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AND TEACHINGS OF

# SPIRITUALISM.

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## CARLYLE AND DISRAELI.

### THEIR MERITS AS MEN, and their RECEPTION in SPIRIT-LIFE.

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

[From the Chicago "Times," June 20, 1881.]

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond on last evening at Fairbank Hall delivered the following Discourse on the "The Reception into Spirit-Life of the late Thomas Carlyle and the late Benjamin Disraeli," purporting to be inspired by that other great Englishman, recently deceased, the philanthropist, George Thompson:

The judgments of man are for time; those of God are for eternity: now we see through a glass darkly: then, face to face.

Two lives comprising in their historical record more than half a century have gone out from English life and from the eyes of the world, and their deeds will be enrolled by the historians for the value and the estimate that mortals have placed upon them. The spiritual relationship of these lives to the present generation is not only peculiar, but significant; and while no greater contrast could be afforded by any two lives, still no two, perhaps, have passed away within so short a time of one another whose influence was in itself each so peculiar and whose memory will be transmitted with so much brilliancy.

Benjamin Disraeli, the offspring of an outcast race, commenced life, as your present speaker well remembers, in the humble garb of the aspirant to literary fame, and modest at that; still with the burning ambition lurking in his life that afterward bloomed forth in the literature, in the politician, in the premier. This life made a distinct impression upon the mind that addresses you, chiefly because in every essential aspect we were at variance. Politically, there was no bond of sympathy, in literary directions our tastes differed, and while I confessed to the brilliance of the life that gradually unfolded before my vision, it was a brilliance that I equally deplored and wondered at. After the Reform Parliament of 1833, and after all Lord Palmerston could do, it seemed as though England was more fully

prepared for a more liberal form of government and for such gradual enactments toward freedom as should experience no check. The history of England is the history of Conservatism, and the history of the last few years is another of those reactionary waves that come to nations when not fully ripe for freedom, and when a portion—though that portion be a small minority—are in power who regard the past with sanctity because it is the past, institutions more than men, and position, place, and power have a loftier consideration than humanity. It is no blame to Lord Beaconsfield to say that he was from centre to circumference of his being a conservative; that he had no sympathy whatever with the liberal and progressive element that forms the destiny of modern nations.

Born of the Hebraic race, he seemed to desire to take the civilisation of modern times back to the days of Solomon, King David, or possibly even King Saul, not with the intention deliberately to do mankind harm, but believing in the supremacy of power, in the rights of kingdoms and dynasties, in that which belonged to the inherent power of monarchs, and believing that empire and dominion are the natural right of the sovereign, by whatever means he has obtained that right. Could he have been king the world would have been too small to have contained the limits of his ambition. As it was, he lavished the best years of his manhood, the aspirations of his pride, forsaking the path of letters for that of political eminence, for the sake of his love of the dominion of sovereigns. To the Queen of England there was devotion, to the monarch of a mighty people there was almost worship, but to the Empress that should unite under one kingdom all possible provinces and all conquered territory there would have been adoration, and it would have been sincere, and would have been the legitimate flowering out of his life.

In many respects Lord Beaconsfield represented lofty sentiment and chivalrous devotion to woman, and appreciation of her equality in intellectual ways not perhaps granted by many very professedly liberal minds; but in the domain of government there was but one power, and that the central power; there could be but one ambition, and that to conquer all possible empires and add them to those of Great Britain. There was but one dominant idea, the idea of incorporating into the modern time the grandeur of the nation from which he sprang; and a kind of religious devotion to this

principle caused him to embark on the uncertain waters of political life at a time when two careers were open to him, and when, perhaps, that of literature would have developed finer and loftier sensibilities than did the life of the politician or the statesman. I have not named him a statesman; because, according to my theory of statesmanship, that can only be such which has for its incipient foundation and gradual development the welfare of the nation for which the statesman labours. Diplomat he certainly was,—skillful in manipulating the minds of men, and so skillful that the aristocracy of England turned to him as by one accord to show the pathway to that salvation of their interests that were gradually waning; and now that he is on earth no more the same power that sought his advice, that promoted his interest, that uplifted him to the loftiest position which the nation could offer, is looking in vain for his successor. Nor will England ever find his successor; the reaction has come,—Transvaal, Afghanistan, the useless wars abroad, the whole history of the administration preceding that of the present, was a closing history for conservative reaction, and the great man who fills his place—who fills his own place, rather,—has suffered the intensity of the statesman and patriot, all that one mind can suffer for the nation's safety, to strive to undo the wrongs actually enacted under the dominion of a theory that believes civilisation goes backward instead of forward.

Lord Beaconsfield is no more; his counsels can not prevail on earth: so far as human life is concerned he will exercise no sway. Neither is Benjamin Disraeli in existence in a sense of the mortal life; that which constituted the title "lord," a title modestly and unwillingly accepted, yet finely inherited from his wife, who was his equal companion, that title is extinguished—that power is extinguished so far as its political influence over Great Britain is concerned, and the sun of Conservatism is set in the life that has gone out lately in England. Now, that Conservatism is looking in vain for a leader, those who represented the hereditary and aristocratic titles of England will long and vainly search for one who shall call together the broken links of the aristocracy, pieced out and patched up by appointment of place and power, and by creation of title not existent in the family line; so is much of the aristocracy of to-day an aristocracy of the people. These are without a political power; these have no claim to statesmanship, and these are gradually slipping away into that oblivion that surely comes to all who inherit instead of possess gifts.

This much must be said of this man: Had he been other than a conservative, had he been other than a leader of the greatest party that could cause reaction in the world, had he represented other interests than those which tend to degrade instead of uplift humanity, I could have called him great; but I can not say that greatness can be associated with the wrong side of any question of humanity. I consider that it is the eclipse of greatness, that it is the night time of genius, that it is the wonder in the humanity of the earth, and that such lines illustrate what might have been had humanity and the gifts of Nature been parallel powers in the foundation of character.

In social life none could be more social, in all political courtesy none could be more genial, but none also could be more subtle—a degree of subtlety that made Benjamin Disraeli as diplomat more valuable at one time than any other mind in Europe,—such degree of subtlety as moulded and shaped the nation's thoughts to a powerful foreign policy, leaving utterly neglected those matters of domestic interest that form the security of the government. Power abroad is valueless unless there be conservation of force at home: and while the interest of labour, the value of manufactures, agriculture, and the various domestic interests involved in the one question relating to Ireland were wholly neglected, wars abroad were prosecuted for the dominion and empire that they would bring,—this brilliant mind,

this meteoric flash, this genius of diplomacy, persuaded the English nation and the British government that this policy was for the best. On the surface this was so, but down deep was that undercurrent which made preparation for the final overthrow of Lord Beaconsfield's policy and for the establishment of a liberal government, which, if it has not yet attained that which it hoped and promised, is still in progress of doing so.

The other mind to which we refer—more of scholar than politician, more of critic than historian—presents such a study to the present generation of thoughtful minds that I must call your attention more closely to the analysis of this character. He presents to the present generation the picture of a litterateur, a social and political Nemesis. He was associated with no school of thought; he was born of no nationality of ideas; his life had its origin and his work in no contemporaneous minds; he had not, in my opinion, a peer or an associate, or any relation in the world of letters; nor did he belong to any of the schools of thought that sway England to-day, save alone the school of Thomas Carlyle. He was the beginning and the end of a distinct form of thought. The nearest that I can recall in the history of England to his mind might have been Lamb; but more pungent than he, more scathing and severe, and with larger scope of mind and genius, Thomas Carlyle was hidden from the world only as he permitted himself to be seen. He had no purpose of ambition. I don't think he cared what the world thought of him. His life was his own. He valued it for its work. He did not care what men recorded of him, so that he employed his time usefully according to his interpretation of time. Unlike Mr. Disraeli, he never sought position, place, or power; unlike Mr. Disraeli, he never wrote for popular approval, but wrote what he thought of men, times, and things, just as though he had the beginning and the ending of his own life and purpose in his own keeping; and at the time of departure from mortal existence no one could tell whether Carlyle most represented the power of critic, historian, professional litterateur, artist, or thinker—independent of all these, in a school of philosophy so far above mankind that he did not venture to give its system in your midst, feeling that it would not be understood. He is called cynical; Mr. Disraeli was most genial and kind. The two were opposite in manner; but if kindness be the real impulse of the human heart, I would trust the welfare of England and the British nation—all the nations of Europe and of the whole world—sooner in the keeping of a man like Thomas Carlyle than I would in a thousand hands like Disraeli's. I would trust it because, faithful to his convictions, he despised hypocrisy, he criticised vacillation, he undertook to criticise—and successfully did—the actions of men contemporaneous with himself, and did this as fearlessly as the surgeon would apply the scalpel, or as anyone would administer a rebuke needed, required at the time, and perceived to be absolutely necessary. The sneers that were upon his lips were for the weaknesses of men, not for humanity; the seeming cynicism was not for mankind, but for that which appeared before him as the hypocrisy of mankind. Position had no value in his eyes unaccompanied by sincerity and unaccompanied by real gifts; and he would not have accepted the peership of the realm, or the premiership of the land, had he felt qualified to fill it, for any other reason than that of service to his country. He thought he could serve his country better by observation, by criticism, by that kind of life which placed him in an independent position of all men and all things, and he came as the flash of a sword, cutting both ways,—brilliant, truthful, careful, and animated by as kindly a heart as ever throbbed within the human frame.

Of Benjamin Disraeli I would say: He is the off-spring and the earthbound soul of a restless race that



seeks yet some lost dominion, an empire on the earth, coveting place and power and brilliancy of achievement, for the influence that it may have over mankind, and that he may bear it abroad in the world as the heralding of his faith.

Of Carlyle I would say: that he represents the spirit of another world, born of no present generation or past generation of thought—that as an eclipse comes, or the meteor flashes across the horizon of the intellect of earth and brings the rebuke, the lesson, the thought, the value of its unexistence unconnected with any other life,—of Carlyle I would say, that he made men afraid of his criticisms, and by doing so often compelled them to be more honest, more truthful, more just, more studious, more careful of their words and works. Statesmen paid court to Disraeli for his power, position, and brilliance of external ambition. They were afraid of Carlyle for his criticism and just judgment. All in the world of art and letters turned to Carlyle as they would turn to one disinterested, having only an aim to serve the truth, and though expressing it often in the most terse and sometimes in the most severe language, it was meant to do good, to purify the thoughts and aims of the world. I would rather have the pure heart and strong intellectual power, prompted by goodness, of such a mind as Carlyle, than a whole generation of Disraelis with their sophisms, with their various plausible reasons for doing the wrong things amiably, in a statesman-like way, in the way of the politician, but leading—if I may be pardoned the word—to perdition all the while. I would rather have one such mind as Carlyle's, to hold the nations of the earth in check, to criticise their doings every day, to scorn at my individual weaknesses, and lay bare my individual follies, prompted by the kindness of the unerring love of truth and justice, than to have all the plaudits of the world for such praise as that which Disraeli could give.

This is not too strong language, because I have said before there is no judgment in it save that which comes of the study of the lives of these two men. Their private life I have nothing to do with. Equally good, equally pure, equally loving and kind as friends, as companions; what they have left to the world is the picture of their public career. On the one hand we have a storm-cloud with lightnings flashing through the heavens, forked perhaps, and striking the favourite oak that we prize above others, but purifying the air; on the other we may have a summer sun holding beneath the shoals and quicksands of political wrecks a nation drifting through pleasure out into the tempest of destruction.

But let us have the Carlyles if we must needs have one of these. But it may not be fair to make these comparisons since the lives are so essentially different as not to meet.

But what of them in Spirit-life?

As England will have no conservative reaction—What will the spirit of the late Lord Beaconsfield do? I saw him shortly after the entrance into the World of Spirits, like all who are affectionate, social, kind, domestic,—his friends were there to welcome him; but no towering ambition, no lofty temple of fame, no crown of immortal favours, no throbbing plaudits of multitudes, no empress, sovereign, queen, to visit upon him the votive offerings of praise. I saw him standing alone, surveying what seemed to be the ruins of a splendid empire: temples, but all in decay, palaces covered with ivy, and the dust of ages submerged beneath the sands of time, and with folded hands and meditative air saw him surveying this scene as the work of his life, politically. A little island of green, an oasis in the desert, a smiling garden behind a wall, hidden from my sight and from all intrusive gaze of other spirits, save those who ministered to him directly, and pointed to where, in soul-sequestered silence of affection, his loved ones might dwell.

But the crown of laurel, this was wanting; the achievements of victory were not symbolised in that attitude in which I beheld him, smaller in stature than when on earth, and seemingly more enfeebled. He seemed at a loss to comprehend the state in which he found himself apart from his affections. I could see gleams of the poet's life within; I could see friends and companions waiting to salute him, but one great dream of his life seemed unfulfilled; and there it lay, a beautiful yet certain and mocking ruin, as beautiful as sculptured marbles of Rome, as beautiful as pillars of Pompeii, as beautiful as his own England under the dominion of a past dynasty, ruined by the aggressive march of a Cromwell, and laid waste by the desolating hand of revolution. I heard a voice say to him—not to me—I was permitted to hear it, because it is a lesson to you: "This is what your nation would have been had your power prevailed;" and the hopes, the ambitions, the sophistries, the subtleties of his life so strangely complicated and interwoven with lofty affection and aspiration, seemed buried there, while the only part that showed bright and clear, and full of verdure and promise for the time, had no power to win him from his meditation. Was it remorse? I know not. We can not be permitted to look into the hearts and lives even of spirits, when there is introspection there and self-examination. Mayhap the towers of ambition were gradually examined, and were allowed to fall to the ground. Perhaps the glittering crowns of earthly fame, coveted and worn, were cast aside in that mental retrospect as valueless. Perhaps there came across this seeming desolation some faint perception of the true glow and fervour of that life which had been missed. I know not. But I saw him there, pensive as a statue, full of meditation as one lost to himself in his surroundings, nor listening to the voice of affection, nor the social calls, nor the sign of the poet, nor the glimpses of a higher power that beckoned unto him, save only a perception which came up from his presence like the perception of the Justice of God, as though reverently he was preparing to bow to the edict of what he saw around him.

Far other was the life that went out without the blaze and pomp of aristocratic association, without the mourning of the crowned head, in the sense that Disraeli was mourned; with true mourners, men of genius of the land and of the world, true minds intellectually followed the demise of Thomas Carlyle, as poet follows poet, or artist follows artist, regretting all the time that the earth was to lose the brilliance of his life; and the more pathetic this is since it is not known to mankind that Thomas Carlyle is not of the earth, since I saw him as though he came from a far-off country, performing a work here on earth, and transported almost suddenly to another atmosphere and another state of being. There is no man on earth to call him brother; many can admire and many can say they appreciated his genius and his qualities of mind and heart, but his kindred of spirit must be afar off. They came to him from some other world, and there was a brightness as of another atmosphere shining above his death-bed, and around his spirit a light. Was it the light of Mars? I saw it shine as one of those warlike yet just natures commissioned to do certain work unto the earth, yet having in their seclusion communion with souls afar off!

Can any one tell what was in the heart of Thomas Carlyle? Not one. The wife might dream, but she could not know; and no man, however intimate, could probe his secret silence, and the wonderful power that threw such a mask and veil over itself as to shine upon man and receive no radiance in return.

Careful in all his work, filling in every detail that which he commenced; studious, observant, gathering the treasures of his literature about him that he might make no mistake in what he was doing, he still came to do certain things, to live a certain life, and then

depart. The trail of that life is left in the brilliance of its achievements; is left in the certainty of its justness, in the severity of its criticism; but who follows the soul of Thomas Carlyle into the world which he now inhabits? Not men; they do not question. But this is certain; he could teach the men of science whom he did not hesitate to cultivate the first lessons in the causes of life; he could teach professors of religion whom he did not profess to emulate the first lessons in religion; and at no time in his whole life in the midst of all his doubting and criticism of men, has any one ever heard him doubt the Infinite, or criticise the justice of those laws governing the universe, or express a doubt of immortality or fail to revere the life of that man made most exalted among the sons of men by his truth, his spirituality, and his teaching, Jesus of Nazareth. Spiritually endowed, not having to learn the lessons which you learn here, knowing before he came the alphabet of spiritual being, perfectly aware from the beginning of the destiny of the soul, he came here almost to sit in judgment upon the foibles of men that humanity might be exalted thereby.

We do not praise, we do not blame; we simply say that in the light of the history of this life this would be our judgment, and in the light of what we saw in spirit concerning him, it is our knowledge; far out of another atmosphere, as though an orb, or atmosphere of light came, there came a light unto his spirit; it held him, separating him from the spirits that would have thronged around. For a brief interval he bade farewell to those whom he had known on earth; for a brief interval he spoke words of recognition to minds that had associated with him here. But the same far-off thought led him still further, and in a light that came down from some other atmosphere there came beings of another quality—I do not say higher than the angels of earth, but differing from them, as though strangers in your atmosphere, yet accompanying him and bearing him away. So distinct was this vision, so absolute this visitation, that all who had been associated in public life, or all who had witnessed in earthly existence, through memory or through experience, the work of Carlyle, beheld this with wonder and amazement, as you would behold a meteor approaching the earth and carrying away a portion of the earth with it, as though it were a part of its belongings. So this light came, enfolded him round about, illuminated him until his spirit glowed, not with the form that he wore upon earth, but with a face benignant, kind, just, yet as full of seriousness as one could imagine a human face to be, and still to be kind; and he was caught up in that atmosphere and will pass away from the surroundings of earth, leaving no spiritual kindred behind. I mean by this that while his works will be spoken of by men his thoughts will be recorded, while much that he has lived and written will be discussed, after a little time there will be no link connecting him to the earthly state, and he will pass from the spiritual atmosphere of earth, not belonging here.

You may have noticed in the history of the world that there are natures like Napoleon that seem to come for a special purpose, albeit a Napoleon came for a mission of darkness yet it proved by contrast to be a mission of light, a Nemesis in one sense, to learn the lesson of futility of human ambition. Carlyle must have come for some express purpose, a Nemesis to the literature, statesmanship, science, and the folly of the day; must have come to express that peculiar form of criticism which the world needs and which his spirit from some other state needed to express. I do not say that he was an archangel, I do not say that he was a Messiah, but I do say that his life was exceptional, that his nature was exceptional, that his work was peculiar, that his record belongs to no school, that he has no associates among the living schools of philosophy;

that he was above Huxley, Spencer, Tyndall,—beyond all scientific and literary men or minds of to-day. He did not found a school of philosophy, he did not come for that purpose, but he came to express in one individual life that which may do as much good as philosophy—that is, sincere, honest, and severe criticism. He came, therefore, in the fulfilment of his own spiritual destiny and work, and he passes out of the earth's atmosphere, leaving no followers behind him, no school of thought which will be incorporated with his name, but only a memory as of something bright that has flashed across the intellectual horizon of earth, leaving first the ray of its brilliancy, and afterward the thought of how exalted was this man's soul who never had time to doubt immortality, and amid the criticisms of all reason never allowed his reason to overthrow his consciousness of the love of God.

His was as singular an existence as any human history can afford, and typifies precisely that kind of life that may flash as a stranger for a moment athwart the horizon of the earth and leave mankind to wonder whither it came and whither it had fled.

Out of the matchless sphere of justice, which is not so great as love, came forth this mighty light and unto that sphere he returns, leaving no part of his being on the earth, but drawing you upwards to that magic brilliancy by the light of his intellect, by the severity of his life, by the integrity of his spirit, which even now, turning back to give a last look to the earth, smiles upon humanity as one who would have blessed you, lives to bless all souls, and therefore could not fawn nor flatter, nor praise, but only point the way to the highest truth and justice.

By what paths of light  
Each mortal here on earth  
May gain that heavenly height  
No one in mortal birth  
Can know or understand  
But 'neath God's great command.

All souls are useful made,  
All souls, with one accord,  
His being doth pervade,  
And all by His blessed word  
Fulfil the perfect plan  
T' reveal the perfect man.

Humanity shall rise  
In grandeur from the earth  
After the childhood days,  
After the weakling birth;  
And through the vaulted skies,  
The paths by great ones trod  
Shall reach even mortal eyes  
And teach the power of God.

## BIBLE SPIRITUALISM.

### XII.—WONDERS.

(Continued from page 422.)

The theological world has of late years changed its front in regard to miracles. Up to 20 years ago there was an unanimous consent in orthodoxy that the miracles were the main support of Christianity, as a revelation. The Church has not wholly abandoned that position, but it has, at least, allowed it to fall into the rear. The main argument now, and, as most think, the true one, is the superlative goodness of Christ and his apostles, the inherent worth of the Christian system apart from all signs and wonders. The foremost men of the pulpit are clinging to Christianity though they openly join with the scientific mind in rejecting the miraculous. Their position is a difficult one, and such they evidently feel it; for the greatest of all difficulties is to separate the miraculous from the narrative with any historical integrity.

But I hold that Jesus Christ never brought forward signs and wonders as a proof of his mission. Most distinctly did he express the opposite. He claimed that his words, if tested by the minds and hearts of his hearers, would be recognised as true on their intrinsic worth of spirituality,



He descried mere miracles being wrung out of him by Pharisaic curiosity seekers. He knew that no amount of wonders would ever lead men to the truth. He repeatedly wailed over the hardness of men's hearts, that they could run after the wonder worker yet turn away at once from the Teacher sent from God. Listen to him after the miracle of feeding the crowd with bread. Immediately he seizes hold of the event and shows its higher spiritual teaching; and straightway the well-fed crowd melt away, till he is left with his disciples, and of them he asks, "Will ye also go away?" Look at him, as after such an event he crosses the sea of Galilee, and, when the storm has arisen, rebukes the disciples that they can fear. His logic is, If God can feed the crowd can He not still the storm. He always yearned that men should rise to the spiritual law that was behind and above the wonders—that to the spiritual man all power is given in heaven and earth, and his life may henceforth be a continual "Fear not." It is the greatest of all wonders is this difficulty of humanity rising to spirituality of thought. Moses met the same difficulty a few hours after the splendid defeat of Pharaoh in the Red Sea; while the song of praise had scarcely died away, the Israelites murmured because there was no water to drink. Only Moses, in all that crowd, in all that world, had realised the profound truth that no difficulty need appal the spiritual mind. He knew that such a heart will meet help to combat against every contending circumstance.

All that these miracles teach is that a sublime personality has been present in the world at times. United with the teaching of God's truth—which would still stand true without them if men had the moral capacity to apprehend its force—they show how potent over material forces is he whose spirit is alight with the glow of heavenly being. They are not, cannot be proof of his truth. They are mere manifestations of unusual power, which by similar use would become ordinary. The most stupendous miracle done by Christ is, after all, only a finite effect. The infinite God can never show himself by visible wonders as He is. The universe, however vast, is only a finite effect. It is immensely below the power of an Infinite Creator. It is vast to us, because in a certain proportion to us. But it is not impossible that in other parts He has made beings with larger capacities, to whom this that we call vast is a microscopic object. A million stars may be to them what a myriad animalculæ are to us as we look at them through a powerful microscope. The greatest recorded miracle is only a finite event.

Our view of miracles, then, is that they never were intended to be a proof of truth. The truth itself is transparent, if you look at it with Reason, Heart, and Conscience. That is the clear teaching of Christ. No amount of miracle would make me believe the worker if he said a straight line is a crooked one. He might be an accomplished juggler, able to dumbfound me at his skill, but I would call him a liar for all that. The miracles were simply the natural outcome of a being who had risen to the higher laws of human life, and incorporated them in his personality. By that personality he made it possible for higher powers to operate with higher laws of Nature. Jesus Christ and his apostles were miracle-workers because they were spiritually right. They were not spiritually right because they were miracle-workers. Theologians have put the cart before the horse. That spiritual rightness Jesus called Faith. Faith is Reason, Heart, and Conscience moving by a sublime harmony in a higher region of intelligence and power than is usual to our materialised humanity.

This idea is in unison with one of the Greek terms for miracles. It is the idea of Force, Energy, in visible movement. It is the same word as gives us Dynamics. The miracles of Christ were the dynamical science of angelic spirits. The science of Dynamics points back to personality, to spirit-being. There is inertia in a coal mine till man discovers its hidden powers, and makes it live in the ocean vessel and the travelling train. And what is at the bottom of human woe and sickness? The inertia of human ignorance and incapacity. Bring angelic personalities into it, and a million hidden streams of healing are at once revealed. As we approach spirit-rightness do we know, master, and manipulate the laws of Nature. Jesus was a true scientist. He revealed Nature and its stored up powers. Had the Church kept up the ascent of spirituality greater things than these would it have done. It fell into spiritual darkness, and has wandered for 18 centuries in the hell of human misery as the result. The law of miracle-doing is, first, right

in spirit, then manifestations of transcendent power. Phenomena are the sequel of spirit-identity. A skilled mechanic turns out proficient work where, with the same tools and materials, an apprentice produces a boggled job. A Newton sweeps the heavens with prophetic intuition where a child sees only pin-holes in the floor of a luminous heaven. A Spiritualist like Christ makes the very tomb to yield its dead, and disease to vanish into limbo, where a hardened sinner multiplies it.

Perhaps no lesson is more needed in Spiritua'ism than this: Phenomenalism is sought as an index-finger to the spirit-world. We have our modern scribes and pharisees demanding signs and wonders that they may believe. Belief will never come in that way. It is not the law by which conviction is to be gained. Reason, Heart, and Conscience demand and prove Immortality, and the common-sense corollary that if men and women live they are not far away from their loved ones. It is, after all, a stupid cry to the spirit-world, "Prove yourself." Those higher beings spurn such paltriness of quibble. They seek man's betterment, not his amusement. A seance is not intended to be a variation of the conjuring hall. Angels have something better in view than the low art of the popular juggler. The spirit-world in its higher spheres seeks to right man, first of all, in morals, intellect, and heart. The so-called miraculous will be a child's play outcome after that. When will men learn to be spiritual before they become Spiritualists?

Looking at the wonders themselves, they show several forms of skill. There is power over mere physical nature; power over human disease, and even death; and power over evil spirit-beings.

But I would interject one important factor here. There was a law that regulated even the manifestation of this power. Christ did not do all he might have done. We find at Nazareth he did no mighty works, and so at other times. There was a law of receptiveness that marked the breakwater or the flood-tide to the power of Christ. God never violates the free will of a human being; and lofty minded men and spirits rigorously obey that law. If a man will be damned, let him. If he will be blessed, let it come. If the Gergesenes entreat him to "depart out of their coasts," he at once crosses the lake.

And, also, Christ never saved himself though he had all that power for others. The taunt at the Cross was "Thou that savest others, come down and save thyself." That he could not do. His hour had come. His life, like every true life, was a perpetual sacrifice, a continual offering up to the sway of beneficent wills and loving purposes. His meat and drink were to "do the will of Him that sent him." When life was necessary for that purpose he joyously lived; when death, he calmly faced the cross. He lived not unto himself. No greater proof of the reality of Christ and his supreme goodness, is, to my mind, so great as this one fact that underlies the whole narrative like the silver lining of a dark cloud. It is a concealed proof that would require so great and pure a being to construct it with literary art, yet it comes out to the view of the spiritual mind like the easy output of a being to whom it was natural, without a vestige of artificiality. Look at his power over physical nature in the feeding of the thousands and stilling of the storm. It seems strange, but to a scientific mind acquainted with the tremendous capacities of Nature, it will not be appalling. We know that the conjuncture of certain laws and conditions hasten or concentrate the processes of nature. The tropics are an intensification of the same laws that reign in the temperate zones. There is a quickening capacity in Nature by which it can hasten the same processes. Favourable conditions have the power of annihilating time, a factor in argument which geologists will have to consider more carefully in computing the time of past epochs. Bread is made by the operation of certain laws. We can conceive that the process by which the multitude were fed was by the concentration of the laws with which we are acquainted.

And so with the storm. Place a battery of artillery on a field and let it fire round after round, and the clouds hasten to the bidding of that tumult. It is proverbial that after a battle there comes an atmospheric storm. Only the other day I read in a scientific serial of a band of gentlemen investigating the subject of cloud movement by the will of man, and their hopefulness of being able to control the seemingly wayward movements of these blessings and curses of mankind. What did Christ do? He lived in prayer. He lived with a million

angelic guards around him. At his call the highest scientific intelligence responded, and as he rose from his deck couch and waved his hand, "there was a great calm." He hastened the laws of Nature, and brought them into focus.

The healing miracles of Christ are somewhat different, because the subjects were different. A human body is a complicated thing. It is a microcosm; it is a universe concentrated. Disease is not the normal state of man; none will gainsay that. It is a manifest irregularity. The very phraseology of the physiologist treats it as something that is foreign to man's nature. The mechanism of the body alone is sufficient to prove that the body was not made to be diseased. Disease is an undoing of the normal nature of man. It is the reverse process to the state in which he should live. It is a putting back of the clock. The art of the physician is to put the body into order. But the medical art, after thousands of years, is still at sea as to the real origin of disease; and most likely because it does not understand the full nature of man. There is a something that every physician must reckon on—a man's vitality, the substratum of life-power on which he can work with his drugs. Now Jesus seems to have worked from the reverse process of the ordinary physician. He seems to have charged men and women with vital force, whatever that is. He spat on clay, and anointed the blind man's eyes. He touched the bier, and the widow's dead son arose. He took hold of the damsel and she arose. A woman touches him, and "Virtue [the Greek word is vital force] is gone out of him." In most cases there was personal contact. In a few, however, there was no contact, and in one or two, a greater distance between him and the healed. Spiritualists are not altogether unacquainted with these facts. It opens up a wide field for careful research and application. But I fail to see, a priori, how there is any inconceivability about these things. If disease be an undoing, then, surely, if I know the law, I may be able to re-do. And if there is a difference in men's vital power at one period of life from another, then there is some law of diminution and accretion of vital power.

Another manifestation of power was that over evil spirits. I look upon that as a revelatory fact as well as a curative one. Christ brought to light a hidden, mysterious cause of disease. The theological dogma that it was a transient outburst of demons, allowed to wreak their spite upon human beings, at that time to manifest the glory of Jesus, is only another sign of the puerility of the theologic mind in venturing on such a grotesque and immoral explanation. I say immoral advisedly. To elevate one being at the expense of thousands is not to my mind an idea that I can call divine; to me it seems irreverent, aye, blasphemous. The theologian oftentimes makes me shudder with horror. It is like Calvin's wonderful comment upon the spirits in prison of 1 Peter iii., 19., where he says that Christ, after he was put to death, employed the three days before his resurrection in standing on the battlements of hell taunting the damned with a salvation they could not obtain. I look upon this contact of evil men and women in the spirit-world with us on earth as part of the divine plan, identically of the same kind as we see rules on earth itself. The tares grow with the wheat here. We are not saved by isolation from the evil, but by personal rightness that makes us oblivious to their attacks.

Still there is an awful truth in this dominance of evil men, working from the Unseen over earthly beings. On some subjects it is plain from the Bible narrative they are able to work a thralldom that is appalling, and in some cases an involuntary one. In some future article I may work out the idea of spiritual compensation. But it is a sad, sad fact that some beings from no fault of their own are doomed to lives of misery, under the malignity of hateful, lustful spirits.

But Christ not only revealed the fact, but he pointed to the cure. The will and vital force of a spiritual man can completely annihilate the works of the devil. That was what he plainly showed by visible fact.

What a vista of glory such a revelation of Force opens up for the human family! And what a profound meaning there is in Spiritualism! It has power to cure every woe of man.

"It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fears."

Oh! that we had sight to see the potencies of Nature in the Unseen and Seen. Like the blind man of old restored by Christ, with his new-found sight seeing men as trees walking; so do we Spiritualists dimly look at these newly discovered truths, and our pharisaic and scribal opponents blindly refuse to admit the force of plain fact. What a storage of redeemed power lies there in the Unseen! Within their lucent forms are the healing, inspiring powers, God-endowed, by which the sorrow and disease of earth can be driven away. The human race, with its countless throngs, is one family. "Who is my neighbour?" was asked of Christ. Behold them, was his reply, in every son and daughter of man. In all the halls of the worlds and spheres of light, flashing with the robes and radiant forms of our ennobled brethren, there is a perpetual sighing and praying that they may loose their pent-up powers upon the earth, and the cadence of that sighing and praying can be heard by every one of us. It is a cry to us as well as to the Almighty. They yearn to help us. The gulf impassable is our crass ignorance or obtuse hearts. There is no bridge over that for angel spirits. We must construct that way for ourselves and them by renunciation of sin, and the practice of humility and lovingness of heart. The cry that rang in the hearing of the entranced Paul, from the cities of Macedonia, was "Come over and help us!" The cry that is ringing over this besotten world from angel lips is, "Let us come and help you!" Let Spiritualism be spiritual and the panacea for every human infirmity is at once revealed. It is the true elixir vitae. It is the Fountain of Eternal Truth. We have only to drink, and humanity is energised with the vitality of heavenly force.

OURAON.

## HEALING BY LAYING ON OF HANDS.

### SPIRITUAL HEALING: ITS CONDITIONS AND REQUIREMENTS.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—Jesus was the most distinguished healing medium of which there is any record. And yet it is a mistake to suppose, as very many apparently do, that he either did or could cure every sort of disease. That all diseases under every condition and circumstance were alike amenable to his power, very little reflection is needed—and every superficial acquaintance with the plain and obvious teaching of the New Testament is essential to demonstrate the utter fallacy of such a supposition. The evangelist records that "he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief." Jesus testifies that "A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country and in his own house." When he visited Bethesda's pool, with its five porches containing a great multitude of sick and impotent folk waiting for the troubling of the water—the narrative informs us, that at a certain season the Angel of the Lord descended, and troubled the water, impregnating it with healing virtues, so that whosoever first after the agitation of the waters, stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had. It is only recorded that the man who had been afflicted for thirty and eight years, out of all the multitude present, was healed by Jesus.

Another popular and prevailing error is that the evidence of cure was, invariably, so conclusive, that unbelief was impossible; but this is also untenable, as witness the examination of the blind man and his parents by the Chief Priests. Again, when they were about to stone Jesus he said, I have done many good works amongst you, for which of these do you stone me? And they answered that it was not for a good work, but for blasphemy.

We find, moreover, that after all the cures that he had performed, they still came desiring "a sign." When they were unable to gainsay or refute the evidence of healing, it was attributed to Beelzebub, the prince of devils.

This is, in every particular, precisely the character of the objections that are preferred against the modern Spiritualistic theory of healing by the laying on of hands. The opposition and persecution emanate also from the same class, and was Jesus to come again he would meet with the same reception in this generation, as he did of old, from those who profess to accept his doctrine.

The objection alleged by theologians against the healing of diseases by the laying on of hands, is unscriptural. Jesus gave power to the seventy disciples, and sent them forth to teach and to heal the people; and they returned and reported very successful progress. Again he promised, "and greater things than these shall ye do, because I go to my Father, and whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name he will give it to you." "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, heal the sick," etc., "freely ye have received, freely give." The apostles obeyed the commission and fulfilled the



obligation, healing the afflicted—as witness the cure of the cripple, by Peter, who sat daily at the beautiful gate of the Temple; and the restoration of Dorcas, the maker of garments for the poor; and Eutychus, who, whilst asleep during Paul's preaching, fell from the third storey of the building and was restored to life by Paul; also that handkerchiefs and aprons brought to Peter to be magnetised, when applied to the afflicted restored them to health. A case of a similar kind is recorded of the woman who touched the hem of Jesus's garment being cured of an issue of blood.

Paul also taught that the healing of disease was the gift and privilege of the Church, enumerating it with others, and exhorting his followers to desire earnestly the best gifts.

That this privilege was only intended to apply to the apostles—the immediate successors of Jesus—to be limited in its application and operation to that generation, and circumscribed to the area of country missioned by the apostles, is a gratuitous assumption. There is nothing in the commission given by Jesus to indicate any such limitation, or narrowing of the privilege, any more than there is in the commission to preach, and it would be just as reasonable and logical to assign the same restriction to the preaching of the Gospel from the premises enunciated.

But the contention is not only illogical, but inconclusive, as the Catholic Church furnishes many well authenticated cases of cure; every age and country also furnish their quota of instances of healing in which the evidence is indubitable.

The subject is receiving more attention to-day—the development of the various gifts exercised by the primitive Christians is being more vividly manifested by the prosecution of Spiritualistic investigation. The communications imparted by spirit-controls have shed great light on the subject. And these agencies have received considerable corroboration and co-operation from the scientific discoveries in relation to Electricity, Mesmerism, and Magnetism.

In a work of such importance and benevolence as the cure of disease, it is highly desirable that a proper understanding of the *modus operandi* should be carefully developed and thoroughly and wisely elaborated; otherwise discredit and harm will be certain to accrue. The gift of healing may be possessed by those who have no scientific knowledge, and to whom its attainment would be both difficult and inconvenient; but all may be made to comprehend that the aura that emanates from the person of the operator depends more on psychological than physical conditions: not so much on the exterior as the interior; that for the soul force, or vital force, to be pure, rich, and efficacious, there must be not only spiritual purity, but the body, which Paul calls the Temple of the Holy Ghost, must not be defiled. That is to say that the body, being the vehicle of communication, must be preserved not only from external contaminations, but its healthy purity and soundness must be preserved and developed by self-restraint and self-sacrifice, as well as by the adoption of proper hygienic and hydropathic usages, and by abstinence from all sorts of narcotics and intoxicants, tobacco, and all inebriating liquors.

Such I conceive to be the indispensable disciplinary condition of those who aspire to become the benefactors of humanity, who desire earnestly the best gift, that they may mitigate, alleviate, and remove the sufferings of humanity. By earnest desire and profound aspiration solicit the grace and blessing of our heavenly Father, and the guidance and co-operation of the angel-world.

A. DOSSON.

Ferry-hill Station, July 7, 1881.

## MAN'S PHYSICAL CONDITIONS.

An excellent lady, the wife of a distinguished physician, writes as follows, enclosing the accompanying article:—

"Dear Mr. Burns,—Can you possibly, for the sake of poor humanity, find a place in your valuable *MEDIUM* for this article by 'Sanitas'? which appeared in the 'National Independent.' I never had faith in Vaccination, and now I regard it as a fearful evil in the land, that all earnest men and women ought to strive to put down."

### MORALITY AND SANITATION THE ONLY PREVENTIVES OF SMALL-POX

The small-pox epidemic has attacked the clerks in the Bank of England, and from them it has passed over to the clerks in the London Joint Stock Bank. They have been vaccinated right and left, and yet they are not free from this fearful and loathsome disease. Sir William Charley, the Common Serjeant has also been attacked, and is now dangerously ill. The chances are, he has been vaccinated regularly once a year, and yet he is now so ill that he is not expected to recover for some weeks. Vaccination does not prevent the disease. Its advocates contend that although it does not prevent it, it reduces the mortality; and they adduce statistics to prove this. The opponents of vaccination dispute these statistics and say that they are got up by professional men interested in the continuance and practice of vaccination, it being in their minds a harmless operation which brings fees to the doctor without hurting the patient. In consequence, however, of the persistence of the anti-vaccinators, it is at last admitted by the most eminent physicians both in London and Paris, that differ-

ent disorders can be, and often are, propagated by vaccination. Vaccination is in fact contagion, and unless it be done very skilfully—in fact so skilfully that the ordinary operator can scarcely tell whether he is doing it correctly or not without the aid of a microscope—the chances are, the patient will run the risk of an infusion of bad blood, or at any rate the inoculation of the lymph of another person as to whose moral life there is little or nothing known.

Everything depends upon morality. Under the ancient Jewish law the infraction of their code of morals was not only visited with heavy penalties, but the Divine wrath was justly held out as the chastiser by disease of those who disobeyed its first principles. "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children until the third and fourth generation." This was a general order. As surely as a man or woman gives way to unbridled lust, so surely does a disease at some time or other break out on their person. Women of the town are a prey not only to sundry diseases, but if they ever catch small-pox they rarely recover. If they do, they are generally deeply marked for life. The anguish and sorrow thus caused by a departure from the great Apostle's injunction—"Every one should know how to possess his vessel in sanctification and honour, not in the lust of concupiscence," etc., are inconceivable except to those who have witnessed it. The sickening headache, and the aching loins, the itching skin, and the swollen face, the blinded eyes, and the blackened complexion, added to the absence of kind friends and neighbours driven from the bedside for fear of infection, are enough to terrify the boldest, but when they also deprive the patient of the last consolations of religion, and only serve to conjure up the frail follies of an evil past, the hope of the dying is apt to vanish, and despair crowns a body already putrid before it becomes a corpse. It is not vaccination which can prevent this, but a moral life—a life led in obedience to the laws of God and the first principles of sanitation.

The foul and disgusting manner in which most men live with regard to their drainage is enough in itself to account for any amount of disease. They either content themselves with an open cesspool, or what is worse, pour their filth into a river. Nature itself tells mankind to bury all offal, manure, and refuse, and turn them into fertilising agents for the field; but mankind refuses. Now they are going to burn it. Why should that be burnt, however, which is of use? The Drainage and refuse of every town could be made profitable by a proper system; and were the local authorities alive to this great question, England would not to-day be lamenting a depreciation of over 200 per cent. in the value of her agricultural lands. Filth and folly are now the order of the day. Filthy morals bringing on disease, and pollution of rivers with manure valuable for crops, are two of the greatest curses of this country. Cleanliness in person and habit must be cultivated if a man wishes to be free from diseases. Small-pox will not injure a man, even if it attack him, if he be of a strictly upright moral character, regular and clean in his habits, and takes care to alternate his diet with plenty of fresh vegetables. Englishmen are too fond of meat, and that fondness will one day be their ruin unless their habits are changed. The effect of vegetables on the skin is notorious and historical, and yet men refuse to observe the lessons of history and the most rudimentary science. The Jewish youths, who in the Babylonish Court were fed on pulse (vegetables), were fairer to look upon than the King's own children. The King found it out, and discarded his luxuries. If sailors want to avoid scurvy or any scorbutic affection they take plenty of fresh vegetables on board. They know their value more than most men. Small-pox attacks the skin, and above all things it arises from an impurity of the blood. Purity of blood cannot be obtained without vegetables.

The present small-pox epidemic is probably due in a great measure to the very dry Spring we have had, and the consequent scarcity and high price of vegetables. The community is now suffering for the filth and folly of its local representatives, and as in the past, so in the present, it needs a fearful scourge to bring men to their senses.

SANITAS.

Mr. Morse's friends will be glad to hear that the worst of his illness is over, though he is still very weak. All engagements cancelled till Autumn.

QUEBEC HALL.—On Sunday last, Mr. Whitely and Mr. Ashman gave some most interesting narratives of their experiences of the investigation of Spiritualism, the audience which was good, appeared to be deeply interested. It is to be hoped these gentlemen will continue for one or two Sundays more their very profitable remarks. Mr. Hunt has also promised to assist.—CORRESPONDENT.

Mr. E. W. Wallis has written expressing his appreciation of the value of a recipe given recently in the *MEDIUM*, for the cure of small-pox, and suggesting that it ought to be repeated. We will be glad to publish any remedies or modes of treatment that may reach us. We think if the anti-vaccinators taught the public useful knowledge, in place of indulging in mystifying rhetoric and statistics, they would do much more good.

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All orders for copies, and communications for the Editor, should be addressed to Mr. JAMES BURNS, Office of the MEDIUM, 15, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

The MEDIUM is sold by all news-vendors, and supplied by the wholesale trade generally.

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

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

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

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

## THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.

FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1881.

### THE DISCOURSE BY "GEORGE THOMPSON."

Our first article this week is a discourse through Mrs. Richmond of a very striking character. Of its politics we write not one word on either side, but, Is it indeed a message from him, who on earth was called "George Thompson," late M.P. for Tower Hamlets; and does it describe matters of fact respecting the post mortem life of two great men, who have recently passed on to the spirit-world? We leave the answer with our readers, and at the same time, as a possible aid to their decision, have pleasure in appending a communication from Mrs. Nosworthy, daughter of the late George Thompson, in which she attests having recognised her father's identity in the Discourse:—

Dear Mr. Burns,—I am much pleased at the fine illustration—Discourse on Carlyle and Disraeli, given inspirationally through Mrs. Richmond, affords of the power of the spirit to manifest through the organisation of those still in the flesh. I can fancy I hear and see my father as I read the remarks on Carlyle's character, and the estimate given of the Conservative statesman Benjamin Disraeli, the refined author of "Vivian Grey," "Contarini Fleming," "Lothair," etc., etc.

Yes, I pronounce the Discourse eminently characteristic of George Thompson's estimate, whilst in the flesh, of Mr. Disraeli, both as author and statesman. I have heard such a summing up again and again from his lips. The remarks on the noble uncompromising sincerity, and contempt for power, praise, place, or name, of Thomas Carlyle are to me strikingly characteristic of George Thompson. These were the

qualities of heart and mind before which he bowed in reverence; a taint of worldliness in a great man, a scintillation of vanity or love of fame marred every good work.

I accept the Discourse as a whole with its final remarks on the attitude of Carlyle to Christ, as a message from the spirit of my father.

E. LOUISA THOMPSON NOSWORTHY.

July 11, 1881.

### "THE CASE OF URGENCY."

I am sorry to have little to report this week. Will our friends kindly remember that we can get no release till the whole is paid. The longer the delay, the greater the urgency. What is done at once is worth double. It has been a day and night job to get the MEDIUM printed this week, so that the subscription list and other matters stand over.

J. BURNS.

Spiritual Institution, 15 Southampton Row,  
London, W.C.

Our steadfast friend, Dr. Brown of Burnley, in remitting £1 to help says, his guides told him of this difficulty a year ago, and how it would end. He hopes many are doing their duty in this matter, which implies that the "end" indicated is that all true friends of the Cause will rally round and do their part in clearing off responsibilities, which have been incurred in behalf of the Cause, when so many have been acting in such a manner as to disgrace it, and pull it down. Dr. Brown says, "Be of good cheer, I hope you have seen the worst of it."

A lady at Florence, who obtains the MEDIUM through an agent, writes:

"I read your paper with great interest and much pleasure. May God bless your labour, and may you very soon be out of all your difficulties, is the earnest prayer of your well wisher." This lady is altogether a stranger to us, and yet she is an example of hundreds who read the MEDIUM weekly, and from whom much of the assistance to support this work comes. This lady encloses sixty francs. There are many others who read the MEDIUM, who are also strangers, and who have not yet done anything to help us in our work, that might follow this kind lady's example with much pleasure to themselves and benefit to us.

### THE "MEDIUM" ABROAD.

In the chief cities of the Continent there are readers of the MEDIUM, who find many friends eager to receive it if lent to them furtively, but will not subscribe for a copy for themselves. They do not wish to see such a paper lying about their residence, or they have not yet got into the habit of devoting, even, a small portion of their means to spiritual purposes. Our loyal subscribers might induce many of these interested inquirers to take in the MEDIUM, or failing that, to devote a few francs occasionally to sustain a work from which they derive much pleasure and



benefit. Let us all, Editor and Readers, cling together and help the spirit-world in this work. Thus united, success is certain.

A lady writes: "Please send me four more of Col. Ingersoll's lecture on—'What must I do to be saved.' I have given all the others away. Though roughly written, it is true and taking. Col. Ingersoll must be a good and an agreeable man, but he does not understand the spiritual reading of the Bible, which our friend Swedenborg explains so perfectly in his four leading articles. The whole Bible was written, I think, more or less under inspiration, by correspondences, not according to the letter. The Lord has said, 'Otherwise than in parable, spake he nothing.'" This lady's conduct in circulating Ingersoll's lecture, notwithstanding her criticism and profound knowledge of Biblical interpretation, shows what Free-thought principles are doing in the world now adays.

#### THE "BEACONSFIELD" MESSAGES.

We cannot say that there is complete agreement in the mediumistic communications that purport to come from the late Benjamin Disraeli. Some weeks ago we published a short series which gave a gloomy aspect to the state of affairs spiritual, and this is also indicated in Mrs. Richmond's discourse, while the communications of Mr. Robson and Mr. Lewis indicate a more self-satisfied condition. It is possible that the mood, phase, or state of a spirit at different points of a post mortem progress may affect the surroundings to the seer. Thus, on the moral side, when conscience is appealed to, all of us may look gloomy enough, but when our worldly and selfish will is viewed, we may be found gay and assertive. This double aspect must have been exhibited in a marked degree in the case of such a man as Lord Beaconsfield.

#### URGENCY SEANCES.

Miss Samuel addressed an excellent meeting at the Spiritual Institution, on Monday evening. The sum of 18s. was collected for the Fund now so much needed at the Spiritual Institution. Miss Samuel has been full of engagements during the week.

This evening (Friday) Miss Samuel will attend a meeting at Mr. Hawkins' rooms, 15, Red Lion Street, Clerkenwell, at 8 o'clock. A free invitation to all friends.

Mrs. Jones reports physical phenomena at Mr. Towns's seance, at 255, Crystal Palace Road, East Dulwich, on Tuesday week. "John King" was the controlling spirit.

#### NOTES AND COMMENTS.

There has been considerable demand for Mr. Burns's last lectures to be printed in a separate form. This cannot be done at present. We will explain at another time.

On Sunday, July 17, at 11 a.m., a meeting will take place at Mr. Warren's Organ Studio, Kentish Town Road. Mr. Robson will attend as medium. All who desire a devotional service are invited.

Miss Samuel spoke at Goswell Hall on Sunday evening, and she will speak there again on Sunday evening: Subject—"The testing time—a warning to mediums." The proceedings commence at 7 o'clock. Goswell Hall, 290, Goswell Road.

Mr. Robson, (South London Meetings) Trance and Inspirational Speaker, is open to engagements. Town or country. Address, 8, Bournemouth Road, Rye Lane, Peckham, London, S.E.

A gratis supplement is given with the "Cornubian," (Red-ruth) of last week, containing the whole of Mr. Hunt's last discourse from the MEDIUM, and other spiritual information. The "Cornubian," appears to be in a thriving condition—improving in matter, and extending in influence and circulation.

#### A BARREN FIG TREE.

Who would have thought it?—and yet it is not to be wondered at. We cut the following paragraph from the Chicago "Times." The fame of our national church ability comes to our ears with re-echoing force from across the Atlantic:—

"In Salisbury Cathedral, last Sunday morning, says 'The Rock,' the officiating minister announced from his stall that, owing to some misunderstanding between himself and the canon in reference as to which was to preach, neither had 'brought a sermon with them,' and he should therefore dismiss the congregation with the benediction. The affair has caused much comment in the cathedral city, the more so as there happened to be four clergymen present in the choir, and not one of them able to address a word of exhortation to the assembled congregation."

#### THE SPIRIT-MESSENGER.

##### TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

I, Benjamin Disraeli, greet you! My friends, my brothers, my sisters now in the flesh, I greet you! The loving hands that laid wreaths at Hughenden are known to me; the eyes that wept with sadness are gazed upon, are seen by me. The tomb possesses my body, but nothing more. I live, know, think, act again. The sleep of death is over, the awakening to life is mine—life that seems to pulse, to beat, and glow as with a fire within me—thoughts agitate my inmost soul, rejuvenated, as one who has imbibed an elixir, I am animated, restored to a state resembling the prime and vigour of my former life. I am not alone,—have not been alone since consciousness returned—they are ever near, they, the once great of England, whose lives are immortalised in her history; they who have helped to raise her to her present position, and would see that position defended and sustained.

This new and wondrous life displays each hour greater beauties, perfections, and delights: the endless multitudes thronging around me, the vastness, grandeur, magnificence of everything fills me with a sense of awe and amazement. Can such a life as this exist and yet you on earth be ignorant of it? Oh, people of England, arouse ye! rise in thought, rise in perception to the level of the beauties of heaven (for by no other name can I describe it) and it shall be revealed—the soul, the mind alone can perceive it—the scales of prejudice, of mental blindness must fall from before the vision ere this can be. I am as one oppressed by a great and mighty responsibility—the responsibility of declaring, making known to you, my countrymen and countrywomen, the fact of my continued existence, and not alone of mine, but all who have existed as sentient beings before me. You cannot, as yet, realise this stupendous fact; you cannot, because the majority of you are not in the position. From the stand-point of earth you cannot pierce the veil—are unable to behold the spiritual world as they, its inhabitants, behold it—its immeasurable spaces, its countless hosts of peoples. I, when on earth, was almost ignorant of this; stood, like you, before the veil hiding heaven from you, scarce daring to dream of a means of intercourse between the two. Now I know that such can be, now I know such will be, and, once firmly established, will be continued so long as necessary to be so.

I feel as one about to write a history; a history of thoughts, feelings, and experiences—not fictions but facts. I am as one eager to relate, to make known all I have heard. But what is that all? It is nothing, it is but the Alpha of life, the first breathings of a new existence, the first soundings of an ocean illimitable in extent, unfathomable in depth. How shall I begin? From what point shall I start? 'Tis like the preface to a new volume, the opening chapter scarce begun; the first faint bars of a prelude to a glorious symphony whose chords are sounding in eternity.

What do I now? What think I now? What occupies my time? I think of England, live within her still. I—they, too, who love her, they think and work for her. I have, since my passing on, revisited the Senate Chamber, gazed upon the scenes of former life and greatness, listened to words that burn fiercely, hideously at times. I am not at ease. I am not at rest. No; the pitiable spectacle of discord and of vacillation in high ranks distracts and pains. I may offend; may cause hate almost by uttering what I feel upon these things. I say a stronger hand is needed, and rigorous measures enforced with utmost power of law—even shedding of blood, if needful—a viper should be crushed not parleyed with, and the viper of

sedition crawling now within the robes of Erin should be, nay, must be, destroyed; the remedial measures to remove the effects of any stinging creature may inflict should then be at once proceeded with. I will not press this more, reiteration is but wearying, and words, I think, may lose effect by over-utterance. The powers of the State and of him who holds the reins and drives the chariot of the governing dynasty should be supreme. I am not extreme; no more now than when among you, still I would express an opinion that care is necessary, and should be exercised in the introduction of a certain class of men and minds into the House of Commons. I did not, when here, view with favour the endeavour being made by one individual to obtain admission to that House, nor do I view the matter with favour now. I do not object to the political views of that man, but I do most decidedly disagree with his private principles, if they may be so termed, as I fear they possess a bad and destructive tendency as regards morals, and the education both of the young and the more advanced in age of the nation, in the principles of morality. Understand this clearly, let there be no misconception upon this point.

There are many things, many matters affecting you seriously as a nation, in which I possess a deep interest, and I shall hope yet to have the opportunity of expressing my views upon them, either through the instrumentality now being used, or in some other way.

And now would I say a few words upon what is very dear and sacred to me, and I approach this with a feeling of reverence. What I have to say relates to my wife and to the lady who occupies the position of Queen of England. And first as to my wife, taken from me some years since. I mourned her sincerely, but often realised her presence—that she was still near me—and I thought a re-union would be possible when the hour of my dissolution arrived. She is with me, bright, radiant, refined, exalted, angelic in mind—her residence in an advanced state of existence has had its effect in further beautifying the qualities she exhibited on earth. She waited for, and was almost the first to greet me on my entry into this newer life; we are united now.

A word, a thought for Queen Victoria of England. Though now in a state of existence where earthly supremacy and the glitter of Courts fade into comparative nothingness, and where men and women occupy high positions through the performance of good deeds, yet do my thoughts revert to her. I have seen and held converse with him who was once her partner, friend, and adviser; he is near her still, and of that spiritual presence and counsel I know she is conscious. Placed as she is on the highest position in the realm, standing alone yet not alone, in the midst of surroundings such as none else possess, the mind of one who, on earth, ever found in her a true friend, travels to her in sympathy again. I would speak delicately on this, a sacred friendship of the past, a happy remembrance now. Death does not destroy the memory; it remains, and in its casket are enshrined precious jewels glowing with brilliant lustre yet. It may be, in the providence of God, that these thoughts may reach even to the throne, and be perused and received as truth by one whom my soul respects and reveres.

I am learning new lessons—am like a scholar in a school where strange sciences and modes of acquiring knowledge are to be made acquaintance with. This method of control of an intermediate brain is to me, as yet, somewhat novel. I trust to become proficient in the art. I offer no apology for imperfection,—simply lay these thoughts before you, and commend them to your consideration. That it is necessary for the dead of my country to be silent, if they find they possess a means of communication with you, I do not believe. I have therefore availed myself of it, as many have done, and more will yet do. I have no relation to, or sympathy with the instrument I control, so that may ensure freedom from partiality. I commend myself to your good thoughts and feelings, you who may peruse these lines, and that England may be shielded from danger and become truly Christian and spiritual in thought in the desire of  
"BEAONSFIELD."\*

Written through J. G. Robson, (Hon. Sec., South London Meetings) 8, Bournemouth Road, Rye Lane, Peckham, London, June 21st, 1881.

Dear Mr. Burns.—Apropos of the "Beaconsfield" communication, which, I understand, has been forwarded to you for insertion in this week's issue of the MEDIUM, I would say that through the evidence of clairvoyance it is to me a fact that the spirit of the Earl of Beaconsfield through Mr. Robson, promised such a communication. I should, therefore, be predisposed to grant the genuineness of the message. However, I shall, like others, bring the composition to the test of cold reason and comparison, making some allowance for the different conditions under which the spirit is supposed to speak.

I have a letter before me, written during the period of the Earl of Beaconsfield's last illness, intimating that he would not survive. I had had a vision of his empty cornet, and had been forced to make that unpleasant prediction in the presence of several witnesses, spiritualistic and sceptical. In a semi-conscious state I anticipated the illness, its brief duration, and

\* (This signature was written automatically; the original communication can be seen if desired.)

its result. A power dominating my will persisted in this prophetic utterance, despite hopeful expectations. At the advice of friends to whom I read the letter, it was not sent to your paper as intended. They are ready to attest my statements. On the morning of his death, about fifteen minutes after earthly consciousness is said to have ceased, I saw in a wakeful vision, a figure resembling the Earl, pacing, with slow and measured step, along a magnificent chamber gleaming with massive silver fittings and decorations. Figures resembling political worthies of the past, prominent among which appeared the Earl of Chatham—all gorgeously arrayed in silver robes—seemed to meet and welcome the departed Earl, whose mien was calmness itself. I went out, on rising, expecting the announcement of his death, which soon met my gaze.

This is not a solitary case in my personal experience of the power of prescience. Many events in my life and in the lives of others have I seen through a confusion of improbabilities. But this faculty is not controllable by my will. It is not at the command of idle curiosity. High and holy aspiration alone calls it into harmonious action. Ofttimes in dreams I foresee events, and such dreams are full of the consciousness that they are not meaningless chimeras of the brain. Truly "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy." Of what use is this extraordinary development of psychic power?

It foreshadows opportunities, gives premonitions of danger, and brings to earth a spark of the Promethean fire that permeates the immaterial, but intransitory heavens.

After all, what good is it for a man to know the day of his death? If not a coward, he would strive to complete his work and set his affairs in order.—yours faithfully,  
J. K. L.

July 12, 1881.

## DREAMLAND.

### SONNET ON THE ITALIAN MODEL.

By JAMES KINNERSLEY LEWIS.

The day-light casts a cloud around thee, sweet,  
I see but faintly then in fancy's gaze;  
In dreams of night my spirit cleaves the haze  
And falls adoring at thy spirit feet.

Reluctantly I wake, and then repeat  
Thy dream-born love-words, and in every phrase  
Thy mind is mirrored, then without amaze  
My words of sleep I in thine utterance greet.

O tread with me to-night the golden floor  
Of dreamland, plucking of its fruits and flowers  
That earth refuses, kissing o'er and o'er.

Its gorgeous halls of light, its odorous bowers  
Are like the borders of the heavenly shore:  
The fading world of dreams out-shineth ours.

June 4, 1881.

### WHY DOST THOU TAKE THE LITTLE ONES AWAY?

O Thou who markest e'en the sparrow's fall!  
Thou who dost deign to number every hair!  
Oh, listen to my lonely spirit's call,  
And hear a sorrowing mother's plaintive prayer:  
Spirit of Love and Purity, oh say—  
Why dost Thou take the little ones away?

Long years have passed since my fair cherub diod,  
Yet still my heart yearns towards her as of yore;  
Deep in my heart her cherished form I hide,  
And ponder all her sayings o'er and o'er:  
I cannot help but mourn—I am but clay—  
Why dost Thou take the little ones away?

I miss her in the gladsome summer hours,  
Amid the scenes of beauty and of song;  
I miss the tiny hand that culled the flowers—  
The tiny steps that swiftly sped along:  
Fresh is the grief as though 'twere yesterday—  
Why didst Thou take my darling Child away?

I know there's love that wanes with flight of time,  
However bright the roseate hue appears;  
Young hearts once closely knit, in youth's gay prime,  
Too soon grow cold and chill in coming years;  
But oh, a mother's love can ne'er decay—  
Why dost Thou take the little ones away?

Be still, my Heart! an answer thou hast found,  
E'en in the depths of yonder smiling dell,  
A murmur breathes forth from the spangled ground:  
"Our Heavenly Father doeth all things well;  
"Peace! sorrowing Heart, a little more delay,  
"Thou yet shalt meet her in the realms of Day."



Oh, she was taken to the Higher Life,  
 Ere sin had soiled that trusting, loving heart;  
 Oh, she was taken from the toil and strife,  
 And it is well, though it is hard to part.  
 She is not lost, she is but gone before,  
 And beckons us to yonder smiling Shore.

It is for this the little ones are taken :—  
 To draw our earth-bound, worldly thoughts above;  
 Our careless, slumbering souls from sin to waken.  
 Oh guide us, guard us, teach us, God of Love!  
 If through Life's conflicts we have nobly striven  
 We yet may meet our Little Ones in Heaven.

CATHERINE WILSON.

75, Dudley Road, Wolverhampton.  
 June 5, 1881.

## THE WILL.

"Das Naturgesetz gebietet mit absoluter Nothwendigkeit, das Moralgesetz befiehlt der Freiheit; das erstere beherrscht die Natur, das zweite die Geisterwelt. Muss, das Losungswort des ersten, und SOLL, das Losungswort des zweiten, reden von ganz Verschiedenen Dingen, und Können sich, auch einander entgegensetzt, nicht widersprechen, denn sie begegnen sich nicht."

## TRANSLATION.

The Natural Law rules with absolute Necessity, the Moral Law recommends itself through Freedom; the first orders Nature, the second, the Spiritual World. MUST, the watchword of the first, and WILL, that of the second, relate to two altogether different things; and no matter how opposed they may be, they can never clash, for they never meet.

J. G. FICHTE.

"Critique of any possible Revelation."

Man has no Kingdom but his Will,  
 All other things are but a show,  
 Like morning mist upon the hill,  
 That fades to nothing, when the glow  
 Of sunshine clasps the world in gladness,  
 Rolling back the clouds of sadness.

What is earth and all within it,  
 But a coarse sensation, cast  
 By the Universal Spirit  
 On our brains, but not to last,  
 Save, until we thence can find  
 Something stable in the mind:

Something more than mere sensation  
 Rushing on us from without,—  
 Maya's ever vain creation—  
 Realm of never-ending doubt;  
 Earth is but the Soul's first chamber,  
 Groping there, it can but wander

'Mid the accidents of time:  
 In the whirling race of life,  
 One thing only rests sublime,  
 Calm amid that mortal strife,—  
 'Tis the glory of the Will,  
 Which alone time's storm can still.

Though the earth be rent asunder,  
 And its atoms swept through space,—  
 Though the loud, resounding thunder  
 Peal the dead march of our race;  
 Yet the Will shall rise sublime  
 O'er the weltering wreck of time:

Though the stars in wild commotion,  
 Struck by Fate, may darkly sweep  
 To their grave in that deep ocean,  
 Where old Nothingness doth keep  
 Lofty state o'er time's creation,  
 Lost in final consummation:

Though each far-off sunny cluster  
 Rush to ruin in the sky,  
 Hurting in that final muster  
 For destruction up on high—  
 Swept like atoms to that tomb,  
 Where creation rots in gloom:  
 Yet shall the Will survive through all,  
 Eternal as the God of Right!  
 On It destruction cannot fall,  
 To It shall never come dark night;  
 Then keep thy Will strong—firm in fight—  
 And let its watchword be—"For Right!"

Lucerne.

A. J. C.

Mr. T. M. Brown will remain in Belper and neighbourhood part of next week. He will visit Derby, Nottingham and Peterborough shortly. Address letters up to Wednesday next, care of Mr. H. Wheelton, Builder, Bridge Street, Belper. It is possible that Mr. Brown may visit the friends at Matlock and Wingfield while in the neighbourhood, if arrangements be made.

## PROGRESS OF SPIRITUAL WORK.

## PLYMOUTH.—LITERATURE, PROGRESS.

A reference was made in last week's MEDIUM to the works on Spiritualism in the Plymouth Free Library. Those I have noticed are—"Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," by Wallace; "History of Twenty Years of American Spiritualism," by Mrs. Hardinge; "Letters and Tracts on Spiritualism," by Judge Edmonds; "Inspirational Discourses," by Mrs. Tappan; and some kindred works, such as "Night side of Nature," by Mrs. Crowe; and "What am I," by Serjeant Cox. The above were, I understand, placed in the library by two or three gentlemen, well known and earnest Spiritualists, of Plymouth and Devonport; and it seems that such works are being much sought after and read just now, so that one could heartily wish that there were more to be obtained.

As Mr. Burns reminded his readers last week that there is a Fund for the purpose, it is to be hoped that those who have influence with Free Library authorities in various places will avail themselves both of that influence and of the Fund.

We cannot over-estimate the importance of extensive reading on the subject of Spiritualism, as well as diligently investigating its phenomena. I can scarcely say to which my own knowledge and establishment in the faith of Spiritualism is chiefly due—the phenomena I witnessed or the literature I read; or which had most to do with the forming of my convictions, but I am strongly inclined to decide in favour of the latter. I had no sooner commenced to investigate than I began to read upon the subject, and I have kept on reading from that time until now.

The first publications that I perused and studied were, Dr. Sexton's Pamphlets, "How I became a Spiritualist," and "The claims of Modern Spiritualism upon public attention," etc.; the last that I have gone through is "Spiritualism as a New Basis of Belief," by John S. Farmer, which is a splendid book.

All true Spiritualists are readers—inconstant readers—not only of the literature of Spiritualism, but about everything. We can scarcely imagine a Spiritualist so lukewarm as not to read, at least, some weekly publication upon the subject. It was a very suggestive remark that was recently made to me by a lady, that "she would rather go without her dinner than her MEDIUM." All Spiritualists should read the history of the supernatural in all ages, both in Mr. Howitt's book with that title, and elsewhere; and they should not only read, but also mark, learn, and inwardly digest the facts and teachings which are put before them.

As our Cause here progresses we very much need instruction, guidance, and good counsel; and these, we are persuaded, are forthcoming for all who are willing to receive them. In this respect the presence of Mr. Joshua Wood, and the services that he, and the wise and genial intelligences who use him have rendered, have been of incalculable advantage to us, an advantage we are able the more fully to appreciate now that our friend is leaving us.

We had striking indications, during last week, of increased interest in the subject we have so much at heart. We read of the first Christians that "they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word"; and we think that our friends are assaying, in some degree, to follow their example. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and each one, being full of the Truth, seems to labour according to his opportunity, to bear his testimony and make converts. And as this goes on in ever increasing ratio who can calculate the result! May we be always full of the spirit and of faith, and may our zeal never flag.

In the various circles, spiritual gifts—chiefly trance and inspirational utterance, and clairvoyance—are being developed in many persons; it is important to remember that the development of those gifts cannot be hurried nor forced; they are of gradual growth, as are all natural productions. On Thursday evening last an experience meeting was held; several friends related their remarkable experiences as investigators of Spiritualism, and there were many strangers present to listen. We had very good services on Sunday. It seems monotonous to keep saying of each Sunday that it was better than those that have preceded it, and we must guard against falling into spiritual pride; but in view of so much that we have to humble us, we need all the encouragement that we can get, and hence it is cheering to hear the friends say of Sunday's meetings that they are the best we have had. If we go on improving we shall do well; in order to this we must be united and watchful, "forbearing one another in love, endeavouring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace."

The subjects on Sunday were, in the morning, "The Source of Satisfaction and Happiness within, and not from without"; in the evening, "The Spirit of Man the Candle of the Lord."

OMEGA.

## ASTRO-PHILOSOPHY.

## THE PROPOSED ASTRO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—There will be a meeting held next Wednesday to consider what arrangements can be made for forming the Astro-Philosophical Society, and if any of your readers who are interested in the science would add to the number, I shall be most happy to see them at the address subjoined, on Wednesday next, at 8 o'clock p.m.

16, Clipstone Street, Portland Road.

E. FEAVER.

July 13, 1881.

ASTROLOGY.—To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—A correspondent who signs himself "A. L. T." asked in last week's MEDIUM, the reason why Italy is spoken of as being under Leo, and yet under Sagittarius. Let us assign two reasons. The first is that both signs belong to the Fiery Triplicity, and what affects one, to a certain extent does the other. Secondly, Rome and the adjacent country, are said by the Ancients, especially Ptolemy, to be under Leo. This sign was most likely rising when Ancient Rome was first begun, and Sagittarius, when other countries were added. All countries are under more than one sign, for instance, England is under Aries, but London is ruled by Gemini, and other cities are under other signs. Any country first discovered and colonized, or city built, is considered in sympathy with that part of the Zodiac rising at the time. The theory thus laid down must be proved by experimental observation. The spiritual astrologer may consult his spirit-guide with advantage, as did the Ancients. If this may not be considered as a sufficient answer to our friend's question, it yet may not fail to interest some who are looking into the matter.—I am, dear sir, yours truly,

J. HUMPHRIES.

## CIRCLE &amp; PERSONAL MEMORANDA.

## NOTTINGHAM ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

SHAKESPEARE STREET.

On Sunday, July 17, Mr. E. W. Wallis will give his farewell addresses, morning at 10.45, and evening at 6.30. Collections at the close of each service.

On Monday a Public Tea Meeting will be held in the same Meeting House, at five o'clock. Tickets, ninepence each. During the evening trance and normal addresses by Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Wallis, and other friends. Our Leicester, Belper, Derby, and other district friends are most kindly invited. It is desired that the friends will rally round, and make the services a thorough success.

These are the last addresses that will be delivered by the guides of Mr. Wallis prior to his tour through America.

W. YATES.

The Rev. C. Ware in a letter in the "Western Independent," replying to an opponent, thus states the steps which led to the formation of the Free Spiritual Society to which he now ministers. "It is pretty generally known, as regards myself, that I was a minister of one of the religious denominations; in which capacity I had laboured for two years in these towns; but that on account of my convictions respecting the subject of Spiritualism—convictions which were formed as the result of two years earnest study of the subject in its facts and teachings—I was suspended from that position in January of this year."

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

On Sunday, July 17, at 7 p.m., the platform will be occupied by various speakers, who will relate their experiences in Spiritualism.

Monday, 18th, at 8.30 the Comprehensionists will meet.

On Saturday, at 8 punctual, the usual seance; Mr. Hancock attends half an hour previous to speak with strangers. Mrs. Treadwell, medium.

During the very hot weather, Lectures are discontinued on Tuesdays.

J. M. DALE, Hon. Sec.

## LEICESTER.—SILVER STREET LECTURE HALL.

On Sunday, July 10th, Mrs. Burdett favoured the Society with her presence in the evening, and gave an inspirational address. The subject was, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God," in which the guides did well in explaining the Scriptures in favour of Spiritualism: also stated that the Bible was not all inspired by spirit-agency, but by man. It was a very good discourse, and well received. We hope our friend Mrs. Burdett will often come and assist us in our evening services.

56, Cranbourne Street, Leicester.

R. WIGHTMAN, Sec.

MR. J. J. MORSE, Inspirational speaker, 53, Sigdon Road, Dalston London, E.

## APPOINTMENTS.

All engagements cancelled until the Autumn, through illness.

## MANCHESTER ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Temperance Hall, Grosvenor Street.

President: Mr. G. Dawson, 27, Ellesmere-street, Hulme, Manchester;  
Secretary: „ W. T. Braham, 392, Stretford-road,

Service commences at 2.30 p.m.

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

## MANCHESTER AND SALFORD SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY.

268, Chapel-street, Salford.

Sunday evening at 6.30.

Sunday, July 17—Mr. Garner of Oldham.

## "HOME CIRCLES."

For the convenience and better development of our "Home Gatherings" we have arranged to divide them into Districts, viz. :—

## CIRCLE A

Will meet every Wednesday, at 8 o'clock, in succession at

Mr. Brown's, 33, Downing-street;

„ Braham's, 392, Stretford-road;

„ Dawson's, 27, Ellesmere-street, Moss-side.

## CIRCLE B

Will meet every Thursday, at 8 o'clock, in succession at

Mr. Thompson's, Trinity Coffee Tavern, 836, Chapel-st., Salford

„ Greenwood's, auctioneer, Windsor-bridge, Chapel-st., —

„ Taylor's, 48, Harrison-st., Pendleton.

## CIRCLE C

Will meet every Friday, at 8, at

Mr. Gidlow's, 21, Gt. George-st. (back of St. Luke's Church),  
Miles Platting.

Due notice will be given as other Circles and Districts are open.

Secretary: „ J. Campion, 33, Downing-street.

Members belonging to the Home Circles will kindly bear in mind that no strangers will be admitted except by ticket bearing the introducer's name, and on no consideration will they be admitted after 8 p.m.

The friends of this society intend to have their annual Pic-nic on Bank holiday, Aug. 1, at Gawsorth, near Macclesfield. One of the most beautiful places for variety of scenery, green lanes, and shady walks etc. in the county of Chester.

Particulars will be announced in due time.

## THE PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY

AND SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION,

15, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.

MOTTO.—The Discovery of Truth, the Diffusion of Truth, and the Application of Truth to the Welfare of Humanity.

POLITY.—No officials, no salaries. Those engaged in the work, after earning their living by industry give their whole time to the Cause free of charge; the expenses, in addition, which are heavy, are partly met by voluntary contributions from Spiritualists in Great Britain and other countries. Contributors are earnestly desired to take out the value of their contribution in the use of books from the Library for perusal, or to lend to inquirers.

OBJECT.—To supply Educational Agencies to Spiritual Workers and Inquirers, and in all possible ways to promote a knowledge of Spiritual Science, and dispense such teachings as will benefit mankind morally and spiritually, inducing a better state of society, and a higher religious life.

CONSTITUTION.—On the voluntary principle, free, and unsectarian, and independent of party, society and human leadership. We work with all who see fit to work with us, allowing every Spiritualist to take advantage of our agencies, whatever his opinions, societary relations, or position may be.

Established 35 Years.

## JOSEPH WARREN,

Pianoforte, Organ, and Harmonium Tuner,

245, Kentish Town Road, N.W.

A first-class two-manual ORGAN, with Borden pedal pipes, for private practice.—Terms—Per Hour, 1s. 8d.; per quarter, 2 hours weekly, £1 1s.; 1 hour weekly, 12s. 6d.; 8 hours weekly, £1 10s.

Defective pianos tuned, repaired, and improved in tone at small cost. A trial at tuning is solicited.

The parents of a well-educated young lady, thoroughly domestic, just 20 years of age, with clairvoyant capacities, desire for her a position as companion to a single or to a family lady, where some educational assistance in French, German, or Music might be useful. Address, D. J. F., care of Mr. J. Burns 15, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.



## THE LONDON SOCIETY FOR THE ABOLITION OF COMPULSORY VACCINATION,

114, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

### OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

- I.—The abolition of Compulsory Vaccination.
- II.—The Diffusion of Knowledge concerning Vaccination.
- III.—The maintenance in London of an Office for the publication of Literature relating to Vaccination, and as a Centre of Information.

The minimum annual subscription constituting Membership is 2s. 6d. Every opponent of Compulsory Vaccination in the United Kingdom is earnestly invited to join and co-operate with the society.

#### CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE.

WILLIAM TEBB, Esq., 7, Albert Road, Regent's Park, N.W.

#### TREASURER.

CORNELIUS PEARSON, Esq., 15, Harpur-street, Red Lion-sq., W.C.

#### HON. SECRETARY.

Mr. WILLIAM YOUNG, 114, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.

The next Monthly Conference of this Society will be held at the above address on Monday evening, July 18th, when Thos. Baker, Esq., Barrister-at-law, will read a Paper on the "Memorandum of Dr. Buchanan, Medical Officer of the Local Government Board, on the prevalence of Small-pox in London among Vaccinated and Unvaccinated persons respectively." Members of Boards of Guardians, Medical Officers of Health, Sanitarians, Representatives of the Press, and all who are interested in the preservation of the public health, are cordially invited. Admission Free. Doors open at 7.30. Chair taken at 8 o'clock. Discussion invited. Wm. Young, Secretary.

A monster demonstration against Compulsory Vaccination was held recently at Leicester. The "Daily Mercury" in reporting the same says, prefatorially:—

"Whatever may be thought of the wisdom of the agitation which is now being carried on in the country, of which this town seems to be the centre, there is no denying the fact that the opponents of the compulsory vaccination law are growing not only in numbers, but in influence. It may not yet be fashionable to oppose the medical men and the legislature on the question, but popular feeling is getting stronger on the subject, and there seems every probability that ere long what is regarded as a medical operation, doubtful in its consequences on the public health, will cease to be enforced by public enactment. It was announced that a procession would leave the Market-place at six o'clock on Monday evening, and at that time a crowd of several thousands of persons, young and old, had assembled."

The procession was of an amusing kind in its illustration of medical folly and legislative despotism. After the procession there was a course of speeches. To show the quality of the speakers we quote another passage from the report:—

"It is impossible to say how many were present, but the number was quite as great as met to hear the declaration of the poll at the borough election last year. Of course it was out of the question to suppose that all the people could hear the speeches, and in the course of a quarter of an hour the crowd had thinned considerably. Still several thousands remained to the end of the proceedings. Mr. Councillor Thomas Wright was loudly cheered on taking the chair. He was supported by Councillor Rowley, Dr. C. Lakin, Messrs. J. B. Weston, G. R. Searson, A. Booth, C. Lakin, sen., W. Colver, Potter, M. Wright, Ellmore, and other anti-compulsory vaccinators."

The whole proceedings passed off in an orderly and enthusiastic manner.

Mr. Tebb has sent us some specimens of anti-vaccination leaflets, issued by the London Society. They are excellently adapted for wide circulation. We doubt not but supplies could be obtained on application to Mr. W. Young, 114, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S. W.

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### RULES AND CONDITIONS FOR THE SPIRIT-CIRCLE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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All men are equal in their birth Angels, bright angels, are ever around Angels bright are drawing near Arrayed in clouds of golden light Assembled at the closing hour As we part our prayer ascendeth Author of good, we rest on Thee [right Be firm and be faithful: desert not the Calm on the bosom of thy God Clay to clay, and dust to dust Come they, when the shades of evening Jerich 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 Flattening on the breath of evening For all thy gifts we praise Thee, Lord Forever wakefully the air is turning Forward! the day is breaking Friends never leave us, those who call From realms supernal, fair and bright From the recesses of a lowly spirit God is Love: his mercy brightens God that madest earth and heaven Gracious Source of every blessing Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah Hail! the heavenly scenes of peace Hand in hand with angels Hark! hark! from grove and fountain Hark! the songs of angels swell Bath not thy heart within thee burned? Heaven is here; its hymns of gladness He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower Here at thy grave we stand	Here we meet with joy together How cheering the thought How pure in heart and sound in head How sweet, how heavenly is the sight Holy Spirit, kindly bless us How shall I know Thee in the sphere If 'tis sweet to mingle where Immortal praise to God be given In the broad fields of heaven In the lone and silent midnight In the sky that is above us Is it not sweet to think, hereafter Is heaven a place where pearly streams It is a faith sublime and sure Joy and pain to all are given Let monumental pillars rise Let one loud song of praise arise Life is 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 Sal its above hold sweet communion Shall we gather at the river She passed in beauty! like a rose Should sorrow o'er thy brow Sleep on your pillow Slowly by God's hand unfurled Soon shall the trump of freedom Sow in the morn thy seed Speak gently, it is better far Spirits bright are ever nigh Star of Progress, guide us onward Supreme o'er all Jehovah reigns Sweet are the ties that bind in one Tell me not in mournful numbers The Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall The mourners came, at break of day The morning light is breaking The morn of peace is beaming The dead are like the stars by day The mystery of the Spirit's birth The outward world is dark and drear The perfect world by Adam trod The Sabbath sun was setting slow The Sage his cup of hemlock quaffed The spacious firmament on high	The voice of an angel The world has much of beautiful The world may change from old to new There is a calm for those who weep There is a land my eye hath seen There is a land of pure delight There is a pure, a peaceful wave, There is a state, unknown, unseen There is no death—'tis but a shade They are passing, upward passing They are winging, they are winging Thou art, O God, the light and life Thou art the first and thou the last Thou who art enthroned above Though wandering in a stranger-land Thy name be hallowed evermore To thee the Lord Almighty To the father's love we trust To the world of spirit gladness True prayer is not th' imposing sound Your souls, like shadows on the ground We come at morn and dewy eve We gladly come to-day We do not die—we cannot die We will not fear the beautiful angel Welcome angels, pure and bright Whatever clouds may dim the day When fortune beams around you When I survey life's varied scene When in the busy haunts of men With silence only as their benedictions When sorrow on the spirit lies When the hours of day are numbered When the evening star is stealing When troubles overflow the soul Wilt thou not visit me With sunshine always on his face
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