

— CHRISTMAS — 1881. —

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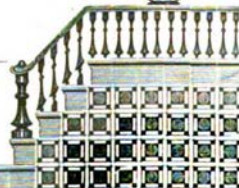
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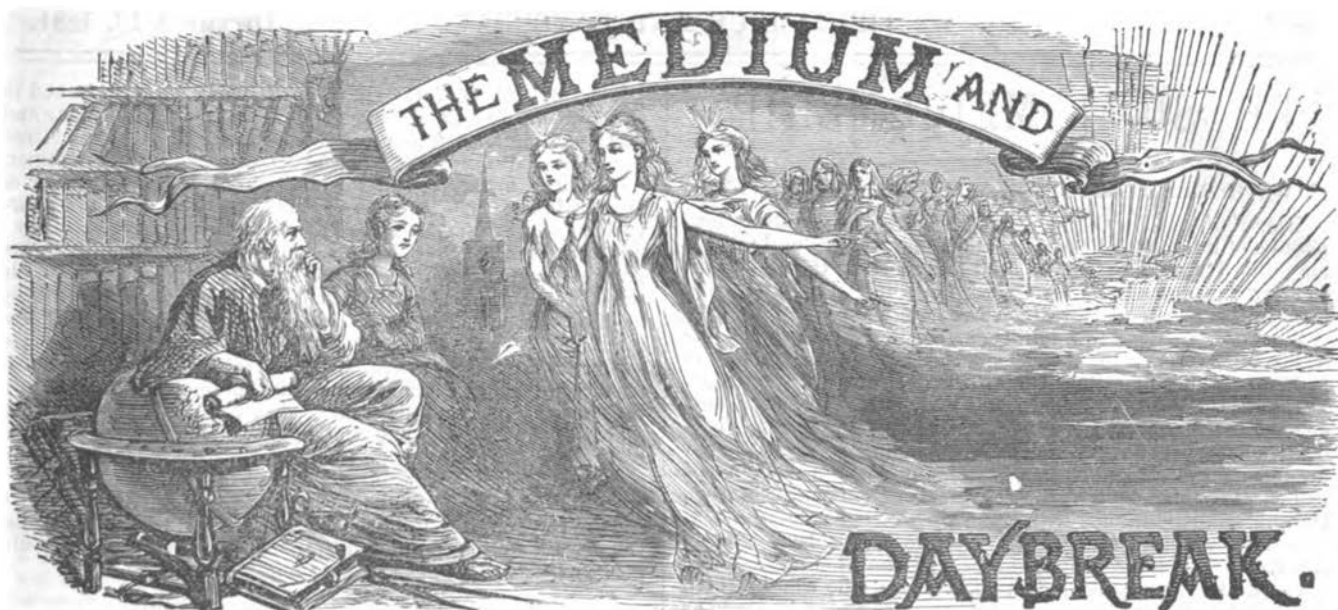
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III. *Other Phases of Mr. Duguid's Mediumship.*—Movement of Inert Bodies with and without Contact. Production of Sounds from Invisible Causes. Perfumes. The Spirit Voice. Levitation of the Medium. Transference of Solids through Solids. Spirit-Lights. Spirit Touch. Distillation. Winding-up and Carrying Musical Boxes. An Overcoat put on the Medium while his Hands are Securely Bound.



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



RAVENS CRAIG CASTLE, ON THE FRITH OF FORTH.

[From a Trance Painting by D. Duguid.]

PHYSICAL MEDIUMSHIP.

TWO HOURS' COMMUNION WITH THE IMMORTALS.

Dear Editor.—The following record of spirit manifestations may be of interest to Readers of the *MEDIUM* in general; and it may afford some encouragement to workers in the Movement to know that progress is being made in spiritual manifestation even in this sterile and straitlaced region.

What we are about to relate is of a peculiar kind: rather like a legendary romance of ancient times, than the recital of incidents taking place in this matter of fact and utilitarian age. Yet, with the light of Modern Spiritualism in our hands, how demonstratively clear the weird and ghostly stories of our forefathers become; stories which throw a feeling of enchantment around every nook and corner, castle, and wood of this ancient historical country, so replete with scenes of spiritual visitation. Our materialistic friends will say of such facts as we are about to relate, and the tales of our ancestors, that they tend to illustrate the superstitious nature of the times, past and present, and the weak-mindedness of the people who invented and believed in such stories. This suggestion may be made as much in ignorance of the truth, as an over-credulous acceptance of all arguments usually raised against it.

RAVENS CRAIG CASTLE, ON THE FORTH.

For some time back certain spirits of a very ancient date have controlled mediums in Kirkcaldy and in Glasgow, and in the latter place have materialised in form through a medium. We have, therefore, become familiar with these remarkable spirits, and they promised to meet a few selected friends in the old Castle or building which they occupied in earthly life. For this purpose a seance was arranged to be held in the precincts of the old place, which is in the vicinity of Kirkcaldy, and known in modern days as Ravenscraig Castle. Readers of Sir Walter Scott will remember that this feudal fortress is mentioned by him—in connection with a beautiful episode in his "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*"—under the name of "*Ravensheugh*." The ruins of the edifice bespeak its ancient grandeur. It must at one time have had an imposing appearance, perched on the rocky promontory on which it stands, projecting into the waters of the Frith of Forth; and its massive walls, which in some places are thirteen feet in thickness, must have given its inmates a sense of security in times of feudal trouble. In those days when might was right, the proprietor of such a place must have been feared and revered by the inhabitants living around. The knowledge to be gained from the written history of those times and communications received from the spirits themselves—to whom we are about to introduce the reader—indicate that a sort of kingly power resided in the hands of those great Lords and Thanes, and whose allegiance to the reigning sovereign was maintained only through a monetary instalment. But it is not necessary on this occasion to recite events which may in a large measure be gathered from the recorded history of those times; the link, however, of four hundred years is a vast epoch in the life of a progressive nation, and the change, from the manners and customs of that period to the life of to-day, may partly be realised in the appearance of the cozy modern mansion of the present proprietor contrasted with that of the old Castle, a little to the east of which the former is built.

A SEANCE BY NIGHT IN THE CRUMBLING RUINS.

One night about four weeks ago while the shades of evening were fast closing over the busy and populous town of Kirkcaldy, a party consisting of two ladies and three gentlemen, including the medium, sallied forth to visit the old Castle on the ghostly errand of interviewing the spirits of the departed. Under cover of the darkness the party were guided somewhat mysteriously within the precincts of the crumbling pile, and being directed to the interior of the building, we descended a flight of stairs to an inner vaulted chamber, and commenced to arrange our cabinet* in one of the corners of the room. We had brought with us a curtain for this purpose, and, through the kindness of our Glasgow friend, each was provided with a small camp stool for convenience in sitting; we had likewise a light to enable us to observe what took place.

After we had arranged ourselves in position—about twelve feet from the curtains of the cabinet—according to directions received from our spirit friends, and being as comfortably seated as in a fine seance room at home, we joined heartily together in singing. Because of the weird nature of the place, and the strange echo of the songs we sang, an enchantment attached itself to the scene of a rather pleasing character, and harmonised our minds more effectually than we have usually experienced at sittings under ordinary circumstances. We recognised clairvoyantly the preparations being made for our reception; and this was the scene that presented itself to the clairvoyant vision.

*The term "Cabinet" is applied to any chamber, press with doors and aperture, or curtain hanging across a corner or in front of a recess, into or behind which the medium sits, or lies entranced, during the development of the materialisation phenomena. The object of this arrangement is to isolate the medium from the circle of sitters, and secure a harmonious basis from which the spirits can conduct their operations.—Ed. M.

The further end of the chamber in which we sat seemed to extend itself into a long line of soldiers in bright armour and carrying long spears, as a guard of honour. Messengers flitted to and fro, arranging the whole apartment in a tasteful manner, restoring it, in the view of the clairvoyant, to the splendour of ancient times. The rest of our company who were not clairvoyants saw nothing of this spiritual preparation and scenery; but to the ordinary vision the room seemed full of small lights promiscuously scattered through the dark atmosphere. While these preparations by our spirit friends were going forward the medium became entranced, and under the influence of his spirit guides spoke to us a few words of encouragement. He said we would be rewarded for the devotion shown to our spirit friends in taking so much trouble in the matter; our faith in the sincerity of the spirits, and perseverance in overcoming difficulties in carrying out that sitting, being of such a nature as to place us in a position to merit a hearty recognition from our spirit friends. The medium then entered the "cabinet" that had been improvised in the corner, opposite to which we sat, by the hanging up of the curtain we had brought with us. Our light was then regulated to that degree by which we could perceive distinctly anything that might take place.

MATERIALISATION OF HISTORICAL SPIRITS.

We had not long to wait. In a few minutes a slender female form emerged from the corner in which the medium sat, and stood right in front of us, making undoubtedly one more to our number. The light shone clear on her elegant and graceful white-clad form, she moved nimbly about on the rough floor of the place, and answered our questions by signals made through movements of the hand and head. This form purported to be "*Rosabel*" who was daughter to "*St. Clair*," the historical feudal Lord of the Castle. The history of the lady has been communicated to us by our spirit friends, and has given to some extent a corroboration of that incident in her life recorded by Sir Walter Scott, viz., that on the night of her bridal she was drowned in the angry waters of the Forth.

This form continued with us more than twenty minutes, and gradually waxed stronger, and even more beautiful than when she first entered, and certainly developed the characteristic features of the female form more clearly and well-defined, leaving no doubt in our minds as to the reality of the spiritual manifestation in our midst.

After she left us a minute or two intervened, when we beheld approaching us from the cabinet as before the well-defined outline of a tall and apparently powerful man. He moved forward to meet us, and gave us to understand that he was "*St. Clair*," the veritable embodiment or representative of the ancient Lord of the Manor, and by earthly relationship father to "*Rosabel*," the former spirit. By the slow and majestic movements of this person, we could discover that no mean personage was in our presence, and the very air of the chamber assumed to the feelings the same dignified bearing. We were glad to commune with this remarkable spirit, and the significance of the occasion presented themselves for observation: the tottering walls within which we were met was all that remained in earthly form indicative of the power and position of the spirit; but there was illustrated before us the wonderful and imperishable constitution of spiritual substance—the indestructibility of the soul—so that the beautiful aphorism of the Bard of Avon was absolute truth and not the effusion of poetic fancy,—that the soul survives "unhurt amid the war of elements, the wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds."

And it was exceedingly complimentary on the part of this spirit thus to come forward and patronise the efforts of Spiritualists, who are now laying the foundation stones of the faith and hope of mankind in the future; a system that will include a course of action in which the Brotherhood of Man will become a living and practical truth, and a monopoly of power or wealth totally inconsistent with the constitution of the body politic. We consider the result which we now record, a prophecy of the future, and an encouragement to the unrewarded toilers for truth's sake. The time is fast approaching when the utterances of the Ancient Word will be made manifest, and the prophetic times of Bible seers become verified in actual life. How easily and beautiful would the Golden Age of human experience approach man's condition on earth, if the talent and energy expended on self-aggrandisement by wealth and ambition, were directed into channels of industry and peace.

The form of "*St. Clair*" remained with us sometime, and although we had no means of identifying him otherwise than by the acknowledgment of his own personality, and the additional fact that when he elsewhere controlled a medium to speak sometime previously, he gave such a clear delineation of the Castle, its accessories and furniture as it existed during his supremacy, as contrasted with its present condition,—still we consider the proof of identity of the most conclusive kind, and that the authorship of the knowledge which he communicated could be vested in none other than the individual he claimed to be; in fact to suggest an opposite idea would be far more difficult to sustain in point of argument. This spirit form was clothed with a long garment enveloping his whole person, but underneath this, when moved aside, there appeared something like armour—the equipment of a Knight in those times. The

outer robe was much more sombre in appearance than the brilliant white garments of his daughter "Rosabell," and during his stay with us he never approached so near to us as the former spirit did.

On his retiring from this outer vestibule of life we were immediately joined by another spirit form, not so tall, but having a manly look. We understood this to be the servant, or one of the retainers of the proprietor of the stronghold. This spirit was only a few minutes with us, and did not move above three feet from the cabinet.

"MICHAEL SCOTT," THE "WIZARD," APPEARS.

When this form disappeared within the cabinet, we were visited by another member of the spiritual host. On this occasion a powerfully developed man walked out, not unlike the spirit of "St. Clair," but carrying a beautiful light in his hand, and there was a distinct difference in his dress. He moved straight towards me, and at the same time there was an impression in our mind that this spirit was "Sir Michael Scott." This thought was made mention of in the circle when a warm recognition of this discovery was made to us. This was an unexpected pleasure, and an abundant reward for hours of waiting and watching in the past.

We have been conversant in the Kirkcaldy Circle for a considerable length of time with this spirit, through means of the wonderful and instructive messages received from him.

We may mention here that the ruins of the old Castle which he occupied during his earthly life are likewise in the vicinity of this place, or two miles from where we were then sitting; but although located here, he had a reputation throughout England and even Europe, for learning. He was skilled in science, a profound mathematician and astronomer, but the wonderful accomplishments of this ancient genius, rendered him, in the minds of the ignorant, and those that lived near him, one to be dreaded, and all he said and did were attributed to the magic power of Satan. However, we understand, from the utterance of his sentiments, that he was a man that feared God, and conversed through nature with the mind of the Eternal. He has disclosed to us his connection with the Rosicrucian order, a mystic brotherhood, who knew the secret meaning of the Sacred Scriptures, and conducted communion with each other in a manner similar to the Freemasonry of the present day.

This spirit walked from the cabinet to within a few feet of where we were all sitting; he lifted up his strange light, passed it all over his body, and held it in front of his face, so that a clear inspection could be had of his whole person. And surely this was a demonstrative proof of the power of immortal life. Notwithstanding the lapse of five hundred years, a soul presence stood before us replete with vitality, and declaring himself to be the personality of this ancient philosopher!

Some may suggest that we were deceived. Well, we admit, the manifestation of the spirit is a mighty truth to grasp, but under the circumstances, we did not dispute the fact that a spiritual embodiment was, for the time, in our midst. All that were present, medium included, were eager to know the truth, and we rejoiced together on the success of the effort to "call spirits from the vasty deep" of time; and that this particular manifestation was unpremeditated I state that nothing could be further from the minds of the company at that moment than the spirit of "Michael Scott" as he appeared in dress, in size, in form and feature. The spirit was tall and broad and antequely covered. He moved forward by request and touched my hand, placing his light upon it, but it felt as light as air, and imperceptible to touch. He stood within a foot of me, and while in this position a rush of cold air passed between us, which is to be accounted for by the magnetic aura which surrounds all such materialised forms. We withstood the ordeal very well, and found that this spirit of dreaded wizard fame, left no black or baneful impression of his visit upon us in mind or body. The folk-lore of this district attaches many gigantic schemes of devilry to the incantations of Michael Scott, such as the cleaving of hills, the flying from one end of the kingdom to the other, and perverting the work of the good people who lived around him. But peace and goodwill was the ruling feature of his presence amongst us on that occasion, supplemented by an eager desire to impart evidence of his visit in tangible form, as far as it was in his power to do so. He remained in view a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, and during that time changed into many positions, always illuminating himself by his light, and this continual action was understood by us to imply the wish of the spirit to manifest plainly.

On the retirement of "Michael Scott," we concluded that our feast of spiritual power was exhausted. Not so; another spirit, a well-known frequenter of spirit circles in the North, came out of the invisible, and appeared amongst us. This spirit spoke a few words in the broad Doric dialect of the district, which was a most acceptable feature, as our other spirit visitors had not broken the silence with the sweet sound of humanity's voice, their lips for the present being sealed, but the time will come when the remarkable incidents of their earthly life will be told audibly from their own lips. After this spirit had passed to the inside world of action, we realised that the power was exhausted; we immediately closed the seance,—a most wonderful two hours' communion with the immortals.

We left the shades of the old Fortress, which the tooth of time

had silently nibbled away, reflecting on the strange scene we had just witnessed. The peculiar favour which had been granted to us, the positive declaration of the soul's existence we had witnessed, was cause for thankfulness. How many groan beneath the load of sacred obligations, and are weary both in head and heart at the fruitless search to find the smallest proof of spirituality in their nature; and yet for two hours we had enjoyed an abundant outpouring of this blessing. We wish all Spiritualists would arrive at the same satisfactory conclusion in their investigations, and be rewarded from the other side of life with the like certain tokens of success.

The legitimate conclusion to be derived from this seance is not the gratification of those that witnessed the phenomena, but to yield a foundation for the answering of that vital question "If a man die shall he live again?" Yes, dear Reader, from the testimony of our own observations, as well as that of thousands in this country, we accept the fact as clear as noon-day that man shall not only live after the experience of "death," but he will continue to exist in a more perfect and advanced form. This physical state is not compatible with the claims of the human Being, and is not sufficient to exhaust the wealth and resources of any individual life. There is, therefore, nothing degrading in offering testimony of a higher existence for humanity, and any method which evolves this great truth to man's comprehension is both honouring and honourable. We believe the time will surely come when the sting will be removed from this grand subject, and the proofs of Spiritualism will be tabulated alongside of the religious convictions of the people. And why not? when through the ministration of angels came the Christian faith; and surely the dawn of a newer and more beneficent plane of human action than that which has hitherto existed is equally worthy the heralding of angels. The sentiments of Spiritualists in their endeavour to aid this angelic work is expressed in that sweet song of seraphs long ago: "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and goodwill toward men."

But few in this district, and the same is true elsewhere, entertain our ideas of spirit communion. They would consider us insane or co-partners with Satan for asserting as fact what I have just stated. But in that lonely ruin, and at that bewitching hour, we had no fear; the superstitious dread of bogles and ghosts is altogether dispelled by Spiritualism. We know that spirits exist, we know they can manifest themselves to us; our children are clairvoyant, see the spirit friends, play with them in childish innocence, and fear not God's guardian angels sent to protect and guide us, if our ignorant fears and gross animality would permit them.

We assert it as a truth—we thank heaven for the boon—we did hold communion face to face with the inhabitants of the spirit world, clad for the purposes of the interview in worldly garb. A holy and calm delight pervaded our souls as we were engaged in this truly devotional exercise. These spirits, like honourable and truthful brothers, fulfilled in appearing to us the promises they had made to us by other means in other places. For long we have known them well; loved them as we would a brother, trusted them as a man of principle would a trusted, because well-tried, friend.

And are we less common sense men of practical judgment, because we are Spiritualists and act and speak thus? I trow not, would to God that all mankind had this knowledge, this inspiration, this trust, this faith, this spirit baptism! We were, none of us, men born with the silver spoon in our mouth, or schemers for that which we cannot call our own by right of talent and industry. No dreamy speculation enters into our mental operations, nor have we a morbid craving for the shades of the "night side of nature." One of our party was brought up a rationalist in the Materialistic School, and not of the kind of mind to be caught napping; but through such facts as these he is now a disciple of Spiritualism. The greater number of our little party had come direct from the centre of that matter of fact successful business city of Glasgow, where their knowledge of men and of things enables them to maintain a respected position. Others of us had been brought up beside the busy industrial hives of large manufactories, and having mind and heart tempered by the stern realities of life.

And yet on such a sound firm basis a Temple of the Spirit had been erected in our souls, and love for and trust in the Unseen had budded and blossomed there. By appointment with spirits we had actually made that visit and had found the spirits as good as their word. They came to us and their behaviour was all that could be desired of spirits, and nobles, as they were, when in the flesh. Such is the influence of Spiritualism; and who can deny that such feelings do not tend to broaden and exalt man's conceptions of existence, and of the divine and reliable which is within the soul that animates every human form?

We find Fear shut out and the province of Love extended. The grave is the vestibule of life eternal. Satan is dethroned and God reigns over all. Our old-time thoughts have left us, but from the rich subsoil of the Kingdom of Heaven within, fresh ideas, novel aspirations, purer joys, ever spring up. The love of Self and of the World gives place to a burning desire to render all possible spiritual assistance to those around us, be they in the flesh or in the spirit.

Kirkcaldy.

A. DUNN.

THE PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF A MEDIUM.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF SPIRITUALISM AT KIRKCALDY.

We could devote a large volume to the history and experiences classed under the name "Spiritual," which have come under our observation, but, to a great extent, these have been recorded in the like experiences of others; although in every case there is something special, and worthy of note for the good of others.

We remember the first time Spiritualism touched the shores of our mentality: What a commotion, in the region of bigotry, superstition, and error, was within our mind. We were thoroughly primed in orthodox fashion, and the mandate was unreservedly fixed in the intellect, "Thou shalt have no other Gods but Me,"—the creator of an eternal hell, and all the other satellites or ideas which revolve round that cosmogonical centre. We fought bitterly against the invading foe, but found ourselves weak and wavering, and ultimately succumbed to the force of Truth. It was not an easy task, defending the outer works, when, from within, the evidence of victory was making itself known; that is, the very element creating the motion and activity without, against which we were fighting, was working in our own nature.

THE FIRST SEANCE—ENTRANCEMENT.

When sitting down at the table seriously for the first time we found ourselves touched and moved in a mysterious fashion, quite unaccountable in the common notions of life, and in spite of our anxieties about peace and order in the region within, this disturbance prevailed: After sitting some time at the table I began to be strangely stupefied, or had an unusual disposition to sleep, and, ultimately, one evening I went under the power altogether, and remained in a state of coma for many hours. This continued regularly every evening we sat after, until I came to understand that I had been uttering sentiments during this sleep quite antagonistic to my conceptions of things, and on theological problems totally subversive of truth. To me it was inexplicable, how it was possible for the brain to be used contrary to the desires of its possessor, and give new doctrines, or the denial of doctrines, firmly believed by the mind as eternal truth. I resolved at that time to abandon the enquiry, but when the meeting night came I could no more withstand the inclination to be there than I could resist a locomotive engine. Lectures on abstruse and philosophical subjects with which I was not acquainted, were given through me while entranced, which convinced me more than any argument that some foreign element was forcing itself into my sphere of mental action. We were assailed at that time with arguments, from outside people, on the falsity and devilish nature of Spiritualism, and a pamphlet which we then received—"Spiritualism the work of Demons"—disturbed our minds; but we understood that all the teachings which came through me from the reputed spiritual source were characteristic of a high moral and religious tone, only excluding the supposititious elements which modern theology has incorporated into the system of ethics. Along with this talking phenomena there appeared a prophetic element, and speaking of things to come in a large sense—not individually, but of the human family collectively. This descended to personal delineation of character and prospects for the future, likewise the description of relatives that had passed to the other side of life. We attribute success a great deal to the supervision of Mr. Oxley, of Manchester, over our circle. He used, in the days of development, to visit us frequently when prosecuting business in this town.

He reported communications received through me from ancient spirits, such as Galgacus, Caradoc, Wolfstadt, and others, which were at the time printed in "Human Nature," a monthly magazine.

We went on through various stages, and, from the little circle meeting at times in a quiet cottage, I visited Glasgow, and held forth in the trance or abnormal state to large audiences, and drew meetings together for clairvoyance or spirit-revealings. Many received at these meetings in Glasgow evidence of spiritual being, and were induced to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism. We were called to visit Newcastle, Manchester, and ultimately make visits to London under the care of our esteemed brother, Mr. Burns. Many and varied are the experiences of a medium in such a place as London, and I must say that I never found myself placed in any bad position, or left to the mercies of the outer world.

Recently the most mysterious parts of our mediumistic work have developed themselves. We occupied a small and badly situated house, which our spirit-friends found quite incompatible with their work; they resolved on our leaving for a more convenient and commodious place, and suitable for the development of the Movement of Spiritualism locally and otherwise. We obeyed the command, left our place, and, by directions, were led into a central situation, at the same time retired and convenient for meetings. A few friends who sympathised with

the spiritual theory rallied round and formed a society, which is now known as the Kirkcaldy Spiritual Evidence Society, with President, Treasurer, Secretary, and Librarian. All these have kept together during a twelvemonth's meetings, and many townspeople have been introduced to Spiritualism through the work.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

A physical seance was some time ago established, I acting as medium, and very strange things have taken place in those meetings; the very creation of matter has been witnessed and tested by the whole circle. One evening a member suggested the giving of a few sweets to the controlling spirit, and this spontaneous act on his part elicited a most marvellous exhibition of the power in the hands of spirits, which can be displayed in favourable conditions. From these three sweets were produced a handful to each of the sitters, nine in number; one of them was a confectioner by trade, and he testified that they were newly made, as in their possession they hardened into a crisp form. This illustrated the wonderful manifestation of the power of Jesus in feeding the five thousand. We have now the prospect of materialisation. Many forms come every evening, not fully developed, but, according to the language of the sitters, very satisfactory, as the medium and spirit-form are seen very distinctly and apart from each other.

We have run over in a hurried manner an outline of mediumship, which has appeared in this northern clime in our own sphere of action. We wait for further development, as anticipating the future from the past, we gather the truth that grander achievements are in store, and, under genial conditions, will deposit the blessing in the hands of the truth seeker. We are willing to co-operate with any friend who will truthfully unite with us, or our little company here, to prosecute the inquiry. It is worthy of investigation, and will impart a moral power and strength not gained from any other available source.

The prejudice which reigns in this quarter against Spiritualism is terrific, and only the strongminded can, in the meantime, be added to our numbers. To close this short account we might insert the words which form the constitution of our Society; they will place before the reader all that is necessary to form the rallying point: "This Society aims to adduce evidence in support of the spiritual nature of man, and to establish, by facts, the existence of the human soul after death. We consider the phenomena known as Spiritualism contain much information relative to the existence and nature of the human spirit, and, when religiously investigated, tends to prove the doctrine of immortality, the being of God, and the form and constitution of the world to come."

A. DUGUID.

13, Oswald's Wynd, Kirkcaldy.

MISSIONARY MEDIUMSHIP.

HOW SPIRITUALISM SPREADS.

When the history of the Movement called Modern Spiritualism and its early workings in Scotland, comes to be written, a large amount of such history must be taken up with the labours of Mr. Alexander Duguid, of Kirkcaldy, a man who for many years past has been most untiring in his labours to make others participate in all the joys which Spiritualism has brought to his own nature.

In Scotland the Movement has moved slowly along, almost unseen, and yet thanks to the workers it has raised up it has ridden into many villages and towns bringing comfort to many weary hearts waiting for consolation; and on the other hand stirring up the wrath of those who consider that they only are the custodians of spiritual verities. The reverence for Clergymen and Bibles is so great that the man who would question the infallibility of the one, or the marvellous knowledge concerning ALL God's ways of the other, is largely looked upon in country parts as beyond the PALE. A hard task it is, in some positions of life, to stand in the front of an unpopular movement, and have the finger of scorn pointed at you, and every action misjudged and maligned; and this has been the fate of workers like Mr. Alex. Duguid, who have only been able to bear up so bravely from the fact that they have felt the hands of the angels touching them, and giving a strength which words cannot interpret. In some large cities to-day people may hold unpopular beliefs and get their neighbours to look on them with some measure of respect, but the reverse of this is the case in country districts, where those who attach themselves to a new truth have a heavy penalty to pay in the shape of being in a measure cast out by their more orthodox neighbours. Quietly and firmly has Mr. Duguid walked his way conscious of the import of the truths he had caught, and feeling certain that some day they would find a more ready acceptance amongst his townsmen. The truth burned strongly within him, and prevented his being still; first one was told as much as he could bear, then another caught some measure of the truth, and so now it has found an entrance almost over the entire county, from Alva on the west to Cupar Fife in the north. The new ideas spread till a circle was formed in Kirkcaldy, which was largely made up at first by relatives.

Over five years ago the writer, whose business caused him to make frequent visits to Kirkcaldy, first joined the circle of humble spiritual minded souls who listened to the brilliant teachings which were inspired by a "Dr. Priestley," or by a "Harriet Martineau." Not one of the circle, I think, had heard of Priestley when he made himself known. Many crude ideas we all held of Spiritualism in those days, some of which have been thrown away, others no doubt we retain, till a clearer vision be granted us. It was pleasure to join the family of the faithful, and it was no doubt a joy to them to have a visit from those like minded. Almost the only visitors in those days were Mr. Wm. Oxley, of Manchester, and on a rare occasion Mr. Thos. M. Brown, of Howden-le-Wear, who, when in the Edinburgh district, would take a trip across the Forth. People began to whisper about this Spiritualism. Prominent Church members began to show Mr. Duguid the error of his ways, but he still held on, continually seeing his path more clear, and at each time of telling his story getting it better learned. A man here and there had some toleration for the idea, and by and bye Mr. Duguid and friends thought about getting a hall and presenting the subject in an open manner. Mr. Morse, on the occasion of one of his Glasgow visits, devoted a night to Kirkcaldy, giving the first lecture in the Public Hall. Mr. Duguid had not got the length of the public platform, but one or two visits he made to Glasgow revealed the power which was dwelling within him, waiting for the spark from the spirits to kindle it into flame. Clairvoyance also began to manifest itself through him, and marvellous to many was the light which was thus thrown upon the great problem of life.

Some four or five years ago the present writer made application for the use of a hall for a few Sunday lectures on the subject of Spiritualism. The lessee or proprietor received us very favourably when we explained somewhat the subject and its teachings, and not only granted the place but became interested in the subject, and is now as well as his family prominent workers in the Kirkcaldy Psychological Society.

Sunday lectures, which were freely advertised in the public papers, were given by Mr. Duguid in trance, great difficulty being had in getting a chairman. Mr. Rhodes, of Edinburgh, came over more than once, and at other times Mr. Duguid had to struggle along alone, giving out the hymns and then allowing his spirit friends to entrance him. For several years he spoke in the unconscious trance state.

The circulation of the spiritual literature as well as a lecture by Mr. Duguid on "The Nature and Object of Evil," gradually drew a few enquirers round him, while meetings were held in several adjacent towns, and an interest was manifested largely over the county. A regular society has now been formed, and meetings are held on Tuesday evenings, which are devoted to intellectual and spiritual culture. Matters pertaining to our philosophy are freely handled all round and a quality of toleration is manifested which is most pleasing.

A stranger like the present writer, dropping in now and again amongst them, is able to see the marked strides which are made in the steady growth of minds to the platform of a rational Spiritualism. Thursday evenings are devoted to Physical Manifestation, a new phase of mediumship on the part of Mr. Duguid, and some very clear manifestations of spirit power in that form have been given. For some years back the writer has not been privileged to see anything in the shape of Form Manifestations, and therefore in reading of late years so much about "exposures," and the medium being used by the spirits, he began to doubt whether he had seen any genuine materialisation after all—whether what had formerly satisfied him had been insufficient as proof. It was therefore in a most critical frame of mind, determined not to be deceived, to remain cool and weigh up everything, that the visit to the circle was made.

When I arrived (Thursday, Dec. 1) I assisted Mr. Duguid to hang up the curtain in one corner of the room, leaving only as much space behind it as would admit a chair. After the sitters had gathered, seven in number, Mr. Duguid was entranced by one of those old familiar friends whom we have known many years—dear old true-hearted "Sabo," who many years since at Mr. Duguid's first sitting at Glasgow, through another medium, said he would convince him of the truth of Spiritualism, and faithfully did he keep his word. The old times were spoken of and then Mr. Duguid got behind the curtain; great clear striking flames of light were at once seen at the opening of the curtain, out of which some people might have conjured forth a form, but my state of mind determined me to accept nothing which was not of a decided and clear character. Another control came, a little Indian girl, a second edition of Miss Wood's "Pocha," and Mrs. Mellon's "Cissy," and while Mr. Duguid was outside the cabinet walking about the room, the lights were visible to all at the opening of the curtain—lights almost sufficient to light up the whole of the apartment. Mr. Duguid was then clearly seen sitting outside of the curtain. There could be no mistake that I was gazing on the form of my friend and that the frame of mind I was in was far removed from the credulous. As he sat entranced an old spirit friend ("David") talked to us through his mediumship, while a female form came from one corner and pushed the curtain back. I looked again and again; at first to me this appeared only like some pieces of gauze exposed to the light, but the figure became

more distinct, while I never lost sight of Mr. Duguid in the chair talking away and using both his hands in the expressive way he does when under the influence of the control. Some one asked the form to kiss old "David" controlling Mr. Duguid, and the figure moved round, and placed its head over his face which obscured him from sight for a moment. We felt that this was only the beginning of good things, that with confidence on the part of the spirits the forms will be able to walk about the room while the medium is in sight.

I assisted at taking down the curtains with the satisfied feeling that I had seen a form for once, which was most certainly not the medium.

Glasgow, 17th Dec., 1881.

J. R.

SPIRITUALISM, FROM A RELIGIOUS ASPECT.

A PAPER READ BY MR. MORELL THEOBALD, BEFORE THE B.N.A.S., 19 DECEMBER, 1881.

The religious aspect of Spiritualism must, of course, include not only the outlook upon Spiritualism from Christianity, upon which I wrote in April, 1878, as recorded then in the "Spiritualist," but must include, to be complete, that from any religion you may choose to select—such as Brahmanism, Buddhism, Mahometanism, Judaism, Roman Catholicism, etc. On the other hand, the aspect of Spiritualism, from such various standpoints as is indicated by reciting these names of religious bodies, is quite another matter; both sides of the subject would be interesting, and, to-night, I will endeavour, in a brief way, to combine the two.

Is there anything common in the various forms of religious life, which we may take as fairly representing a common consent in their judgment of Spiritualism? I think there is—or should be.

If, for a moment, we may look at Brahmanism as a feeling after an undiscovered infinite in which a mystic triple Deity—the Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer—exists in the cloudland beyond; and Buddhism, its offspring, as recognising pain as the chief element of discipline, and the necessity to liberate ourselves from it by knowledge, and to attain happiness by virtue; Mahometanism, as expressed in the Koran, founded upon the belief in one God and his prophet; Judaism and Roman Catholicism—the one as looking for, the other as accepting: Judaism as the worship of an expected Messiah, Roman Catholicism, and, indeed, all the varieties of Christendom, as the worship of the Christ that has appeared;—we shall find that all the religious life, in these varied types, agrees in one point—that, namely, of appealing largely to the emotions, although a definite and coherent religious life must be based upon certain cardinal truths.

All religion, as such, is a mode of FEELING, and in this respect is especially distinguished from Theology or Science, which is a mode of KNOWING. If there be no emotion there is no religion. But all emotion is not religion. What, then, is the distinctive quality of that emotion which we call religious? In one respect only it is invariable—IT LEADS TO WORSHIP. Now worship is the prostration of the individual spirit before the felt presence of the Infinite. It is that sense of absolute dependence which a finite consciousness feels when it is in spiritual contact with the Infinite, whether that Infinite be personal or impersonal.

The varieties of religion depend upon the intellectual interpretation of this sentiment; i.e., on the answer to the question—WHAT IS THE INFINITE? Is it a personal presence with whom we may hold some sort of communion, or is it a diffused law that only holds us in embrace, but does not exchange thought or feeling with us? All religious life, then, must be thus emotional; for, not to be evanescent, but abiding, these emotions must be based, as upon a rock, on eternal verities, so that ultimately the truths which remain must guide the religious life.

If you accept this view of religious life—of course an incomplete one—you will at once see that Spiritualism must be classed with the Sciences, in discovering to some minds and confirming to others the exact truth as regards the future upon which religious life may rest. No emotion is necessary to the Spiritualist—even though it may create much, as all knowledge may.

Spiritualism is applicable to all religions alike, and acts as a handmaid bearing a lamp to light the way to the heavenly path. It is a light cast partly on the present, as related to invisible powers; and partly on the future, as tending towards an issue which is at present unseen. Spiritualism is no new thing. It has existed since man walked

"Among the sunbeams, as with angels."

It can be traced, as a silver thread, throughout the Ages in history—sacred and profane. Its phases have differed, as have the phases of Science. But what do we mean when we speak of Spiritualism? Primarily, we understand by it communication, in some form or other, between the denizens of the spirit-world and those in this—between spirits disembodied and spirits still united to the flesh.

Modern Spiritualism has established itself by—

1. Simple phenomena, such as movement of solid bodies.
2. By chemical phenomena, such as suspending the action of fire, and modifying the solidity and interpenetrability of matter.
3. By direct writing, drawing, or painting; i.e., without any human intervention whatever.
4. By musical phenomena.
5. By the appearance of Spirit-forms—and direct voices.
6. By spirit-photography—such photographing being done when the ordinary photographic conditions have been absent.
7. It has appealed to Spiritualists through mental conditions in which automatic writing, trance speaking, impersonation, and healing, have all played their part.

THE WHOLE GROUP of phenomena, thus briefly enumerated, prove satisfactorily to Spiritualists that spirit-communion has actually been established, and this room contains proofs innumerable, both in its library and by spirit-productions obtained under test conditions. The first effect of this revelation has been one of utter bewilderment. There is no place in modern thought for such facts, and it becomes necessary that we should reason from the facts themselves, as a starting-point, instead of submitting them to the canons of ordinary experience. Our men of science have slowly been forming theories, about life and death, and spirit, and the laws of nature apparently unassailable: in a moment they are found to be riddled through and through with flaws.

It is impossible, they say, for a solid body to pass through another: A book is passed through a locked drawer, and descends through a ceiling into another room, and THAT assertion is falsified. The law of gravitation forbids a man to float around a room within reach of a ceiling 14 feet from the floor, but THIS has been continually done, and has asserted the existence of a new power, superior to the old law; and the impossibilities of Science are remorselessly contradicted. Painting and writing have been done not only in the dark but in an incredibly short space of time, and spirit-forms have now appeared, not only to seers, but to a whole company, some of whom have grasped the hand either to retain it or to find it MELTING AWAY in their grasp at the option of the spirit. Have philosophers, then, been dreaming? Is the fabric they have carefully wrought all vanishing in the new light? Certainly not! But there is a *plus* power outside the sphere of their observations for which they have not provided, and to which their reasoning will not extend. Henceforth they must take cognizance of powers from the spirit-world and acknowledge them to be, at present, capable of achievements on which they had not reckoned. The effect upon philosophers must be a new departure upon new facts, for which they have provided no place. However, we are not all philosophers! nor so restricted to the narrow groove in which they reason, that we cannot accept new facts when they arise and appeal to us to follow where they lead.

When Jesus Christ proclaimed the completion of the Jewish Dispensation and announced the new reign of Love, it was not the rulers who believed, but the common people, who heard him gladly. He brought spirit-power into view, miracles which were a stumbling-block to his foes became a proof of his mission to his friends.

What if Modern Spiritualism has stepped in to re-affirm this power to which He had appealed! to baffle scepticism, and stem the maddening torrent of unbelief, which domesticates itself among atoms and molecules, but discerns not the unseen hand behind them all! The common people have been so bewildered by the influence of recent science, and its claim to a monopoly of the "potency of life," that they will hail as a deliverance these angel-visitors. Their lost ones return, and belief in the future is re-established, while THEIR testimony to the "hand unseen" is more potent than all the reasoning which fails to grasp it.

Establishing the continuance of being—the duality of life—they soften the grief which the sundering by death had created. The family ties are again unbroken, those in the spirit-world are as real in their at present unseen presence (except to a few) as the visible loved ones whom they constantly surround.

"The (friends) on earth and all the dead,
But one communion make."

This has been sung as one of the idylls of Faith, Modern Spiritualism registers it as a statement of Fact.

While Spiritualism thus steps in to establish the cardinal truth of the life beyond, and somewhat of its nature, we cannot but see that its influence upon all the varied religions of the world will be immense. As yet it has swept away nothing necessary to Religion which theologians have taught, although it has assisted modern thought to demolish many cherished theories which had grown around Christianity—from we scarcely know where: and it has tended to support the value of prayers for the so-called dead, which Protestants have rejected.

Spiritualism, while appealing to man's common sense and reason, completely establishes much which reason has often rejected as obscure or unintelligible in the Bible. Belshazzar's writing on the wall has been reproduced in our own day; the three youths who walked in the midst of the fiery furnace, did so because there was with them a fourth, having spiritual

power over fire, such as is recorded by our venerable friend Mr. S. C. Hall, who asserts that live coals have been placed upon his silvery locks to establish the golden truth of spirit-presence and power over the elements. The apostle Peter was delivered from prison by a spirit who possessed exactly similar power to that which has transported friends of our own from one house to another, quite disregarding of the known conditions of matter; in short, the whole Spiritualism of the Bible is re-affirmed by modern experiences, under our own eyes and amongst us. Spiritual gifts—and gifts of healing among them—which have been so often explained away or relegated to the Apostolic age, are restored to us, and thus again the records of the Book, which has fought many a good fight and yet remains, are established.

Are we, then, to see Spiritualism becoming a buttress to religious life—Christian life? Most assuredly we shall; while it teaches some of those truths of which Christ said "Ye cannot bear them yet."

If Spiritualism cannot claim to be itself a religion, it reveals with an authority Divine, for it is Truth, the intense connection between the present and the future life—it shows, AS FACT, the gradual unfolding of moral and spiritual life going on, UNBROKEN by death; it provides a place which our reason accepts for progressive soul-life, and establishes the fact of spirits constantly about us. In the recent Church Congress, at which Spiritualism, which is usually tabooed by religious bodies, met upon the whole with a fair discussion, Mr. John Fowler said: "The Church is based upon a certain number of cardinal truths, among which we find a declaration of the immortality of the human soul: this is the most essential fact in the Christian System of faith." He might have added, it was also essential in ALL religious systems—and certainly to those I have in the outset of the paper enumerated: he DID add with an emphasis which is incontrovertable—"If man be not immortal, the Church spiritually is useless, and a fraud . . . yet the weakest point, in a scientific and philosophical sense, which the Church has, is its affirmation of the immortality of man."

Precisely so! and one would imagine the Church would receive us Spiritualists with open arms, if, with all our many theories and curiously commingled company, we could only bring this ONE fact proven before them. But no! as yet the Church relies upon Faith alone, and shrieks when you attempt to bring a ghost to prove a fact!

To-day Modern Spiritualism is one of the series of convulsions that have so repeatedly shaken the strata of the human mind, in the end clearing the way for new conditions and new departures in thought. For as Professor Barrett recently well put it, "Every Materialist, and especially every Positivist, is BOUND to enquire into the truth or falsehood of Spiritualism. What is AFFIRMED is always worth listening to, what is DENIED is seldom of importance, for it leads no further."

In its very first and simplest form, Spiritualism, in its tiny raps resounds upon the coffin of Materialism; for, once establish the fact that such are of spirit origin, and the whole fabric of Materialism crumbles into the dust. But Spiritualists have claimed more than this: they have claimed unwisely for Spiritualism all the authority of a new revelation. Have they forgotten that it is no new revelation at all? Have they read history so blindly as not to see that Spiritualism has always been used to establish truth and not to teach it? We can understand many who not having any settled belief in Christ and his noble teachings, yet yearning for a higher life, now clinging to Spiritualism as a glorious truth (as it undoubtedly is), and imagine they have now found a sure resting place. So it is for a time; but it will ever point to the Land Immortal and beckon onwards to that as its home. The Spiritualist will be led on to feel that there is a Deity. He will have actual sensations of Him. His experience will thus concur with his reason: and so fact and faith by different paths will conduct us to the same home of the soul—where religious life begins its immortal life of progression.

It is easy to see how Spiritualism and Religion have been thus, in the outset intertwined and confounded—running together, often, upon the same lines; but a little reflection will show how far beyond spiritualistic facts Christianity will conduct us—how a Spiritualist may be an enquirer without emotion, or how he may be a scientist without religious feeling of any kind whatever. But as I showed in the outset, religious and emotional life must rest upon a substratum of fact, and where such facts cannot be apprehended through the avenue of Faith, Spiritualism comes to the rescue, and leads us even through Materialism to the shrine of the Eternal.

By its light we decipher many dark or well nigh obliterated traces of ancient life, and as she becomes purified from claims which belong not to her, she will re-establish the old well-nigh lost spiritual life, which she is well calculated to inaugurate; but can never without a further factor, which we call Religion, lead beyond herself.

She has not come to destroy, but to fulfil. In full faith of this mission, we sing again with Tennyson:

Our little systems have their day,
They have their day, and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee;
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

THE GHOST OF GLEN ABBEY.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

The moon is shining coldly bright on the frost covered trees and pathway grass—bound by Winter's spell: glistening most white and beautiful is one magnificent frostwork over the whole forest expanse. The bright stars twinkle above, through the gloriously calm night air.

It is Christmas Eve, and faintly from the distant town comes the murmur of Christmas bells. How touching is this scene—sublimely beautiful and white, like a bridal array heralding the approach of Salvation to mankind. Rejoice and be exceeding glad! Praise, Oh praise the bountiful Father for His mercies!

Before us stands a ruinous old Abbey, on whose gabled towers and rustling ivy the moonbeams fall, lighting up the windows and turning the ivy leaves into silver tracery; this, with the dark old stones of which the building is composed form a very pretty contrast and awaken thought in thoughtful minds.

The Abbey is deserted: not a single sound comes from within these crumbling walls. Think, then, of the times now long past, when mirth and gladness echoed through the stately halls; and laughter and song went up as a prayer to God, who authorised it verily: it delighteth God to see the creatures he hath made enjoy the life he hath given them. Even so man is delighted with the works of his hands. But I must not pause to moralise. This decaying handiwork of man resembles, indeed, the finest specimen of Nature's highest art—Man himself. Can it not, also, in its silent and sublime loneliness speak to the sentient mind?—like an old man telling the story of his youth. Can you not imagine it towering, noble, strong, while the inmates sitting in the warm glow of the fire, laugh merrily at song and harmless frolic, as the Christmas Chimes trip joyously over the frozen snow? But all that is past and gone: the building is deserted; the smiling faces have passed away to gladden other worlds; foot-steps—lightly skipping or with dignified pace—are heard no more; these mouldering relics alone remain!

Two years have passed away, and again we stand before this memento of the past. But now lights glimmer within the apartments; the fire-glow flickers upon the oaken floor; footsteps linger in the corridors; music and song blend harmoniously; while without the moon again gazes down as of yore upon the frozen expanse of forest trees.

Again it is Christmas Eve; the yule log is roaring on the wide hearth; old and young sit together enjoying the social entertainment; the lamps have been removed and only the pleasant firelight plays dreamily over merry faces before it.

Since last we visited this scene the Abbey has been sufficiently repaired to become the residence of a gentleman of fortune and his family. As they sit thus enjoying themselves, the expectation of a visitor being the thought farthest from their minds, an ominous rap is heard at the door. Why does a sound—not by any means unusual—so startle the domestic group? They gaze at each other in surprise, the more active spring to their feet, and one of the number involuntarily says—"Come in." The door slowly opens and in walks majestically a figure attired in a rich black velvet cloak hanging loosely to his feet, on which bright silver buckles gleam. On his fingers glisten costly rings. He is rather tall, stoutly built. In one hand he carries a wine bowl of ancient pattern. Bowing to the company, he majestically sails to the middle of the room, and before any one can speak, he says, raising the cup to his lips: "To your good health, ladies and gentlemen!"

At this juncture, and further adding to the astonishment of everybody, the bay of a dog is heard approaching, and bounding into the midst of the group a large hound comes. He recognises the stranger as his master, falls at his feet, and looks wistfully up at his face. As there is no dog about the Abbey the family are more startled than ever, and while wondering what the strange scene being enacted before them can mean, the dog springs to one corner of the room, and begins to scratch the floor, all the while howling piteously.

Then Mr. Hurford, the owner of the house, finds speech—for incident has followed incident so swiftly that the whole scene has passed with lightning rapidity—and approaching the stranger says in a kindly voice—

"What and who are you, my friend; why bring your dog into my house?"

"But it is my house, my dog," responds the apparition.

"No, the house is mine!" says Mr. Hurford. Have I not recently purchased it, and have put it in repair at my own expense for the use of my family?"

"You are wrong, sir," replies the apparition, "look at the ring on my finger; here is the effigy of the Abbey engraved on this precious stone, which has been handed down from my ancestors through many generations."

Mr. Hurford in scornful wonder goes so close to the stranger as to see by looking intently that there is indeed engraved on the gem a likeness of the Abbey in all its former perfection; but as his hand comes in contact with that of the apparition he feels nothing, and raising his eyes to the stranger's face,—which he naturally does, as if for some explanation of this unprecedented fact,—he is petrified when he sees through the black hair of the apparition's head the oaken wainscoting beyond! With a piercing shriek Mr. Hurford falls to the ground, and the apparition vanishes over the very spot on which the dog had been scratching.

Mr. Hurford slowly recovered, but his mirthful glee seemed to have left him. A thoughtful serenity ever dwelt upon his countenance; he was calm but not sad.

Another year has sped its round of joy and sorrow, and again it is Christmas Eve. Mr. Hurford, his wife and family—largely augmented by an increased number of grand-children—occupy the evening hours in cheerful conversation in front of the gleaming logs which crackle and burn on the broad hearth. That which filled them a year ago with wonder, consternation and fear, is now the theme of mirth and jollity. For a whole year no sound or sight unusual had disturbed the peaceful inmates of the Abbey; only the subdued manner of the proprietor reminded the thoughtful of his interview with the apparition. The tendency of this joyful family is to laugh that grim fact of the past away, but Mr. Hurford steadfastly attests the reality of his experience, and that it was no living man of flesh and blood, but a spirit that had manifested to them a year ago.

A solemn stillness follows the emphatic declaration of Mr. Hurford. The clock is striking eight. The clang of high-heeled shoes is heard in the corridor, and again that same ominous knock is heard at the door. It opens, and bowing to the company, with his rich cloak trailing on the floor, enters last year's guest. His brilliant gems and stately walk are the same, but this time, it is observed, blood is oozing from a wound in his breast, staining the lace doublet and silk vest. With a few hurried strides, beckoning as he goes, he reaches the corner of the room, where he disappeared a year ago, and suddenly vanishes, the last thing seen of him being his hand beckoning them to follow.

All are struck with amazement rather than fear on this occasion, but to reassure his family Mr. Hurford expresses his determination to solve the mystery indicated by this recurring apparition. Lighting a large lamp he rings the bell and desires the butler to summon the workpeople. The carpenter removes the wooden flooring, and with pick and spade an attack is made on the seemingly solid ground underneath. A larger opening is made in the floor, exposing a place which readily gives way to the efforts of the workmen, one of whom falls in bodily. In the effort to extricate the man a flight of steep stone steps is discovered.

With a light Mr. Hurford leads the way, and having traversed a stone passage at the foot of the first flight of stairs he reaches another flight of steps, at the top of which he finds a worm-eaten door, ready to drop with age, and which falls before his touch. He enters a spacious well-finished apartment, and pauses as he sees reclining on the couch before him a figure wearing a dark velvet cloak!

A nearer inspection, and Mr. Hurford and those who accompany him discover that one arm is thrown above the head, and a dagger protrudes from the breast; traces of a pool of dried-up blood are found on the floor. But this is only a fleshless skeleton, with empty skull and bony face. On the fingers flash costly rings, one of them having engraved on it the likeness of that old Abbey. More strange still the skeleton of a powerful dog lies near the feet of his master. These subterranean passages and their contents had been forgotten and unknown for centuries.

The connection of the ghostly visitant with these remains was now made clear. Mr. Hurford carefully collected the parts of the skeleton and accorded them decent burial. For ever afterwards his house was free from all such intruders, and long life, good fortune and serenity were his lot.

TWILIGHT.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF THE MEDIUM For the year 1881 in Great Britain.

As there will be 52 Numbers of the MEDIUM issued in 1881, the price will be—

One copy, post free, weekly	0 2	...	per annum	0 8 8
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Money Orders may now be sent from nearly every country and colony to London through the Post Office. In other cases a draft on London, or paper currency, may be remitted.

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

The MEDIUM is sold by all newsvendors, and supplied by the wholesale trade generally.

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

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

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

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

THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23 1881.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL!

Everybody wants to be Happy, but most people in endeavouring to be so, only succeed in being miserable; this is because man has got two sides to his nature—that which is physical, and that which is spiritual. When he tries to derive his happiness from the physical entirely, he is sure to end in failure. The body is only the instrument or tenement of the spirit, and should be used only for the purposes of the spirit. When a man lives in this way, even though he be far from perfect, he enjoys himself all the time. He suffers much, of course, because of his wrong-doing and spirit-blindness, but he takes heart in the consciousness that his sufferings are for his good—to make him dissatisfied with the wrong road, and open his eyes to the right one.

How shall we begin to impress mankind with the fact that they have a Spiritual Nature? Modern Spiritualism has done this in millions of instances, and the purport of this Christmas Number is to present evidence on the various phases of Mediumship.

On the first page, appears an engraving of a Painting, done in the trance, and representing the Castle in which the seance was held as described on the following page. Mr. David Duguid's Painting Mediumship is commented in next column.

PAGE 802.

Physical Manifestations, appealing to the ordinary senses, constitute usually the first lesson in the Science of Spiritual Manifestation. The certainty of Spiritual existence is demonstrated by the spirits taking on to their spiritual bodies material atoms derived from the nerve-fluid of medium and sitters present. This article also touches on Clairvoyance and other forms of spirit-communion. We have never heard of such a seance being held under these circumstances.

PAGE 804.

The Personal Experiences of Mr. A. Duguid, are given to show how mediums are developed and find out what powers they possess. It has come to pass that much of this Number is occupied, and well occupied, with the results of the Mediumship of three Brothers. This feature is instructive, as it is found that Mediumship is hereditary. The Duguids are all mediums, and the unparalleled phenomena which we record this week are solely due to this remarkable Brotherhood, a less prominent member of which is a powerful physical medium. They have done a vast amount of spirit teaching and demonstration at great inconvenience to themselves, and without profitable emolument, and no discredit has been brought on the Cause by their efforts, during many years of faithful service. More mediums are required who will "go and do likewise."

As an independent witness to the phenomena which are recorded in the foregoing pages, we may refer the Reader to Mr. J. Bowman, 65, Jamaica Street, Glasgow, who was present at the

seance in the old Castle. The article on Missionary Mediumship is a continuation of the preceding articles, and shows how the Cause of Spiritualism makes headway amidst a sea of all kinds of opposition.

PAGE 805.

Mr. Theobald's paper illustrates the treatment of Spiritualism by those who have attached themselves to the Cause. In all matters of opinion the greatest freedom is allowed and taken. In our teaching we have, these twenty years, regarded "Spiritualism" not as phenomena or spirit-communion merely, but as all that can pertain to the human spirit, as included in religions of any kind whatever. Safety and success in spirit-communion and manifestation depend on the integrity and development of the Spiritualist's own spirit, or, in other words, his being truly religious, or faithful to conscience, reason, and spiritual feeling.

PAGE 807.

The Christmas Ghost Story is a specimen of Writing Mediumship. "Twilight" is a young lady half through her teens, who has had inferior educational advantages, and who has no literary associations. She can instantly, on having a theme propounded to her, write a series of verses thereon, and has been able to do so for several years past. This Tale was written in a similar manner, and it is her first effusion that has appeared in print. We hope to give some of her verses soon.

PAGE 809.

We suppose that now we have crossed the Rubicon into Spiritualism, and we find in Mrs. Richmond's discourse, supposed to be inspired by "Whitefield," the great preacher, a very fair specimen of spirit-teaching on religious themes, as given through trance mediums. It illustrates the agency of spirits in the religious life of man.

PAGE 812.

Mr. Ware is a dissenting minister, who was turned out because of his Spiritualism. He now has a church on the spiritual basis, and "Heavenly Congratulations" is a specimen of his preaching.

PAGE 813.

The Plymouth Report shows what kind of religious week-night meetings, the members of Mr. Ware's Church, hold under spirit-influence. His reports appear in the MEDIUM weekly, and his sermons are reported frequently.

The remaining pages are occupied with miscellanies, the nature of which may be gathered at a glance.

Thus Spiritualism is set before the reader in a practical manner, by reports of veritable examples, and reports of current opinion. May the light of the Spirit come personally to every Reader, and, with it, a power of manifestation which will prove a blessing to others.

THE ENGRAVING OF RAVENS CRAIG CASTLE.

The illustration on our first page is engraved from a photograph supplied by Mr. J. Bowman, photographic artist, 65, Jamaica Street, Glasgow, and taken by him from an oil painting, measuring 3 feet 6 inches by 2 feet 6 inches, and which was painted by Mr. David Duguid in the following manner:—

Mr. David Duguid was on a visit to his brother in Kirkcaldy, accompanied by his little boy. One day he went out for a ramble to Ravenscraig Castle, and while there was entranced, and made a rough sketch of the ruins. On returning he commenced to paint it on canvas of the size named above, working, as is his custom, in the trance-state. On three separate mornings he worked on it, when the picture appeared to be complete. He took it to Glasgow with him on his return home, and Mr. Bowman says has touched it up a little at intervals extending over three years—always working in the trance-state. Sometimes he has prosecuted the work in the usual spirit-circle and sometimes alone. It is estimated that about 20 hours, altogether, have been occupied in producing this large and finely executed painting.

Mr. D. Duguid was not trained as an artist, and cannot paint unless in the trance-state. In that way he has produced a great number of pictures, one of which may be seen in the Reading Room at the Spiritual Institution, 15, Southampton Row, London.

For a number of years the spirits have produced pictures, with pencil or paints, direct; that is, the medium's hand is not used at all, but the spirits materialise sufficiently to lay hold of the materials and produce the result in an incredibly short space of time. In respect to this form of mediumship Mr. A. Duguid writes:—

"One evening, while permitted to sit in the Hafed Circle, Glasgow, a painting done in this direct manner was given to me. It turned out to be a view of Ravenscraig Castle, a perfect copy of a large one," [engraved by us this week] "but so small that it could be covered by a five shilling piece. A gentleman who was present at the sitting, and was going out to America, got it away with him as a souvenir of the indisputable power of spirits."

Some years ago, in the trance, Mr. D. Duguid dictated a work entitled, "Hafed, Prince of Persia," purporting to be the

history of a companion of Jesus. This interesting work is illustrated with lithographic fac-similes of direct drawings, and, in the introduction, there is a full account of Mr. Duguid's mediumship. This work is advertised on the wrapper of this paper, and is accessible to all. Hundreds of eminent men have been present at Mr. D. Duguid's seances, and know, from personal experience, that his work is genuine.

A "PERFECT DIET" CHRISTMAS DINNER.

In accordance with the views of Dr. Anna Kingsford, given last week in her paper read before the Somerville Club, many persons are giving up the use of flesh-meat entirely. All should read the Doctor's work entitled "The Perfect Way in Diet." A lady has sent us the following suggestions for a bloodless "peace and goodwill" Christmas Dinner:—

VEGETARIAN DUCK.—Boil potatoes and onions (separately), slice and put into pie-dish in alternate layers, with finely chopped sage sprinkled thereon, pepper and salt. A little milk and a little of the water in which the onions were boiled should be added. Put a crust on top, and bake. A cup of tapioca steeped in milk or water and then put in with other ingredients is an improvement.

PLUM PUDDING WITHOUT SUET.—3 Breakfast cups of bread crumbs; 1 Do. Flour 3 Do. Raisins (split); 3 Teaspoonsful baking powder; half breakfast cup sugar; Candied peel. Wet with warm milk and water, and boil 4 hours. A boiled carrot chopped very fine may be added to the above ingredients.

CHEESE SANDWICHES.—Spread bread and butter, and put between the slices thin slices of cheese; then crisp in oven. Slices of boiled Beet-root fried in butter is the Vegetarian's beef-steak.

We will prepare a Christmas Feast,
Without the flesh of Bird or Beast;
Kind Nature doth large stores afford
Wherewith to deck a bounteous board:
A fruit and veg'table supply,
Enough to keep the Festal high.
To usher in the Christly reign,
We will not slay, nor yet cause pain
To any animated thing—
'Twould dishonour "the new born King."
We'll bring the yule log to the hall,
And welcome in both great and small
With cakes and nuts—minus the ale—
So a joyous Christmas cannot fail.
But those who live on flesh and blood
Dishonour do the living God;
They take the life they cannot give
And hence in anguish sore they live.
Such wrong worketh disease, dismay,—
Death to the slain, to slayer decay;
We've found at length the "better plan,"
Since we've been Vegetarian.
Health, Peace, Love and Christlike quiet
To all who choose kind Nature's Diet!

B. S. H.

MATERIALISATION PHENOMENA IN PARIS.

Mr. J. C. Husk, the well-known medium, 26, Sandwich Street, Burton Crescent, W.C., has been for a number of weeks in Paris, giving seances to select sitters. Mr. Leymarie, Editor of the "Revue Spirite," etc., thus writes of the series, and alludes to reports which may appear in the future:—

"To the Editor.—Sir,—Mr. Husk the medium, has given thirty-one dark seances at Paris. Most of those who were present at the manifestations produced through his mediumship, regard Mr. Husk as a perfect gentleman, and a sincere and upright man. A small minority complain that there is nothing convincing in his mediumship; but this difference of opinion must always exist, in regard to manifestations which take place in complete darkness.

"Mr. Husk has already received two reports of his seances, and I am going to send him a third; and I shall feel obliged if you will be good enough to print them.—Believe me, dear Sir, Yours very sincerely,
"P. G. Leymarie."

Mr. T. M. Brown will Lecture at Felling, Sunday, Dec. 25, and hold private seances on following days, Address, care of Mr. Pickering, High Street, Felling, Gateshead-on-Tyne. Middlesborough and Darlington will be visited soon.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

A DISCOURSE BY MRS. RICHMOND.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, says the "Times," Chicago, Monday, November 21, while purporting to be under the spirit control of "George Whitefield," delivered a lecture upon the subject of "The Power of Prayer," and why God does not always answer prayer, before the First Society of Spiritualists, last evening. She spoke as follows:—

The prayer of the righteous man availeth much.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

As religion is the atmosphere between God and man, of which inspiration is God's voice to man, so prayer is the only voice from man to God, the only expression of the spirit unto the Infinite; and such time as there is no voice within the soul that cries out for the Infinite, unto God, that time the soul is in spiritual darkness. I do not mean the form of prayer, for there be semblance of human speech uttered in form of praise and prayer to God, that passes not beyond the sound of the human voice that utters it; and there are utterances that have no name of prayer, that rise to the supernal heights and touch the harps of angels into quivering, and make their countenances to glow with light.

Oh, the meaning of these voices of the soul—who has not felt it, when, without any form of human creed, the spirit seemed utterly alone with Infinite; when, upon mountain height or in verdant valley, the streams of life flowed complacently toward the spirit, and God seemed there in the presence of summer atmosphere or Alpine snow? Who has not felt it when gazing up the immeasurable space above, filled with stars, studded with constellations, each planet a world and each star an earth, and all amenable to the same unseen yet palpable force that keeps them in their orbits, and made of them the wonders of the heavens? Who has not felt it when, in some dream of thought or flight of the imagination, the wings of the spirit have plumed themselves beyond the outward thought and brain to the very confines of eternity, and there, pausing a moment, have waited until the divine fervour kindled the flame, and the spirit was set free? Who has not felt it in the supreme hour of sorrow, when the great human world was shut out by the veil, by the ban of human woe; when no tried friend or truest companion dared to penetrate the insurmountable chasm of human grief; when death has opened wide the yawning abyss of either annihilation or life eternal, and the soul sat gazing after the loved ones, wondering whither they had gone? And he is less than human who has not prayed in such an hour: O God, where is my loved one? Who has not felt it in the hour of supreme love and happiness, when eternity seemed opening before the vision, and all beatitudes came thronging upon the mind? Uplifted by the one selfish passion of existence, the heart pays its one tribute to the Infinite, and, though selfish ever before and ever after, in the hour of perfect love there is perfect prayer. Who has not felt it in its most paltry form, in the moment of supremest fear, when destiny seemed crowding close upon the spirit, and the great yawning gulf of death before the human vision stood appallingly, and then, crying out in agony of terror, the soul cringingly turns to the Divine Being for succour and aid, afraid to die, powerless to live, and asking for help most piteously?

There is no prayer in fear. It is the basest passion of the human mind, and he who expects in such an hour to gain access to the Divine has failed to measure its height, or his own depth of blindness. Fear is servitude, and man is not a slave in the presence of Infinite Love. It is parent and child, and only love is the messenger between these two. Whomsoever governs

his child on earth by terror is no parent, and the Infinite is not such a tyrant that man can turn to Him from the darkened side of his being, expecting that the voice of terror will reach the Infinite Love.

The supremest passion of worship is prayer; it is, if for gratitude, the spontaneous offering of the soul for blessings, without which man would be proven non-immortal and non-spiritual. It is the turning of the spirit in grateful recognition not required of God, but received because it is there; the incense of the flower, the voice of the soul that can no more be suppressed than breath, than life, than the current of being that flows on forevermore. If for gratitude, it remembers all blessings, is conscious of them, and prayer of this kind is conscious praise.

By this I do not mean that the Deity requires it any more than the sun requires the incense of the flower, but through the long, dark nights of human experience and through the sorrow that here surrounds the human heart, and through the night of intellectual error, how bright is that immortal bloom that springs for the first time within the spirit in grateful incense of fragrance, the image of praise—as in a child receiving every blessing from the parent, who must continually give whether the child be grateful or no, afterward turning with tearful eyes, with smiling lips, with heart throbbing with grateful love, saying: "O my father, O my mother, I love and bless you for these blessings." Beautiful as is this offering, it has no more comparison with the love that is within the heart when consciously grateful to God, than there is comparison between the earthly and the Infinite Parent. Both are approached by love, both are related by the sublime atmosphere of love; yet one is infinite and the other is finite. Prayer for acknowledgment, therefore, is one continuous voice of praise, sung within the spirit, without accompaniment, or with it, of external word, but so filling the life that its motion changes the intellect, thrills the soul, pervades it with rapture, and causes the countenance to glow like the inspired prophets of old, or like pictures seen in visions of angels and saints in paradise. Prayer for blessings—and just here the materialist, the scoffer, the doubter will say, as one thousand and one times he has said before: "Why pray to an infinite God, all-wise and all-conscious, who knows every need, for that which He already must know you require?"

Prayer is the voice of man to God, the recognition of the presence of God within the spirit: is a conscious, voluntary, and perfect act of communion from the finite to the Infinite—not needed by the latter, required by the former.

Close the avenues of life, so that the germ may not shoot up toward the sunlight, and though the sun may shine for ten thousand years there will be no verdure on the earth. The seed requires to grow, the flower requires to bloom, the tree requires to put forth its leaves and bud and blossom, that the fruitage may come. Man requires to ask blessings of the spirit, or there is no spiritual growth. It is the voluntary uplifting of the tendrils of life; it is the life-current flowing toward the source of vitality, and voluntarily asking for more strength. As well suppress the fountain that seeks expression, or the life within the veins of the tree, as to suppress the asking of blessings. To know one's spiritual needs is a certain point of growth; to ask for that which is best adapted to those needs is another point of growth, and to ask of the only source that can adequately answer those needs is the height of wisdom, since no other source can supply the required blessing.

The soul's sincere desire—I emphasise the word soul to prove to you that those who understand best the meaning of prayer do not pray with their bodies only, with their intellect alone, but pray with the soul, for its blessings and its requirements. Prayer, therefore, being the voice of the soul, can only emanate from the soul; and that which emanates from any other or lesser portion of human nature is not prayer. Passion,

pride, ambition, hatred, revenge, fear,—these can no more enter into the composition of prayer, than darkness can be said to be a part of light, or than discord can be pronounced harmony. When one prays, therefore, for triumph over his enemies; when one seeks for revenge; when one desires human or external blessings; when one asks for that which will upbuild pride; when one desires to clothe oneself with outward adornment, seeking to oppress others: the king who prays for his kingdom; the warrior who prays for victory; the emperor who asks for success to his kingdom—these cannot find answer, since the prayer is not of the soul, but of the outward mind, and arrays itself in the tissue of its own falsities that sink instead of rise, and, like those dense vapours that sometimes encircle the earth, befog the mind with the darkness of human passion and human desire. The cupidity and ignorance of mankind have made them substitute vocal offerings and external tributes, sacrificial rites and outward ceremonials, for the spirit of prayer; and so material have these prayers often become that they fail not in darkening the mind, as an eclipse that comes between you and the supreme light of the infinite Being. Oh, but prayer itself that perceives the requirements of the spirit, or, better still, leans heavenward, and asks that God may bestow each day and hour that which the mind needs—this is the prayer that brings blessing.

We are asked: Can any law of the universe be altered? Can any purpose of the Infinite be changed by prayer? There is no law of the material universe, I make answer, that is not subservient to the spiritual universe; and filling all the interstices of human science and philosophy is a deeper and more intricate plan that prayer can reach. Yes, prayer can change the so-called laws of nature by bringing into activity the powers of the spirit, and where necessary, wise, and just, alter the seeming tendency of gross matter and material law to subserve the purpose of the spirit, just as the sluggish human veins can be made to respond to the vitalising breath of love, or fear, or ambition, or thought within the spirit of man; just as the cheek can be blanched and the eye can be made to grow dim with sudden terror; or, lighted by the fire of love, the human form can become divinely transfigured; just as out of oneself one can be borne by the mighty passion of unforgetfulness, and, being intent on a divine theme, the selfish nature is forgotten, and the angel is alive and quickened. Prayer can bring into exercise the powers of the spiritual kingdom, and make angels sing in your midst, while dull human choirs are silent; make voices praise where curses are upon human lips, and, when human science fails, bring in the laboratory of the skies, and work the wonders of God's presence there. Doubt you this? Then the records of the mighty past are fables. Doubt you this? Then the inspired word of prophet and poet and philosopher is as naught. Doubt you this? Then the testimony of thousands of living witnesses on earth, and millions in the world of soul, will amount to naught. Doubt you this? Then the records of prayer that creep now and then into the sluggish stream of your daily literature, and brighten the materialistic current of cause and effect with the glow of the skies, must be falsehood, and the human brain in a realistic age were fond of romance, and delight in publishing untruths; or humanity, even in this age, is growing more spiritually wise, and turns from the dust and ashes and barrenness of materialism, and its blind law of annihilation, to the power of the spirit, saying that the mechanism of the universe were naught without it.

Answers to prayer are common, are general as prayer is, and the power of prayer is only tested in its efficacy, not by the paucity and the poverty of answers, but by the meagreness of human praise, thanksgiving, and prayer.

The element of faith, decried by philosophers, despised professedly by the human reason, and subjected to the crucial test of human investigation, is,

nevertheless, not only the only atmosphere upon which prayer can thrive and receive fitting answer, but the only atmosphere that the human mind can breathe. Without faith in one another you could not be here; every man would be a cut-throat and a highway robber, and there would be no civilisation. Without faith in one another the most ordinary pursuits of life would cease, society would lack vitality, the human family would be impossible, social intercourse would be obliterated, and man would be worse than the brute that he decries and scorns as having only instinct or animal life. Faith is the substance of man's spiritual confidence in his fellow-man, the only element upon which the social fabric is constructed, the recognition of the innate qualities of humanity by one another, that causes social, moral, and spiritual life to upbuild itself in your midst in the form of what is known as human civilisation. Without faith, brother and sister would be mortal enemies. Without faith, all human intercourse would be impossible, and the necessities of animal life alone in man would be considered as they are in the brute creation. Faith in man, despite the wrongs, the injustice, the errors, and the falsity of man, is so wonderful a miracle that, brought face to face with it, who can refuse faith in the infinite good that is neither deceitful, ambitious, selfish, vain, nor full of passion? I say, faith in man is the one miracle of human life, and being such all other faith is possible. As faith is neither blind, nor deaf, nor dumb, but is vocal with all the attributes of the human soul, so the more faith humanity has in itself, the higher is the exaltation, the loftier the civilisation, and the grander the citadel of human progress. As faith is the voice and the anthem of the soul, sung in the songs of liberty in all ages, made glorious in the inspired word of every statesman and teacher, glowing in the fires of prophecy, so faith in the ultimate and unlimited good is the one hope of the world. Without it the pinions of genius were as darkness; Erebus would swallow up human thought, and the night of terror would seize humanity, that, blind, and deaf and dumb, would go down to annihilation without thought of human progress forevermore. And as faith is the natural element of man's communion with his fellow-man, so is it the only element of man's communion with God, and upon its pinions to all possible heights of blessing man can rise. Faith in the absolute good; faith in the divine wisdom; faith in the perfect spiritual kingdom of existence, is the one thing needful. As science upbuilds her towers of faith upon the magnificent structure of the material universe, so upon the spiritual fabric reared for thousands of ages the spirit of man builds his eternal watchfires of faith in the spirit. And how they glow and shine when he pauses in the midst of his material pursuits to watch the stars that are set in the firmament of the spiritual heavens, and he, too becomes, as they are, bright, radiant, transfigured.

Faith! Talk not to me of faith and the blindness of the mind and soul. It is they only window looking heavenward whereby the song-bird of prayer can go forth and receive the message of the divine; and as the sunlight through long vistas of past time has probed the darkness of earth, finding each atom and kindling it with a future bloom that shall adorn lily and rose; as the sunshine from the most ancient altars of creation has probed the darkness of time, lighting up every atom of the earth until each shall glow with something of its radiance, storing itself away in caverns until its jewels are discovered, so, amid the night-time of earth, by ignorance, along the dark vistas of human thought, the Infinite Light has stored itself in the treasure-houses of the spirit, to come forth at such time again as the Infinite Love shall strike the atom that is already kindred with its light and faith, adorning earth with its beauty.

Yes, "Ask and ye shall receive;" for there is no adequate power of reception until you do ask. All

spiritual blessings are conscious blessings. They do not come to you as come sleep and food and raiment to the child. They are not blessings unless perceived by you. To perceive them there must be activity; you must go out to meet them; you must grow toward them; you must plume your wings for flight into the upper air to receive them; they await you: there is no creation of them; God does not stint nor hold them back; you can not have them until you are receptive to their influence and presence, and, therefore, the asking is "the soul's sincere desire." But why, will you ask, do prayers that many a time assume the form of material blessing then find miraculous answer? To illustrate to man the power of the spirit over matter; for if prayers are only answered to the spirit, then they who are as yet spiritually blind shall have no alphabet by which to trace their way along the groping page that is yet unilluminated. But prayer and its answer in some material way, like miracles, healing of the sick, or like the feeding of those who are in poverty and ask for bread—this kind of answer makes itself felt in the presence of man's material senses, and serves to illustrate to the mind what the spirit already perceives, and, that it shall not be considered the rule that material blessings are always to be given in this way,—the very gateway is barred in this, that unless the soul be in the proper condition there can not be an answer to material prayer at all. Therefore those who pray or think they pray for material blessings exclusively find no answer to their prayer.

Recently in the midst of great sorrow, when the president of your nation was lying near the gateway of death, the governors of states and leaders of the people appointed days of prayer for the recovery of the president. Were those days of prayer? There was heart sympathy for the suffering man; there was heart sympathy for the family; the nation would miss its executive leader; but prayer is accompanied by faith, and who was there in the midst of this nation to say to the men of science: "Depart! Materia medica has done its best—or its worse. Leave him with God." Had such a proposition been made, the whole nation would have risen up against its own prayer. Is this the faith that moves mountains? Is this the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world? When ye ask for spiritual things seek them spiritually, and if God is to restore to a nation of unbelievers a man who is no more valuable in the sight of heaven than all other men, merely because the nation chose to say that it prays, then all voices for any material blessing may be counted as prayers. No, go into the closet, which is the secret chamber of thy soul, shut the door, which means shut out, all material and outward consideration, and pray to thy Father who is in secret. If there be prayer, there is answer to prayer; and without decrying the sincerity of those who often think the pray, or without in any sense disparaging the worship that comes from lip or brain, instead of heart, by the mistaken multitude, I would say to all: Do not mistake the nature of prayer. Remember that a spiritual favour, if earnestly sought in spirit, must find just as legitimate response as if, sowing seed, the sunlight and the rain falling upon it the harvest must inevitably come. But man expects to sow materially and reap spiritually; expects to sow tares and gather the roses of immortal life; thinks that the thorns and briars in the wilderness of his material nature will form the adequate seed for the garden in the kingdom of God. He is mistaken. Dust must pray to dust, but the spirit must pray to God, and the nature alive to the consciousness of that God would only pray for such life and such deliverance as in the wisdom of the Infinite is wisest, is best, and is adapted to the necessities of mankind.

Oh, learn that in the hour of prayer you are baptised in the spirit; you enter another and a different portion of your being; you are bathed with the influence of a higher state. Ministering angels are the instruments

of answering to your prayers, and guardian spirits appointed by the power of Infinite love keep watch over you to receive your prayers. How barren their hands must be of praises; how few must be the petitions of the soul that rise upward daily, you can tell when I say to you that I have seen guardian spirits watching day and night and many weeks beside the portals of the human heart for one unselfish thought. How few the prayers that reach the aisles and corridors of heaven, though hymned by many voices, you can guess when I say that angels pass to and fro, bearing nothing in their hands with which to contribute to the lilies of immortal life or the temple of the spirit, save only such silent tears as unselfish love may shed and such aspirations as come from human hearts whom you often despise. In the lowest places and in the dark alleys of earth, where no material light finds its way, and in dungeon cells where no human petition ever finds voice or answer, there the soul, bereft of all outward succour, finds time to pray. In the midst of your rejoicing, when sunshine and beauty are all around you, when prosperity is imminent and the full flood-tide of the power of man makes the earth to blossom as a garden beneath his all-culturing hand, forget not that in the spirit there may be tares and briars that only wait for the fervent voice of prayer to be changed into blossoms of perpetual life.

I think that I have made my meaning clear. It is not to the human reason—though I do not deny its office—that I speak chiefly this night. Prayer is as ineffable and undefinable as the odour of the flower, as the incense of the heart that is filled with the fragrance of love. But do not mistake your reason for your spirit, and do not mistake the voice of material intellect, which only can cleave its way by pathways of material judgment, for that inward voice that after all cleaves unto you and cries aloud forevermore with voice of the spirit: "I thank thee, O my God, for every blessing, and for every gift, but chiefly 'do I thank Thee for the gift of prayer.'"

A SPIRITUALIST'S CHRISTMAS SERMON.

HEAVENLY CONGRATULATIONS.

BY THE REV. C. WARE, PLYMOUTH.

And suddenly there was with the angel, a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men. Luke ii., 14.

Christianity was inaugurated by a spontaneous and marvelous outburst of manifestations from the world of spirits. In the fulness of time, when the world was ripe for the introduction of the New Spiritual Dispensation—so long foreshadowed by symbolical rites, and foretold by inspired prophets—the spirit-messengers made their appearance upon the earth-plane, to announce the advent and prepare the way of its Great Representative, the Great Teacher, the Light that should enlighten all whose minds were open to receive the Truth; i.e., by the manifestations of spiritual knowledge and life, which were given to the world through and by him.

The long looked for time having come for the grand spiritual revolution, when humanity should be enlightened, spiritualised, and elevated—in other words, redeemed, saved—the inhabitants of the spirit-world, as if by common consent, came to earth with their loving and joyful congratulations.

"Down thro' the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran,
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man."

Alas, that mankind should be so buried in materialism as to give so little welcome to these angel visits; alas, that these loving and joyful voices from the higher realms should fall upon ears so deaf to spiritual sounds!

When once the circumstances attending the birth of Jesus of Nazareth shall be divested of those superstitious and unnatural conceptions which have been formed respecting them; when they shall be regarded naturally, i.e., with sober reason and reflection upon the plain bare facts of the case, they will be found remarkably suggestive and illustrative of SPIRITUALISM, i.e., spirit-interposition and influence in the experiences of mortals, and the affairs of earth.

A perfect galaxy of spiritual manifestations surround that celebrated BIRTH—spirit-forms, voices, lights, abnormal effects

upon human faculties and material objects; it was as if upon the inhabitants of the spirit-world it devolved to attend the steps of the Spiritual King; and upon the earth-plane, and in the sight of men, to assume as his ministers, the administration of the Kingdom of Heaven, the Spiritual Kingdom, which he came to establish upon the earth.

I.—THE INAUGURATION.

The first manifestation took place in Jerusalem, the metropolis of religious life. A priest named Zacharias, a man of great integrity of character, was officiating in the temple, when a startling interruption took place in the usual routine of religious worship by the appearance of a glorified spirit: "an angel of the Lord standing on the right side of the altar of incense." Mark the significance of this manifestation; the leader of the Spiritual Hierarchy, Gabriel—the Angel of the New Dispensation—appears to the Great High Priest, the highest ecclesiastical authority in that metropolis of religious life. A conversation took place between these two leaders, and as a test of the absence of all hallucination on the part of Zacharias, he was rendered speechless, until the fulfilment of the angelic prediction.

Six months after this, the same exalted being appears to the wife of a Carpenter at Nazareth, and announces to her wondering and incredulous ears, the coming birth of the King. Mary is forthwith impressed to visit her cousin, who is so thrilled with her greeting, that "her babe leaps in her womb for joy." Then these two highly impressive and mediumistic persons, in an ecstasy of poetic rapture give vent to their excited feelings, in loud expressions of praise to God. The Spiritualist of to-day would instinctively perceive, that around these two lowly females in that humble village home, were gathered an innumerable company of the heavenly host, taking up the strains of their song, and enclosing them throughout the infinite spheres.

How forcibly all this reminds us of another humble dwelling in the Far West; in the centre of western civilisation and religious life, 1848 years after the events aforementioned; where two pious, honest females, Mrs. Fox, and Mrs. Redfield (vide Mrs. Hardinge's "Record of Twenty Years' American Spiritualism") are in converse with an invisible intelligence, whose mysterious and persistent rappings had disturbed the quiet monotony of their daily life. What an awakening of the world was there again heralded! Can anyone fail to appreciate the parallel? Look at these two pictures, Elizabeth and Mary at Nazareth; Mrs. Fox and Mrs. Redfield at Hydesville. Has Spiritualism produced an artist whose soul, filled with the immortal significance of these two great events, would reproduce them on canvas in the persons of these humble representatives? In any case, who can fail to see in the light of the former the significance of the latter? Wherein do they differ as to their grand purpose? I appeal to the Priest, the Philosopher, the Theologian, and the Preacher to answer the question. Are not both events truly celebrated in the words, "The dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and to guide our feet in the way of peace?"

Does the orthodox Christian say to the Spiritualist—"Where is your Christmas, with its venerable and happy associations and experiences?"

The Spiritualist can promptly answer, "In the spirit-circle; in the daily experience of intercourse, and the daily enjoyment of communion with innumerable friends who have passed away from earth to a higher life, to happier associations and greater joys."

Not once a year merely, but every day, is this reunion of friends celebrated; not once a year, but every day the feast is spread upon the table, where friends, visible and invisible, gather and hold sweet communion; the song of the Spiritualist is not, "Auld Lang Syne," but "The ever present time"—the ever recurring gathering at the spirit-circle is always a time of holiday and festival, of congratulation, and rejoicing, and blessing; and we beg to assure the orthodox Christian that not even the pent up sentiments of cordiality, generosity, hilarity, and goodwill of a whole year, gush forth from his breast more freely or abundantly on the solitary day of Christmas commemoration, than they do daily in the celebration of communion between friends in heaven and friends on earth, which is realised in the spirit-circle. There, too, they are learning in the most practical sense, the christian principles of "peace on earth, goodwill toward men."

What I have said is according to my own ideal and experience, not necessarily according to the views or impressions of any other; but as a test of its general truth I would ask, Where will there be any celebration of Christmas by Spiritualists, unless the spirit-circle be included, and the heavenly kindred be invited to join in the celebration?

To return; the next manifestation is to whom? To a few humble shepherds, looking after their flocks in the field—"Not many rich, not many noble, not many mighty are called." So in Spiritualism: it has its rich, wealthy, scholarly, royal, and influential adherents, but it has wrought, chiefly through humble strata, and therein a sure basis has been laid. "He shall not strive nor cry, nor lift up his voice in the street." The Spiritual Kingdom, neither then nor now, comes with ostenta-

tion or display, but with quiet, unobtrusive, yet effectual working. Following the simple announcement of Gabriel that the great event he had predicted to Zacharias and Mary was realised, came the grand outburst of Heavenly Congratulation for the great blessing that had come to the world.

So it was at the inauguration of this Modern Spiritual Era. The ancient bard, in ecstasy of poetic inspiration, had sung, that at the creation of the world, "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy;" here at the birth of the Great Teacher and Redeemer of the world, the multitude of the heavenly host are singing their chorus of praise; but to those who can appreciate the full significance and purpose of Modern Spiritualism, it is no exaggeration to say that these two anthems are worthily blended in a still grander chorus of triumph, because it is the blending and culmination of all events in one grand and final Millennial Era. To show how that event at Hydesville, the first establishment of telegraphic connection between earth and the glorious realm where spirits dwell, was regarded by the spirit-people, I will quote from "Memoranda of Persons and Events," by Andrew Jackson Davis.

"Williamsburgh, March 31st, 1848.

"About daylight this morning a warm breathing passed over my face, suddenly waking me from a profound slumber; and I heard a voice, tender and yet peculiarly strong, say, 'Brother, the good work has begun; behold, a living demonstration is born!' The breathing and the voice ceased immediately, and I was left wondering what could be the meaning of such a message." Mr. Davis says, in a note, "Afterwards I learnt that at this time spirit-communication was established at Hydesville, New York."

II.—THE GRAND MISSION.

"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

"Glory to God in the highest." What does this mean but a manifestation of his glory to mankind? true knowledge of Him, His nature, His love, His benevolent purposes toward the human family? It is through this knowledge of the Divine Nature—the reflection of the glory, and beauty, and blessedness of the Infinite Spirit, in all the myriads of individual souls that this aspiration will be realised.

Long time mankind had been kept in darkness, having no true knowledge of God; their minds bound in cruel fetters of creed and dogma; kept in terror by false teaching, enslaved by idolatrous conceptions; but now the Sun of Righteousness had risen, and all who feared his name welcomed his illuminating and healing rays. The glory and warmth of the Spiritual Sun had been kept from them; they had been compelled to worship Gods of Jewish manufacture—false, cruel, and tyrannical—who needed to be propitiated and pacified by the shedding of blood. But Jesus, whose soul was illuminated with the light of perfect truth, made known the Divine Fatherhood; the Infinite Parent embracing all in the arms of Infinite Love; His heart yearning for the reciprocal love of the soul, born of His own boundless affection; and there was not a word, either in the angelic announcement or in the teaching of Jesus, about "the wrath of an angry God, and the need of the offering of a cruel and bloody sacrifice to save sinners from the vengeance of eternal fire."

And this is the grand mission to the world of Spiritualism, and these are the effects of its illuminating influence upon the minds of men. How sadly have men's minds been darkened and confused these many centuries, by the various gods they have worshipped, and how little have they known concerning the one True God, the Infinite Spirit of Wisdom and Love.

"Peace on earth, goodwill toward men." Here is a theme upon which we might dwell had we scope, but we must stop. I will only say, that true Christianity teaches the doctrine of peace, and of Human Brotherhood. Jesus lived, taught, and died for the realisation of this. This was the meaning of the angels' song, but how little has it been realised in the world.

The day, however, has dawned when war and strife, when enmity and selfishness, will cease, and when there will be peace on earth and goodwill among men. The spirit-world is labouring for it, and it will sooner or later accomplish its purpose. Let us all celebrate this Christmas season, by contributing our mite toward bringing about this universal reign of peace, love, and goodwill.

PROGRESS OF SPIRITUAL WORK.

PLYMOUTH.—PRACTICAL SPIRITUALISM.

The three developing circles now held at Richmond Hall on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings, are working very satisfactorily, and will no doubt in due course, yield the best results.

Monday circle: Several invisible friends spoke through Mr. Williams; this friend is improving rapidly in his development as a medium.

Tuesday circle: Mr. Paynter, trance speaker. Some very encouraging things were said concerning the pro-

gress of the Spiritual Movement, which we have so much at heart, as perceived by these disembodied friends. Herein is our incentive to perseverance; our own vision is limited, but the spirit-friends from a higher standpoint, and with clearer views can see farther than we; and when they assure us that this river of water of life is steadily pursuing its course, ever finding new channels, and making its influence manifest in various directions, we may well go on, being "steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work, knowing that our labour is not in vain."

Wednesday circle: Mr. Taylor spoke under control for the first time, with which we were much gratified. His guides expressed their great pleasure in having been able at length to find utterance for their thoughts through their medium, and their first words should be those of praise and thankfulness to God, that they were able thus to use their instrument; through him to join with us in praising God, to speak of the life beyond, and the happiness they were enjoying; to do something towards leading their friends on earth nearer to God; and to help on the good work of spreading the truth amongst men. Their earnest prayer was that their medium might be strengthened, so that they could use him; that they might be able to convince and encourage many. This friend possesses various mediumistic gifts, for in addition to these utterances in the trance, they were able to control his hand and write; and also to give instructive clairvoyant descriptions.

Sunday morning: An instructive address was given through Mr. Williams. In the evening the subject of discourse by the writer was "The Earthly Tabernacle and the Heavenly Home. At the circle that followed, the invisible host that surrounded us, manifested their presence in a very striking and impressive manner, through the various mediums present; and through Mr. Williams earnest and suggestive addresses were again delivered.

I would like to remark, that Spiritualists from any part of the country, who may be visiting this part will be heartily welcome to either of the circles held on the first three evenings of each week; they commence about eight o'clock.

OMEGA.

CLAIRVOYANT AND TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP.

Some trance mediums are not clairvoyant, but are controlled by spirits to deliver lectures, or give personal messages to friends. Others are clairvoyant when under spirit-influence in the unconscious trance, but in the ordinary normal condition are not clairvoyant. Yet another class of mediums are frequently clairvoyant in the normal state, but they may be also entranced and assisted by spirit-friends who impart to them information by showing them scenes, or writing words in luminous characters invisible to ordinary observation. Clair-audience is the faculty of hearing what the spirits say, and by it mediums and spirits may hold conversation inaudible to ordinary listeners.

One of the most extraordinary clairvoyants of the present time, is Miss Lottie Fowler, a young lady from America, just now residing at 2, Vernon Place, Bloomsbury Square. She is employed to the full extent of her strength in giving sittings to those who desire to communicate with that sphere of thought revealed by mediumship.

A friend called a few weeks ago, and left an agreement which had become the subject of a law-suit, asking if we could afford him any advice on the matter. In doing so he stated a few points as to its purport. Shortly afterwards we gave it to a lady who was about to have a sitting with Miss Lottie Fowler, only stating that it was a deed left by Mr. So-and-so, about which he desired guidance, as some point had led to litigation.

After Miss Fowler had passed into the unconscious trance, and her spirit-guide was in conversation with the lady, she, without saying a word, placed the agreement into the medium's hand. The spirit, controlling the hand, placed the paper at once to the medium's forehead, who commenced forthwith to deal with its contents, as if she knew all about it. The nature of the case was clearly gone into, and to a much fuller extent than had been communicated by the gentleman who left the paper. Further than this, the character of that gentleman was accurately delineated, but the most astonishing point was, that another party to the transaction, who had not been mentioned, and of whom we knew nothing, was thoroughly dissected, and his character and its bearings on the case laid bare.

When Miss Fowler reads this, she will find for the first time

hat she was the instrument of doing what has now been briefly described. In the sleep she said she could give much more satisfaction in the presence of the lady who brought the deed to her, than if the gentleman interested had come with it himself. This was because the lady who brought it was also a medium, and her presence aided the spirit; whereas a non-medium is a hindrance by the peculiar atmosphere given off by the nervous system. This is the explanation why some persons never get satisfaction in spiritual investigation, while others succeed continually.

Members of the Spiritual Institution and their friends are delighted with the thought-reading and clairvoyant seances of Mr. W. Towns, given at 15, Southampton Row, every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. The whole life of sitters is frequently described; their travels in foreign countries, and the varied and remarkable scenes they have passed through. Mental questions put by the sitters, are answered to their astonishment and also gratitude because of the information imparted. Mr. Towns is frequently asked to sit with sincere students of this subject in private, that its merits may be more satisfactorily investigated.

HEALING BY LAYING ON OF HANDS.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I have been suffering from a pain in my right knee for about 17 years. I have been a patient in Edinburgh Infirmary, and an out-patient at different times. I have tried Newcastle Infirmary; also, hearing so much of London, I thought I would try some London doctor. However, I went to London Hospital and, I am sorry to state, I have been a patient there for about five months—part of the time inside.

The doctors I was under in Edinburgh were Dr. Bell and Professor Annandale, both first-class doctors, those in London whom I had the misfortune of being a patient under were Drs. Ralph, Sansom, and Brunton. A friend of mine told me about Spiritualism. We had a reading of the MEDIUM; we found our way down to the Spiritual Institution, 15, Southampton Row. We saw Mr. Burns, and told him our case. He very kindly told us to go to Mr. Hawkins, 15, Red Lion Street, Clerkenwell, a healing medium, and that if he could not cure me Mr. Burns might find another who could do so.

When I went to Mr. Hawkins I had done no work for eight months. I attended his Sunday morning healing seance, and several times on week evenings. I was enabled to resume my work as a carpenter about two months ago, and very hard work it was. It tested the case most severely.

I am getting on well considering the length of time—17 years—I have been ailing, and I hope in a very short time I will be cured entirely. Doctors in hospitals term it disease in the spinal cord.—I remain yours truly,
29, Lett Road, Stratford, E.

JOHN ELLIOTT.

A REMEDY FOR CANCER.

To the Editor.—Sir,—At page 794 of your issue of December 16th, I read "Recorder" has a friend who underwent an operation for cancer in the breast, but does not heal properly. Can any of our readers suggest a mode of treatment?"

I know a Doctor, a Spiritualist, who has a remedy in the form of Plaster, which, to my knowledge, has never failed to heal a cancer. The plaster will be given GRATIS, and nothing is expected unless a cure is obtained.

G. DAMIANI.

29, Colville Road, Notting Hill, W., December 16th. 1881.

The Doctor Guide of O. Pawley, wishes to be in communication with the patient, whom "Recorder" speaks of.—6, Derby Street, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

R. L. Richardson, care of Mrs. Radford, 31, Dane Street, Nottingham, desires to advise "Recorder."

THE WORK AND PURPOSES OF COL. INGERSOLL.

The lectures of Col. Ingersoll have been largely advertised in this paper by believers in his sincerity, but some of our readers have wondered why we should give any prominence to a man who attacks popular religious notions, and laughs at "ghosts." Our reply is—Spiritualism means absolute freedom: ostracise no man because he does not think as you think. A further reply is—The human mind is finite, and the notions it has formed about religious matters are undoubtedly faulty; we ought, therefore, humbly to give a hearing to any man who will attempt to pick our views to pieces. But our reply of replies is—We know God and immortality to be Truth Eternal, and we have no fear of the results of criticism. Every shaking up of human thought must admit the ever-shining Light to penetrate men's minds. Here are Col. Ingersoll's views on his mission:—

"One of the first things I wish to do, is to free the orthodox clergy. I am a great friend of theirs, and in spite of all they may say against me, I am going to do them a great and last-

ing service. Upon their necks are visible the marks of the collar, and upon their backs those of the lash. They are not allowed to read and think for themselves. They are taught like parrots, and the best are those who repeat, with the fewest mistakes, the sentences they have been taught.

... Their congregations are not grand enough, nor sufficiently civilized, to be willing that the poor preachers shall think for themselves. They are not employed for that purpose. Investigation is regarded as a dangerous experiment, and the ministers are warned that none of that kind of work will be tolerated. They are notified to stand by the old creed, and to avoid all original thought, as a mortal pestilence. Every minister is employed like an attorney—either for plaintiff or defendant—and he is expected to be true to his client. If he change his mind, he is regarded as a deserter, and denounced, hated and slandered accordingly. Every orthodox clergyman agrees not to change. He contracts not to find new facts, and makes a bargain that he will deny them if he does. Such is the position of a Protestant minister in this nineteenth century. His condition excites my pity; and to better it, I am going to do what little I can.

R. G. INGERSOLL.

OUR LIFE HERE AND THE RESURRECTION.

THE CHRYSALIS.

Away, Away, see there it flies the bright and happy thing,
Tis not content to stay below, it must be on the wing;
It long has been imprisoned in its dark and ugly shell;
How glad its little life must be, how happy none can tell.
I watched it leave its Winter home, and meet the light of day;
I saw it flit from flower to flower, and now it soars away.
Its downy wings like radiant gems, shine in the Summer light,
I stand amazed to see the shell, and watch its tenant's flight.

I saw it in its hiding place, while Winter's storms are blowing,
And wondered if 'twere really dead, so little life 'twas showing.
Yet still I knew probation's day would surely end at last,
And then disclose the wondrous change, which had upon it passed.

But why not take away with Thee, thou beauteous Butterfly,
This very needful covering once, though now so sear and dry?
Or wilt thou shortly come again, and dost thou hope to dwell,
Before thou canst be truly Blest, within thy cast-off shell?

I know there's nothing left, but what a breath would blow away,

Yet true it is, this cast-off dress was needful in its day;
But will it needful be again? I think I hear thee say,
I'm living now, and never more shall need my house of clay.
And so I blow the husk away, its earthly use is done,
'Twas but the step by which it reached, its higher, lighter, form,

For it has never tasted life. I know its tenant gone
Was grateful for its loan so long; nor its decay will mourn.

Oh no, thou wouldst not, if thou couldst, return to it again;
To bid thee cleave to things beneath, would only be in vain.
Thou'rt not content to feed on leaves, how'er so green the tree,
But choicest fruits, and honeyed flowers—how glad thy life must be;

Thus will it be with me ere long, I too shall leave the ground;
When fetters of the flesh are loosed, 'twill leave "myself" unbound,
And I shall find far higher joys, upon that Heavenly Shore;
Thou'lt met thy like, I too shall meet my Loved ones gone before.

Such thoughts as these have filled my heart, when in the grave away—

I've seen committed to the dust, the Chrysalis of Clay.
Though they've been dear as life to me, no tear's been in my eye;

For I have pierced the gloom, and seen my "Living" friends on high,
Glad in their glorious Home of peace, glad in their beauteous Heaven,

No more uneasy in their bonds of flesh, for they are riven;
Yet mortals start and shrink from Life, the Life so oft-called death,
Striving to cling to earthly joys, even with their parting breath.

Strive, oh my soul, with all thy powers, those powers received from God,
That thou mayest find a Heaven of peace, the good man's sure reward.

Remember there's no death for thee, there's only death in Sin:
There's One who holds the good man up, with Him we're sure to win;

Yes, though the battle may seem long, and oft we tire and faint,
But victory crowns earth's closing scene to every earthly saint;

Our school-days in this little life, will soon be passed away,
And we, bright butterflies, shall leave our Chrysalis of Clay.

E. L.

MRS. HARDINGE-BRITTEN'S WORK.

By the desire of the friends of Spiritualism in the North of England, Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten announces that she is engaged to speak as follows:—

Dec. 24, 25, and 26—Batley Carr.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten's address is—The Limes, Humphrey Street, Cheetham, Manchester.

MANCHESTER and Salford Spiritualists' Society, have arranged with Mrs. Hardinge-Britten for two orations at the Mechanic's Institute, Princes Street (Athenæum not available), on the second Sunday in January, 1882. In the afternoon, at 2.30 prompt, Chair to be taken by Mr. J. Lamont, of Liverpool; in the evening, at 6.30 prompt, Chair to be taken by Mr. W. Oxley, of Manchester. For country people and friends, Tea will be provided at Trinity Coffee Tavern, 83, Chapel Street, Salford, at 5 o'clock.

GOSWELL HALL.—No meetings on Dec. 25. Resumed on January 1, 1882.

LADBROKE HALL, NOTTING HILL.—Sunday, Christmas Day—Circle, morning at 11 o'clock; afternoon at 3 o'clock; Mr. Wallace medium. Evening Circle at 7 o'clock.—W. HARLING, Hon. Sec.

QUEBEC HALL.—25, Great Quebec Street, Marylebone Road.—Sunday, Dec. 25, seance at 11 a.m., and 7.30 p.m., Saturday, Dec. 31, watch-night service, from 10 p.m., till 12.30 New Year's Morning.

OLDHAM.—On Saturday next, Dec. 24, a Sea Party will be held, in our Assembly Rooms, 176, Union Street, Oldham, after which an entertainment will be given, consisting of Songs, Recitations, Readings and Dialogues, by the choir and other friends. Tickets for the tea and entertainment, 9d. each, children half price. After tea, tickets 3d. each; tea on the tables at half-past 4 o'clock prompt.—JAMES MURRAY, Secretary.

DOMESTIC SPIRITUALISM.—In many families there are mediums, through whom spirits do many useful things for the family. A gentleman residing near London, has handed us a letter from a relative in Somerset, giving an account of healing performed by spirit-controls through the mediumship of the husband. Objects are moved by spirit-power, deceased relatives speak through the medium, and healing spirits alleviate illness by causing the controlled medium to breathe on the sick. A strong religious influence accompanied these operations.

BARROW SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.

Public meetings held in the Rooms, Cavendish-street and Dalton-road every Sunday at 6.15 p.m., and every Thursday at 7.30 p.m. Trance addresses on each occasion.

President: Mr. J. Walmsley, 28, Dumfries-street.
Secretary: „ J. J. Walmsley, 40, Brighton-street.

MANCHESTER ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Temperance Hall, Grosvenor Street.
President: Mr. Brown, 38, Downing Street.
Secretary: „ W. T. Braham, 392, Stretford-road,
Services every Sunday Evening at 6.30 p.m.

PLAN OF SPEAKERS FOR DECEMBER.

December 25—Mrs. Ainscoe, Bradford.
392, Stretford Road, Manchester. W. T. BRAHAM, Sec.

MANCHESTER AND SALFORD SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY.

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

PLAN OF SPEAKERS FOR DECEMBER.

December 25—„ Brown, Manchester.

Our Annual Christmas Party will take place on Monday, (26th inst.), at the Trinity Coffee Tavern, 83, Chapel street, Salford. Tea on the Tables at 5 o'clock. Admittance for Tea and Entertainment, 1s. each. A cordial and a hearty welcome is given to all.

Secretary: Mr. J. Campion, 83, Downing-street.

CIRCLE OF PROGRESS, COVENTRY.

President—Mr. J. Pickering, Electro Plater, Stoney Stanton Road
Secretary—Mr. H. Spittle, 69, Far Gosford street.
Meetings—Every Tuesday night, at 8 o'clock, at Mr. Pickering's.
Note.—The first meeting in every month is open to strangers, on application to the President, or Secretary. Friends are cordially invited.

KIRKCALDY Psychological Society, 13, Oswald's Wynd.—Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.

OLDHAM Spiritualist Society, 176, Union-street.—Meetings, Sunday at 2.30 p.m., and 6 p.m. Mr. James Murray, secretary, 7, Eden Street, Frank Hill, Oldham

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Committee of the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Spiritual Evidence Society resolved at their meeting, on the 18th inst., to dispense with Miss Wood's services.—W. C. ROBSON, Secretary.

Mr. Dales, 287, Crystal Palace Road, East Dulwich, S. E., wishes to form a select circle for a series of sittings with a well-known medium, for obtaining a knowledge of the higher Aspects of Spiritualism. The number is limited, and only thorough Spiritualists are wanted—"Investigators" and "Squirtists" not required.

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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 -alm on the bosom of thy God -lay to clay, and dust to dust Come they, when the shades of evening Jerish faith in one another Death is the fading of a cloud Earth is waking, day is breaking Eternal Source of light and life Far from mortal cares retreating Father, breathe an evening blessing Fether of all, in every age Floating 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 Hark! hark! from grove and fountain Hark! the songs of angels swell Hark! 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? Pence be thine, and angels greet thee Praise for the glorious light Praise God, from whom all blessings flow Praise to thee, though great Creator Prayer is the soul's sincere desire Sai its above hold sweet communion Shall we gather at the river She passed in beauty! like a rose Should sorrow o'er thy brow Sleep on your pillow Slowly by God's hand unfurled Soon shall the trump of freedom Sow in the morn thy seed Speak gently, it is better far Sprits 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 beauteous angel Welcome angels, pure and bright Whatever clouds may dim the day When fortune beams around you When I survey life's varied scene When in the busy haunts of men With silence only as their benediction When sorrow on the spirit feeds When the hours of day are numbness When the evening star is stealing When troubles overflow the soul With thou not visit me With sunshine always on his
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