much alone.”

Lukeria's eyebrows were slightly drawn together. “Oh, no! good, kind sir,” she exclaimed anxiously, “do not have me taken to any hospital, do not move me from here, it would only cause me fresh pains and increase my sufferings. The only thing that I wish for here on earth is that I may never more come under medical treatment. About a year ago there was a doctor came out here and requested that he might examine me. I prayed and begged of him for God's sake to leave me in peace, but all to no purpose. He began to drag and twist my limbs backwards and forwards, turned and bent my feet and hands, all the time assuring me that he did it in the name of science and that I ought not to dare to offer any opposition, ‘for,’ he added, ‘I must accomplish what I am called upon to do, and be rewarded for any discoveries I can make in my department, but you stupid peasants, you cannot understand when a man wishes you your best.’ He pulled and stretched me both long and well, gave a long curious name to my sickness, and away he went. For eight days after I had insufferable pains in all my joints.

“You say I am always alone, but that is not the case, because every now and again people come in to me and talk a short while; occasionally a pilgrim has come in and related to me his pilgrimage to Jerusalem, or Kiev and the holy cities. Besides, I do not suffer from being alone. Do not have me removed to any hospital, of this I beg of you from my heart, at the same time I thank you kindly for your goodness towards me.

Believe me, for me it is best that I lie here where I am."

"As you request, Lukeria, I only wished to somewhat improve your circumstances."

"I understand that well enough, kind sir, but it is hard for us one to help another when one so little knows what is really for the best and for our neighbour's good. Sometimes when I am lying here it appears to me as though there were no other human beings in existence, then a hand sinks gently on to my head, blessing me, and the sign of the cross is made before me; then all my thoughts and musings seem to fly away, and I feel myself so strangely calm and peaceful."

"But when you are musing, what is the subject of your thoughts, Lukeria?"

"That I cannot very clearly explain. They go and come as the clouds of heaven, and as though chased away by the wind or scattered with the rain—so is unpleasantness driven from soul. I then fully realise that loneliness is best for me, because if I were continually surrounded by human beings I should all the deeper feel my misfortune."

Lukeria sighed heavily; even the breast as well as the rest of the body seemed to be paralysed.

"When I see how much sympathy you have with me, it makes me almost sorry for you, kind sir. Do not pity me too much. Do you remember how in times gone by I used to be so glad and lively, and how I used always to be humming a tune or singing a song? Even now I sometimes sing the same little songs."

"Sing!—is it really possible?"

"Yes, Christmas songs and the ring-dance songs,—I could sing a great many, and I have not forgotten a single one. Dance songs I do not now sing, it would ill become me in my present condition."

"Do you lie and sing softly to yourself, or do you sing aloud as formerly?"

"Sometimes low to myself, and sometimes aloud. My voice, of course, is very far from being as strong as it was previously, but still people can understand what I sing. The little orphan girl of whom I have spoken to you has good abilities and easily understands; she has already learned four songs from me, perhaps you can hardly believe me, but you shall now hear."

Lukeria took a long breath. The thought that this poor creature, who already appeared more dead than alive, meant to raise her weak voice in song, appeared to me as almost something outrageous, and I was just on the point of making some remarks in opposition, when a trembling, scarcely audible, but perfectly clear note met my ear; then followed a second, a third, and many more. "In the meadow" the song was called. Without the expression of her petrified features changing, or the eyes becoming less staring, the song seemed to stealthily emerge in soft, melodious tones, from between the dry, stiffened lips. So appealingly and heartrending did they sound to my ears that I felt a deep emotion and my heart filled with pity.

"I cannot sing any more," she said hastily, "my strength is exhausted, I was, perhaps, too glad to see you again."

She closed her eyes.

I laid my hand on her small cold fingers.

She looked up at me, and then again sank the golden yellow eyelashes that fringed her eyelids; when she again raised them there stole a large tear down her fleshless cheek.

I did not move.

"So childish I am," she remarked in a somewhat louder tone. She opened her eyes more fully and tried to shake away the tears. "I ought to be ashamed, but it is now long since I have wept, it has not happened since the day Wassili Poljakow came to see me last spring. So long as he sat and talked with me I felt so calm and peaceful, but as soon as he went and I was again alone, I cried till I was tired out. One might wonder where all the tears came from, but

people say that women have plenty of them. You have very likely a pocket handkerchief with you, and sir, and if it be not too much to ask of you, would you be so good as to dry my eyes," added Lukeria, in a humble and supplicating tone.

I hastened to fulfil her request, and begged of her to keep the handkerchief. Somewhat confused she at first refused to accept of it, but ultimately allowed me to place it under her stiff dry hand where she retained it. Accustomed as I now was to the semi-darkness in which we were, I could better than at first perceive her features, and the traces therein still reminded of her former uncommon beauty.

"You were asking me just now," commenced Lukeria, "if I enjoy calm, quiet sleep. When I sleep I usually dream such bright, glad dreams; it always seems to me then that I am young and fresh, my illness is no longer to me a reality, but when I awaken and am about to stretch myself out I feel as though I were nailed fast to the bed. Once I had such a curious dream, which I would like to tell you about, if you are not getting too tired."

"It seemed to me as though I was standing in the middle of a large field of corn, and the ripe golden yellow grain rolled in waves round about me. A little vicious, reddish colored dog, was jumping and barking about me and continually trying to bite. In my hand I held a reaping hook, but not of an ordinary appearance. It was just like the moon in the heavens when it takes the crescent form. With this sickle I had to reap all the grain around me, but the heat overpowered me and the moon-like reaping hook blinded me so that I was overcome by an irresistible weakness. I was unable to work. Round about me in great quantities grew the corn-flower, and they bent their heads towards me. Then I thought to myself Wassili, of course, promised to come and see me to-day, I shall, then first pull myself a beautiful wreath of these flowers, afterwards I shall have plenty of time to reap the grain; but however many I pulled they slipped away from my hands as soon as I was going to bind them together. I heard the sound of softly falling feet close beside me and a voice half aloud saying 'Luscha! Luscha!' Oh! how annoying, I thought, that I did not get my wreath ready, but I can instead adorn myself with the crescent reaping hook. At once I put it on my head, and in a moment the whole field was lighted up with the brightest silvery beams. Over the waving grain came floating towards me—not Wassili—but Christ himself. How I knew Him I do not know, because He was not in my dream like the pictures I have seen representing Him. He wore no beard, was young, and had a golden girdle round His waist. When He came close to me He stretched out His hand and said 'Fear thou not my adorned bride, when thou comest to my kingdom so shalt thou lead the ring-dance of the angels and with them sing heavenly songs.' I stretched myself forward to grasp the Savior's hand, and bent myself to the ground to kiss it; then the snarling little dog bit my foot and tried to drag me back, but I held fast to the Savior and we floated slowly upwards."

"When He stretched out his wings it seemed as though they overspread the whole vault of heaven. I went with Him, and the dog remained on the ground. The dream I have interpreted thus: that the vicious dog was my illness, for which there will be no place in the heavenly kingdom."

Lukeria was silent for a moment.

"I have also had another dream, or more properly speaking, a vision. It appeared to me as though I lay in this same hut and my parents who are dead, both father and mother, came in and bent themselves very low before me without saying a word. 'Why, my dear parents, do you bow yourselves so humbly before me, your daughter?' I asked them. They replied, 'Because you have had to suffer so much here in this world you have not only purified your own soul, but you have also lifted a great part of the burden of sin from our shoulders. It is now much better for us in the other world. Your own sins are already washed out.

and now you are working out even forgiveness for ours.' They then bowed themselves still lower before me and vanished, and I then saw only the four bare walls around me. For a long time I thought and wondered about that, at last I asked the priest what such a vision meant, but he replied that it could not be a vision because only holy people could have such.

"Shortly afterwards I had again a strange dream. I thought I was on the main road, sitting under a willow, with a pilgrim's staff in my hand, a leathern sack on my back, and my head covered just the same as a pilgrim. I was going far, far away. A great number of pilgrims passed me, going the same way, going slowly, and as though against their will. They were all much alike, and looked very sorry and downcast. Amongst the pilgrims was a lady who took my attention. She was the head taller than the others, and was clothed in a very peculiar dress, altogether unlike that of a Russian. Her face was sharp and worn as after a long fast,—a harsh and icy-cold expression rested over it. She pressed forward through the crowd, all of which readily made way for her, when suddenly she advanced straight towards me, and fixed her large white and yellow hawk-like eyes upon me. 'Who are you?' I asked. 'Death!' she replied. You perhaps think I was frightened, but, on the contrary, my heart swelled with joy and I crossed myself prayerfully. She said 'It makes me sorry to see you, Lukeria, but I cannot yet take you with me, farewell!' Oh, my God! What a feeling came over me. 'Have mercy on me and take me with you,' I cried after her. She turned round, raised her finger reproachingly, and said something which I did not clearly catch, also told me to hold myself in readiness until St. Peter's fast. I then awakened. Don't you find my dreams very strange?"

An expression of profound reflection seemed to rest over her countenance, and for a few minutes she was perfectly silent.

"There is one thing that I feel very sorry about. Sometimes a whole week passes over without me being able to close my eyes for a single hour's quiet sleep. Last year a wealthy lady was passing this way, she saw me and gave me a little bottle of medicine for sleeplessness. I had to take as many even as ten drops, and after taking it I always rested well; but now I am sorry to say that the bottle has long since been emptied. Do you know what those drops could be, and where one could get such from?"

In all probability it was opium which the lady traveller had given Lukeria, and I promised her that on the very first opportunity I would send her a bottle.

I could not sufficiently express my admiration of her matchless patience.

"Oh! what is that to talk about," she replied. "How could that be compared to Simeon's, for instance, or other saints who have allowed themselves to be buried in the ground, even up to their breasts, and afterwards endured the suffering of ants eating into their faces. What has interested me very much is the story of a country which was overrun by its enemies, and the natives were treated in the most cruel manner without being able to free themselves from the yoke of the conquerors. Then there appeared among them, sent of God, a pure souled maiden; she took in her hand a mighty sword, clothed herself in armour from head to foot, and with indomitable courage drove the enemy out of the country. When she had done this she gave herself up into the hands of her enemies, and said to them:—'Now you may take and burn me, because I have given a holy promise to die at the stake for my people and my fatherland.' They took and burned her, and from that moment her fatherland has always been free. You see, that is what I can call bravery, what am I but a poor creature compared with her?"

I was not a little surprised on finding this legend of Joan of Arc, although in such a changed form, had reached even here. After a second or so elapsed, I asked Lukeria how old she was.

"Twenty-eight or twenty-nine years. There is just one thing I would like to say to you—"

A slight cough interrupted her. After I had cautioned her not to talk too much, she continued with the greatest difficulty in an almost inaudible whisper:—

"Yes, you are right, our conversation must in any case come to a close. Whether talking does me harm or not, it is all the same, because when you go I shall have plenty of time to lie here in silence. I am glad and grateful that you

have had patience so long to hear me, because it has lightened my heart to confide in someone."

I took leave of her, promising on the first opportunity to send her the opium drops, and I begged her to think carefully over whether there was anything else she wished, and if so to tell me freely.

"Thanks. I really do not need anything. I am, God be thanked, content as I am," she whispered with deep emotion and great effort. "May God give you health and prosperity. There is yet one thing I might, perhaps, dare to mention to you. The peasants here are all very poor, will you ask your mother to reduce their rent, even if it be ever so little? They have so little ground and it bears such poor crops. God will reward your goodness, and the people will bless you for it—for my own part I do not wish for anything, I have all that I need."

I pledged my word of honour to Lukeria that her request should be fulfilled, and when I was already at the door she called me back.

"Can you remember, kind sir," she said, with sparkling eyes and a kind of glad smile on her pale lips, "what beautiful blond hair I had formerly? Do you remember how it reached down below my knees? It was a long time before I could decide to let all that rich light golden mass of hair be cut off, but in my condition, when I was no longer able to comb it myself, it had to be done—now, kind sir, farewell! My strength is exhausted—I am not able to talk any longer—forgive me for having kept you so long."

* * * * *

The same day, before going off on my intended shooting, I met with the district bailiff in the village, and had a long talk with him about Lukeria. Of him I learned that she was usually called "the living skeleton," that she was no trouble to anyone, and that no one ever heard her in the least complain of her cruel misfortune. "She desires nothing, and is grateful for the least kindness that is shewn to her. She is as calm and patient as a martyr, but when God punished her and brought such a sickness upon her it was probably on account of her sins, but," added the bailiff, "that is something we have not to meddle with, and let it be far from us to say that she deserved the fate that fell to her lot. To us she has done no evil; God be merciful to the poor creature!"

* * * * *

A few weeks afterwards I was informed that Lukeria was dead. Shortly after St. Peter's fast the hour of her freedom had been struck, and her dream fulfilled. I was told that she, on the day of her death, heard bells ringing, notwithstanding the church lay five versts away, and it was neither a Sunday, nor holiday. To those who were present by her deathbed she whispered that the sound of the bells did not come from the church, but "from above"—she would not venture, probably, to say that it came "from heaven."

GOOD NEWS FROM BARROW-IN-FURNESS.

Dear Mr. Burns,—Just a line to let you know we are still in the land of the living, and making progress in our glorious Cause. Our public meetings and private seances are held regularly: new mediums developing, feeling the power in a most remarkable manner and bidding fair for doing good work in the future.

On Sunday, Dec. 5, we had Mr. Walter Howell with us, who did us very great service. His afternoon's subject was "Does Spiritualism meet the Requirements of the Present Age?" and in the evening, "The Consummation of all Things." The people listened with breathless attention. His visit has been the talk of the town since, speaking in the highest terms of him, both as a medium and a gentleman.

I will not attempt an outline: he has only to be heard to be admired and appreciated. His words are few and his terms easy. Societies, either public or private, would greatly benefit by his services. Being almost blind and incapacitated from getting a livelihood in any other way, his guides appear to have taken special pains in his development, so as to make him an efficient instrument upon which to play.

He is a nice, homely young man, and any family must be the better for his visit amongst them.

Trusting you are quite well, I am, yours truly,

28, Dumfries Street, Barrow-in-Furness.

J. WALMSLEY.

Dec. 14, 1880.

Mr. Towns will be in Cambridge on Monday. Any friends desiring a sitting with him may make application addressed General Post Office, Cambridge, by Monday morning.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR A GOOD BOY OR GIRL.*

What book shall I select for a present at this season of the year? There are so many that choice is embarrassing. Some are too serious and "goody;" others are too childish and silly; another class is vulgarly amusing. Mirth, simplicity, and solidity should be combined with an artistic finish, which pleases the eye and seasons the whole to the most fastidious appetite.

These requirements are well met in Mr. Alberg's elegant translation. The Scandinavians are famous as story-tellers, and it is difficult to imagine a fresher vein of narrative. This essential feature is discovered in "Chit-Chat," which is a record of the sayings of dolls, flowers, butterflies, rivers, books, animals, and other familiar objects in nature, which make their observations in appropriate character and without formality or forcedness of style. The vignettes are exceedingly well executed, and inform the eye as to the subject matter of each chapter at a glance. The translation into English by Mr. Alberg is simply perfect; the elegance and purity of his style renders classical that which in some hands would appear commonplace. Though ostensibly a children's book, it is, as the title implies, adapted to old folks who are yet young in spirit. It is an exceedingly agreeable companion for all ages, and we hope many of our readers will occupy their leisure hours with making its acquaintance. As a specimen of the tales we quote the one with which the volume concludes:—

THE TEMPLE OF TRUTH.

Engrossed in bitter thoughts, outside of a poor cottage, alone and abandoned, sat little Dan, and wept bitterly, for his father and mother were both dead, and without guidance and protection he was now to go abroad, into the wide world. Sorrowful in mind, he wended his way across the mountains to seek his fortune far away from his old home, and as he wandered alone the sun crept down and hid behind the forest, and night flew abroad on its broad black wings, far above, amongst the mountain tops.

The crossing paths were bewildering, and soon the little lad lost his way. Tired and weary he sat himself down on a mossy stone, and tears forced themselves down his cheeks, but when they ceased his eyes closed in sleep, and his curly head rested against the hard stone for a pillow.

Then Dan fancied that the mountain opened behind him, and that he was gradually drawn into its embrace. Above his head darkness closed in, but as he slowly sank all became luminous and bright, and when he opened his eyes he found himself standing in a great hall, where floor and roof glistened with the treasures of bright ores and gems. All around the great hall, up and down, to and fro, glimmered many thousand flames, of which some radiated like bright stars, others more dimly; nothing of life appeared, save these glancing, flickering flames.

And a voice, as if of a thousand voices in one, vibrated in the air, and was re-echoed from all sides of the great hall: "The flames that thou beholdest here are the spirits of truth, that long to be set free, but they cannot disperse among the people of the earth before the way to the Temple of Truth has been found. Upon earth there are many roads that cross each other, but if thou have a stout heart, follow the path that leads to the Temple of Truth. Great obstacles will rise on thy way, thou wilt falter many a time, but only take heart again, and persevere steadily, and thou wilt gain release and freedom for us all."

At this time a star glimmered more intensely than all the others, and, as it were, beckoned the little lad to follow it.

"Here thou seest your guiding-star, which thou must follow, if thou wish to reach the glorious goal!" called out again the vibrating voice, and then the echoes gradually died away, and all was silent. Dan closed his eyes for fear, and found himself borne aloft again. Below him the darkness increased rapidly, but above him shone a bright light, and when he opened his eyes he felt the rising sun bathing his temples, and heard the early matin song of the birds down in the valley. He first looked around, but when he glanced at himself he found that he had grown into a strong youth, glowing with ardour, and resolved to try and reach the Temple of Truth. He descended into the valley amongst the people, but when he trod the uneven and slippery path people laughed at him: he heeded it not, but continued on his way, though even at his very first steps he trod on thorns, and these increased the further he advanced. Far in the distance glimmered his guiding-star, but when Dan hastened to follow its bright beckoning light, soft siren tones stole upon his ear from the wayside, and when for a little while he followed the enticing music, he soon found

that he had lost his way in the wild forests, and entangled himself in a thicket so overgrown and impenetrable that he could not extricate himself. Nauseous ferns with sharp-edged leaves cut his arms, and thorny brambles caught him by the hair.

And behind him siren voices whispered, "There is no such thing as truth!"

"Do as we do: doubt everything, and enjoy life."

"Turn and follow us, and join in our merry sports and pleasures."

Dan saw graceful forms approach, tempting him with delicious drinks to quench his burning thirst, but when he stretched forth his hands to reach the goblets, the tempting forms moved away and said, "You must first swear to give up your purpose and follow us. Make only a promise and we will set you free."

Dan fought long with the fell powers that would make him swerve from his right path; but all of a sudden he saw a bright star twinkle amongst the forest trees, and he thought he heard the vibrating voice that urged him on, "Thou wilt falter many a time, but only take heart again, and persevere steadily, and thou wilt gain release and freedom for us all." A Kæmpe power coursed through his limbs, and he tore asunder the tangles of the siren powers of unbelief, and followed his guiding-star.

Dan felt now that he had become a man, and he walked onward with firm steps. He came to a broad river that majestically rolled onward between its hilly banks. Far away, beyond the opposite bank, glimmered the guiding-star, but it lay upon a barren desert, at the sight of which Dan's heart shrank in fear, and he stopped a few moments to rest himself on the banks of the river. He saw many vessels rapidly pass down with the tide, and many of the ships were splendidly equipped and carried cargoes of great value. One of them steered to the bank where Dan sat. Flags and streamers waved from mast and rigging, and the deck was inlaid with gold. When the vessel had approached so near to Dan that he with ease could step on board, a hand was stretched forth over the railing, and a girl with a smiling, lovely countenance nodded and said, "We have been waiting for you to step on board; the vessel belongs to you, and will bear you to a land of riches and delights. But hasten, before the tide carries us away from you."

Dan looked wistfully at the soft cushions spread on deck, and his weary limbs longed to rest on them, but at the same time a thought of the Temple of Truth flashed upon his mind, and he called out, "My road lies not down the river but across, and through its deep waters to the other shore, where my beacon-light is the star of truth."

And the vessel disappeared, and the star shone brighter than ever, when Dan threw himself into the river, and busily stemmed the billows, until he reached the opposite bank.

He wandered through the desert and came at last to a steep mountain that barred all further progress. Up above shone the bright star, but when Dan beheld the insurmountable barrier he sighed deeply, and stood still. Then he discovered to the left of him a broad stair hewn out in the granite. A great throng of people were ascending the stairs, over the top of which floated beautiful phantoms in the air, which sang:

"Would you climb to honour? This the easy way.
Yours shall be the glory of dominion's sway."

Then awoke a burning desire in Dan's soul. Here was an easy way of getting to the top at once, and he would no longer need to walk, alone and neglected, by a toilsome path. He looked upward along the stairs, and thought he could see the gates of a gorgeous palace upon the heights.

"See the gates of glory opened for you now,
Wreaths of laurel waiting to entwine your brow."

Nearer and nearer the siren's song was wafted to him.

"Why should I hesitate any longer?" he said, enraptured; but as he was about to take the first step towards the stair, his whole past life rushed before his mind, and he remembered the promises he had made in his youth.

"No, no!" he cried out; "I will follow thee, beautiful star, to my death!"

And when he looked up to the steep mountain he saw his own star shedding such a bright lustre that it lit up every fissure, and the smallest tuft of grass or flower could be clearly seen up to the highest point. Dan commenced with renewed strength and courage to ascend the craggy path, but when he reached half-way he was compelled, panting with exertion, to rest by the side of a small spring which poured forth from amongst the stones, and gathered in a small natural basin. He leant down to drink, and beheld in the calm mirror of the spring the head of an old man with flowing white hair.

"So aged already! Then I must make haste!" he called out, and commenced anew to climb the mountain, clinging to the shrubs with tremulous hands. Arrived nearly at the top, he could no longer walk, but dragged himself along, never taking his eyes away from the star, which ever spread out into more and more dazzling and beautiful lights before him.

At last Dan had reached the platform of the summit, and on a projecting eminence quite near he beheld a glorious temple, from the interior of which a dazzling light poured forth. It

* *Chit Chat* by Puck. Tea time tales for young little folks and young old folks, from the Swedish of Richard Gustafsson by Albert Alberg. With 26 Vignettes and a Frontispiece by Mary Sibree. London: W. Swan Sonnenschein and Allen.

was the Temple of Truth, the goal of the wanderer; but he was so exhausted that he could not even drag himself to the entrance. Then once more the voices from the brambles, from the river, and from the broad stairs reached him, and they said in mocking unison, "Where is, then, the reward of all your labours when you cannot enter now?"

Dan raised his weary eyes, and with a faint smile upon his lips he replied, "I have first trodden the path; others will follow in my steps—that is enough reward for me!" And now he felt that his soul had become freed from the imprisonment of flesh, and he heard again the voices of the olden days pealing forth as of a thousand voices in one, and proclaiming, "The hour of deliverance has come!"

And now the liberated spirits of truth gathered round him, and carried Dan into the temple, where he himself became a bright star, guiding on the right path all those who journey toward the Temple of Truth.

INSTITUTION WEEK MEETINGS.

THE CIRCLE AT KIRKCALDY.

Lesson read: Luke, chap. xxi. Hymn sung: "When we hear the music ringing." Afterwards Mr. W. Arnot was controlled, and made the following remarks:—

"We rejoice to meet you on the present occasion. We recognise you as part of the Great Centre, as one of the branches that receive life from the Trunk, who receive life from the great Heart of God. Look, therefore, to him for strength and light, and at the same time give sympathy to those who are working in the Spiritual Cause. They are working for your good, and notwithstanding the many trials you and they have to endure, if you keep looking to the great Source of Light and love, you will eventually overcome, and be led to praise him for his goodness."

After singing the 98th Psalm, Mr. A. Duguid was controlled, and spoke somewhat as follows:—

We desire to congratulate you on the position you have assumed in this Spiritual Movement. It indeed requires a vessel of strong material to withstand the present storm which is beating so furiously against the knowledge and belief of a spiritual existence. Never was a time when the spiritual worker had to use his armour so much as on the present occasion. It becomes a question of life or death—not in the common acceptance of these words, but in a more momentous sense. The life of the soul is assailed, and unless you hold tenaciously to the beautiful institution of spiritual communion in your midst, there is the fear for a time of losing sight of that world altogether. The strength of the Churches will not maintain the truth; the present prescribed order of Christianity will not be sufficiently able to indicate its existence. We counsel you, then, to deal lovingly and kindly with the present organisation of Spiritualism amongst you. It may not exactly meet the requirements of your taste, the ideal of your form of propaganda, but rest assured nothing is but what is allowed by the spiritual overseers in this Movement.

That Institution which you have asked us to countenance has all along been an object of interest on the part of the controlling powers. The vessel, through force of wind or storm, may have been coasting the dangerous shore, and its inmates may have been perplexed and bewildered for the safety of the barque. They may even have heard the grating of the rocks on the bottom of the ship so near to destruction. That is painful. Oh, that we could pour the light of the future into the darkness of the present! but like the dawning day it must come gradually. But, you may say, how can we help the Worker, how can we assist the Institution, without money. That is a secondary consideration. Sympathy is unbought; it is infinitely more valuable than gold, and can be universally exercised. Love is inestimable and warmest where the value of money is unknown. Exercise these helps to prosperity, these aids of progress, and you are bestowing riches on the man and the Institution. To think evil is only intensifying the darkness, and pouring bitterness into the lot of life, and retarding the work being done. The MEDIUM paper, which issues from that establishment, has worked immensely the present position of affairs. It has torn up the soil of public opinion, and lacerated the feelings of many who cry, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." Objectively, it is the instrument which has spread the "knowledge of the truth" abroad throughout England, and we say Scotland too, and all the vitality of the Movement has originated there, and spread from that centre. All this popularity should bring favour and esteem. Such is the criterion of many, while it is seen by some to be the opposite. Hero worship is past, and incarnated personalities of God are not now required, therefore you must be taught to look past the man to the great realm of spirit. To sink the difference in your estimation of goodness is all we desire, and bid you wait the time when the perfect man will be revealed. Support existing forms, sustain those centres, until the time arrives for higher manifestations of spiritual truth.

Cherish a kind spirit, and it will bless your own heart as well as that of others, and draw around you the noble and the good who have passed from earth; and we say again, bestow upon your spiritual workers thoughts of sympathy and love,

remember those whose lives are bound up in the Spiritual Institution,—they have hearts to feel, and knowledge to discriminate deeds of kindness—and thus you will receive the blessing in return. You may assert there is the want of wisdom; but what is your standard of appeal, your criterion of honour? If there be nestling within your bosom bitter and rancorous feelings, you cannot judge honestly, you have not the power to pass judgment. If you manifest patience, all things will come right. There is enough of goodness in the breast of everyone to grow the angel. When will Love be not only a visitant, but a resident on the earth-plane, and manifest the fruits of the new kingdom? We bless you, and desire to carry your gift of love to the hearts of those in the Spiritual Institution.

An Indian spirit came and controlled in the following strain:—

We greet you from the far-off summerland, but it is a clime not always under sunshine: it is under development as well as your own. We love your home; it is something which speaks about heaven, it is the door which leads to the higher life. Why are we brought near you? what troubles are you struggling with? Oh, children of the Eastern clime, are your days becoming so dark that you see not the light? We see those near that can bless you and help you out of trouble: lean on them, and they will sustain you. Brave! are you disputing the existence of God?—look within, and his presence will be felt and his glory seen. Squaw! do you think you have come to a shut door, and are you gathering the folds of misery around you, and waiting for death as the only gate of liberty?—sit not down in sadness; joy will overtake you; a strong hand and loving heart will meet you. The nature of your thoughts lead us to one who is striving to scatter the spiritual food. Tell that Brave we love his courage, we honour his valour. Many hands push him; let yours bless him, and the Red man will speak cheer to you. We know the pains which come from the loss of earthly goods. The White man robbed our wigwam, and took our winter stores away. We thought of revenge, but strange words came from strange lips, and bade us cease. We obeyed the invisible speaker, and found forgiveness sweeter than revenge. Do the same, and your plundered treasures will be restored a thousand-fold. Help the weak, and you will waste no power, but increase it. Ever speak kindly, and wealth will grow in your pockets as well as love in your hearts. We speak to you words of warning: take not the opposition of men as the mind of God. If your lot be bitter, and unpleasant things be in your cup, wait a little and an exchange will come. Put this gem—love—in your heart and encircle it with hope, and despair will fly from you. Remember the Red man comes to you for wisdom; be not foolish, or he will upbraid you. He comes to you for guidance; walk discreetly, or he may forsake you. Tie up the request for Burns: LIGHT IS COMING, AND KIND HEARTS ARE BRINGING FUEL TO KEEP THE FIRE BURNING. It is cowardly to crush the weak, but honourable to combat the strong. Evil is strongest, that is your enemy. Adieu, little band, and God bless you.

We have opened a meeting every Tuesday evening at 13, Oswald's Wynd, Kirkcaldy.

MRS. CROAD'S CASE.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—Allow me to refer those of your readers who understand French and are interested in such cases as that of Mrs. Croad, of Bristol, regarding whom you extracted an article from the "Chard and Ilminster News" in the MEDIUM of the 26th ult., to a communication (No. 64) to be found at p. 247 et seq. vol. i. of the mediumistic work, "The Four Gospels" (J. B. Roustaing), published in 1866. This work is in three volumes, price three and a half francs the volume, and may be obtained through any bookseller for 3s. 6d. the volume, or for 3s. 1d. cash. I give the title and name of publishing firm below.

Bath, Dec. 3, 1880.

"Les Quatre Evangiles." Par J. B. Roustaing. Paris: Librairie Centrale, 24, Boulevard des Italiens.

[Mr. Gillingham has published his explanation of the case in the "Chard News." We will quote from it in our issue for Dec. 24.—ED. M.]

VAGRANCY.—"C." in a communication on this subject, alludes to the profits arising from the sale of Zadkiel's Almanack, and asks why such men as Wilson, who was charged a few months ago for being an astrologist, should not also be allowed to make a living by his brains. "C." Thus concludes, suggesting a clause for an Act of Parliament:—"See my 'Occult Literature,' p. 28. 'Provided always that nothing contained in this Act, or any other Act of Parliament, shall extend or be construed to extend to any resident householder rated to the poor rate to an amount qualifying him to vote for Members of Parliament for any offence against this act alleged to have been committed within his own house or dwelling, and not in view of any street, road, pathway, or public place.' This clause would protect your readers, the mediums, also if legalised."

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The MEDIUM is sold by all news-vendors, 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, DECEMBER 17, 1880.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Paper signed "A. L.," which we published last week, was read before Millom Mutual Improvement Society, and not before a circle, as was in mistake stated. It elicited much discussion. These efforts do much more good than is apparent, and should be promoted by all Spiritualists in their respective districts. The subject during the winter might be brought before a great many mutual improvement, literary, and debating societies.

The friends of F. Orthwaite will be pleased to see his hand to such good advantage in the translation which is the chief feature of our present Number. There are more to follow.

The lesson taught in our Christmas Number is at the basis of true Spiritualism: the supremacy of the spirit over the organism, the rule of principle with expediency in abeyance, and a contentment with that which the spirit can enjoy—these are needful conditions.

We have not been able to insert the half of our Christmas fare in this week's issue, and must occupy our next number with a further course of spiritual narratives. The "Dream" has scarcely opened out yet, but space would not permit of enlargement.

Mr. Lewis will Lecture on "Buddha," at Goswell Hall, on Sunday evening. J. Burns, O. S. T., in the chair.

We are pleased to hear that Miss Samuel enters upon the work of Spiritualism in good earnest as soon as the New Year comes in. She will speak at Goswell Hall on the first three Sundays in January, and commence a series of weekly meetings at the Spiritual Institution on Friday evenings. We hope many will stretch forth their hands and aid in the work which Miss Samuel will take up.

We have received many Institution Week communications and remittances of which we will give an account next week. We thank all heartily for their kind efforts. It is not too late to continue the work. Surely if every group of Spiritualists held a meeting like that of the Kirkcaldy friends, the Cause would be in a much improved condition.

THE SOIREE IN AID OF THE SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—Permit me to call the attention of your readers to the advertisement of soiree on behalf of Spiritual Institution, to be held at Cavendish Rooms on Wednesday, January 5, 1881.—Yours truly, LOUIS FREEMAN.
29, Lichfield Grove, Finchley, N., Dec. 15, 1880.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S ENTERTAINMENTS.

At Temperance Hall, Grosvenor Street, Manchester, on New Year's Day. Tea on tables at 5 o'clock. Entertainment at 6.30. Tickets to tea and entertainment 1s each; after tea, 6d.

On Christmas Day the Manchester and Salford Spiritual Society, 268, Chapel Street, Salford, will give their annual tea meeting. Tea on tables at 5 o'clock. Tickets 1s each. After tea a happy evening will be spent with songs, readings, recitations, various games, etc.,—something to suit all.

OLDHAM.—On Christmas Day we intend holding our annual tea party and entertainment in our room, 176, Union-street, when songs, duets, and trios, as well as readings, recitations, and addresses, will be given by the choir and friends of the movement. Tea on the tables at 4.30; tickets 8d. each for tea and entertainment, children under 12 4d. each; admission after tea (if room permit) 3d. each. Friends from a distance are earnestly invited, and will be gladly welcomed, as sympathy with each other is a great incentive to workers in spiritual movements.

LEICESTER.—Silver-street Lecture-hall.—On New-Year's Eve there will be a tea and entertainment for the benefit of harmonium fund. Tea on the table at 6; entertainment to commence at 8. Tickets for tea and entertainment 1s.; to the entertainment 3d. On Sunday next the platform will be occupied by a local medium, at 6.30.—R. Wightman, Sec., 56, Cranbourne Street, Leicester, Dec. 13.

MEETINGS ON BEHALF OF INSTITUTION WEEK FUND.

Mr. F. O. Matthews will give a trance address, followed by clairvoyant communications, at the Spiritual Institution, 15, Southampton Row, on Sunday evening, Dec. 19, at 7 o'clock. A collection towards Institution Week fund.

At 6, Kenilworth Road, Roman Road, Old Ford, on Monday, Jan 3; 1881, at 7.30 p.m. prompt, Mrs. Knight will hold a seance for the benefit of the Spiritual Institution. Mr. Savage, medium.

Mr. and Mrs. Herne will hold a public seance on the first Thursday evening in the new year, at 7.30, for a new year's gift for the Spiritual Institution, at their residence, 24, Buckingham Villas, Buckingham Road, Stratford, E., when all friends of the Cause will be welcomed.

SPIRITUAL CONDITIONS ARE REQUIRED.

A lady writing of her experience in spirit-communion with the materialised spirit says:—"I find it requires that the sitters present should be of a spiritual mind—to have the new birth from above in them. They should be seriously, religiously, earnestly inclined, else it is no good to them, and no good is done by dragging them into what is too good for them. If they are frivolously inclined, they only get what they seek." We are glad to see that these spiritual conditions are being more and more appreciated by those engaged in spirit-communion.

WHAT GOOD IS SPIRITUALISM?

Is a question that very glibly falls from the lips of our orthodox as well as atheistic friends, who characterise Spiritualism as foolish, childish, or wicked. Such I would ask to explain the following occurrence that took place on Wednesday last week, Dec. 8.

A young person who has for some time been a private medium, while at work in a cotton-mill, was suddenly controlled by one of her spirit-friends, who caused her to seize a shawl that lay near and cover her head with it and rush from the room. Her peculiar manner caused others to laugh and run after her. No sooner had she got to the door than a steam-pipe burst over the spot she had just left, that would undoubtedly have injured both her and others in the room had she not taken the course she did.

A similar occurrence took place some time ago when she was working in a room immediately over the engine-house. She was controlled and ran from the room, followed by others who worked near to her. As they approached the door a crash was heard, and when they looked round the engine had broken down and torn down a portion of the floor upon which they had been working.

Many other similar occurrences have taken place, which to my mind forcibly prove the ever-watchful care of our friends, who will do all they possibly can to protect us from danger. We require a greater receptivity and a more careful watchfulness of our impressions, and obedience thereto; then we should be saved from many things that prove injurious to us, and soon the proofs of spiritual existence and power would be such as to convince the greatest sceptic that spirit is real and primary, while the physical and material are only secondary and transient. Soon may that time appear is the wish of—
Yours truly,
J. Wood.
Oldham.

PENGE.—Mr. Gunton, the missionary minister of the New Church, has been creating a great interest in the spiritual life by his lectures and sermons. In some places Spiritualism and Swedenborgianism go hand in hand. Those who are intelligent Spiritualists are at the same time most devoted to the promulgation of New Church doctrine.

A VISION.

"Legge aurea o felice

Che natura scolpi—s'ei piace, ei lice."—Tasso.

"Wo die Liebe waltet, da hat das Gesetz ein Ende."
Where love rules, law ceases.—The Seers of Prevorst.

"O happy earth! reality of heaven!"—Shelley.

Once in a vision I beheld an angel's form.

The spirit took the shape of one once loved on earth,
But changed: the body glowed, and like our sun was warm,
Blent with the splendours of a second birth;
And her large eyes shone like the Sirius sun
When stars begin to fade, just ere the dawn has come.

And from her eyes, fixed lovingly on mine,
Flowed glowing radiance of an unknown power
Into my heart; and with her hand she made a sign
Upon my brow—a mystic number hid within a flower:
Her touch changed all my being, love divine
Made of my earthly frame a heavenly shrine.

All thought of self was melted in that fire,
And "mine and thine" had faded from my soul;
Love's universal brotherhood—a strong desire
For others' welfare—joined me to the whole;
I had no interests save for all on earth;
The only wealth was the soul's inward worth.

I saw the earth changed to a poet's dream,
And all that once seemed evil was no more;
Error had vanished, and truth's purest gleam
Shone with cerulean light from shore to shore;
And love was throned within each human soul,
And every atom throbbed harmonious with the whole.

And each was happy, following the control
Of that desire which suited all his powers;
And work was pleasure, for it gave each soul
The full enjoyment of progressive hours:
Work not for self, but urged by will sublime
For others' welfare through unending time.

The reign of joy and love had come at last,
Of which prophetic whispers through the years
Made those hearts glad which heard them 'mid the blast
Of selfishness and crime, which filled with fears
The weary-hearted wanderers on earth,
Living and sorrowing till the spirit's birth.

Duty had faded from the human heart,
For Love was lord, supreme o'er every thought:
Man's sweetest pleasure was but to impart
To others that divinity with which his soul was fraught,
And life went joyous as a summer day
When every selfish thought had passed away.

Man, through eons of deep suffering taught,
At last became adapted to the earth;
Knowledge was his, and truth and beauty brought
Within each soul, raised to a higher worth;
Even Death, saviour from evil, was no more,
And deathless man rose to the eternal shore.

And when that visioned angel would depart,
So loved on earth, now of the choir above,
I asked her to make clear within my heart
What was the number, what the flower of love
Which she upon my brow had sealed with fire,
Burning along my nerves with pure desire.

She smiled and touched my forehead with her hand—
The same soft touch so often felt when here,
Yet to be felt within the spirit-land

Where mutual love makes glad the greater year,—
The flower I knew, the fateful number not,
Hid by blue wreaths of Heaven's "Forget-me-not."

Lucerne, Switzerland.

A. J. CRANSTOWN.

JESUS AND HIS DISCIPLES AMONGST LONDON SPIRITUALISTS.

WRITTEN IN THE SIMILITUDE OF A DREAM.

Notable dreams are experienced by the most unlikely persons in unexpected places, under the most peculiar circumstances, and without apparent design or preparation. Jacob dreamed when on his journey, with his head on a stony pillow; John Bunyan had his wonderful visions of the Pilgrim in a place which he describes as "a den"—interpreted to mean the prison. The mental experiences hereinafter recorded, occurred to the writer under the following circumstances:—

CHAP. I.—WORK AND WEARINESS; THE FLESH AND THE SPIRIT.

It was during the dark short days and long dreary nights, just before Christmas, that I had, after several weeks of intense application, been up all night busily engaged in getting the paper ready for the press next day. Far into the night, every night, the work went on—but weekly a whole night had to be snatched from rest to enable the task to be accomplished. The burden became almost unbearable, as the nervous tension increased, and the vitality became reduced. I could work on if I continued at it, but if I went out upon the streets my head felt

giddy, and my physical resources scarcely enabled me to creep along at a snail's pace. It was a struggle between spirit and matter, and evidently produced some obscure psychological as well as physical changes in my constitution. Is it not possible that the troubles and difficulties of life may all have a use in man's development which at present cannot be discerned?

At last the bell of a neighbouring factory was heard, and the grey dawn began to dispute the supremacy with the gaslight. The general postman knocked as he passed the letters into the letter-box. I washed my hands from the stains of labour and with a beating heart I went upstairs to see what fortune awaited me. Important demands had to be met that morning, or very unpleasant consequences would be the penalty. Would there be anything in the letters? Like a prisoner awaiting the sentence of the judge, I climbed the stairs with faltering and weary footsteps to learn my fate; for I felt that I had entered upon a day of doom. Many such a blow as disappointment under similar circumstances had that fluttering, aching heart received; but to-day was a critical day; surely God would be merciful.

The envelopes were bursted one by one, to find inside not more posage stamps than had been used in the transmission of them through the post. Can you forgive me if I felt hard and bitter? The personal man—the hungry, weary, burden-bearing selfhood felt in danger, and he placed himself on the defensive. He called himself a fool for sacrificing himself to an idea, which meant the more sacrifice the further it was followed out. "Cannot I use my talents, my efforts, for my own benefit, as I see all other people do, and not be left thus like a wreck in mid-ocean? Had I been paid for my work done since Monday morning I should have had enough for my needs; but here I am, not only unpaid, but—as a negative reward—overwhelmed with burdens. Is it just of the spirit-world to serve a useful tool so? Is there such things as divine love and justice, and angels as their messengers to man?"

Thus the worldly man felt—hard, bitter—sceptical of all good, either in his fellows or in the universe as a whole: and in this feeling, so dark and dismal—did he not for the moment drink of that nauseating cup which at this moment poisons the soul-life of the world at large? The selfish, spiritual-short-sightedness of the age flowed into my soul at that moment—I was made to feel how dark, helpless, miserable—spiritually—is the lot of mankind.

I descended to my cellar-home for breakfast. These large red American apples and a bit of bread make excellent fare. I poured a little hot water into the jug containing the coffee-grounds—the remains of our midnight refreshment. It was not a strong beverage, and therefore was good. As I sipped it I turned myself round and placed my feet on the front of the stove.

What a wondrous effect the condition of the animal has on the expression of the spirit! Think of it, ye who preach to sinners, punish criminals, and exhort the indifferent. After all, I felt that my position was not so bad: my belly was filled with nutritious, wholesome, enjoyable fare;—could the most wealthy lord have more? How the weary muscles—that had been at work all yesterday, and all night, and were about to face the duties of another day—enjoyed their short respite! The happiness of rest can only be felt by the weary—of satisfaction by the hungry: I had these pleasures in my keeping and I felt comfortable in body and mind. But this was not my only source of satisfaction. I thought of the miserable condition of mind that I had been in a few minutes ago, and I shuddered at the thought of millions being in a like condition. But my night's work would tend to dispel these clouds in many minds. Between now and Sunday, I thought, thousands will be enjoying the fruits of my labours who might otherwise miss a leading feature in their week's happiness. I have to endure much, but others enjoy a thousandfold in compensation. After all, I am not such a miserable nonentity; I am really somebody of importance: and I felt thankful that the lot I bore had fallen to my share, while tears of gratitude coursed down my cheeks.

This self-complacent state of mind was followed by a feeling of horror, of which I myself was the object. I felt as if another individual was unfolding himself within me, and was keenly criticising my deformities as he advanced into my outer sphere. I was disgusted at my self-conceit and consciousness of moral heroism. In patting myself on the back so graciously I was appearing altogether in borrowed plumage. The hungry, exacting mortal chafing under the disappointment of empty letters was my true self. Looked at organically, what was I but a congeries of sensual desires and necessities; many of them morbid and perverted.

This strain of feeling was so severe that language fails me to describe its intensity. The offensive putridity of man's mortal state, with its empire of sin and shame, almost suffocated me, till I was in a condition of spiritual despair, and my only thought was spiritual suicide if it had been possible for me to have accomplished it. I was wholly lost, spiritually undone, condemned to the offensive atmosphere of a charnel-house, from which there was no escape.

I could not have endured this weight of woe much longer, but in mercy I was gently retired from myself and yet more to myself. These terms are paradoxical, I know, but how am I to help myself in a case in which language fails me. I was less

of myself in that I receded, as it were, from that repulsive carcass which I had felt so insupportably to be myself; but I became more of myself in the realisation of that plane of consciousness on which all my nobler aspirations resided. I gradually came to realise the fact that my body with its imperfections, and myself, were two distinct facts. I was now out of and above my body, and yet, singular to state, I had the bodily consciousness and the higher consciousness. The latter continued to expand till it enabled me to become reconciled to the imperfections of the flesh. The more glorious being, in gentleness and love, stooped down, as it were, over the animal man, suffused him with its brightness, washed him from his infirmities, healed his festering wounds, reconciled him to his God.

I felt once more all of a piece, as it were—soul and body. The latter was saved from itself by being linked to the former. The superior consciousness yet continued to expand till I seemed to know much more than the events of my earth-life presented; I belonged not only to the present time, but to all time. By a turn of thought I was present in the ages that occurred thousands of years ago, and I realised the ultimate of many things that are ordinarily mysterious. To me there was no "time;" all was spiritually present. I lived with the heroes of the past; I saw them in action and recognised them as old friends and associates, and they reciprocated my fraternal advances. My desires, motives, and the manner of effecting them were so perfect that there was no cause for derision or reproach. I could spend myself without being spent, I could be supreme without being proud; I worshipped more devoutly, I pitied more sincerely. Oh, how I desired to bless earth's children with similar conditions, and yet I was not impatient at delay, I saw that all was very good.

CHAP. II.—THE DREAM UNFOLDS ITSELF.

My last remembrance of my personal surroundings was the vivid flash of the embers in the stove on my face, and the warmth which they emitted on my chilly feet. This sensuous feeling blended with the superior state, and became the materials in which a scene was expressed on the outer table of the mind. I was, it would appear, dreaming, for I thought I was in Palestine with Jesus and the Apostles. All I can remember was the grateful warmth of the climate, the bright atmosphere, the somewhat arid landscape, and the moving figures of the sacred characters. I was working with them in their beneficent mission, and yet I was looking upon the scene like a spectator in a balloon. What strange contradictions dreams present!

I next felt myself confined in a small vessel, which on its long voyage was sometimes becalmed; but passing into a colder climate it had to contend with rougher seas, and after many dangers and discomforts it was moored in a river which flowed through a great city. It was a cold, damp, foggy place, very unlike the scene which first presented itself.

As if by intuition, I realised that Jesus and the Apostles, or some portion of them, had come to London on a spiritual mission. Again the perplexing contradiction appeared, of the present day and 1850 years ago being mixed up together in what I may call harmonious confusion—for there was, to my mind, no incongruity in the mixture of types and manners that I experienced. In the midst of modern civilisation these ancient Orientals followed the customs of their native country, wore the dress of the olden time, and engaged in the occupations of Spiritual Teachers; and yet, this oddness created no surprise in my mind, or in the minds of the inhabitants of London. Certain modern improvements I saw in force, others I was oblivious to. Such is the mixture of times and scenes that form the warp and woof of dreams, and some allusion to which is needful, to spare me from the ridicule of the critical reader.

In writing out these experiences, which I am impressed to do, I have no desire to outrage people's sense of propriety by making too familiar with sacred names. I shall call the Central Figure the Master, and allow the others of the group to wear the names by which they are known in history.

The first impression I received of the visitors was the strange way in which they were related to Spiritualism, and yet were not of it in some respects. I thought the Spiritualists had been aware of their arrival, but had left them to their own resources; a contradiction proceeding, no doubt, from the confusion of ages which the dream produced. Spiritualism, I thought, had existed before their arrival, and yet they were by some believed to be the originators of it, and that they were its primary and principal exponents.

The next feature that engrossed me was the method of their work. The little vessel—no steamers then, thought I—had landed them down at Poplar, and there they immediately commenced their mission. They had no desire to go into the city and see the sights, and present letters of introduction, or obtain patronage. They found themselves amongst an abundant population that greatly needed healing, teaching, and spiritual blessing, and this was all that the strangers desired. They possessed no money, no stores of any kind, and they followed no worldly occupation. They had no fixed income, and no resources, except those of the spirit. They worked on, and from day to day and from year to year; they received from those with whom they came more immediately in contact all that was necessary to supply their simple wants. Everything was held in common. If there was a want of means they all

starved; if there was difficulty they all suffered. An invisible band held them in its embrace, so that a community of feeling and of purpose animated them in all things; and the root-end of that spiritual yoke which all of them bore originated in the Master. I observed that they did not make the slightest effort to control one another. Every man did his own life-work, and though they were of mutual aid to one another, no man was master. Even the Master himself was the most diligent servant of all, and it was his capability of blessing others that gave him the supremacy which he exercised.

Governed by these principles—which were not derived from rules externally laid down, but proceeded from the intuitions of the spirit—the little group commenced work. They made no effort to find "engagements" or draw "business." Sin, suffering, and sorrow abounded on all hands. The field lay ripe for the harvest. Their method of work I saw to be peculiar. They issued no advertisements, announced no meetings, hired no halls. No regular plan was adopted, but as the conditions favoured the work was performed. Occasionally extraordinary phenomena would occur. Then there would be unparalleled cases of healing, and again touching discourses and instructive parables. There was no formality of any kind, but the spiritual work done flowed out, as it were, naturally and unexpectedly, as a part of the scene, and in response to the spiritual needs of the moment.

The effect of the work was very marked. Those affected by it were not simply informed of certain phenomenal facts, instructed in spiritual ideas, or healed of diseases, but they evinced a striking change of character. Former spiritual surroundings were dispelled, and new influences were thrown around them, which transformed their characters entirely. It was not always the learned and those in social position that were the recipients of these benefits; in fact, the better class of sinners rather despised these teachings, while the poor heard gladly. Quite frequently, however, eminent men would be moved by the spirit, and be transformed in their moral tendencies, and this transformation was accompanied by an intuitive perception of spiritual truth, which rendered such disciples and followers powerful antagonists to all who held by old opinions, materialistic or theological.

Thus a great interest was aroused, till it spread not only to all parts of London, but also to the provinces. The newspapers were usually unfair and bitter, but occasionally an influential correspondent would testify to facts of which he had been the participator. The work did not spread by these external agencies; there was a subtle force that telegraphed the glad tidings to many souls, and they received the truth, and were brought under the influence of these foreigners in most unaccountable ways. Adherents became quite numerous. Material means were less precarious, for at times the Master had not had a place to lay his head, and his nomadic brethren in the work were often sorely pinched. Now they were often invited to comfortable houses, and called around them that substantial interest which shows that a cause is progressing.

At this point in my dream an incident was seen to occur which shows how ideas get mixed up in such cases, and that the external affairs of life that so heavily press upon us give a vehicle to those inspirations and visions that may come to us from superhuman sources.

The incident to which I allude was as follows:—

A certain Greek who lived near the river side did rough work as a printer for foreign captains and others who might with their ships visit the port. His previous travels and knowledge of languages enabled him to be useful in this respect. He was an eccentric, taciturn sort of man—one that many feared and but few understood. Some heavy grief or spiritual cloud blighted his life.

Now this man had an only daughter, who was an invalid. The whole family had been cast away in a storm at sea, and only the father and daughter were saved; but the daughter had received injuries to the spine which rendered her helpless. The father's life seemed to be wrapped up in this beautiful, suffering child, so that he had, apparently, no good feeling to bestow on others. I saw in my dream that this suffering girl had been healed, and not only so, but a great change had been effected in her father, so that he became one of the most indefatigable disciples. His first act of aid to the spiritual work was to print in the form of a fly-sheet an account of the cure that had been effected on his child, and this narrative was accompanied by such hearty expressions of goodness and spirituality that all who knew him were astonished. His manner to all became so changed that he served as a striking example of the nature of the effect which had been produced in him.

(To be continued.)

THE SUMMER-LAND.

A mute and moveless sleep

In transient gloom;

Then fairer than the morning's fairest blush,
A beauteous world gleams with a glad surprise.

Beyond the vision's farthest flight
Soft flowery meads and shady vales extend,
The flowers unfold in fadeless bloom
Of ever-varying hue;

Meandering streams which sweetest music make,
Midst waving grasses glide
O'er gleaming golden sands;
And in ethereal sunlight fountains play
In gently falling stream,
With brightest jewel tints
For ever changing place.

Trees, evergreen, seem whispering words of love;
Ideal splendour tinges every leaf!
The ambient skies reflect, like seas at rest,
The radiance more than rich o'er all below.
This brightness, that had blinding been on earth,
Seems soothing here, subdued by mellow light.
My spirit now, from fleshly fetters free,
Leaps forth exulting in full pride of life.

New pleasures and delights
Are minions of the will;
Boats, woven of the thoughts, of gorgeous shape
O'er crystal seas with graceful motion glide;
Bright plumaged birds, of thrilling deathless song,
To balmy bowers invite;
A sweet sensation o'er the spirit steals,
Like deep and charmed dreams
That drown remembrance of all earthly care.
From distant dells,
Long since unheard, but unforgotten tones
Break forth from loving lips
In deeper music.

To mingle with that throng!
Those radiant forms to clasp!
Those ruby lips to press!
To gaze upon that face
Of undecaying bloom!
Oh, joy! Oh, bliss!—I go.
The wish a chariot forms
To bear me swiftly through the odorous air—
Softly as mildest moonbeams move
O'er deeply slumbering seas.

A throbbing heart within—
Not cold and stony like the heart of flesh—
Beats to the many melodies around;
And, like eternities, deep thoughts expand
Embracing worlds on worlds in plans divine—
And mystery simplicity reveals!

I cried in ecstasy—
"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,
And here is more than beauty fading never;
'A thing of beauty ever is a joy,'
Alone, is beauty here, without alloy."

I held sweet converse with congenial minds
On love and truth, and thousand kindred themes;
The wondrous lore and laws of spirit-life
Were like a fount of waters sweet, whose drops
No "crude surfeit" disguised.

Then thoughts of God
Were breathed and echoed from each leaf and flower;
Thoughts deeper, more divine than have a birth
Where man hath will to hurt and power to marr.
Then spirits, clothed in robes of dazzling white
With jewels radiant, came foam spheres above,
With words of peace and love upon their lips:
With smiles that did His bright reflection seem.
I feared a band to follow with His frown,
To stamp eternally the sinful brow
As it emerged from out the deeps of death,
And banish all unworthy, from this bliss,
That ghosts of pleasures dead like fiends may trouble.

Then some bright presence did my thoughts perceive
And answer:—

"Faint of spirit—fear ye not!
His love, unfathomable as His soul,
Consigns not to despair the least of earth.
The erring soul He bids us watch and guide,
And higher hopes infuse and loftier aims,
That the all-powerful will be exercised
Aright, and chains of sympathy with vice
And grovelling passions be for ever snapped;
And for delirium wild of unrestraint
Be substituted peace of purity:
Or, if untimely death, mad progress stay,
And then enwrapped in slime and filth of sin
The spirit creep and hide in hells of gloom,
More loathsome than its own decaying flesh,
Our mission ceases not. These prisons vile
We enter, preaching God and shedding light.
It is His loving will that goodness reign.

We bring you thoughts, from the Eternal's throne,
That come through principalities and powers
Innumerable, and from tongue to tongue
Of cherub, seraph, great in soul, like gods;—

Whose homes are temples, built of jewels rare,
Each gem some thought embodied, full of good
That in the spirit's progress rose above.

We come to tell you of a path of flowers,
From sphere to sphere, whose seeds are in your soul.

Let mortals know how bright the deeds of love,
And thoughts of sympathy, and words of peace,—
Like flowers and paintings, and like poesy
Adorn the "many mansions" in these realms.
The higher glories, inexhaustible,
Are never by our King to earth revealed:
A transient gleam would dim the earthly eye;
Their splendours may no earthly symbols have;
The eloquence of earth, that would describe,
Would paint the shadow only of a crown!

Let mortals know of realms where reptiles vile—
All evil thoughts embodied—fright the soul,
And like a fire, remorse and conscience burn:
A fire, though fierce yet friendly, which consumes
The dross that drags the soul to living death.
And as in gentleness ye higher lead,
By thoughts inspired, shall heaven-light and warmth
Descend, and fructify the God-germs fair
Within your soul, to glad your upward path."

"Beauty is Truth—Truth Beauty" all shall know
In progress through the spheres, if not on earth below!

JAMES KINNERSLEY LEWIS.

London, S. E. December 14 1880.

EXPERIENCE OF A JERSEY SPIRITUALIST.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—Thanking you for the insertion of my letter in your issue of the 19th ult., I will now try to put a few more ideas together, so as to complete the observations I had to make,

In the first place, I must explain that, though I am averse to professional mediums for phenomenal seances, it does not follow that all paid service is to be discarded. I admit that under certain circumstances it is highly important and conducive to the good of the Cause that those to whom God has given the talent and who are not endowed with this world's goods must be cared for: the servant is worthy of his hire.

Though opposed to those who seem to persist in exposing the sacredness of the Cause to all applicants who are willing to pay the fee of admission, I am in favour of doing all we can to instruct all serious seekers after truth.

There can be no doubt in the minds of any true Spiritualist that imparting instruction in Spiritualism is a very important and serious affair, and none ought to presume to become teachers who are not prepared so to do in a Christ-like and Godly manner, never forgetting to seek our heavenly Father's blessing and guidance in all and everything connected with its sacredness.

The question now arises, How are seekers, or, in other words, perfect strangers to Spiritualism, to be instructed? Not by taking them at once to dark seances to witness certain phenomena. That is not reasonable. We might as well give a child Latin or algebra to learn before he could spell. The result I may say in the majority of cases has produced anything but the true advancement of the Cause. True, this mode of teaching has convinced a large number that the departed can and do come to revisit this world; but let me ask in all sincerity, What percentage of those so instructed have felt a new birth: have shown that Spiritualism has made their lives shine in such a manner that they can truly feel that as far as possible they do unto their fellow-men as they wish it done to themselves; that the fruit of their belief has produced love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, and especially more charity to those of their household of faith? Is that the general result attained? God grant that we soon may witness such a desirable fruit, especially amongst the leaders in the Cause.

There are various ways by which the Cause may be prominently brought before the public: good and cheap literature distributed—literature teeming with love to God and man, proclaiming far and wide the heavenly gift sent from heaven to the present generation. Encourage the formation of private sittings, and give a helping hand to all well-intentioned seekers; attend to the encouragement of such seances for the more rapid development of private mediums. The holding of public meetings (free admittance if possible), where friends may meet and commune together for mutual instruction: lectures delivered, both trance and otherwise, the lecturers always keeping in view that heavenly charity which covereth a multitude of sins. Spread the holiness of the Cause, but above all never molest by word or deed those who do not believe in Spiritualism, for let us always bear in mind that we possess nothing but what our heavenly Father has given us. Therefore let us be thankful, and pray that our friends may soon receive the same blessing. I read nearly all periodicals published on Spiritualism, and I often admire articles, some of which I look upon as God-sent. For instance, amongst the many I will mention the most interesting and soothing trance lectures given by Mrs. Richmond. I think that these and such

Meandering streams which sweetest music make,
Midst waving grasses glide
O'er gleaming golden sands;
And in ethereal sunlight fountains play
In gently falling stream,
With brightest jewel tints
For ever changing place.

Trees, evergreen, seem whispering words of love;
Ideal splendour tinges every leaf!
The ambient skies reflect, like seas at rest,
The radiance more than rich o'er all below.
This brightness, that had blinding been on earth,
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Though opposed to those who seem to persist in exposing the sacredness of the Cause to all applicants who are willing to pay the fee of admission, I am in favour of doing all we can to instruct all serious seekers after truth.

There can be no doubt in the minds of any true Spiritualist that imparting instruction in Spiritualism is a very important and serious affair, and none ought to presume to become teachers who are not prepared so to do in a Christ-like and Godly manner, never forgetting to seek our heavenly Father's blessing and guidance in all and everything connected with its sacredness.

The question now arises, How are seekers, or, in other words, perfect strangers to Spiritualism, to be instructed? Not by taking them at once to dark seances to witness certain phenomena. That is not reasonable. We might as well give a child Latin or algebra to learn before he could spell. The result I may say in the majority of cases has produced anything but the true advancement of the Cause. True, this mode of teaching has convinced a large number that the departed can and do come to revisit this world; but let me ask in all sincerity, What percentage of those so instructed have felt a new birth: have shown that Spiritualism has made their lives shine in such a manner that they can truly feel that as far as possible they do unto their fellow-men as they wish it done to themselves; that the fruit of their belief has produced love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, and especially more charity to those of their household of faith? Is that the general result attained? God grant that we soon may witness such a desirable fruit, especially amongst the leaders in the Cause.

There are various ways by which the Cause may be prominently brought before the public: good and cheap literature distributed—literature teeming with love to God and man, proclaiming far and wide the heavenly gift sent from heaven to the present generation. Encourage the formation of private sittings, and give a helping hand to all well-intentioned seekers; attend to the encouragement of such seances for the more rapid development of private mediums. The holding of public meetings (free admittance if possible), where friends may meet and commune together for mutual instruction; lectures delivered, both trance and otherwise, the lecturers always keeping in view that heavenly charity which covereth a multitude of sins. Spread the holiness of the Cause, but above all never molest by word or deed those who do not believe in Spiritualism, for let us always bear in mind that we possess nothing but what our heavenly Father has given us. Therefore let us be thankful, and pray that our friends may soon receive the same blessing. I read nearly all periodicals published on Spiritualism, and I often admire articles, some of which I look upon as God-sent. For instance, amongst the many I will mention the most interesting and soothing trance lectures given by Mrs. Richmond. I think that these and such

have done and will do more real good than anything else. There are too few of such. Let us pray that our Lord may send more labourers into his vineyard.

It is lamentable to hear Spiritualists (falsely so-called) say, and even publish, that, being believers in Spiritualism, they can well dispense with any other religion. I consider these are the greatest enemies to the Cause, and do more by their conduct to keep out what I may call the well-thinking part of the community than all the exposés which have happened.

Now, let me say that for my part I have to thank my heavenly Father that my experience as a Spiritualist is very different. I consider that true Christian religion must go hand in hand with true Spiritualism. I mean—follow the precepts and teachings of Christ as far as we can do so.

Spiritualism is not given as a religion. It is a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path; it is a power sent from on high to enable us to understand the teachings of the Bible, particularly the teachings of Christ, in spirit and in truth.

In conclusion, let me advise all Spiritualists to look upon the various Christian services performed in all churches or chapels, from Roman Catholic down to Plymouth Brethren, to be as essential now, or more than ever. There is some good in all of them, and let us bless God that Spiritualism enables us to sift the chaff from the wheat.

The noble and goodly Cause will only make real progress when we can persuade those we call the religious portions of the community of the truth of Spiritualism, and the surest way so to do is to make our lives so shine before men that, seeing the purity, chastity, and humility of our conduct, they will then declare that Spiritualism must be from heaven.—Yours, etc.,

A JERSEY SPIRITUALIST.

Jersey, Dec. 8.

[A misunderstanding sometimes occurs in respect to the opinions expressed by Spiritualists on religious matters. When it is said that no other religion is necessary, much more is implied by Spiritualism than phenomena, communion with spirits, or intellectual conclusions. All that can concern the human spirit, now or in the hereafter, is included. All religions are held to be forms of Spiritualism, the Bible being a record of certain of these forms, from the phenomenal up to the redemptive. Seeing, then, that man's spiritual experiences, as our correspondent justly observes, throw a light on the Bible, and enable us to understand it and appreciate the spiritual teachings of the Gospel, therefore it is implied that man's spiritual light is primarily within himself, and having by spiritual endeavour caused it to brighten up, it enables him to read and understand the records of the light of former days. In this sense the Spiritualist logically argues that, having found out the relations of the soul to God's law, and having accepted the proffered aid of the spirit to enable us to observe that law, no other religion is required, for all the religious systems are merely aids to spirituality; they are not spirituality and religion themselves. If we place too much reliance on the Bible and the personal experiences and teachings of the past, we err in so far that our attention is too much withdrawn from the light within ourselves, which indeed is all that we can possess. If we refer to the Bible itself, we will find this independent spiritual operation abundantly enforced. Mere forms, precepts, and literature are often set aside, and the living action of the spirit within man is substituted—the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, who is to be the great Teacher of a spiritual humanity. With true spiritual aid man depends on God alone, but no Spiritualist denies the use of any external aid, phenomenal or literary, that will exercise the external mind, and thereby arouse that latent spiritual life which is in every man. In short, Spiritualism is not a belief in facts ancient or modern, but the living truth within the soul, which underlies all facts, and is the ever-present God within us.—Ed. M.]

GOSWELL HALL, GOSWELL ROAD, NEAR THE ANGEL, ISLINGTON.

On Sunday morning last, at 11, Mr. King opened the subject "Does the spirit of man leave the body?"

Last Sunday evening we had a very interesting meeting, and a large company. Miss Samuel gave an Invocation and a short address which seemed to electrify the company.

Then followed A. T. T. P., who gave a splendid address and read two very interesting controls, one of which he had received that morning.

Mr. J. K. Lewis will Lecture on "Buddha," on Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.

Mr. Knight Smith will sing "Teach me, O Lord," Turpin.

W. TOWNS, Secretary.

J. BURNS, O.S.T.,

Will lecture for Ipswich Temperance Society

On Monday Evening, Jan. 17, 1881, on

"THE INFLUENCE OF ALCOHOL ON MAN'S IMMORTAL BEING."

SYLLABUS:

The Body and the Laws of Health
The Relations of Body and Mind
The Phenomena of Intoxication
Man as an Immortal Being

The Testimony of Scripture.—
Man's Spiritual State as affected by His Personal Habits

A SOIREE

IN AID OF

THE SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION

WILL BE HELD

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 5th, 1881,

AT THE

CAVENDISH ROOMS,
Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, W.

(To Commence at 7.30 p.m., and Conclude at 12).

When the following Ladies and Gentlemen have consented to take part, viz:—

MESSES.

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AND SCANLAN.

MESSES.

ADAMS, EVERITT, | MING, MARTIN,
LOUIS FREEMAN, | AND PRESLEY.

Refreshments by Mario Pigani.

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OR OF

Mr. LOUIS FREEMAN,
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AND

Mr. W. TOWNS,
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To admit One, 1s. 6d.; to admit Two, 2s. 6d.

At the request of numerous friends we have arranged a much shorter musical programme than usual, in order that the dancing may commence earlier; but to compensate for this, and to provide a more varied entertainment, the several dances will be interspersed with songs, etc.

A Ball Programme will be incorporated with that containing the music, for the convenience of the dancers.

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OLD TRUTHS

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PART III.—Containing one autotype of Mediumistic Drawing. Retrospective appendix to Chapters iv and v. Chapter vi.—The Children's Friend. Chapter vii.—The King's Arrival.

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PRICE SIXPENCE.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL MAGAZINE for December, now ready, price 6d., contains—Phrenological Delineation and Portrait of Hubert Herkomer, A.R.A.—Kleptomania—The Face as Indicative of Character (with illustrations)—Phrenology as applied to Callings—Frederick the Great's Phrenology—Only Half a Hero: a Tale of the Franco-German War (concluded)—The Children's Corner: Beautiful May; The Children—Charles Bray on Memory—Reviews—Facts and Gossip—Answers to Correspondents—Title-page and Index to Vol. I. Fowler, Ludgate Circus.

MANCHESTER AND SALFORD SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY.

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

Sunday, Dec. 19.—, Wallis:

— 26.—Local speakers.

Mr. Wallace, President; R. A. Brown, secretary, 33, Downing-street, Manchester.

MANCHESTER ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Temperance Hall, Grosvenor Street.

President: Mr. R. FITTON, 44, Walnut Street Cheetham, Manchester.
Secretary: Mr. W. T. BRANAM, 392, Stretford Road, Manchester.

Plan of speakers for December:—

Sunday, Dec. 19.—, Wallis.

— 26.—, Tetlow.

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, Stretford 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.

QUEBEC HALL,—25, GREAT QUEBEC STREET. On Sunday Evening Mr. Turpin, of the Christian Evidence Society, gave a very able address in reply to Mr. Bradlaugh's recent lecture on Jesus and his Disciples. The room was crowded and the audience listened for over an hour; and if we can judge from the irrelevant nature of most of the questions asked at the conclusion, he left very little room for the disciples of Mr. Bradlaugh who were present, to attack him. Indeed the manner in which he stood fire from arms of all sorts and varied calibre, highly pleased those present. On Sunday next Mr. I. MacDonnell will treat of the Birth of Christ. On Saturday the usual seance at 8.—Mr. Hancock half an hour previous will be present to speak to strangers. The usual Seance, on Saturday, Dec. 25th.

J. M. Dale, Hon. Sec.

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LONDON.—Sunday, Dec. 26. Goswell Hall.

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APPOINTMENTS.

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.

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The "Memorial Edition of Judge Edmonds's Letters on Spiritualism" furnishes another example in which, on the subscription principle, each participator 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.

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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, 5 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 works 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.

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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 3s. 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.

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ANGELS. Accounts of At evening Balm bearers "Birdie's" song Cheering thoughts Drawing near Dreaming of Greeting us Homeward bound Howering near Mission of Minstrelsy of Presence of Rejoicing Shadowy wing Soothing balm Thorns to flowers Water of Life Welcome of Wife's hand AGE. Coming Golden Not old Old and New ANNIVERSARY. Thirty-first March Emancipation Spiritual ASPIRATION. Silent thoughts AUTUMN. Song of BEATITUDES. Blessings Righteousness To whom given BEAUTY. Scatter its germs True CHARITY. Aiding the poor Finding the lost Generosity In our hearts Kindness Speaking kindly Unconscious CHILDREN. Bird-child Maternal care Welcome child CHRIST. Annunciation Fidelity of Inviting CHRISTMAS. Bells for COMMUNION. Conference CONSCIENCE. Pure CONTENTMENT. Smiles of COUNTRY. America Native land Of the West COURAGE. Speaking boldly	DEATH. Emancipation Meeting after No death Triumph over DEDICATION. In nature Temple of God ENTRANCEMENT. Fairy glimpses DEVOTION. Infantile DISCIPLINE. 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