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AND TEACHINGS OF
SPIRITUALISM.

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SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA.

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THE DAY AFTER DEATH.

A DISCOURSE BY MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

The following discourse was given on last evening, before the First Society of Spiritualists, at Fairbank Hall, by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, purporting to be from the spirit of the late Epes Sargent, whose death, at Boston, was announced a few weeks ago. During its delivery the large audience seemed under some strange spell. It was an effort aglow with eloquence :

The discourse to which you will listen this evening is suggested, in thought and in language, by one who has lately departed from earthly life, who has been somewhat known among Spiritualists, and though not suddenly, still has recently taken his place among his friends in spiritual existence.

The diction will be his, but the rendering of it will be by the usual control of the medium who speaks the thought and language of the departed friend, who is standing near.

Oh, in thought-sleep, what dreams may come!

There is no pain in dying. It is as the ebbing of a tide; as the flowing away of a stream; as the passing out of daylight into twilight; as the coming on of autumn sunsets, wherein the whole of the western sky is flooded with a glow of light. And yet it is a wonderful surprise, even to one who is accustomed to think of a future state while on earth; to one whose mind has been carefully trained in all the schools of thought concerning immortality; to one whose religion and intellectual conviction both hinge with absolute certainty on the spiritual state. To find oneself floating out from the fastnesses of time into the immeasurable space of eternity is such a matchless experience that only those who pass through the portal of death can understand.

The greatest surprise of all is that you feel the gliding away of human things without a pang, or regret, or grief, or pain—feel that pain itself is departed, and that a pure, ineffable flood is coming to you just across the harbour's bow. The loosening of the human affections,

the hurt that comes to the heart when you hear the sob of loved ones close beside you, and can not reply, is overbalanced by the thrill that accompanies this loosening of the mortal tie, and you feel glad of death even while it is upon you. One can not understand, unless one has passed to mountain heights and seen the glory of the sun rise far out upon the sea as the sun suddenly comes up, tipping for the moment, the waves with crimson and gold, and then rise in full glory, as though night had never been there.

The realism of life besets one continually, and one longs to drag the mortal part into the immortal world, the shell into pinions, the root and germ into the flower.

One forgets that for every stage of life there is preparation and growth, and it is as though one wished to take their baby garments with them and wear them in manhood. We cling to the rags of clay, we cling to the fastenings of time; the moorings of the senses beset us here and gird us round about. Oh, what a sublime thing it is to feel suddenly grown to full manhood; those barriers broken, the bonds of sense dispersed: to know that oneself is every inch alive, and to feel not only all present consciousness but all past consciousness, and I might say all future consciousness, crowded upon you.

The greatest wonder of all is that everything in material life remains the same, but transfigured; that all sensation and consciousness grows more and more palpable, until the very heart-beats of one's friends are audible as the spirit is passing away. As an overstrung instrument responds to every sound, so the consciousness of the departing one, as you term it, is more and more exhilarated, until the very thought which you think becomes palpable to the one who is not dying, but about to be born. You stand in the presence of death;—to you it is a receding wave. In my mortal past I have stood there many times, watching with questioning mind the receding wave of life and the passing from the mortal to the immortal, and ere I knew the great splendour of spiritual truth I watched with sadness, with regret, with indefinable doubt and horror, the thing men call death; but in the greater measure of late manhood, and in the full strength and power of the last years of life, I knew of spiritual existence, but I did not conceive what it could be like.

If you have inhaled the perfume of a flower, but have never seen one; if you have read musical notes,

but have never heard them expressed; if you have dreamed a dream of loveliness, but never saw it embodied or impersonated; if you have thought of love but never loved, you can then imagine what the mortal state is compared to the immortal; awake, alive, active, the dull lethargy of pain and suffering departing as with a breath, and the strong strength of active life, with its full vigour, surging above, around, beneath; the ineffable rest floating out into an infinity of certainty, while all material things, save love and consciousness, seemed evanescent—this was the experience. I could feel all thoughts of those who stood near me; I could contemplate the mind and heart wrung with bodily anguish, but glad for me, for the release. I could hear my friends thinking afar off: "This is now about the time that he must go;" and when the news spread with electric speed, I could hear them say: "One more worker is gone," though I knew thousands of miles intervened between them and where my body was. I could hear my friends think the world over. There were silent heart-throbs answering to my life, and the ineffable questioning of what he is doing now that would rise to the lips of those who heard afar off that the mortal frame had ceased to breathe.

Oh, but the quickening of the spirit! I cannot tell you what it is like. It is like a symphony compared to one note; like a oratorio compared to the simplest melody; like the poem of Dante, like the ineffable Milton, like the crowning light of Shakspeare, all-pervading and all-glorious; like love itself, that vanquishes the night of time and pain and death. Myself was before me; my thoughts, all of past life, were impersonated. Everything I had done or thought came before me in form, in beauty, or deformity. Children, the waifs of my fancy, supposed to have been conjured out of the teeming brain of mortal life, were before me in reality; characters that I had supposed purely ideal and imaginative, drawn with fanciful pen and sent forth to illustrate a moral principle, came up before me as living realities, saying: "I was the one of whom you wrote; I was the spirit inspiring such and such a thought," and every crowded fancy became impersonated, until, like little people seen in fairy visions, all ideals were realized, and I laughed with these children of my fancy to find them so real, standing around me, claiming me for their spiritual parent and saying they were mine forever.

Could you believe this? It is no imagination, but a reality, that those of whom we write, and of whom poets weave solemn and grand songs, that fairies that are pictured in visions for children to read, become realities in spirit life, and are clothed with spiritual substance, peopling all the air with rich and varied images. Love itself, most populous of the peopled cities of the skies, and winged deities of unsurpassing splendour, came thronging around one as one awakes from the dream of life. Loves told long ago, and seemingly half buried beneath the withering hopes of manhood, came up and claimed again their recognition. Friendship, that in the crowded and busy mart of human things had been forgotten, well-nigh, came up again as a living image and asked for its own return. All love survives, and how it peoples the space that elsewhere would seem infinite and void!

I can not think what death would be to him who has never thought a truth or dreamed a noble thing for humanity, or loved any one. I am told there are barren wastes in human souls devoid of love. I am told there are wildernesses in spirit-life devoid of flowers and children's faces and sweet smiles, of grateful acknowledgment from those whom one tried to succour and redeem in outward life. I am told this, but I cannot think what the spirit would be without the peopled cities of the imagination; I cannot think what it would be without the created images of thought. Mine, crude as they were, unbeautiful as they seemed in the dear light of the spirit, dimmed somewhat by the faults and failings and fallacies of my material nature,

seemed very dear to me; and this city is awake; its peopled habitation is my new world. I did not pass through space to find them; I did go to a distant planet. Space came to me, and was at once inhabited.

I saw all friends of the earthly life as really as I saw them before passing away, but from a different vision. I saw them afar off, on the line of light of memory. I saw them more clearly because I saw their spirits—this friendship that I had valued too little, another that I had valued too much; this mind that seemed a brilliant and shining light through the human lens grew, perhaps, less brilliant, while another that I had scarcely recognised suddenly loomed up before me as a burning, shining planet.

In the spirit all things become real. We are no longer masked by selfish desires and impulses; we see things without the tinge of the external body. Even the material brain loses its power to delude us; we are no longer sophists. There is nothing upon which sophism can weave its web or tissue of falsities. All things are made clear. We are spontaneous; we grow to become what our thought is, and our life and light are made beautiful by the grandeur of the image that we have builded for humanity. Upon a thin and slender foundation of goodness we rear the matchless fabric of immortality, and eliminate all faults, of which we instantly become more aware than in material life.

I can not tell from you the fact that it must be to him who has no conception of the immortal state a disappointment. The realistic mind of earth will find things so much more real in the spiritual state that his shadows will vanish, and then for the time he is lost. I was grateful for that birth out of materialism that gave me consciousness of spiritual life. I was grateful for that slight touch of fancy that could weave around human things the splendour of great thought for humanity. I know now why I have ineffable hope for every race beneath the sun, because all races are peopled from the skies. I now know why I had every hope for the uplifting of every child of earth to the highest splendour. I now know why womankind forever appealed to me with mute lips and longing eyes to be released and redeemed from the thralldom of the subtle chain that ages have woven around her—because out of the spiritual firmament the angel of life is dual, and man and woman are fashioned in the image of God. I now know why every secret hope, whether veiled within the skin of the African, or bound down by the narrow limits of Oriental custom, or veiled in the red man, appeal to me as belonging to somewhat beyond what matter and man had bestowed—because of the spiritual life that foretells everything, makes speechless the wrongs of the nations—that they may rise one day in magnificence and be redressed through the power of the spirit. I now know why the world of politics, of struggles for Mammon, of all things that men pursue for gain, had no allurements for me, not because I was wiser or better, but because I was chosen to do some other thing, and that other thing was to hope always ineffably and sublimely that out of the darkness light would come, and out of the seeming evils and intricate threads of human existence there would rise the blessed humanity of the future.

Coming toward me, space seemed filled with all I had hoped and prophesied of, and in the very antechamber which I entered immediately after death I could see so much of eternity that it would take mortal breath away, as it almost did the breath of the spirit. There was no low, dim twilight. There was no simple fading of existence and inanition. There was no uncertainty; there was no bewilderment; there was no pausing, as if in sleep, upon the threshold of that immortal state, while tender hands would prepare, as they sometimes do, the immortal state. Suddenly, and with full power, I sprang upright, and was aware immediately of being a form, a being whose intensity pervaded and thrilled me, until I seemed a part of all the universe around, a form that was so like the form that lay at my feet that

I was startled at the resemblance, save that one was shadowy, pale, and wan with disease, and suffering, and labour, and the other was more than crowned with the vigour of youth and manhood, so like myself that I was fain to put away one form, so distressing is it to see one's own very resemblance so near; and as one has sometimes seen oneself in a mirror and wondered who it could be, so I gazed upon the form and I considered the reality and wondered for an instant which would endure; but as that was already the shadow, as no part of the individual me remained; as there was not even breath, nor warmth, nor colouring; as it was really but the shadow, I was glad when it was laid away out of earthly and human sight, since it could no longer mock the eyes of the loved ones; and all the while I was there with the great longing of my heart, with the enfolding arms and the love that spoke audibly to the spiritual ear, yet they did not hear. To talk for ever to one's loved ones and not be heard were insufferable. To think for ever in spirit toward those who are left behind and find no response would drive me mad. I do not know what those spirits do whose friends put them away in the tomb or in heaven and never let them talk to them. If I were such a spirit, day and night I would haunt the chambers of their souls; I would speak out from the silence of the air and compel them to hear. But my friends do not do this. Already I have spoken elsewhere; already reported myself, but my word must here be received. I must speak until the ears of the spirit shall hear, until the quickened understanding of the human brain shall know what a measureless thing is death, until you shall know that enfolds you, encompasses you, girds you round about, encircles you with its life-giving arms, for the very thing that men call death is that which makes life endurable, and fills you with the possibilities of being. But for those who were dead to outward life, who existed in the air above me and in my consciousness, I had no peopled fancies of brain, no thought of philosophy, no aspiring hope; but for those whom you call dead your days and nights would be void of ambition; you would have no mental air to breathe; the higher strata of existence would be cut off; the supersensuous nature would be starved; you would be stifled and famished in the prison-house, and the little feeble spark of life would die out, leaving the bodies shriven, shrunken, lifeless automata. But for that which you call death, that vital breath, that living instance of being, that sheltering and protecting power, that harmony and splendour of all things, you were not here this night; there would be nothing to move you here; the spiritual impulses of the universe would be forgotten; there would be no fountains of inspiration, no thought of religion, no touchstone to immortality. Men are played upon by spiritual beings as harps by the wind. They hear the sound but they do not know the source, and as the red man turns his ear toward the pine trees, listening to the solemn music, and thinking it the voice of the Infinite, or of those who have gone to the hunting-ground afar off, so when you hear this solemn music in the air above you you wonder what it is and turn away to your daily task, forgetting that without it you were lifeless, cold, and dumb.

I am here to testify to death. As I once testified to humanity, as feebly and faintly as one human being might who hoped for the best and strove always to find the truth, so now with a greater strength, and with this born not alone of thought but of being, I am here to testify of death. It is the living splendour of the universe. Without it there is no spring time blossom; without it there is no rare transmutation of things that changes night into day; without it there is no struggling of the atom toward diviner possibilities of being; without it there is no removal of the relentless curse of nature, which is a hardened form, and dull tune, and space, and sense. Without it the ebb and flow of human affairs would become solidified and crystallised, and man to-day would be petrified in the midst of all

his sin and crime, for ever to remain a solemn mockery in the great book of eternity. Without death you could never rid yourselves of your errors; without it you could not grow into diviner manhood and womanhood. Without it love would be voiceless—there would be no clasping of immortal hands, and no tremblings of immortal thoughts along the corridors of being. Without it all life would be meaningless, for there would be no love; you would be immured in sepulchres; your bodily existence would be a bane and mockery. The breath of the spirit taken away, there could be no time and no eternity.

In the midst of this solemn splendour, where all of life throngs around one, and where that which is basest and meanest departs and slinks away into the shadows, I would hide itself from the light of the surpassing power of the spirit—in the midst of this splendour, where every good thing survives and every base thing perishes by its own inactivity and inanition, where gradually the shadows, the infirmities, of time and the deformities of sense give place to the perfections of spirit and mind,—in the midst of this I testify that that which has come to me has come through death; I am transfigured; the being that was seen and known on earth is me; and I am more than this, I am all that I hoped to be, I am all that I aspired to be; I was not wicked nor sinful; I was imperfect as human beings usually are below, as they sometimes are, struggling for higher possibilities. But I am more than I dared to dream; I am better than I dared to hope; I am the humblest in the kingdom of the spirit, but I am greater than the greatest aspires to be. So are you unveiled from your mortal elements, the worst side of which reveals itself in human life, you become also transfigured; you are no longer the weaklings that you seem; humanity is no longer that which through time, and pain, and sense; bears the mocking image of the divine, but humanity becomes divine. Even the slave—I do not mean him who wears the shackles in form—but even the slave in soul, who comes cringing into the world of spirit by the gate-way of death, even he who creeps and crawls with terror toward the tomb, is greater in spirit than he seems, greater than you would dare to dream that he might be.

Oh, what a revelator is death! I stand before you this night, not of you, but perceiving that which is highest and best in every soul, knowing that every thought and feeling and aspiration toward goodness has its prototype in splendour in the spiritual being; and I could show how to you your other selves; that which is the possession of your immortal part, as grand, as divine, as glorious as you dream, and the best of it is that death makes all this possible to be known; that it gives you the key to the temple of your own life, that there is but one other way that you can know it; and that way dimly; I mean by inspiration; I mean by spiritual perception. It was denied me to have the direct inspiration that many have; I was obliged to take the testimony of others largely; but when I knew that there are those endowed with windows that look heavenward, and know that they cannot begin to see the glory that is mine, I wonder sometimes that they do not burst the barrier and be free. But the restraining hand of life is upon them, and the higher restraint of that wisdom that forbids the bursting of a bond until you have won your freedom. He who seeks to avoid any difficulty in life by hurrying into the world of spirit, finds the same impenetrable barrier before him, namely himself; he has not escaped from himself, nor from any weakness that was within him. He must now meet it face to face; it comes nearer and nearer; it crowds upon him; he must overcome it in spirit as he failed to overcome it in earthly life.

Ah, do not think that death will lead you to escape any responsibilities. It brings you all your treasures; it yields to you all your possessions; it restores to you all your faded hopes; it gives back every blessed and good promise of life, but it will not relieve you from

responsibility. These are yours; you inherit them; they belong to you as a part of the infinite plan, and sooner or later, in one world or another, in one state of being or another, you must meet and vanquish them, one by one.

Sublime is death! Beautiful is the gateway! Intense as is the rapture of the spirit when conscious of being, and of form, and of life, there is nothing to allure one to the neglect of any duty, or the fulfilment of any purpose, for your poverty of spirit is revealed by death, as is your riches, and you must bear the test which the divine scrutiny brings.

Again I encompass you with this life; again I stretch out the hands of my spirit in greeting to all who have known me; again I say that which I believed I know, that which I testified to is now mine; that which I bore evidence of through human intellect and brain, and such power as was given me, I now bear evidence of in the oversweeping and overwhelming power of spiritual existence. Through whatever brain I may best speak, in whatever form I may best manifest, I will come and speak to those on earth, to those whom I love; there is no need of the added voice; I must speak to their hearts in any way; they must hear my voice audibly in their souls; they must make room for me in their lives; for I should cry aloud and make them hear though they were in the midst of the thunders of Niagara. To the world there shall be a voice; not one, but many; not feeble and faint, as of one man crying in the wilderness, but the voice of multitudes, millions upon millions of souls speaking audibly by the gateway of life, and speaking to the hearts of humanity. You will hear them, they cry father; you will hear them, they cry mother, husband, wife, and child, and you pause in your daily career and wonder what voice resembles one long silent in death. I tell you they will crowd upon you until you must hear. They will speak to you until you cease to put them afar off; they will look into your eye from the spiritual world until you see that they live and recognise them; they will people your streets; they will image themselves in every form that is possible; they will manifest by signs and tokens to the senses; they will grapple with your understanding; they will make you aware of the philosophies of being; they will solve to you the mighty mysteries that you have put far from you and will not listen to; they will have you know that life, not death, is the destiny of man, and that the sweet thing you have named death is no longer noxious, dark and terrible, but the beauty of all existence, the crown of all being, the freedom of all slavery, the triumph of all vanquishment, the gateway beyond the walls of human limitations in which you live, leading to the celestial and eternal city where all are free in the light of their wisdom and love.

Oh, voiceless yet audible sounds! Oh, millions of souls that come thronging out of space! Ye speak with a sound more mighty than the surging of the sea, more vocal than the voice of the thunder of Niagara, more potent than the sweeping winds over myriads of forests, more divine than the rushing melodies of the many mighty masters attuning their harps in sublime oratorios of existence. Death and life are one, and these voices are the voices of your loved ones.

I was known upon earth as Epes Sargent.

TASMANIA—Mr. Oswin Button writes: "This has been a remarkably bad year for the farmers here, all produce being dreadfully low at the present time. Fourpence per dozen can hardly be got for eggs, nor sixpence per pound for butter. I wish it were possible for you to visit Australia; the climate of Tasmania would do you good after all the years of hard work you have gone through. It is really delightful here at this time of the year (October). We are living on the shore of Bass's Straits on the north side of the island, and a snowstorm is a remarkable phenomenon here. Still, I don't think we have it any hotter at any time here than you have it in England." Mr. Button's father is a leather-dresser and gained first prize for "dressed kangaroo-skins" at Melbourne exhibition. Many in this cold country would be glad of a change to that land of plenty and "exquisite" climate.

A RECANTATION.

"Nasci poena, Vita labor, Necessesse mori."
To receive life, a punishment; to live, a toil; to die, a necessity.
SALVATOR ROSA.

"NASCi POENA." From the dim—the shadow-life
Of earth, the life of bitter care and pain
Doth rise too oft this cry; and I, the one
Who utterance gave to thought of this,
Forced through my soul by many discords deep
That jarred upon me sore, and pierced,
As with a sword, my heart-strings through.

Two hundred years of earthly time have passed,
Like wavelets from the ocean measureless
Infinity doth fill, since far I sped
And ope'd mine eyes in scenes of light
Undimmed; two hundred years of spirit life
In regions far exceeding poet's power,
Or painter's skill to fashion or depict,
Hath changed my view, and e'en doth give to me
A power to clothe my thoughts in nobler shape;
To utter words quite different in form,
And sentiments express—disrobed, free
Of cynic tone and clouded bitterness.

No more! Away, away, ye former thoughts
Of gloom, like lights false coloured through
A glass of sombre tint; or of a kin to
Voices leading on to paths where stones
And rocky shapes ill suited, group
To touch the human foot.—Away! Life is
No punishment; but blessing in disguise!
I would not lose, nor could I cast from me
The lovely robe of life; I would not seek
To part me from it,—oh, no, not if all
Created things that are, should tempt their
Uttermost; inbreathed in me is God,
And I in God shall dwell. The sacred peace
That flutters gently down, infills and floods
The soul with ecstasy unpenned; the joy
Of life where ministry of highest love
Fulfills my soul's desires: each longing known,
Each wish replied to, every deeply shrined
Affection of the soul doth have complete
And perfect consummation in this state.

O, Life! thou angel downward sent from God,
And waiting still on Man—yet how reviled
And sorely scorned! Thee we know not,
Nor understand that thou in all divinest art,
Untill at length the hour arrives when death
Doth tear the veil before our weary eyes—
Dissolve the curtain of our earthly dust
Away, and we behold thee, glorious Life,
Revealed in heavenly form, and we adore
Thy Maker, Ruler, God. "Punishment to live!"
The myriad hosts, who revel in the homes—
In palaces of light irradiate
With gems—who gaze with raptured souls
Upon the unchanging splendours of each
Perfect landscape there; the noble artist bands
who meet and converse hold again
As in the by-gone hours; the scientist,
And poet, sage, and those who silent tread
Depths of un-ending spaces, searching out the stars—
The bestower of a music sweet, upwelling
From his soul, outpouring forth as from an urn
The odours of pure essences that fill
With light the soul: these live again,—nay all,
From highest, down to lower ones, for Life
Do praise their God; the loftiest themes
Engage, from age to age, the shining minds
Of those still living on.

"VITA LABOR!"

To labour is no toil; so would I speak
It now. In this most grand of schools and
College of our life, we view the lessons
Learned so hardly in the past, to be
But stepping stones to fame. "To live, a toil!"
Yes, true is this; but if to live for God
Be man's great destiny, his hope, and joy,—
To live is NOT a toil; for as we work
He sends us recompense: e'en as we work
The powers deep laid within us grow—
Matured do become—and still expand
Until the once, so weak, frail pigmy Man
Excels in giant's strength, and in his thoughts
Becomes a God, and views from heights sublime,
All causes and all things that are and will be.
From here he looks below on man, and with
A glance like eagle's, scans the once-trod earth;
Sees life therein, and works again with those
Who live the lower life; oft-time sees there
The palid, suffering, struggling son of art,
With genius flashing on his aching brow,

Like mariner upon the waves of time,
And strives to throw a gleam of higher light
From heaven down, illumine the dreary waste,
Guide the sad toiler to a place of rest
Where inspiration silently may come,
And with her visions fill recipient brain,
Bring glory in her path. Oh, "to live, a toil!"
Not now! not now! The grandest souls on high
Re-echo this with me. I see them come
With forms so radiant, the noonday sun
In fullest glory pouring o'er your world
Doth dull'd seem, to some on whom I gaze.
They come, the great sublime ones of the past,
The lowlier workers too—all numberless.
Can ye compute the pearly grains of sand
On ocean's shore? Count the waving trees,
The varied flowers? If ye can this, then know
The total sum of these. They are all here!
Angelo, the mighty, he here dwells in space—
That lofty soul who left his burning thoughts,
Incarnate in the stone, in time-worn Rome,
Where rears its stately head, that gorgeous fane,
Unequalled! He liveth, too, in thought,
In sculptured forms, in poetry sublime—
Cherished, beloved, still. A Raphael too,
Who sang in softer tones the beauties of his Art!
Madonnas fair—the highest type of all
That grand in Woman is, and of that great
Redemptive power—the Mother and the Child,
To elevate your race. How else, unless in
Every age there be with you on earth
More noble Women, whence out their souls shall spring
The future Men! These two are here, and with
Them all whose sacred names remains to ye:
The men who built our loved Italias fame,
Made her magnificent in eyes of all
Who love the fire of Art, and fain would see
It burn with brighter radiance; a band
Of painters, poets, sculptors rise, through whom
The Spirit-World could speak,—to you display
Its glories vast! Could teach your people now
True lessons of the higher life, could paint
Bright glowing pictures of the landscapes here,
The scenes of perfect beauty that for ever live,
Bathed in a glory-light from farthest heaven!
Poets, in thoughts by angels ever given
The grandeur of our life reveal,—that peace
Awaiting Man when earthly discords die,
O'erwhelmed by Heaven's matchless melodies—
Telling of hope for ALL; that none are born
Accursed, but all on earth may rise
To angel life—heights yet undreamed,
But in the visionings that spirits have
Of greatness yet for Man! Handels arise,
Mozarts with heaven's power filled, to write
For earthly singers music from the skies,
To wed the words the poets hear, and sing
To harmonies entrancing to the soul;
And thus unite the music of the spheres
With earthly chords. Sculptors enshape, also,
The forms divine that greet on every side
The eye—the loveliness of God
Expressed in Spirit and in Angel here!—
The draped figures, exquisite, that float
Through ambient space, and rise and pass away,
Embodiments of poetry and of thought,
Outwrought by God Himself. "To live, a toil!"—
Yes, we do live, that ye may live through us,
And we through you again! The rising soul
Longs to draw others on, e'en as the sun
In fervid power descends, and tiny rainbow drops
Of water upward bears, then downward casts
Them back, in gentlest showers to cool
The parched earth again. O, Law of Love!
That binds and holds all things in one great whole!
By thee we live, we move, we toil, that all
May onward, upward rise to spherical life,
To joy, to peace eterne.

"NECESSE MORI!"

True meaning, now I know, of ye dark words
That seem to paint a gloom:—the dying eyes
For ever close on earth; heart, body still—
Cold, statuesque repose. Rise, brighter eye!
Rise, purer heart! Rise, body, grand, divine!
Rise, glorious spirit form! Soar upward, soul,
Deathless in strength and power! O, God, there is
"Necessity to die;" for soul is not of
Earth, but Heaven: the grand immortal part
Must rise, Promethean, from the flinty rock
To which it hath been bound. O, earth! on thee
The embryo angels stand, with wings concealed,
Ready to mount, to fly; the severance comes,
The bonds for ever cut, they rise, they soar,
They crowd the viewless air; they fill—they light
The spaces near and far; their lustrous robes
A glory shed around; their jewelled hair

Begleams with starry flash; the heavenly hymn
Floats softly on the ear:—then, swift to earth
They backward pass; a cry of mortal pain
Vibrates upon their souls; in some dark spot
The anguished ones do dwell,—some souls
Do long and pray to die; the gentle tone
Of angel voice brings peace those souls within;
The Messengers Divine, return more radiant—
Shining more. "Necessity to die!"—there is
For us, for you, for all! Earth's cold and pain,
For ease and warmth exchange; the glow
Of never fading morn, for dark, for silent,
Night-like vigils kept; for time, eternity!
The blest re-union of the loved, the lost
Restored again; communion, soul with
Soul, no harsh discordant tone e'er breaks
The harmonies Divine. To die!—to live,
For ever, God, with Thee! O, Man, still die;
For, in thy dying shall the voice be heard
That welcomes thee to heaven, brings thee peace,
Robes thee in angel-dress, and crowns and leads
The way to happiness, to joy sublime.
I have thus found it; I, and they who stand
On hills of knowledge, thence gaze down
On troubled earth—upon its varied scenes.
The voices of the dead are heard again;
They speak, not in one place, but with a power
Walls cannot stop, nor bigotry enslave!
For Life is not a punishment; to live
"Is not a toil; to die, necessity;"
That Angels may be born to bliss e'ermore.

SALVATOR ROSA.

Written through J. G. Robson, (Secretary, South London
Spiritual Society,) 8, Bournemouth Road, Rye Lane, Peckham
February 2nd. 1881.

GOD AS REVEALED IN THE GOSPEL.

Canst thou by searching find out God?

Job, who penned the above words, evidently did not think such a thing possible, for, notwithstanding the patience for which he is so celebrated, and in spite of the prophetic instinct with which he was at times impressed, he had a rather confused idea of God. He speaks of him as an author of affliction and appointer of trouble to man, and asks, "Shall we receive good, and shall we not receive evil?" "the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," etc. He believed that God gave him all his good things, and sent him his afflictions also, but that the evil as well as the good was sent for some wise purpose. David held similar views, and it is the light in which God was generally regarded by the Jews and in the Old Testament; it is also the light in which the majority of Christians now regard the Being whom they profess to worship as God.

With such ideas it is not surprising that Job should think the task impossible, nor is it surprising that our modern Jobs should desire to lap the subject in a shroud of mystery, and bury it in the sepulchre of ignorance. It is a characteristic of error that it requires error to support it, just as one falsehood requires more to prevent the truth being known. In the case of astronomy, so long as it was believed that the earth was a flat disc, it was believed that the sun revolved round it every day, and so long as it was believed that the sun revolved round the earth every day, it obscured the truth that the earth was a globe and the sun a comparative fixture, and that day and night were caused by the rotation of the earth on its axis. So, so long as the mind is possessed of and believes in erroneous doctrine it will be a difficult task to receive the truth, for as often as a new idea is advanced, though it may be pure truth, it has to be tried by the knowledge which the mind previously had, and if that knowledge was erroneous the two would not fit; there would be a conflict, and the probability is the truth would be rejected. And so, if a person believe God to be capable of both love and vengeance, and sends good and evil, prosperity and adversity, health and affliction, to work out his designs, so it will obscure the truth that God is pure love and that evil, adversity, and affliction are the results of sin, ignorance, and error, and as long as it is believed that he sends evil, adversity, and affliction without cause, there is an obscurity of the truth, that if we would have true happiness, either temporal or eternal, we must know truth, shun sin, and live good lives.

I think I have now said sufficient to lead up to the object I have in view, viz., to try to find out God.

I suppose all believers in the Divine character of the Bible will agree that Jesus is the central figure of it, that all Scripture has relation to him, and that his authority and teaching are supreme. So, if there be any conflict between his statements and those of either prophets or apostles, his are the ones to be accepted, for Paul says, "Yea, let God be true, but every man a liar." Let us, then, see what Jesus says of God—"God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship in spirit and in truth." Spirit is a word with at least two meanings, for we speak of spirit and mean what we at other times call the soul. We also speak of people doing things in a certain spirit, or being animated by a certain spirit or principle

in the performance of certain actions. The spirit in which God must be worshipped is of the latter class: that is, he must be worshipped in principle, or in our daily lives, and I shall try to prove that the spirit which is God is also a principle. Another statement is, "No man hath seen the Father at any time; the Son he hath declared him." We have just seen that he had declared him to be a spirit, and unless we understand it to mean principle it would rather contradict what he said to Philip, who said, "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us. Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet thou hast not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

In another place Jesus says, "I and the father are one;" and in another, "Ye believe in God; believe also in me." If we believe that Jesus was the embodiment of the Divine principles of love, mercy, and humanity, or, in other words, the spirit of God manifest in the flesh, none of the foregoing passages are contradictory or difficult to understand; neither is the following: "I am the way, the truth, and the life. No man cometh unto the Father but by me." No man cometh to the Father which is in heaven except he have a desire to do what is right, and is willing to work for his neighbours' happiness as well as his own, and this holy principle is the way; it is also the truth, and no one can get to heaven unless he believes the one and practises the other. There are many more of our Lord's expressions which might be quoted, but my intention is not to even attempt to exhaust the subject, but just to adduce sufficient evidence for my present purpose, and perhaps it may lead others with more time and better opportunities into the same field, where there are jewels that all may gather.

I will mention that the Lord's Prayer contains evidence in support of the theory that God is a principle. We are taught to say, "Our Father which art in heaven," not "who" art in heaven, though I should say the latter would be more correct to address to a person. "Thy kingdom come" means the establishment of the rule of truth and love instead of error and selfishness. "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven" means the desire for the establishment of the same order on earth as exists in heaven, and so on. There is also the following, which may be useful: "If ye love me, keep my commandments, and I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter that he may abide with you for ever, even the Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him, for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you. I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you." Here spirit may be again read principle, and Jesus identifies himself with the Holy Ghost, and we have seen before that he identifies himself with the Father. I may now venture to make the assertion that God is the Spirit of Love and Truth which animates all good beings, that every individual possessing Divine Love and Truth is part of God, and God in the widest sense is the aggregate of all wise and good things, whether in the flesh or not.

I have brought evidence in Christ's own words to support the former part of the assertion, and the two latter parts may be seen in John xv., "I am the vine," &c., "Abide in me and I in you," &c., "I am the vine, you are the branches."

John is supposed to speak of himself, and is generally spoken of as the disciple whom Jesus loved. Now, we should naturally expect that Jesus would love all his disciples with an especial partiality; therefore, why this distinction? Assuming that the essence of Christ's teaching was that there is no real happiness except where love to the neighbour is practised, and that he found the majority of his disciples rather slow in their acceptance of his doctrines, what more likely than that he should be most proud of any one of them who took to his teaching intelligently, and in whom the seed sown promised to bear abundant fruit. For evidence that John appreciated his Master's doctrines it is only necessary to open his writings almost anywhere to find the spirit of love breathed in almost every verse; and being the most apt scholar, what more likely than that he should have most mysteries unfolded to him? In fact, such is claimed to be the case. Therefore, in point of authority John should come next to his Master. Well, then, what says John in favour of the definition I have given of God? I might answer, Nearly all that he has said, for he opens his gospel with it, and his epistles fairly sparkle with it. His is the language of one who knew when he made the assertion, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God," &c. "And the Word was made flesh."

Now, what is the Word? Let Christ himself give the answer: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets." John says, "Brethren, I wrote no new commandment unto you, but an old commandment, which ye have had from the beginning. The old commandment is the Word, which ye have had from the beginning." Again: "Whoever doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother; for this is the message that ye have heard from the beginning, that we should love one another." Christ says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." John says, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." In another place: "And this is his commandment, that we should believe in the

name of his son Jesus Christ, and love one another, as he gave us commandment. And he that keepeth his commandments dwelleth in him, and he in him. And hereby know we that he abideth in us by the spirit which he hath given us." Here is evidence again that God personally is the aggregate of good beings. John also supplies the following, which I only extract as I write: "Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God, and everyone that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love. No man hath seen God at any time. If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us. God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him."

From the foregoing I hope I have made it plain that God as the Word and in the abstract is the Divine principle of Love, and that it is this Divine principle which animates angels and sometimes men, and makes them Divine, and which gives them the title to say with John, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God." Perhaps the proof is not so clear that God as a person is the aggregate of all good beings; still I believe it to be the Gospel teaching, as well as that the devil is the aggregate of all bad things, and whose name is said to be Legion: and if what I have written should induce others to work in the same vein of the mine, it is possible the proofs may be strengthened and the argument be made clearer. Even last night it occurred to me for the first time that the parable of the last judgment in Matt. xxv. contained evidence in support of this view. The King is represented as saying, "For I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in," &c. "Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered and fed thee, or thirsty and gave thee drink," &c. "And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." To those on the left hand he says, "For I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat," &c. "They answer, 'Lord, when saw we thee an hungered,' &c. 'Then shall he answer them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these my little ones ye did it not to me.'" W. D.

A SECLARISTS' LECTURE ON SPIRITUALISM.

On Monday evening a lecture was delivered in the Temperance Hall, by Mr. James Holmes, of Leicester, who took for his subject "The Results of my Investigations into the Phenomena of Spiritualism with other Unbelievers." The chair was taken at 8 o'clock by the Rev. J. Page Hopps, and there was a good attendance.

SPEECH BY REV. J. PAGE HOPPS.

The Chairman, in introducing the lecturer, said he had consented to preside on the present occasion for four reasons, which he should like to be generally known. They were—first, because he held with John Stuart Mill that we were in danger of doing ourselves, and the world, an injury if we shut ourselves up against inquiry into new doctrines because they are strange. He thought every earnest man in the present day should obtain a patient and attentive hearing. His second reason was that the subject of the lecture had already, in his judgment passed the first stages of unfamiliarity, and was now ripe for further investigation. It was now declared, by the most eminent thinkers in all parts of Europe, and in England, that spirit-communion was possible. Therefore, whether true or not, the subject of the evening commanded their gravest consideration. The Chairman then quoted a long list of eminent thinkers, who, he stated, were believers in the reality of spirit-communion. Thirdly, his reason was also because, just now, the subject was under a cloud in consequence of the fraud and folly that mixed with it. Lastly, there was the interesting fact that the speaker for the evening had been long known as a secularist lecturer, and that his investigations had been the means of bringing him to a belief in a future life. In conclusion, he (the chairman) said that the old forms of belief were breaking down, they now wanted, more especially in reference to the belief in a future life, an evidential basis. Earnest men and women, in great numbers were losing their belief in the reality of a continued existence after death, and they were waiting to be brought back by the power and fact of experience. He was well aware that the subject was mixed up with a vast amount of fraud and deceit, still under the mud, he believed there was to be found the solid rock of truth. He could not, however, call himself a thorough Spiritualist, he had fully experienced its difficulties, perplexities, and dangers, and he warned all those who investigated the subject to be exceedingly careful and wary, never to be carried away by enthusiasm, or lose their heads. He then called upon the lecturer.

LECTURE BY MR. JAMES HOLMES.

Mr. James Holmes said that five years ago he had declared in the hall below that he never would again belong to any creed or party that interfered with his freedom of thinking or fettered his judgment. He had never swerved from that resolution. The last five months' investigation into the subject of Spiritualism had brought him no nearer to the confines of

orthodoxy. He still did not believe in the Christians' heaven or hell, in the vicarious nature of Christ's death, nor in any of the tenets of prescribed belief. He had belonged to the body of freethinkers, and he was a freethinker still; but he no longer, as that body continued to do, treated the subject with ridicule. Spiritualism was the grand discovery of the present age, and like all great discoveries hitherto, it was ridiculed. Galvani, for instance, when he experimented with frogs, was called the frogs' dancing master. The all-important question which Spiritualism answered was—Does man live after the change called death? Before dealing with that question he would ask—Is life worth living? To this he replied, emphatically, Yes; because conscious life was better than inanimate being, and because progress was better than stagnation. For the same reason a future life was worth living. But was there proof of continued existence? He would call attention to what was thought and said with reference to the existence of mind. Scientists said it was the result of molecular change; that it was not an entity but a product. But Professor Tyndall himself had admitted that between the molecules of the brain, and the sensation of consciousness there was a gulf that science could not bridge. Now, Spiritualism affirmed as the result of direct investigation, that mind is an entity: and it took up the gauntlet which science threw down, and declared that a bridge could be extended across the hitherto impassable gulf.

Connected with his subject was a great amount of imposture, but he did not intend to be its dupes. Before commencing investigations he had made the following conditions:—He would not investigate the subject in the presence of spiritualists, but with sceptics. Their proceedings should take place in a sceptic's house; notes should be taken by a sceptic: everything should be done in the light. Also, he demanded that, for the purposes of conviction, there must be manifested a force independent of the investigator; a display of independent intelligence, and proof of the identity of the persons purported to be represented. He asked then if, under such strict conditions, there could be any possibility of trickery?

The lecturer then went on to narrate circumstantially his experience in such investigations. There were twelve persons at the seances he attended, and all of them were sceptics, whilst, under the above conditions, in the course of time they obtained such results as the following:—

A large mahogany table moved with only the contact of the lecturer's finger, and kept time to a musical air. The force that impelled the table became so strong that it could not be resisted, and, although a gentleman sat on the table, it lifted him. On another occasion the specific gravity of the table was changed, so that no gentleman present could lift it. An independent intelligence was manifested by the force, questions being asked mentally and receiving correct replies. Answers were also elicited, the nature and accuracy of which the persons present were ignorant of. Indeed, in one case an answer came as to the number of children left by a deceased relative. The answer gave five, but this was disputed, as the belief of persons present was that the number was only four. On inquiry, afterwards, it was found that the "spirit message" was correct, and the persons present were wrong.

Mr. Holmes then alluded to phenomena attending clairvoyance, and also gave instances which, he claimed, proved the fact of spirit-identity. He then asked how it was the table moved, and how it could keep time to a tune?

In conclusion, he remarked that if all spiritualists were tricksters, there was still the fact that a body of sceptics had obtained such results without the aid of a medium, recognised as such. The subject possessed many advantages, and fully claimed discussion. It did not detract from the dignity of man, nor did it make this life less important; but it, at least, elevated our ideas regarding future reward or punishment, and convinced us that heaven would be entirely the result of our present character and actions.

Discussion was then invited.

Mr. Councillor Gimson said he was at one with the lecturer in the desire for the fullest possible investigation of this subject; it was not, however, a matter for discussion, but for observation. If tables moved in the manner described by Mr. Holmes, why had not the lecturer brought his table and his friends to that meeting? If he could then have shown him these things they must all have been convinced. They had had that evening only one witness, and however faithful such a witness might be, his unsupported testimony could not be evidence. He fully believed that a sufficient case had been made out for a complete examination, but he urged that in such a matter for simple observation they should be allowed to observe. Mr. Holmes had said that when he sat down at the table he did not believe that manifestations would occur; well, then, he must excuse him if he (the speaker) did not believe either. He had attended a sitting at a spiritualist's house, and his friend had been particular that identical conditions to those when phenomena were alleged to have occurred should be maintained, but the whole thing was a failure. Yet he would not say there was nothing wonderful, because the folly displayed on that occasion was truly wonderful. In criticising the proceedings of spiritualists, Mr. Gimson remarked that they generally worded their questions so that answers should come in the simple form of "yes" or "no;" but if people were to toss up halfpennies they would get similar results. There

was a great deal of fraud mixed up with this subject. Professor Crookes, who had scientifically investigated the matter, said that it lent itself very readily to fraud; and he would quote that gentleman's own words when he said that "many dogs show a better faculty of logic than many spiritualists." If there were to be any real investigation of this subject, it must be more open in the future. It was not fair to commit the unbelievers of Leicester unless they had the opportunity of sending representatives. He protested against the name of Secularists being used as a warranty or endorsement for what they had heard that evening, and concluded by a direct challenge to the lecturer and spiritualists generally, to give an open and public investigation.

A lengthy and animated discussion took place, in which Mr. Councillor Turner and several others took part. The proceedings lasted until a late hour, and were concluded by a cordial vote of thanks to the chairman, proposed by the lecturer, seconded by Mr. Gimson, and supported by Mr. Clark (spiritualist).—"Midland Free Press."

OBITUARY.

JOHN EVELYN ROBERTS.

We have received a card in affectionate remembrance of John Evelyn, youngest son of John and M. Jaques Roberts, Golenfryn, Cwm y Glo, near Carnarvon, who passed away to the higher life on Sunday the 9th day of January, 1881, aged 9 weeks; and was interred in Llanrug Churchyard, January 15th, 1881.

"Not in anger, not in wrath.
The Reaper came that day;
It was an angel visited the green earth
And took the flower away."

THOMAS CARLYLE.

This veteran agitator of thought passed to the spirit world a few days ago, after a long, useful, and honourable career.

He commenced his days on earth an obscure Scotch boy, buried from the world of mind, as it were, amidst the bogs of Dumfriesshire. But the world of mind exists where there is brain, and this commodity Carlyle had in good proportion, and he soon found out how to put it to use. While quite a youth he migrated, and kept a school at one time in Kirkcaldy. The position of the schoolmaster was not a finality for him. He determined on being Thomas Carlyle—neither more nor less, and he succeeded. At first the personality, not being cast in the conventional mould, was not well received, but ere one fleeting, unthinking generation had passed away, a new race rose up, which produced many Carlyles—weak imitations some of them, but all aiming at conferring honour on the original by their attempts to reproduce his style and reiterate his thought.

Mr. Carlyle sailed clear of officialism, professionalism, and what spiritualists call "organisation," and therefore was somebody. His mind power has exerted an influence on the century which is inestimable, and it will increase as time rolls on.

Worker in the field of human progress! do not despair of being useful. Work earnestly, continuously, patiently, and in accordance with the talents that have been consigned to you will the increase derived from your labour appear in due course.

Far otherwise is it with the wire-pulling tricksters, who, having no intellectual or moral power to exert, make the simulation of these things a trade, and dominate an ignorant world, confidently seeking light, with hollow shams, the only purpose of which is to sustain those who propagate them.

J. C. LUXMORE.

We have heard of the passing away of Mr. Luxmore, which occurred a few weeks ago. He will be remembered as the excellent chairman at the Conferences, held by Mrs. Emma Hardinge, at Lawson's Rooms, Gower Street, nearly ten years ago. Many years previously Mr. Luxmore was a student of mesmerism, and when the new phenomena came up he espoused their cause, and for some time was a most useful and generous worker amongst us.

CARLISLE.—"A Seeker after Truth" before going to live at Carlisle, had been a member of a circle at which satisfactory results were obtained. He is now desirous of meeting with Spiritualists in Carlisle, that a circle may be formed, and requests that any such who may read this notice, may send in their addresses to the Editor of the MEDIUM to be forwarded by him.

ASTROLOGY.—"THE PERIHELIA."—Correspondents question us on this matter. We can afford no information, not being skilled in astrology, but can tell them where to look for what they require. There are several excellent astrological almanacs published, 6d. each: "Raphael's," "Orion's," and "Zadkiel's," any one of which we can send post free on receipt of 7d. We learn that these works give satisfaction to those who consult them.

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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, FEBRUARY 11, 1881.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Our columns this week speak grandly of the immortal Life. Life is all that man can ever call his own; prize it highly and be grateful to the Giver. Mrs. Richmond's Discourse leads off, Mr. Robson's Poem looks at the subject also from the spiritual side, and Mr. Holmes from the point of view of the Secularist sees a logical necessity for more of Life than this bodily form can express. This, then, is the central idea of Spiritualism! The grandeur of Life and the sacredness of all its modes of expression. He who violates any of these is in a degree a murderer. Whose hands are free from blood?

Why pronounce orations over the yawning grave, when the translated spirit can return and perform that service better than any mortal could? Of all "memorial discourses" truly the one we commence on our first page is the masterpiece. It shows pre-eminence in that it does not gush over sensuous scenes of hills, valleys, trees, brooks, and rainbow colours, such as would please the uncultured eye of a negro girl. Truly much that has been given as descriptive of the spirit-world is very superficial rubbish—the phenomenal husk merely; and that husk, not of the spirit-world in reality, but the husk of the crude mind through which it came, or from which it emanated.

"Epes Sargent's" narrative is superior because of its subjective and personal characteristics. He does not see the spirit-world in gorgeous scenes, like a child's picture book, around him; but it is within his own soul that he finds it. Does this improvement in spiritual description come from the increasing development of Mrs. Richmond as a medium, or does the spiritual unfoldment of the Control account for it? It gives to our mind a better picture of what Epes Sargent really was and is than anything we met with coming from him in earth-life. The earth-work of a man is an outcome merely of himself, and may be by others grossly misconstrued, they painting it in the colours of their own mental surroundings rather than in those of

the worker himself. Thus, from the earthly point of view, we under-value some and over-value others, as the spirit in the discourse declares. From the higher life we no longer see through a glass darkly but face to face, and truly may we say that since Epes Sargent left the body he seems to have come nearer to us.

The style of this Discourse is vastly different from those that Mrs. Richmond usually delivers, particularly the last one which appeared in this paper. The recurrence of such words as "splendour," "ineffable," &c., peculiar to the verbal habits of the medium does not in any way detract from the assumed genuineness of the Control, or the originality and character of the style in other and more important respects. A similar remark may be made in respect to the Poem through Mr. Robson. There is a literary style about it observable also in those poems under the "Kenealy" influence, but the whole spirit, matter, and manner of the Poem is otherwise vastly different. All mediumistic effusions necessarily assume the mental tone of the medium, and come forth habilitated in their mental belongings. True criticism must be capable of looking deeper than that for the indications of identity in the emanating source.

There is so much uncertainty as to the proper pronunciation of Mr. Sargent's name, that some time ago he published information on the subject. The personal name—Epes—should be pronounced the same as Epps, in Epps's cocoa. The pronunciation of the family name is evident.

WILL those of our readers who have studied Mr. Sargent's works examine well this Discourse, and say whether they think it characteristic of that author's mind and style. It must be remembered that the deceased gentlemen, in addition to his work in Spiritualism, was a poet on the Woman question, and novelist and literary man, journalist and philanthropist in general: in short, a man of greatly varied ability and of the broadest sympathies, as his Discourse through Mrs. Richmond indicates.

It would appear that these "Camp-meetings" in America are gay and festive occasions. It has been found necessary to issue an Annual Report giving "honourable mention" to the assortment of couples that pack themselves into those tents. But it is significantly added: "Tents are terrible tell-tales!" Free-lovers instead of being held up as far advanced reformers, as was the custom with certain parties in America a few years ago, are now being scouted and pointed at as parties who had better be avoided. What is more to the point—the most notorious upholders of the theory are sturdily repudiating the soft impeachment and denying that they ever were of that persuasion; only innocent creatures tyrannised over by the wicked, and so meek amidst it all that for long they could not find voice to protest! This is an old trick of the sect; we have met with several members of it and did not find out their true character till long afterwards. They are, in short, all things to all men that they may succeed in winning some. The popularity accorded them, on account of their virtue, by one section of the community enables them to pave their way into places where their tactics vary with the circumstances.

FAREWELL WORDS FROM MR. ALLEN HALL.

Dear Mr. Burns,—Will you kindly allow me, through your paper, to thank our many friends for the sympathy and kind wishes which they expressed on our behalf. I also wish to thank the friends in the surrounding towns for the uniform courtesy and kindness which they have on all occasions extended to Miss Hall. When we arrive at our new home these many acts of kindness towards us will bring back to our minds the most endearing recollections, and become fresh incentives to us to press on in the good work we all love so well.—Ever truly yours,
ALLEN HALL.

MR. J. HOLMES, OF LEICESTER.

To meet the demand there is for more knowledge of Mr. Holmes and his work in Spiritualism, we give a longer report of his recent lecture, which has appeared in a Leicester paper, and which will be found on another page.

We have seen Mr. R. Cooper, of Eastbourne, who has recently returned from America, and he informs us that he met Mr. Holmes in Boston. At that time he was lecturing for the Secularists at Paine Memorial Hall, and was so well received that he had to deliver a much longer course of lectures than is the usual custom with those who appear in a similar capacity at that hall.

Mr. Cooper made his acquaintance, and introduced him to a seance. Mr. Holmes could not deny the facts, but he did not see his way to attributing a spiritual source for them. Afterwards he accompanied Mr. Cooper to one of Mr. Colville's Friday Afternoon meetings for answering questions. This interested Mr. Holmes so much that he attended a lecture by Mr. Colville in the evening, and the three—Mr. Cooper, Mr. Colville, and Mr. Holmes walked home later on conversing by the way.

We are not aware whether this was Mr. Holmes's first introduction to the subject, but no doubt he will tell us all about it when he makes his contemplated visit to London. At any rate, Mr. Cooper's old friends will be glad to know that he is back amongst us again in good health, and that while in America, as in the instance under notice, he was indefatigable, as was his wont, in the Cause of Spiritualism. Mention of Mr. Colville's name will also be received with pleasure.

In the Leicester report, given in another column, the effects of Mr. Holmes's lecture are alluded to. He is one of the vice-presidents of the National Secular Society, and as a consequence occupies a position in that body, and his abilities as a lecturer must be considerable to enable him to secure a continuous audience in the city of Boston. He has investigated Spiritualism in an independent manner, and now comes before the public to say what have been the results of his experiments. At present he is sitting with a number of Atheists and sceptics to allow them to test the nature of the phenomena in their own method.

It will soon be found that there is a limit to this freedom at the circle. Mr. Councillor Gimson demands greater scope for the action of the investigator. Let him form a circle of his own and then he can do as he pleases. Perhaps he will find that the policy of quietness and attention is the best. No sceptic can be well served at another's circle, but if he commences the inquiry from the beginning he finds out all about the matter as it goes forward, and does not require to lean on the good faith of others.

If Mr. Gimson follows this plan, soon another crop of saucy sceptics will rise up and apply to him the abuse which he flings at Spiritualists, much more to the exhibition of his own ignorance and want of taste than their dishonour or folly.

Mr. Holmes is prepared to lecture on the following and other subjects:—

"Spiritualism, being true, what good is it to the world?"

"Are mediums tricksters? A reply to unscientific objections."

"The doctrine of future reward and punishment annihilated by Spiritualism."

"Spiritualism a foundation for a higher Secularism."

Address Mr. J. Holmes, 6, Albert Cottages, 6, Watling Street, Leicester.

ARITHMETICAL PECULIARITIES OF THE NUMBER 1881.

In "Le Devoir" of 16th January,—a journal published by the well-known and esteemed philanthropist, Mons. Godin, who has invested his immense fortune in the establishment of a Socialistic industrial association founded on the most advanced principles, called "La Familistere;" and which for its admirable schools and educational establishments would well repay a visit to Guise in the department of l'Aisne—is the following curious paragraph about the year 1881. Mons. Godin is a Spiritualist, but is not himself the author of this arithmetical puzzle.

"The year 1881 presents the same peculiarities as the year 1863; that is, it is what is called a year of nine. The first two figures 1 added to 8=9; the two second 8 added to 1=9; by adding the four figures we have 18, that is,

twice nine; 18 added to 81=99; 81-18=63, which represents seven times nine, and also 6 added to 3=9.

"In whatever way you examine the figures 1881—from left to right, from right to left, or turned upside down—you get 1881. This will only occur again in 6237 years, that is in the year 8118."

If we had any neo-platonist, learned in the mysterious Pythagorean doctrine of numbers and their occult meanings, he would doubtless be able to tell us what the hidden or symbolical meaning of all this is, and what virtue there is in the number nine, if any, or whether the whole be not simple facts of numbers without any occult meaning whatever, Pythagoras notwithstanding.

A. J. C.

Lucerne.

A SEANCE BY MRS. MARSHALL IN AID OF THE SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION.

Mrs. Marshall has kindly offered to give a seance for the benefit of the Spiritual Institution, at 15, Southampton Row, on Saturday evening, February 12, at 8 o'clock. Tickets must be obtained in advance, and though Mrs. Marshall does not sit as a professional medium, it will be necessary that sitters contribute, that the funds may benefit from Mrs. Marshall's kindness. Early application is recommended, as the number of sitters will be strictly limited.

Sitters report that the manifestations in Mrs. Marshall's presence, are of a very satisfactory description. The sittings may be held in the light or in the dark. In the light powerful raps and direct writing are obtained, affording proofs of spirit presence and identity. In the dark seance the spirit voice of "Mimi" is heard giving personal information respecting spirit friends and other matters.

It was through Mrs. Marshall's mediumship, upwards of a dozen years ago, that we first heard the spirit voice. She then lived at Bristol Gardens. Hundreds of sitters were convinced of the truth of the phenomena, at the circles held in that place. Survivors who enjoyed those circles will be glad to have the opportunity of meeting Mrs. Marshall again.

MESMERISM AND PSYCHOLOGY.

DREAMS AND WARNINGS RESPECTING ACCIDENTS AND CASUALTIES.

During the last year the cases of dreams and presentiments foreboding approaching calamities have been numerous reported in the newspapers. The wreckage of trains, the fall of bridges, colliery explosions and losses at sea have been anticipated again and again by parties interested, as the newspapers have borne testimony.

The following extracts, from a Torquay paper, furnish evidence that two distinct members of the family received warning of the loss of a vessel at sea, by two different methods of communication. The mother saw in a dream the sad scene; the boy heard the sounds as of the feet of his father at the door, at the time it is presumed that the little vessel went down.

The unthinking public wonder at such facts, but they are frequently observed by those who study spiritual science. The lesson to be derived is, that if mankind cultivated these spiritual gifts, and gave heed to their monitions, a very great deal of loss and suffering would be averted.

THE MISSING TRAWLER, SLY BOOTS.—There is not yet any news of the trawler Sly Boots, the absence of which it is feared is to be accounted for by the report (which we gave last week) of Captain Cowie, of the steamer, Compton, from New Orleans for Revel, which put into Dartmouth on the 6th inst. Captain Cowie, it will be remembered, then stated that he had been in collision with a fishing ketch, and knew he had carried away her bowsprit, and the general opinion at Brixham is that he also knew he had sunk her, for another fishing boat observed a vessel steaming over the place of the accident, as if searching for the hapless crew. The Brixham fishermen describe the night as a fine, starlight one, and at the time of the collision there were upwards of a hundred trawlers with their trawls down within an area of three miles. It is also stated that a flare-up was observed, which suddenly went out, leaving the mast-head light burning, which a minute afterwards disappeared, after which a steamer's whistle was heard, and the steamer then became visible to several of the trawlers, but spoke to none of them, which, it is asserted, might have easily been done. The names of the missing crew are Richard Barnes, master and owner, who leaves a widow, whose former

husband was drowned at Hull twelve years ago, and three young children; Daniel Ward, who leaves a widow and four little children totally unprovided for; an apprentice named Samuel Parnell, a native of Torquay; Harry Howes, son of the wife of the master by her first husband; and George Cole, an apprentice on trial, a native of Brixham. The sad occurrence has been painfully felt throughout the town, as many hundreds of families are connected with the fishing trade, and thus liable to the same bereavement. The *Sly Boots* was insured in the Brixham Fishing Smack insurance Society for £250.

A WIFE'S DREAM.—There are two extraordinary stories in relation to the above-named vessel. It is stated that on the night she is supposed to have been lost Mrs. Barnes, the wife of the owner, dreamed that she was standing on a rock, and saw a steamer run into the boat, and that she screamed, "Richard, save the boy!" meaning her son, Harry Howe. It is probable that the dream so powerfully affected her that she did scream out as she simultaneously awoke. Another mysterious incident is also mentioned. At six o'clock in the morning, a few hours after the dream, Osman Barnes, a boy of seven years, came into his mother's bedroom, and asked for his father, for, as he told his mother, he knew he was at home, for he distinctly heard him come up the steps with his sea boots on, and kick at the door, as he did when he came home from Lowestoft, and after he came in the clock struck three. The singular coincidence of this incident with her own dream, which was so startling in its apparent reality that she could not rid herself of the thought that some disaster had befallen her husband and son, so alarmed the poor woman that immediately after she got up she told the circumstance to a neighbour, who tried to reassure her by treating the matter as mere fancy. As the narration of the incident took place in the morning and no intelligence of the disaster was brought until the night, and the boat was not overdue, as she was not expected home, these narratives seem the more curious. Yesterday it was reported that a jib and several baskets had been picked up belonging to the ill-fated fishing smack.

DOES A MORAL EVIL PRODUCE PHYSICAL EVIL?

Dear Mr. Editor,—Can you answer the above question for me? The reason I ask is this:—

Some time ago I had a severe sick head-ache, and having read some time before that a person badly disposed towards one, would cause uneasiness, etc., the impression came to me to return it if it were so.

I felt within myself who it was that sent it (supposing it to have come in that way), and I felt a sort of restless uneasiness to return it. I therefore said to the pain, "If — sent you to me, go back to him," and soon after I felt much better. The same day one of our household had an occasion to go to that very party. Strange to say, he was suffering from a severe sick head-ache that had come on just about the time mine left me. Previous to that he had been very well. We had proof of that, because the same person that went to see him had seen and spoken to him not long before I drove my pain away.—I am yours truly,

AN INQUIRER.

REMARKS IN REPLY.

Mesmeric healers can readily transplant a pain from one person to another. Two ladies, one of them suffering from tooth-ache, once visited the late Mr. Cogman, seeking relief for the sufferer. With one pass of his hand Mr. Cogman took away the pain, as it were, on the point of his outstretched middle finger. He with another movement playfully thrust his finger towards the face of the other young lady, who immediately suffered from tooth-ache, which was removed by a third movement, and the ladies left astonished as well as delighted.

Some healers, like "Scotch Gardener," draw the pain off into their hand and arm, and then have to shake it off with passes made by the other hand. When sensitives are in the presence of such healers while thus operating the pains go into them and cause them great suffering.

When Dr. Newton was in London ten years ago he treated patients frequently at the Spiritual Institution, and a sensitive who frequently met him there had to retire when the Doctor operated, as diseases of the patients affected her so soon as the original sufferers were relieved of them.

It is well known that evilly disposed persons, having established rapport, can, under favourable circumstances, affect others painfully, against whom they entertain feelings of enmity. These evil influences have been frequently traced to their sources, and the true character of those who thus operated has been indisputably proved. Such persons come to an evil end themselves sooner or later.

As to the immediate question of our correspondent, we would ask whether it would not be necessary for the person who sent the pain to suffer from such a pain in the first instance, and thus pass it on till it was returned by the one who got an impression as to its origin.

These influences causing pain may be transmitted or deposited unconsciously. Much of the suffering that exists in the world is caused by morbid psychological influences, in many cases manipulated by spirits of a dark and malignant character.

WILL POWER ON OBJECTS.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—Our friend H. Walter in his letter No. 565, about Bible turning, says, the Eastern jugglers place a copy of the Koran in two opposite corners of a cloth and then let card-board figures dance to the tune of a rough whistle cut out of a reed. He wishes to know the views of some of your correspondents. I beg to refer him to my letter in the *MEDIUM* for July 2, 1880, on "Will Power." There is no doubt in my mind about the *modus operandi*, for I believe that Faith is the root of more power than men dream of, for is it not written "according to thy faith be it unto thee." Peter walked upon the waters by faith, and when sinking, Jesus said, "Oh, thou of little faith." Moses when he cast down the rod which moved with force and vitality was probably gifted with will power to move objects without contact through faith in the divine Logos.

I should be obliged if Mr. Walter would say where the account of the dancing figures may be found.

Yours respectfully, H. OLIVER.

7, Hicks Lane, Sheffield.

February 8, 1881.

VOCAL MUSIC AT SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

A full crop of musical instructors is springing up in the metropolis. Miss Clementina Ward advertises to give lessons in either vocal or instrumental music. She will be recognised by our London readers as the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ward, who has with her sister appeared at "Happy Evenings," and other occasions when music was required, ever since they were little girls. Miss Ward has passed the Course at the Royal Academy of Music, and having been trained since infancy under such an excellent musician as her father, she cannot be otherwise than capable of performing the duties she professes. We hope she will receive many pupils and thus add to the harmony of human existence.

Mr. J. G. Robson, of Peckham, through whose hand the poem was written which appears on another page, is also desirous of aiding in this musical work. He is a remarkable musical, artistic, and poetical medium, and for some time has been instructing pupils in music. We would be glad to see a good choir under his tuition at 8, Bournemouth Road, Rye Lane.

Our old friend, Mr. Tindall, is alive to the needs of the hour, and has spoken some of his thoughts on the subject in the following letter which we gladly publish:—

FROM A TEACHER OF MUSIC.

DEAR MR. BURNS,—I was much interested in the remarks in last week's *MEDIUM* concerning the music at Spiritual Meetings. I have long felt that something ought to be done to improve the singing at our services. What is required is that the necessity of a Singing Class should be made widely known, and that Spiritualists should unite to make the same a success.

As Spiritualists live at long distances from each other, there is no reason why the class should not have several sections, meeting at different places. I may say that I am at present training some boys for singing at Quebec Hall. A class might be formed at Southampton Row, and a branch at Quebec Hall, and as we advanced another branch in some other part of the town. With regard to part-singing, I believe the same to be very desirable; but I have long felt that the church tunes often used by us are not always applicable to the Spiritual words—"it is like putting new wine into old bottles."

What we require are some bold and original melodies, if possible composed inspirationally, which shall accord with the new truths whose praise we sing. When we see the great influence the national melodies of different peoples possess, we cannot but feel that Spiritualists also ought to have some melodies of their own. I have no doubt such could be obtained. I, myself, have one or two which I might submit to you, which I have introduced at Quebec Hall. But I believe that they should be bold and simple, so that all could join in them, and that some should be sung in unison. We must remember that the Catholic Church still uses the grand, yet simple, Gregorian tones for her congregational singing, and what we chiefly want is to harmonize and inspire every breast at our Meetings. Should the class be formed, I should recommend Hullah's system to be taught.

Trusting you will excuse the long letter,—I am, yours faithfully,

A. F. TINDALL.

30, Wyndham Street, Feb. 7, 1881.

NEWS FROM CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA.

COMMUNICATED BY A. TEAGUE.

First Quarterly Report of the South African Spiritual Evidence Society, held at the rooms, 13, St. George's Street, Cape Town, January 10, 1881.

In the absence of the president, Mr. S. T. Marchant, Mr. B. T. Hutchison was voted to the chair. About twenty members were present.

Secretary reported that the society had a membership of forty-six persons on the roll—thirty-nine males, seven females.

Four circles were sitting—on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings. The reports of these were not so favourable as could have been anticipated, but as each circle had to develop the medial powers of its members, it was hoped the coming quarter would give more favourable results, several of the sitters showing signs of development.

Library had been started through the kindness of a few of the members lending what works they had on the subject; also the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, who presented nineteen volumes which make up a total of eighty volumes. Many of these consist of several copies of a work but which are very useful in starting a library.

Sunday evening services had been held at the rooms for some time, but now, through the kindness of Mr. Hutchinson, who has placed his hall for a small charge at the disposal of our president, he has come forward and commenced a course of Sunday evening services, which are very much appreciated by the members who attend. At present these services are only for members and friends, but I hope the time is not far distant when we shall be able to invite "whosoever will" to come and listen to the teaching of the angel-world.

Reading-room was now open to the members containing some of the weekly papers on the subject, which we hoped to increase if the funds would permit.

Financial statement shows a deficiency of £11 5s. 10d. to place the society out of debt, which I hope we shall gradually work off.

On Friday evening last our circle was visited by Mrs. Hodgson, whose spirit guide "Visitor" gave the circle valuable information of how to proceed so as to obtain materialisation. We are sorry that we have to forego visits from her oftener, but her guides have instructed her to rest for a while, so as to recruit her strength. When this is fully restored, we hope to hear her again on the platform, by the aid of her guides, advancing the Cause of Truth.

MAN'S PHYSICAL CONDITIONS.

THE PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE.

The "Echo" of Friday last contained the following paragraph:—

"Yesterday the annual meeting of the Liverpool Temperance Society was attended by the Mayor of the City, the Bishops of Manchester and Liverpool, the Dean of Chester, Sir Richard Temple, and other influential personages. In the course of the proceedings it was stated that the apprehensions for drunkenness in Liverpool had decreased from 23,000 annually to 14,000."

Here is a triumph certainly not only in results to the victims of alcohol, but in the support which the movement is receiving from influential persons. Only a few years ago total abstinence was scouted as the whim of a few enthusiasts who were supposed to be so weak in resolution that they could not keep sober without the pledge. Now that despised total abstinence is found to be a power doing a work which no other means could accomplish, and gathering around it the best minds of the age. The newspapers now report temperance proceedings respectfully. Once they sneered or ignored them. Let spiritualists take courage.

THE DISEASE INDUCING RITE.

MR. P. A. TAYLOR, M.P.

I have seen dozens and scores of persons who tell me that they honestly believe that their children had died from vaccination, and who had told me all that had happened with every circumstance and detail. They have told me how they took perfectly healthy children to be vaccinated, how an incision was made in the arm, how in the course of a few days a sore appeared there, how it spread on the arm, and from thence all over the body, and how finally the child died in agony. It is no longer held that it is absolutely safe to vaccinate children, as was stated to us when the Committee sat in 1871. During the first part of the time that the Committee sat the doctors who were called before us declared it to be impossible that syphilis and other diseases could be communicated by inoculation, while it was actually proved to demonstration before we finished our sittings that thirteen cases of syphilis had arisen from one case of vaccination alone.—House of Commons, 1879. From "Our Legislators on the Vaccination Question."

BRIGHTON.—OPPOSITION TO VACCINATION.

The opposition to the enforcement of the Vaccination Acts was the occasion yesterday of a singular demonstration: the defendants, three in number, being driven to and from the court in a waggonette, preceded by a brass band, whilst a large banner intimated that the proceedings were adopted as a protest against the "murderous tyranny and robbery of the Vaccination Laws." During the hearing of the cases, which resulted in fines of 20s. and 10s. being inflicted in five instances, whilst three others were adjourned, the Bench were reminded that they had a discretionary power as to the amount of fine to be inflicted, and it was also urged that it was "unconstitu-

tional" to enforce the Act in the face of conscientious objections. To this the Bench replied that some people thought it "unconstitutional" that they should have to close their shops at eleven o'clock, or that they should not be allowed to drive diseased cattle along the roads. They, therefore, refused to mitigate the penalties. On the defendants leaving the court there was much cheering from their friends, and they drove away to the strains "See the Conquering Hero comes." It was intended to have made the demonstration additionally effective by organizing an anti-vaccination meeting outside the house of an anti-vaccinator whose goods were to be seized for the non-payment of a fine; but as the sale was postponed, this part of the programme had to be abandoned.—"Daily News," Feb. 8.

[What a stupid Bench! There is not the slightest parallel between having diseased cattle and healthy children about the streets. On the other hand it would appear that healthy children must have a cattle disease inflicted on them before they are fit for streets or homes. Are our law-makers and "Benches lunatics?"—EDITOR.]

LITERARY NOTICES.

Astrology, judging from its annuals, seems to be in the ascendant; "Raphael's Prophetic Almanac" (Catty) is full of matter which cannot be read without interest. The approaching conjunction of planets is dwelt upon and the consequences predicted. We have also received "Orion's Almanac" (Simpkin), which, upon the whole, is the most carefully edited and complete publication of the kind that has reached us. It contains valuable tables which, apart from astrology, afford information which is difficult at all times to put the hand on. We can supply these and other almanacs on receipt of postage stamps. Post free, 7d. each. "Raphael," with ephemeris, 1s.

The "Phrenological Magazine" commences the year in a greatly improved form. The size has been enlarged and the contents improved. It presents the appearance of solidity and ripeness, the invariable indications of success. The number for February contains a Phrenological Delineation of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, illustrated with a portrait. There is a continuation of the article on "Noses," with illustrations indicating various forms in which character is expressed by the most prominent feature of the face. There is an excellent article by Dr. Davey on the claims of phrenologists in opposition to the "discoveries" of vivisectionists and others. We can recommend our readers to seek the acquaintance of the "Phrenological Magazine," monthly, and through it the science of phrenology. We can send on a specimen copy for 7d. post free.

HALL OF COMPREHENSION, 25, GREAT QUEBEC STREET, W.

To the Editor.—Sir,—At the Monthly Meeting of the Comprehensionists, on Monday evening last, the following Resolution was proposed by Mr. F. Wilson, seconded by Mr. Hancock, and carried unanimously:

That as the Constitution of Comprehensionists has our full acceptance and agreement, we can now see the star of hope through all the difficulties and oppressions that beset the path of humanity, and look forward to the time when our Constitution will be universally accepted as the solvent of all obstruction that has hitherto impeded prosperity. To say this is to assume the inferences from the statements therein contained, and which it will be our endeavour to disseminate as the consciousness of the benefits we ourselves have derived from these convictions as our own acceptance have become the more apparent.

That as we are now an organization, each Radiationist representing a particular profession or occupation, embodies (presumably) in his mind the ideal development as the outcome from the chaotic condition in which each particular occupation now labours, we therefore propose to assemble on successive Monday evenings to consider the propositions in succession, and consult on the procedure to be followed, the restrictions to be removed, and the advantages to be gained in placing before the workmen of the world a programme of extrication that will bring about the results we all have so deeply at heart.

F. WILSON.

THE ATONEMENT: OLD TRUTHS

AS

SEEN UNDER A NEW LIGHT.

INSPIRATIONALLY WRITTEN

BY

C. P. B. ALSOP,

(Late Baptist Minister).

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JAMES BURNS,
15, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

RICE THREEPENCE.

GOSWELL HALL, 290, GOSWELL ROAD.

(Near the "Angel," Islington.)

On Sunday last the morning meeting was entertained with an account of the Cock-lane Ghost from the "History of Clerkenwell," read by Mrs. Yeates. After remarks from various friends, Mr. King gave an account of the adventures of Tobit's son from the Apocrypha, which elicited further conversation.

In the evening Mr. W. Wallace, the pioneer medium, gave an excellent trance address.

On Sunday morning next the usual conference will be held at 11 o'clock. In the evening, at 7, Dr. T. L. Nichols will give a lecture on "Ghosts of the 19th century."

W. Towns, Sec.

1, Albert Terrace, Clouesley Road, Islington.

QUEBEC HALL, 25, GREAT QUEBEC STREET.

On Sunday evening, Feb. 13, at 7 prompt, Mr. Whitley will deliver an address on "Swedenborg." Questions and remarks will be invited at close.

On Monday, Feb. 14, at 8-30, the Comprehensionists meet.

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 15, at 8-30 prompt, Mr. E. W. Wallis will deliver a trance address, subject to be chosen by the audience.

On Wednesday evening, Feb. 16, at 8-30 prompt, Mr. F. O. Matthews will commence a series of services concluding with clairvoyant visions, with which Mr. Matthews is so wonderfully gifted. The admission to this service will be 6d., contributed on entering.

The seance on Saturday at 8 as usual. Mrs. Treadwell, medium. Mr. Hancock is present half an hour previous to speak with strangers.

J. M. DALE, Hon. Sec.

LADBROKE HALL, NEAR NOTTING HILL RAILWAY STATION.

Sunday, Feb. 13, at 11 a.m., meeting for inquirers and development of medium powers.

Public meeting at 7 p.m.; F. O. Matthews, medium. Mr. Knight Smith will sing a piece from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul"—"Be thou faithful unto death."

11, Torrington Square, W.C.

Feb. 3, 1881.

F. O. MATTHEWS.

LEICESTER.—SILVER STREET LECTURE HALL.

On Sunday next, Feb. 13, Miss S. C. Blinkhorn, of Walsall, will give two inspirational addresses under control of her spirit-guides; subjects: morning—"Exhortation from the Fifth Chapter of Matthew;" evening—"Has man a Free Thought?" Time of service—morning 11, evening 6-30. Collections to defray expenses.

On Thursday, Feb. 17, Mr. J. Holmes, of Leicester, late secularist lecturer, will give a lecture in the above hall; subject: "God or no God; or, Atheism tested by the Facts of Spiritualism." Discussion at the close invited. Admission: front seats 6d., back seats 3d. Doors open at 7-30, commence at 8.

Since Mr. Holmes gave his lecture in the temperance hall, he has had several calls from different towns to go and give lectures for them: I understand that he will respond to them very shortly. He has startled the people of Leicester and set them thinking.

For instance, last Sunday evening our hall was well filled to hear a local medium give a lecture under control of his spirit-guides. The subject was "What is Spiritualism?" It was listened to with great attention, and gave great satisfaction to the unexpectedly large audience. We had among the audience a Jew who goes about the country lecturing, and one of his subjects is to abuse spiritualism.

Mr. Wallis lectures for us this week; subject: "Did man ever fall, or does he need salvation?"

R. WIGHTMAN, Sec.

56, Cranbourne Street, Leicester.

Feb. 7, 1881.

MR. T. M. BROWN

Will remain in Belper up to Tuesday; address—care of Mr. A. Bodell, 4, Chapel-street, Belper.

On Wednesday and Thursday he will be at Derby; address—care of George Adshead, Esq., Victoria-street, Derby.

He will visit Nottingham on Friday.

From Saturday next till Tuesday following Mr. Brown will be at Peterborough; address—care of Mr. R. Catling, Granville-street, Park-road, Peterborough.

Mr. Brown intends to visit London for two or three days.

OLDHAM.—On Saturday evening, Feb. 12, there will be an entertainment at the Spiritualists' Hall, Union-street, consisting of songs, glees, duets, readings, recitations, &c. To commence at 8 o'clock; admission 3d.

MR. A. DUGUID, Kirkcaldy, writes to say that he hopes to be in London in two or three weeks.

MISS SAMUEL intends visiting London again early in March. She will lecture and hold social evenings as before.

MR. DAVID POWELL, late of Cardiff, now living at 6, Frog Lane, Bristol, writes to say that he has suffered a sad reversal of fortune, and desires pecuniary assistance to enable him again to resume business. A small sum would be sufficient.

ANGLO-AMERICAN STORES.

F. FUSEDALÉ, Tailor and Draper.

A splendid assortment of Winter Goods not to be surpassed in London. All goods thoroughly shrunk and made on the premises at the shortest notice.—8, Southampton Row, Holborn.

Christ the Corner-stone of Spiritualism.

A Treatise by J. M. PEBBLES, M.D.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

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1881.

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Mr. A. Kyd	...	1	1	10
Mrs. Black	...	0	10	0
Dr. A. Johnstone	...	1	1	0
Mr. H. Bielfeld	...	0	11	4
Mr. Wm. Beale	...	1	1	0
Mrs. Clegg	...	0	2	0
Mr. Robert Catling	...	0	10	0
M. C. J.	...	0	2	6
Mrs. Abbott	...	0	2	6
Mrs. Tebb	...	1	1	0
A Friend	...	1	0	0
Mr. H. S. Green	...	0	5	0
X.	...	1	13	4
Mrs. Welch	...	0	5	4
Mr. Monteath	...	0	0	6
Mrs. G.	...	0	1	4
M. A. L.	...	0	2	6

A Christmas Rox from Darlington—

J. H.	2	6		
E. Archer	1	6		
J. Alderson	1	0		
M. Fooks	2	6		
J. C. L.	1	0		
T. A.	0	6		
G. Fellows	1	0		
Mrs. Fellows	1	0		
Misses Marshall	1	0		
A Friend	1	0	0	13 0

From Darmstadt	...	0	2	11
Mr. M. M. van Dam	...	0	5	0
Mr. F. O. Button	...	0	2	2
Mr. F. Tennyson	...	1	0	0
Col. Steuart	...	2	0	0
Mr. John Scott	...	0	5	4
Mr. and Mrs. Herne's Seance	...	1	13	0
Sir Charles Isham, Bart.	...	2	2	8
Mr. G. Brown	...	0	5	8
Mr. Hy. Parry	...	0	2	6
Mr. J. Holleyhead	...	0	2	9
Mr. Matthews' Second Seance	...	0	14	0
Mr. J. Swinburne	...	0	10	6
Mr. Bastian's Seance	...	1	12	6
Miss Dickson	...	1	0	0
A Friend	...	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Ross	...	0	5	4
M. A. B. (Royal Oak)	...	0	1	4
Mr. E. A. Tietkens	...	1	0	0
Mr. A. Fountain	...	0	5	0
From an Old and Unfortunate Friend	...	0	5	0
Mrs. M.	...	1	2	10
R. W. G.	...	0	11	4
Mr. J. Kilbraith	...	0	10	0
Mr. A. E. Hunter	...	0	6	6
Mrs. Delane	...	1	1	0
Mrs. Frances Knight's Seance	...	0	5	7
H. R.	...	0	11	4
Mr. Mc.	...	0	4	6
Mr. Good	...	0	3	3
Mr. John Robertson	...	0	6	4
Mr. N. W. Hollis	...	0	6	4
Mr. Wm. Lobley, Es., Mr. John Binns, Es., A Friend, Es.	...	0	3	0
A physically blind lady	...	0	2	6
Mr. Crisp	...	0	10	0
Mr. Towns' seance	...	0	15	0
Mr. Thos. Farrall	...	0	9	1
From a sympathiser with Mr. Burns' work	...	5	0	0
Mr. Monteath	...	0	1	0
C. A. L.	...	1	0	0
Rev. d.	...	0	5	3
Mrs. Otway	...	1	2	6
E.	...	1	0	0
Mr. G. T. Stuart Monteath	...	1	0	0
Mrs. Campbell	...	2	10	2
Mr. Jas. Mylne	...	10	0	0

These voluntary offerings and the kindly and loyal words which accompanied them have been particularly cheering these hard times. The Christmas box of our Darlington friends rather puzzled us. It was composed of side and end pieces which fitted into each other and held together without nail, lock, glue, or fastening of any kind, and we could not get at the contents till we cut the projection off the end of one of the side pieces.

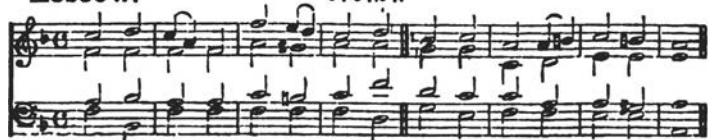
We shall look anxiously for the annual aid of all old helpers, and hope, in addition, to be favoured with the adhesion of not a few new ones. Though we utter not a word of complaint, our burden is wellnigh unbearable; all can lighten it a little by imitating as they are able the good friends whose names appear above.

HYMNS AND TUNES FOR SPIRITUAL CIRCLES AND MEETINGS.

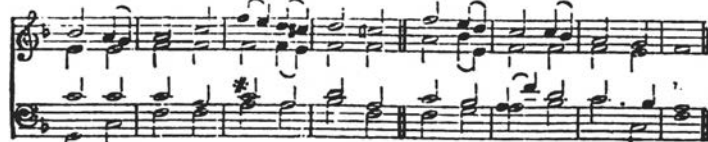
HYMN No. 12 in the "SPIRITUAL LYRE."

MOSCOW.

8787.87.



Guide me, O thou great Je-ho-vah! Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land;
I am weak, but Thou art migh-ty, Hold me with thy pow'rful hand;



Bread of hea-ven! Bread of hea-ven! Feed me till I want no more.

- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong deliverer!
Be Thou still my strength, and shield.

HYMN No. 140 in the "SPIRITUAL LYRE."

CHESTER.

8787.

From "MODERN HARP," by permission.



Ho-ly Spi-rit, kind-ly bless us, As we meet in love to-night,



Let no earth-ly care op-press us, May our souls be fill'd with light.

- 2 Loving spirits hover o'er us,
Angels bright in truth's array,
Ope the path of life before us,
Lead us on to cloudless day.

- 3 Let no jarring thought divide us,
Sweetest harmony be ours;
Wisdom's richest feast provide us,
As we pass these happy hours.

HYMN No. 9 in the "SPIRITUAL LYRE."

DIJON.

Cheerful.

8787.

GERMAN EVENING HYMN.



God is love, his mercy brightens All the path in which we rove;



Bliss he wakes & woe he light-ens; God is wisdom, God is love,

- 2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 Even the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the mist his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

REMARKS ON THE TUNES.

We are glad to know that the remarks given last week have been of use, and that in consequence of them there is an increased interest being manifested by many in the study of music. To connect what has been said with what we are about to say, we repeat the music given last week and append thereto a third tune—"Dijon."

We hope what was said last week on the length of bars and beating time has been particularly remembered. It would not be amiss to commit the whole of these remarks to memory, or, better still, obtain Hullah's Instruction Book (price 9d. post free) and master its contents completely.

It might be well to occupy the space at our disposal this week with a few observations on the different kinds of notes. These are strikingly demonstrated in the last line of each verse sung to "Chester." "May our souls be fill'd with light"—this line consists of three equal parts: the first contains four words—"May our souls be," sung to four notes; the second part contains two words—"fill'd with," sung to two notes; the last part contains only one word—"light," sung to one note. As a consequence, the last word occupies as much time in singing as the first four or the second two.

These notes, being of different length, are of different form: the last one—oval without a stem—is called a "semibreve"; the middle group—ovals with stems—are called "minims"; the four in the first group—with black heads and stems—are called "crotchets." Notes may thus be divided like coins—a semibreve represents one penny; a minim represents a halfpenny, or the half of a semibreve; a crotchet represents a farthing, or the half of a halfpenny. So then, as four farthings make a penny, so do four crotchets make a semibreve, and two minims a semibreve.

It is on the length of the note that time is counted. The time in "Chester," as stated last week, is marked 3-2, meaning that the bar is composed of 3 of the second kind of notes—minims—2 of which make a semibreve. Then it will be found that each bar contains three minims or their equivalent in other notes.

The time in "Dijon" is marked 2-4, which signifies that each bar contains 2 crotchets, 4 of which make a semibreve. The normal bar will be found in the last line, where two crotchets are written over "God is."

The crotchet is again halved into "quavers," represented by a black head with a stem and a hook to it. The quaver is thus compared to the division of money, represented by half a farthing. Hence in the second bar four quavers occupy the time of two crotchets.

"Dijon" is frequently sung to verses each line of which contains 7 syllables, which is the meaning of the four 7s at the top of the music. In the present instance the verse consists of 8.7.8.7., so that the last two bars connected with a tie placed over and under, in lines 1 and 3 of each verse, must be sung as if there were no tie. The words "brightens" and "lightens" take the two last bars, whereas the words "rove" and "love," only one syllable each, also take two bars each. The tune suits the hymn extremely well, and affords very full expression to its sentiment.

In some tunes, as was pointed out last week, there is a danger of making too much of a pause at the ends of lines: in "Dijon" there is the opposite tendency of going on too quickly and overlooking the pause at the end of each line. The last note in the first line, sung to "tens" (last part of "brightens"), being a quaver, only occupies half a beat, after which comes a pause of a beat and a half. The pause will be found more marked still after "rove," seeing that one syllable occupies all the music of two bars. It is only by keeping time with strict accuracy that this tune can be mastered and made to give forth its inspiring melody.

It is of very little use for a number of persons to meet together with music before them to practice tunes unless they study thoroughly the elementary rules of music. The leader may sing properly and understand the music, but those who follow may be in the habit of hearing the tunes rendered elsewhere with improper variations, and they get so mixed up that they do not know what is right from what is wrong. If all were taught to read music they would arrive at the correct version independently. As it is, very earnest persons practise tunes, but they do so wrongly, so that when a cultured musician comes among them to lead them, they insist upon leading him.

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Angels, bright angels, are ever around
Angels bright are drawing near
Arrayed in clouds of golden light
Assembled at the closing hour
As we part our prayer ascendeth
Author of good, we rest on Thee [right
Be firm and be faithful: desert not the
Salm on the bosom of thy God
Clay to clay, and dust to dust
Come they, when the shades of evening
Jerish faith in one another
Death is the fading of a cloud
Earth is waking, day is breaking
Eternal Source of light and life
Far from mortal cares retreating
Father, breathe an evening blessing
Father of all, in every age
Flitting on the breath of evening
For all thy gifts we praise Thee, Lord
Forever wakefully the air is turning
Forward I the day is breaking
Friends never leave us, those who call
From realms supernal, fair and bright
From the recesses of a lowly spirit
God is Love: his mercy brightens
God that madest earth and heaven
Gracious Source of every blessing
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah
Hail! the heavenly scenes of peace
Hail in hand with angels
Hark! hark! from grove and fountain
Hark! the songs of angels swell
Hath not thy heart within thee burned?
Heaven is here: its hymns of gladness
He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower
Here at thy grave we stand

Here we meet with joy together
How cheering the thought
How pure in heart and sound in head
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight
Holy Spirit, kindly bless us
How shall I know Thee in the sphere
If 'tis sweet to mingle where
Immortal praise to God be given
In the broad fields of heaven
In the lone and silent midnight
In the sky that is above us
Is it not sweet to think, hereafter
Is heaven a place where pearly streams
Is it a faith sublime and sure
Joy and pain to all are given
Let monumental pillars rise
Let one loud song of praise arise
Life is onward,—use it
Life is the hour that lies between
Lo, in the golden sky
Lo! the day of rest declineth
Lord! subdue our selfish will
Lord! what a fleeting breath
Love all! there is no living thing
Love never sleeps! the mother's eye
May the grace of guardian angels
Mortal, the Angels say
My God, my Father, while I stray
Nearer, my God, to thee
No bitter tears for thee be shed
No human eye thy face may see
Now the shades of night are gone
Now to heaven our prayer ascending
Ocean and land the globe divide
O give thanks to him who made
O God of ages, by whose hand
O land of bliss, my heart now turns

One sweet flower has dropped and faded
Our best Exemplar, ere he breathed
Our God is love: and would he doom
O Thou unknown, almighty Cause
O Thou, to whom in ancient time
O Thou who driest the mourner's tear
Part in peace! is day before us?
Peace be thine, and angels greet thee
Praise for the glorious light
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow
Praise to thee, though great Creator
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
Sat his above hold sweet communion
Shall we gather at the river
She passed in beauty like a rose
Should sorrow o'er thy brow
Sleep on your pillow
Slowly by God's hand unfurled
Soon shall the trump of freedom
Sow in the morn thy seed
Speak gently, it is better far
Springs bright are ever nigh
Star of Progress, guide us onward
Supreme o'er all Jehovah reigns
Sweet are the ties that bind in one
Tell me not in mournful numbers
The Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall
The mourners came, at break of day
The morning light is breaking
The morn of peace is beaming
The dead are like the stars by day
The mystery of the Spirit's birth
The outward world is dark and drear
The perfect world by Adam trod
The Sabbath sun was setting slow
The Sage his cup of hemlock quaffed
The spacious firmament on high

The voice of an angel
The world has much of beautiful
The world may change from old to new
There is a calm for those who weep
There is a land my eye hath seen
There is a land of pure delight
There is a pure, a peaceful wave,
There is a state, unknown, unseen
There is no death—'tis but a shade
They are passing, upward passing
They are winging, they are winging
Thou art, O God, the light and life
Thou art the first and thou the last
Thou who art enthroned above
Though wandering in a stranger-land
Thy name be hallowed evermore
To thee the Lord Almighty
To the father's love we trust
To the world of spirit gladness
True prayer is not th' imposing sound
Your souls, like shadows on the ground
We come at morn and dewy eve
We gladly come to-day
We do not die—we cannot die
We will not fear the benighted angel
Welcome angels, pure and bright
Whatever clouds may dim the day
When fortune beams around you
When I survey life's varied scene
When in the busy haunts of men
With silence busy as their benedictions
When sorrow on the spirit feeds
When the hours of day are numbered
When the evening star is stealing
When troubles overflow the soul
With thou not visit me
With sunshine always on his ser

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