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AND TEACHINGS OF

SPIRITUALISM.

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DREAMS.

A SERMON BY THE

VENERABLE ARCHDEACON COLLEY,

Preached in St. Peter's Cathedral, Pietermaritzburg,
Natal.

COLLECT FOR ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

O Everlasting God, who hast ordained and constituted the services of Angels and men in a wonderful order; Mercifully grant that as thy holy Angels always do thee service in heaven, so by thy appointment they may succour and defend us on earth; Per Jesum Christum Dominum nostrum.

"And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set: and he took of the stones of that place and put them for his pillows, and laid down in that place to sleep. And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the Angels of God ascending and descending on it."—GENESIS xxviii., 11, 12.

To understand a dream and the interpretation thereof, was one of the gifts of the ancients. We moderns are just a wee bit too conceited. We think our forefathers knew little or nothing. Railways, the electric telegraph, steam, commerce, and government by the will of the people, rather than the whim of kings, all contribute to render us a trifle too self-complacent.

Proud of our achievements, let us not unduly depreciate the wisdom of past times. It was wisdom of a peculiar sort, mysterious and strange, as must strike all who have travelled over the sites of the ancient civilisation of Egypt and India, and as I have so felt it when travelling in those eastern lands.

What engineer to-day would undertake to build the Pyramids, or cut out the monolithic temples of Elephantia or Karlee, or think to rival the Kootub at Delhi, the Taj at Agra, or Marble Palace at Lahore? We flatter ourselves about the Suez Canal; but at the time when the Pyramids were built there was a water-way from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, and I myself have traced the ancient bed of that canal from Alexandria to the Bitter Lakes, made long before the time of Moses.

The ancients were profound in many things that we have but a smattering of. Their descendants have simply forgotten more than we new nations of the earth at present know; much that we think we have for the first time just discovered, ten thousand years ago was patented and in common use. In material science we are scarcely abreast with them, while in psychological knowledge we are very far behind,

To understand a dream and the interpretation thereof; to have ocular demonstration of the existence of another life; to perpend the mighty problem of being, know its source, apprehend its springs, ken its secret working; these, and other things pertaining to the same study, were matters of every-day knowledge with the ancients.

The Hebrew prophets were the inheritors of this mysterious knowledge. They were gifted in the interpretation of Nature's secrets; in the interpretation of dreams; in the forecasting of events; in visions; clairvoyance; second-sight; seership. Hence aforetime prophets were called Seers (1 Sam. ix., 9):—"Beforetime in Israel when a man went to enquire of God, thus he spake: Come and let us go to the Seer, for he that is now called a Prophet was beforetime called a Seer."

Ah! but we are too sensible now-a-day to believe in such charlatanry, say many. Rather, should we say, too materialistic and gross to apprehend the finer points of existence, and rive the tissued veil that scarcely hides eternal things even from base temporal conditions. The age is Sadducean. The churches and sects disbelieve in angel, and spirit, and eternal world when the preacher leaves the pulpit, and our Bibles and Prayer-books are closed with the church doors on Sunday night. For, from Monday morning straight through the week, we toil and moil as though this life were the be-all and end-all of all things; this world the only real world; the preacher's being simply one of fancy and ecclesiastical romance.

So it comes that we are Materialists—not Spiritualists; having little spirituality of heart, and none of mind. Dreading to be thought superstitious we become pseudo-scientific, and talk an infinite amount of nonsense about known laws, forgetting the universe of unknown law waiting to be explored. Fearing to be thought credulous we become sceptical, and are practi-

cally atheistical. Mistrusting to be thought weak-minded we become hard-hearted. Obstinate to receive the testimony of the past, we are indisposed to listen with patience to much of Scripture, and dislike to accept the Bible when it treats of angelic appearances, spiritual interpositions, miracles, dreams, and their interpretations.

Almost we pity Jacob for his credulity, and have contempt in our mind touching the account of Jacob's ladder, and of the angels ascending and descending, and all the spiritual paraphernalia of the dream of our text; and, with a self-conceited snort, we cry humbug! bosh! charlatanry! stuff and nonsense! But our own wise Shakespeare says truly, "There are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

Methodically, earnestly, persistently we ought to interrogate Nature, and sift her secrets, and understand her laws. We should undoubtedly first seek for natural causes to account for physical effects. Spectrum analysis, chemistry, physics, mechanics, and all the exact sciences should be subpoenaed to aid us in our researches, and should be held authorised standards to assist judgment, and help us at arriving at a sensible conclusion on anything that puzzles us. But, at the same time, there should be no dogmas, or thought of finality, insisted on in our appeal to these things. That they can account for all that happens daily and hourly no one may affirm that has a reputation for observation and reflection to lose. The most inattentive must perceive that there is a factor in every transaction that the mere materialistic mind cannot grasp. It disturbs our calculation; it perplexes the chemist with his crucible, and the astronomer sweeping the sky for the next new comet; it disarranges the pretty dissertations of the scientist, and cripples with incertitude the mind of the theorist who boasts himself able to dispense with it entirely—this unseen factor—God.

You think you have all solid, not a bit of poetry in you, certainly no theology. God, Heaven, and the Angels are simply Church terms, having but the most apocryphal existence for you, so matter-of-fact and severely exact that you will not believe in anything you cannot weigh, measure, and ticket. No transcendentalism for you. You are practical—very; scientific—some. Yet, as a scientific fact, please apprehend that it is quite possible for another world, a second order of creation, to be in our very midst, and we be unconscious of it. For our natural faculties have limits. Visibility, for instance, is the merest accident of matter. How perfect for sight is the eye! and yet, how dead it is to things about us that the mind has knowledge of. What a merciful deadness, moreover, is this,—the deadness of the optic nerve to the caloric or heat rays of the sun! Ruin to the eye were instantaneous if placed for a moment at the focus of the luminous rays, which are only as one to seven of the dark heat rays. Yet, at the invisible focus of the obscure rays—heat rays sufficient at that determinate point to fuse metals to vapour, and melt solid gold—the unprotected eye might be placed with impunity, its humours being so wonderfully impervious to the intensest invisible heat. Yes, there are more things in heaven and earth—and earth alone, excusing heaven for a moment—than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

What philosophy can account for dreams? Medical men lean to the opinion that they come of bad digestion, or a weak state of the blood, or heavy suppers. We know some dreams do thus originate. But what, when men dream divinely, and give us glimpses of heaven enriching earth, by their dreams on the glowing canvass, or words in the epic poem.

There are dreams and dreams. Jacob's dream was of a nature manifestly that did not come of a late supper. St. Joseph being warned of God in a dream to take the young child Jesus and flee into Egypt, was a circumstance that clearly did not root itself in

natural causes. Of the dyspeptic sort was not the dream of King Nebuchadnezzar—the dream of the great image, which Daniel, the prophet, explained. For that could not be capable of state meaning, and spiritual explanation, which was of gross gluttonous origin.

"God speaketh once, yea, twice," says Job (xxxiii., 15), yet man perceiveth it not: In a dream, in the vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumbering upon the bed: Then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction." Scripture abundantly testifies that God spake of old in dreams; we cannot controvert the evidence that shows that dreams, much oftener than we think, are from other causes than simply natural or physical.

We would not be thought superstitious, for we are not. We would rather know one quarter of a thing than blindly believe the whole of it. We would rather understand what we can of God, than preach an unintellectual faith about Him.

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

Touching the dreams, therefore, recorded in Scripture, we would not waste a moment over them, did we not see a reason and proof for them, and apprehend somewhat their instructive and high philosophy.

Man has two natures, body and soul; two sets of faculties, material and mental; senses of the flesh, and senses of the spirit.

Man is amphibious to two states of being—has a double life. As the wings of a flying-fish are practically non-existent in its normal element, and are seen only when brought into play in the purer lighter kingdom of the air, when it leaps from the denser element of the kingdom of deep waters, so are man's higher faculties hidden, and their existence is unsuspected. But in fugitive moments, when some strange thought flashes through the mind, suggesting the idea that we have lived a former life, and had a state of pre-existence, a consciousness is developed, apart from the teaching of faiths and creeds, that our better self is in exile and temporary banishment from, yet heritor to, another life.

With half our faculties hidden, and the quick soul trammelled up with the enwrappings of the flesh—coats of skin—the multiplied earth individuality of a thousand ancestors, whose garments of flesh we wear—what wonder that many of the subtler phases of our being are for the time forgotten? From hybridity, and hereditary transmission, we may have just the look and glance of some remote progenitor; and, in the blue depth of the eye of that golden-haired, motherless little maiden, the sorrowing father may have pensive comfort, seeing in her eyes the eyes of his lost love.

But the spirit eye! observant and wakeful in dreams when the natural eye is closed, and dead to sight—the spirit eye such as Jacob had open to see glories surrounding that made him say, "This is none other but the House of God, and this is the gate of heaven." The spirit eye that Balaam had disclosed when he said (Numbers xxiv., 15), "Balaam the son of Beor hath said, and the man whose eyes are open hath said: he hath said, which heard the words of God, and knew the knowledge of the most High, which saw the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, but having his eyes open." The spirit eye which Elisha had when he saw Elijah's translation to the higher life in a chariot with horses of fire. The spirit eye which Elisha's servant was gifted with, when the prophet prayed that the young man's eyes might be opened to see the angel-host encamped round about for the protection of his master. The spirit eye that St. John the Divine had, when in the spirit on the Lord's Day he saw the apocalyptic splendours of the holy city of the heavenly Jerusalem, with its jasper walls, and pearly gates, and golden streets. The spirit eye! Let us not forget that, for it must be opened in all true dreams, such as these and that of our text.

The spirit eye? says the medical student, I have never seen it: I have dissected the human eye, and operated thereon; I have traced the optic nerve; I have laid bare the retina; I have analysed the vitreous humour, the crystalline humour, the aqueous humour, and determined their respective refractive powers. I have observed the convexity of the cornea, and the opacity of the sclerotica; measured the dilative extent of the pupil; scrutinised the iris; made search for the real point of sight; but never yet have I found your "spirit eye!" What proofs have you of its existence? Proof; none, my friend, for the clumsy instruments of your research, and your materialistic methods; but proof superior to that the scalpel and lancet may afford to those who apprehend that God would not have made the shell but for the sake of the kernel.

If you think it wise, go on and say your adverse say touching the spirit ear, for I affirm the existence of such as necessary to the divine dreaming of all prophets, and poets, and seers from youthful Samuel, when he said, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth;" or the prophet who, wrapping his face in his mantle, stood at the entering in of the cave, and listened to the "still small voice"; to the sacred Revelator, who heard the angel-harpers by the crystal sea, joined in the new song of the redeemed.

Say if you do not perceive the bad philosophy of your argument:—I have followed the auditory nerve; I have mastered the vibratory action of the tympanum; I have tested the muscles of the claviatore, and have tried to tell the myriad nerve-points that swing tumultuous to the faintest whisper, or the hundredth part of the softest note that zephyr kissed from the Æolian harp; but never yet have I detected the smallest trace of a "spirit ear!" No, my friend, perhaps not; but heaven detects a fool, when with gross means we would seek things refined, and court rudely delicate truths that fringe the angel-world and beautify the thought of a hereafter.

Perverse is the method that with bodily means would apprehend the soul, and with the flesh would grapple for the spirit. Nevertheless, the fact remains of the existence of these two faculties—active in dreams—of spirit-hearing and spirit-sight.

The wonders of natural sight are so astonishing; that the reverent explorer into its mysteries may easily conceive but a little extension of its powers that shall introduce us to a new world on the borderland of spirit. The inability of the most powerful microscope to see deep enough into God's wonders of creation to discover its secrets, teaches us that where sight ends faith begins; where demonstration ceases induction and analogy take up the thread, and philosophy pursues the fugitive fact into the realm of the transcendental.

Says Professor Tyndall:—Have the diamond and the amethyst, the ruby and the emerald no inner structure? Assuredly so. Yet what can the microscope make of them? Its highest powers cannot disclose the marvel of their making; the palace-architecture of their construction. For between the microscopic limit, and the true molecular limit there is room for the swing of empires; room for the Infinite to work undreamt-of mysteries. The first marshalling of the atoms, which, in their permutations and combinations, determine what the gem shall be, baffles the keenest power of the microscope.

If, therefore, natural vision, touching natural things, thus aided, cannot follow the Almighty into the secrets of their making and existence, how can we expect the eye, unassisted by faith, to discern the glories of God's spiritual kingdom? The spirit eye is the core, and quickening principle, and soul of the natural eye; as also the spirit ear is the root and attent-element, and soul of the natural ear. And it is touching these two inner powers of the soul that dreams do come.

'Tis what we hear and see that we remember, bringing dimly back to earth what elsewhere we have heard and seen, and then we say we have dreamed. For,

"Who knows how the soul may wander,
When the body sinks to rest?"

Swedenborg pours a flood of light on the intricate subject, when he says: Man has two memories; as, indeed, he has a double set of everything he possesses. So when the door of the inner memory is opened, the outer door is closed. Shut from the world of nature we are intromitted to the world of spirit. Back through the utter gate again to the temporal, the eternal begins to fade from our remembrance, and we have but fugitive glimpses of what has transpired beyond the range of bodily sense.

But sometimes a dream, forgotten at the time of its occurrence, is re-developed in the mind after the lapse of a considerable interval; shewing how the moving circumstances of the other life have left their impress on our inner sensorium, and suggesting that, though we may learn nothing, we really can utterly forget nothing that has even, but very transiently, projected itself on the sensitised conditions of either of the two memories.

The development of these latent pictures in eternity illustrates that dread Book—the Book of Life; and that other book out of which we are judged after death according to the deeds done in the body. Hence, says Shakespeare:—

"To die?—to sleep. To sleep!—perchance to dream!
For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause."

Pause not to act basely here to awaken to a hideous dream, and find the thought, inspiring our bad actions here, the fearfulest real part there of our transgressions, unexpiated in the dark beyond. For the motive ever rules the action. And the thought-world is eternal, whence we conceive the mind's creations and out-births, to be ultimated on this lower stage here in the act-world but as a passing dream. For,

"This world I deem
But a fugitive dream
Of shadows which are not what they seem;
Where visions rise,
Giving dim surmise
Of things that shall meet our waking eyes."

Jacob's dream was of this character. It was the opening of the eyes to the thought-world, to see in that world, where thought takes outward form, the things surrounding him, prophetic of what would be concentered here in solid fact—material—from causes there spiritual and non-material.

The Patriarch's dream, moreover, was representative, and his faithful heart was its interpreter. Jacob's ladder was an object-lesson to dreaming Jacob, suggestive of his future temporal advancement, high attainments, and ascent in life; his worldly success and prosperity in the scale of earthly things.

For us, however, his dream of this ladder, the top of which reached to heaven, teaches us the sublime truth of the existence of higher stages and degrees than this low level of sensuous, wearying, sickening animal life; through which, nevertheless, from the lowest rung of base earth-conditions we may ascend to the infinite heights of perfection in Deity. Ascending from the material to the natural, the natural to the spiritual, the spiritual to the celestial, and the celestial to the divine. Ascending from the mineral to the vegetable, the vegetable to the animal, the animal to the man, the man to the angel, and the angel up to God.

For, on the ladder were seen angels ascending and descending. Effluxes from the Eternal, descending to take on matter here, and become incarnated in human birth. For, says the Master: Except we become as little children we cannot enter into the kingdom of God. The highest archangel—the rapt seraph that adores and

burns, was once a child. Children! what are they but recent issues from heaven. "Their angels," says the Lord, "do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

Angels ascending! what are they? Spirits who have done their duty here on earth. For,

"Angels are men in lighter habit clad
And men are angels loaded for an hour."

Spirit-pilgrims are they from above, who have come through much tribulation, but nobly have fulfilled their mission in the world, and wrought, and toiled, in the garments of the flesh, and worked through the chrysalis of the body to detach themselves finally from matter; under the process of death being liberated from the dungeon of earth, and free to drop the mask of crude mortality. For,

"Tis only when they spring from earth to heaven,
That angels do reveal themselves to men."

So now they hasten to wing their flight back to their earlier home. For,

"Not in entire forgetfulness,
Nor yet in utter nakedness;
But, trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From Heaven, our primal home."

This is the grand teaching of Jacob's dream, and the mysterious vision of Jacob's ladder, namely, our descent from heaven at birth, and our ascent to heaven at death.

This, further, is its teaching: the different degrees, discrete and continuous, of glory in the eternal world.

Then, finally, is the sublime truth inculcated of angelic ministrations—"angels ascending and descending upon the son of man"—spiritual, blest go-betweens 'twixt the two worlds. Their access also, to us is shewn on the moral virtues that compose the staves of that mysterious ladder, that blessed ascent that lifts us from nature to grace—from matter to spirit—from man to God.

The access of heaven to earth is ever by way of human hearts, and the advent to us of blest immortals, as I have witnessed it rapt and awe-struck, is via man's mortal part and crude corporeality.

"Springs the immortal from the mortal!
Heaven is twin with earth;
Man is made the spirit's portal,
And the invisible hath birth."*

Angelic ministrations! Who dares deny the fact thereof with the Bible in his hand? Heaven's interposition on our behalf! spirit visitants! angel helpers! dreams directed, and godly ordered for our good! Who may gainsay our belief therein, under the testimony of Holy Writ, setting aside the testimony of the ages and the witness of modern times?

Blind bats, that we are, to nature's infinitely larger half, if thus ignorantly we do; and stupid pupils, most unapt to read the testimony of many things in heaven and earth, undreamt of in our philosophy.

Dream we not thus. Let us be awake to the solemn issues of life—life which is twofold; living vigorously animal, earnestly mental, prayerfully spiritual, so to have dreams worthy of being remembered yonder, when the sleep of this life is over.

Anticipating that time, would we have Jacob's dream? Then must we have Jacob's pillow:

"Out of our sly griefs Bethels to raise."

For in soul-exile, wanderers from our Father's Home, lost in the wilderness, under the discipline of sorrow, and in banishment from all things good, and true, and bright, and joyous, and happy; when a great horror of darkness rests upon the soul, and all within is desolate; when steeped in misery, tearful

* This verse is the preacher's, and was due to the occurrence of the most remarkable phenomena witnessed by him some four years ago, and recorded in various publications at the time in England, on the Continent, in America, and elsewhere. A volume of personal experiences of the extraordinary character referred to in the above lines is in course of preparation for the press.

watchers, our eyes are heavy with grief, and we sink to unrefreshing sleep from wearying sorrow—then, geographied around as we think with calamity, disaster, bereavement, and despair, we light sometimes on happy resting places angel-led (an's extremity being God's opportunity) and dream anew the gracious, holy, cheering dreams of hope—the Patriarch's dream—to awake as Jacob did, saying, "Surely the Lord is in this place and I knew it not; this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." For Bethel lies near unto us in affliction. Indeed, God is with, and the angels are, and heaven is wherever there is a good man struggling with adversity, or bent on doing his duty.

"Is this a dream? Then waking would be pain:—
Yea! rather let me die! or dream this Truth again."

TIDINGS from the ANTIPODES.

ECHOES FROM AUSTRALIA.

Mr. George Milner Stephen, the Healer, has been brought into unexpected prominence. Some time ago there was a serious railway accident at Jolimont, a suburb of Melbourne, in which Mr. Thomas Miller, a Solicitor, was injured. His arm required a sling, and for three months he had no power in the wrist. He sued the Government (who in Victoria have the management of the Railways) for damages. Previously to the hearing of the case he, by the advice of a friend, visited Mr. Stephen, to see if he could gain relief. The result was that Mr. Miller signed a testimonial on the spot to the following effect:—"I have this afternoon been instantly cured of all pain and stiffness in my dislocated arm by Mr. Stephen breathing into the joints, and I can now move my arm and fingers in all directions as easily as the others. I have put on my coat without assistance for the first time, and am carrying my sling away in my hand." It seems to have afterwards occurred to Mr. Miller that these admissions would prejudice his claim for compensation to at least a considerable extent. At all events he telegraphed to stop the publication of his testimonial in the newspapers, but was too late. He asserts that he did this because in a few hours the pains came back as bad as ever. He then paid a visit to his regular medical attendant, who called him a "d—fool." This probably did not make him feel better, and was certainly choice language to be indulged in by a respectable medical practitioner, and a Vice-chancellor of the University. Mr. Stephen was subpoenaed by the Government as a witness on the hearing of the case, which shews that Governments are not averse to patronising Spiritualism when it suits their purpose. In his evidence he stated that the patient, after manipulation, was able to stretch both arms to their full length over his head, and said excitedly, "Look here, what I can do!" The medical attendant stated in evidence that the plaintiff "could not raise his arm at right angles from his shoulder." On cross-examination, being pressed by the counsel for the Government as to the point of the putting on of the coat without assistance (to which two witnesses testified), he was evidently puzzled; he "could not account for it; he did not believe it;"—another illustration of the summary way in which medical men and scientists of a certain type dispose of matters beyond the reach of their philosophy. Counsel for the Commissioner of Railways politely insinuated that plaintiff had been badgered by his solicitor and medical man (whose fees amounted to over £200) into a repudiation of his testimonial, on account of its damaging his claim. The medical witnesses were of course not complimentary in their references to Mr. Stephen. One of them considered that "he (plaintiff) might probably believe himself to be without pain." What sort of pain can that be, which you can "believe yourself to be without." The evidence unquestionably established the fact that the plaintiff did receive great benefit from his visit to Mr. Stephen. The Judge, in summing up, relied (naturally enough, I suppose,) upon the orthodox medical evidence, the sum and substance of which was that plaintiff was not cured, because he could not be, at least, by Mr. Stephen's treatment, and the jury brought him in a verdict, though for only half the amount claimed.

Mr. Stephen, however, is not to be daunted, but still perseveres. At his last public healing (I understand from Mr. Terry) there was a remarkable case of successful treatment. An old man whose hand and fingers had for 18 years been cramped and drawn up, through the use of corrosive sublimate, presented himself. After some manipulation by Mr. Stephen, the man was able to partially unclose his fingers, and after further rubbing with magnetised oil, the fingers were gradually opened more and more. The old fellow was so overjoyed that he did nothing but "thank God, and Mr. Stephen." Mr. Stephen lately made application to the Hospital Committee

for liberty to heal the sick in one of their Wards. The Committee passed a resolution that the application was not worth entertaining.

The Lunacy Laws do not seem to be in much better condition here than in England. A Mr. Smith was some time ago incarcerated upon the joint certificate of his family physician and a certain Dr. Ifia. They "caught a Tartar" however; Mr. Smith was not to be trifled with, ultimately brought an action against Dr. Ifia, and recovered £500 damages. The other medical man was called as a witness on the trial, and was rather alarmed, as he said he would never sign another certificate, which counsel rather facetiously remarked was a pity. From the evidence it does not appear that the medical men maliciously aided and abetted the gentleman's incarceration, but signed the certificate somewhat heedlessly. When, however, the influence which the law enables the members of the medical profession to exercise over the happiness of those who may be considered mad by their relatives is contemplated, the sense of their awful responsibility should make them more careful and discriminating.

The settlers in the north country districts have been suffering from drought. The Roman Catholic Archbishop recommended prayers for rain to his congregations. The Episcopalian Bishop of Melbourne said that his clergy, if they desired it, could use the appointed form in the Prayer-book. For himself, he did not approve such a proceeding. He believed God had sent the very heavy rains of last winter, in order that the people might take the proper means to conserve the water for use in the dry seasons, and if they prayed for anything, it should be for FORGIVENESS for their careless improvidence in not taking the proper steps to do so. Professor Pepper takes yet another view, and has been impiously endeavouring to produce rain by some sort of "electrical kite," though his apparatus has not yet proved efficient. Here we have fanaticism, common-sense, and science severally represented. God has not, so far, responded to Roman Catholic petitions. Possibly he may agree with the Anglican Bishop. I have been wondering to what extent the Professor's method resembles that proposed somewhere in the writings of Andrew Jackson Davis, of producing rain by breaking the magnetic insulator, by an electric current sent up into the atmosphere.

They have just got through a small-pox scare at Sydney. There have been several deaths, a large number of people have been persuaded into re-vaccination, and the medical profession has netted a considerable sum. As a striking proof of the efficacy of their system, a policeman who had been vaccinated was perverse enough to take the infection, and I believe actually die. The sanitary condition of Sydney is not what it should be; the streets are very narrow.

The Anti-vaccination agitation has done good here to the extent of largely abolishing "arm to arm" vaccination. The profession have now set up several calves as reservoirs of "pure lymph," of which many have availed themselves. This may be termed "calf to calf" vaccination.

The Salvation Army are here, as elsewhere, an annoyance. The police sometimes interfere. A zealous constable stopped a procession, and asked for the name of their leader. "Jesus Christ," was the reply. The policeman was rather taken aback, but said "he wanted somebody as he could summons."

The interference of the Government with the Sunday evening lectures carried on under the auspices of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists at the Opera House, on the plea that the method adopted by the Association of recouping their expenses was an evasion of the law against charging on Sundays for admission to licensed houses (and they certainly did sail tolerably close to the wind), has brought into more active consideration than hitherto the advisability of building a Hall of their own.

Spiritualists naturally sympathize with Free-thought, not of course in the materialistic form which it so commonly assumes, but in that which claims the right freely to criticise and test by the standard of reason all mere dogmas, whether theological, social, or political. At the same time, they are called to a yet nobler office,—that of freeing the mind by the acquiring and disseminating of knowledge essential to man's true welfare concerning his real nature, his inherent spiritual powers, his work here, and destiny hereafter,—a field large enough in all conscience. This does not seem to be the opinion of Mr. Thomas Walker, erstwhile a trance orator. He is now avowedly a Free-thought lecturer, pure and simple. No doubt he has a right to choose his own sphere of labour, but it is certainly anomalous that Mr. Walker should represent on the platform a body of SPIRITUALISTS, while his advocacy of the Cause THEY have at heart is conspicuous in his lectures chiefly by its absence, the subject—even when it is mentioned—being "damned" with exceedingly "faint praise."

Mr. W. H. Terry, though a Fellow of the Theosophical Society, does not coincide in the views which other members (or, more correctly, the Occultists,) so sweepingly avouch regarding the source of Spiritualistic Phenomena. He has lately very effectively submitted to the leaders of that school certain points drawn from his own experience in relation to the question of spirit-return and identity not easily reconcilable with their hypothesis, even with the aid of those bold assumptions which, to those who lack the evidence, seem so gratuitous and extravagant.

Melbourne, March, 1882.

A. J. SMART.

HEALING BY LAYING ON OF HANDS.

LAMENESS FROM A BLOW CURED AT ONE OPERATION.

When we published a list of upwards of twenty London Healers, a few months ago, we overlooked Mr. Omerin, who has performed a great many extraordinary cures. The following is a recent case:—

Dear Mr. Omerin,—You ask me to describe the accident I met with about two months ago, and the result of your treatment.

In getting into a train hurriedly, I struck my right knee violently against the brass stanchion outside the carriage door; the knee cap was, I think, displaced momentarily, and for some minutes I suffered extreme pain, followed by a swelling of the knee generally, a lump on the spot struck about the size of half an egg, and a dull, steady, deep-seated pain, with great stiffness of the joint.

I had several years ago met with a very similar accident to the same knee, with the result that I was confined to bed (with leeches, blisters, etc., etc.) for two or three weeks, and to the house for some weeks more.

Fortunately I was on my way to see you at the time, and you operated on me at once. By that time (about half an hour after the occurrence) I was quite unable to walk, and could only limp with great pain and difficulty, the joint being then greatly swollen and inflamed, and so painful that I could not even bear a touch.

The result of about half an hour's treatment by you (merely holding your fingers pointed close to the knee, WITHOUT RUBBING OR EVEN TOUCHING ME) was that the pain had greatly abated: the stiffness had quite gone, so that I could walk and use the joint without the least trouble; and the swelling had slightly gone down. Nothing more was down whatever, and by next morning ALL pain and swelling had disappeared, the lump gradually abating during the next day till it quite disappeared, and I have not felt the slightest after-effects of any kind since.

I am very glad to be able to testify to your undoubted power, the more gratefully because when this accident occurred I was really very uneasy about it, remembering what I had gone through before. I did expect, knowing you as I do, some good effect from your treatment, but I did not expect it would be anything like so speedy or so thorough after only one operation.—Believe me, your very sincere friend,

Junior Army and Navy Club,

E. J. ARMSTRONG.

Grafton Street, W., April 15, 1882. (Captain Paymaster.)

Mr. Omerin visits patients, or he may be seen at his residence, 3, Bulstrode Street, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W., daily from Eleven to One, and Two to Five.

UNKNOWN QUANTITIES.

It is not generally known how much Lazarus or his family paid to Jesus for raising him from the dead; nor is it accurately stated, what was the exact fee charged to the widow of Nain for raising her son from the dead. My impression is that the only fee paid was gratitude or praise to Almighty God, and that even these were not very rigorously exacted. That poor persevering thing at the pool of Bethesda and several others, whom Biblical students will remember, were simply told to go and sin no more. But then, this is a commercial age; and the gifts of the spirit seem to have to take their place in the market by the side of any other gewgaws there may happen to be a demand for. I don't like it. And I don't think it's right, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." God demands purity and unselfishness of motive, mammon demands his pennyworth for his penny, and as much more as possible besides.

Is there no better plan we can strike out? I cannot bear to see my brothers and sisters subjected to such hard times. I love them, as might a brother whom they have nursed and taught, and suffered for, but what to do to mend matters I cannot tell. The age seems as yet too gross. GAMMA.

Wanted two gentlemen to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism at advertiser's own house—address G. H. Newton, 117, Lorrimer Road, Walworth, S.E.

THEOSOPHY.

PHILOSOPHY—ITS TRIUMPH AND DOWNFALL.

NOT A "VISION"—AN OBSCURATION.

Certain philosophers can tell us how all things came into existence: simply because they "came"—that is all; not altogether an original idea, for Topsey "grewed."

Ruminating on these wise notions, after having eaten an extra blade of spring cabbage to dinner, we fell into a kind of dose or sleep; that is, we became about 75 per cent. more stupid than we usually are, which is saying very little for the extreme degree of intelligence then reached. We suppose it must have been the result of our brassicivorous gluttony, but in that comatose state our mind became severely logical, as the mind of every philosopher should be. There was the *MEDIUM* only half-printed, and it was already Wednesday afternoon. But why not apply, thought we, the philosophical process advanced to explain the "constitution of things," to the constitution of the *MEDIUM*, which, as a "thing," is part of the whole, and must, therefore, in its domestic economy be regulated by similar laws to those governing the cosmos. This argument so thoroughly convinced us—and none but a fool could have remained unconvinced—that we determined to apply it to the construction of this paper, and, like a man of principle, we resolved not to touch another type, or lock up another forme! If philosophy was right, then the usual method of printing was absurdly wrong; but our reason fully was convinced that philosophy was right; and there was the precedent of the greatest scientific minds of the age to sustain us in this enlightened conviction.

With great self-satisfaction we reclined on this conviction, which had the effect of still further reducing our ordinary mental lucidity, other fifteen per cent. In this happy condition everything actually became "as clear as mud." One thing only troubled us (but philosophers must have some little cause for humility)—we could not perceive how printer's types came into existence. But the eternity of matter is an indisputable fact; and as type-metal is matter, to our mind it certainly did not matter, as to what was the matter of difference between this matter and other matter; or, for the matter of that, whether, as objective matter, it might not be allowed to give place to subjective matter—matter of thought, not matter of fact—as expounded in the doctrine of primordial germs, one of which no man ever saw.

Yes! that's it—primordial germs! an inspiration truly: why we must be in a trance—under influence. Well, never mind, we must begin our philosophy somewhere, and we will begin at promordial germs; ah, yes, Typo-genesis we will call it: every type is a "primordial germ," and from the plastic fluid and the matrix it has an inscrutable inherent power of indefinitely multiplying itself!

This is, in itself, such a remarkable discovery, that we might be content to stop here and rest upon our laurels—beg pardon, extra cabbage leaf: but no; we became still more self-complacent, and our intellectuality dropped down just another five per cent. We had become almost in complete "harmony with nature:" in short, there was little difference between us and so much dirt off the street. Now we could explain at length not only the wonders of our Mother Nature, but of type-setting. We saw these types—primordial cells—come in huge masses from the scenes of their "spontaneous generation." They arranged themselves into genera and species—each letter in a place by itself. When an article had to be set up in type, these letters, by a mysterious attraction, followed one another into lines, and these lines became deposited in long rows one after the other, and became columns and pages. These in due time assumed a "unity of purpose," and projected themselves violently under whirling rollers, from between which copies of the *MEDIUM* came floating like the leaves in the gentle autumn breeze.

We now saw the origin of intelligence, that has so long puzzled the sharp witted. The *MEDIUM*—a fortuitous concourse of atoms—was now, though of such matter-of-fact origin, an organ for the expression of intelligence. Men gazed on these insensible sheets and learnt what had been doing the previous week, not only in Manchester, Liverpool, and other distant places, but in the spirit-world as well! Here, then, came the logical climax: Intelligence, reason, spirit, and so forth, are simply notions, expressive of the equalities of Matter, which is, indeed, the omnipresent and omnipotent Everything!

Our triumph was complete. The remaining twinge of consciousness was to the effect that we were a huge caterpillar, luxuriating in a forest of gloriously succulent cabbages. The printer's devil cruelly ended our bliss by an unceremonious nudge, followed by, "Please, Sir, Dick and Tom are waiting for copy, and if you have none they will go home."

What a misfortune it was to thus return to the ordinary intellectual state: it spoiled all our philosophy.

MORAL:—When philosophers wake up to loftier conceptions of Truth, their mental wares become disgusting rubbish. The caterpillar does not like to be deprived of his cool, sappy,

cabbage-leaves, and fight his way into a condition of existence, the functions and aspirations of which are as yet beyond the wildest flights of his imagination.

MR. J. C. WRIGHT'S ADDRESS

AT GOSWELL HALL, APRIL 23, 1882.

(as reported in the *MEDIUM*.)

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—In the first place, will you kindly allow me to express my thanks to Mr. Wright and his spirit-guides, for the valuable addresses they have from time to time given, and also to those persons who have been the means of making the same more widely known by carefully reporting them.

There is, however, a sentence in the address above mentioned, which I should be pleased to have a little more light thrown upon. It is this:—"The great idea which nature sets forth is unity—no special selection of any individual for any grand special work as such. The hero is the production of his necessary environment, and it is by heroes that the development is carried forward. This life, then, being the basis wherefrom the spirit of a struggling unity takes its rise, it is the duty of all spiritual teachers to recognise the principle of an absolute spiritual equality, and bring man into harmony with a higher rule of right."

I have no doubt, Sir, that it is my obtuseness which prevents my properly understanding the foregoing observations, but as others may be, perhaps, equally obtuse and desirous of more fully comprehending what is intended to be taught, I think that probably, by your kind intervention, Mr. Wright's guides may feel inclined to enter into a fuller explication of their meaning.

Agreeing, as I do, with the old Latin precept, "*Deus gubernat mundi*," I take it for granted that he does so by some means; and it also is evident that there is a very great variety in Nature, and that every animal has a purpose or a duty to perform, according to its nature. Are there not also great varieties and conditions of men? In what consists the unity spoken of? and the "absolute spiritual equality?" If phrenology be true, the brain powers of men and women are of very different degrees of quality and power.

It is allowed that however great or clever a musical performer may be, he will be totally unable to produce good music from a broken and imperfect instrument. Now, if we take the soul or spirit to be the performer, and the brain the instrument, I can understand "an absolute spiritual equality" to be alike capable of producing good music or discordant noises in proportion to the perfection or imperfection of the instrument used. I can also conceive that the quality of the instrument (man) may greatly vary according to the quality of his ancestry from a physical point of view. Therefore, if Nature (or God) makes "no special selection of any individual for any grand special work as such," does such selection arise from a blind chance, or whence, and in what manner, is the government of the world conducted?

I have read that if the father and mother of Napoleon the Great had never met, Napoleon would never have been born, and hence all the great changes in the world for which he was accountable would never have occurred. And again, had Christ never been born, where would now be our boasted Christianity. I am inclined to think that GREAT men are duly prepared and commissioned for GREAT occasions, by some high and intelligent power, and not solely by a fortuitous combination of atoms or circumstances.

Touching the question of "an absolute spiritual equality," may I ask what definition would the guides aforesaid apply to the word "spirit." In reading various authors upon the subject, I find the words "soul" and "spirit" appear to be applied interchangeably, although one author means by "spirit," what may be called a "spark of the Divine;" whilst the word "soul" is applied to "the spiritual body," which is acted upon by the accompanying and vitalising "spark of the Divine," and "vice versa." I think it would be well if Spiritualists could come to some definite agreement as to which sense each word should be used in.

Apologising in anticipation for allowing me to occupy so much of your valuable space, allow me to remain

ARCANUS.

RELIGIOUS AND THEOLOGICAL USES OF SPIRITUALISM.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—I thought that perhaps the following scraps might be of interest.

I have been often asked: What good can Spiritualism do? and I have as often replied: What good can it not do.

It assures us that there is a land beyond the River and a life beyond the grave, and there can be no doubt that seldom has there been so much need of such an assurance as at the present time. Educated people are everywhere becoming more and more agnostic in their ideas, and less and less satisfied with the proofs of Immortality furnished in the Bible; and, indeed, we cannot blame them.

What astonishes me is that ministers, instead of laying hold

of Spiritualism in this storm of unbelief, should cast aside this their last and only hope.

They would have us believe that what proved that Christ was of God, proves that Spiritualism is of the devil; and they would also have us believe that evil spirits have now the monopoly of communicating with men, although the good ones had it 1800 years ago.

Has, then, evil prospered? No! it cannot be; evil cannot prosper and overcome good.

What good can Spiritualism do? It points us ever onward, ever upward, teaching us to do our duty.

It dispels the myth of a heaven in which we do nothing but sing psalms, or of a hell in which, because in conformity with our natural disposition, we suffer never ending punishment.

How can those who quote the words: "God is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works," believe in such a thing?

What pleasure could a good man find in heaven if he knew a dear friend was suffering eternal woe in hell?

No! no! It cannot be; such notions can only arise from mistaken ideas of God, and show how little those who uphold them can comprehend his greatness, and goodness, and love.

What good can Spiritualism do! It can dispel mistaken ideas of Christ, and overthrow that system that makes him their God.

It can show us that he is not God the Son, but a Son of God.

It can dispel the absurdity of God becoming flesh and offering himself up a sacrifice to satisfy his own attribute of justice.

It can show us the teachings of Christ in their true form. It tells us that our duty is to love the Lord our God with all our hearts, with all our minds, with all our souls, and our neighbours as ourselves.

How the deification of Christ came about it is easy to see. The early Christians, on the death of Christ, naturally prayed to him as a mediator, then they began to regard him as a God. This praying to him as a mediator is shown by the apostle when he says:—

"There is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus"

The time is coming when Spiritualism will dispel these myths, and God hasten that time. That it will come I know, for great is the truth and it will prevail. IOTA.

PROGRESS OF SPIRITUAL WORK.

PLYMOUTH.—RICHMOND HALL, RICHMOND STREET.

There is now a noble band of intelligent earnest workers identified with the Cause at Plymouth, and their deep interest in the work, guarantees that in the temporary absence of Mr. Ware, the usual circles will be held, and that they will be carefully and prayerfully conducted. I learn by letter that the service on Sunday evening, April 23rd, was conducted by our able friend, Mr. R. S. Clarke. The subject was, "God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," etc.; being an examination of the popular dogma of eternal punishment, in the light of the Bible, Spiritualism, and reason. My informant says, "there was a good congregation which entered heartily into the whole service."

SECOND WEEK IN LONDON.

I was unexpectedly detained in the Metropolis during the whole of the second week; this, however, afforded me opportunity of intercourse with many friends whom I desired to know and meet; of coming into contact with mediums, and of noticing the kind of work that was being done in private circles.

On Monday afternoon I was privileged to have further experience of Mr. Towns's remarkable clairvoyant and other powers, being kindly invited to visit him at his house, 161, Manor Place, Walworth Road, S.E. In a striking symbolical picture, my whole life, career and circumstances were presented to view, and I derived much satisfaction from having much that has been and is mysterious to me, explained. I recommend friends visiting London to call on Mr. Towns, when they may confidently expect to hear much that will be useful to them. On Monday evening, a circle was held at the Spiritual Institution, at which there were various interesting features.

On Wednesday evening, a remarkable sitting was held at the Spiritual Institution. "Ayah," Mrs. O's Indian guide, to whom reference has been previously made, conversed in her native dialect and also in broken English, with four gentlemen from India—two of them being coloured natives, and the other two English residents in that country. Although her dialect was imperfectly understood by them on account of the variety spoken in different districts, yet by her quick and ready replies to all their questions, it seemed evident that the control understood what they said; occasionally two would be speaking to her at once, but she was not in the least embarrassed, but replied to one and the other with the utmost readiness. The medium is a native of Devonshire, totally uneducated; and

unable herself to speak a single syllable of any foreign tongue. All present seemed much gratified, and the only regret was that there were not some one from the part of India whence "Ayah" came, who would perfectly understand her language. It is not unlikely that steps will be taken to bring this about; as the gentlemen referred to seemed deeply interested in the case. There was also present at this sitting, Miss Young, a young lady medium of superior gifts, amiable spirit, and highly cultivated utterance; and the entire company were deeply interested and gratified with the clairvoyant descriptions, and instructive encouraging addresses given through her. On Friday, I had the pleasure of attending a most profitable sitting at Barnsbury, N.; Mrs. O. being the medium. My final sitting in London, was held on Sunday evening at the residence of Dr. Mack, where I had the pleasure of meeting several persons of note. Through Miss Houghton, who has been for some thirty-eight years a speaker and healer in the Movement, addresses were given by illustrious personages both ancient and modern. OMEGA.

SPIRITUALISM IN MANCHESTER.

To the Editor.—My dear Sir,—Progression is a tangible fact with us. The slow pace of the old stage coach is giving way to the more potent power of steam. The sing-song method of bygone times is being transformed to a spirit of energy commensurate with the times. The power of unity is more developed with us than has been for some time past, and with this principle the charm of work becomes a sense of pleasure. Our meetings are gradually becoming filled, and the use of a little extra printer's ink has been induced in order to set the minds of the public on the "qui vivi." Our honoured friend Mrs. E. H. Britten, helped by her earnest partner in life, have and are doing what they can to lighten our burdens and make our path more sunny and ambrosial. Work is the need of the hour, and with earnest and energetic leaders, the Movement down here will soon be a glow, and the snubs of the ignorant, and sneer of the professors of good principles become dimmed by a purer ray of philosophic truth. Silently amid the calm reflections of the circles are the seeds being sown, publicly amid the inspiring eloquence of the spirit-powers the mind of the people is becoming moulded to the sense that our meetings are neither conjuring entertainments nor scenes of sectional strife. The broad spirit of a "charity commendable" is one of our most honoured institutions, and though we differ, and entertain like all men individual opinions, these become very much subordinated to the good of the whole. The home circle is the class-room to progression; the conditions pertaining to good development finding its baptism there. The communion of soul with soul,—spirit with spirit—must perchance secure some wise end; whilst wrangling, however simply done, produces an abyss wherein true development is bound to stumble. We must have more circles if we are to secure greater good, and in those circles we must insist upon conditions being strictly kept, and to "be not weary in well-doing, as we shall reap if we faint now." We are about to establish a circle down here for "healing purposes." A Committee have been formed to choose suitable sitters, and we trust our spirit-friends may be there to inspire them in their choice. Is it thus that harmonial influences shall predominate? Let wisdom aid them, and the sympathies of friends follow them, and should they ultimately fail, there will at least be this consciousness that they failed in trying to do good. LYSANDER.

The Committee of the Manchester and Salford Society of Spiritualists beg to announce that they have secured the services of Mrs. E. H. Britten, for a further term of two months, viz., May and June, to lecture in the Mechanic's Institution. They are also happy to state, that the lectures given by this talented lady, have been fairly attended by an intelligent audience, many strangers having expressed the utmost satisfaction at the able manner in which the most profound subjects are treated.

The Committee, however, wish to point out, that it is only by the united efforts of all concerned in spreading these grand truths, that the expenses incurred can be met; therefore, they ask each individual to consider him or herself responsible for the success or failure of the undertaking. The meeting on Sunday week was, perhaps, the largest spiritual gathering known for some time in Manchester; between six and seven hundred being present. This grand success was the result of Mr. F. A. Binney's and his friend's generosity in going to the expense of placarding the town with large posters, announcing Mrs. Britten's lectures, apart from, and independent of the Society's advertisements. E. M. WHYTE, COR. SECRETARY.

RECIPE FOR WHOOPING COUGH.

Mr. Wootton hands us the following with the request to make it public:—

Oil of Almonds; Syrup of Poppies; Syrup of Violets;—pennyworth of each mixed together. Give a child of 4 years about half teaspoonful when the cough comes on; give less or more according to age.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF THE MEDIUM For the year 1882 in Great Britain.

As there will be 52 Numbers of the MEDIUM issued in 1882, the price will be—

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

The MEDIUM is sold by all 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, MAY 5, 1882.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Archdeacon Colley in a note to his sermon intimates that he is preparing for press a volume describing spiritual phenomena that have come under his observation. His tract reprinted from "Human Nature," reporting the materialisations that came from the side of Dr. Monck in the light, is now out of print, so that the new and larger work is actually called for. It will be looked forward to with interest.

A.T.T.P. truly says that he sends the Control printed this week in response to an offer which we made him. Perceiving that he was without a means of communicating with the public, and knowing his great interest in this matter, we gladly placed a portion of these overcrowded columns at his disposal.

As to the merits of controls, we regard them as matter for profound study and investigation. That the form in which they find expression is largely made up of the mental furnishings of the medial sphere we are thoroughly convinced. Is there not an unseen individuality operating near the bodily presence of some of us, in which under certain conditions controlling spirits, themselves, become controlled? Then, that which we would express finds expression through the operation of the medium's organs. This must needs be so in all cases—but in degree—for the spirit is wholly dependent on what it finds in the earth-sphere for its means of making itself felt thereon. Our grand aim in this communion should be spiritual truth; not tests of identity; then spirits would have even greater freedom to identify themselves. The Control this week is rich in teachings, rendering it valuable on its own merits.

Facts do not seem to indicate that a knowledge of the future life, merely, reconciles a man to death. Man's relation to existence must not be confounded with his intellectual conception of it. By overlooking this distinction, much nonsense is talked as to the preparedness for death caused by spiritual manifestations. It is not on the external mind, but on something more interior that the lever is placed, which hoists the Soul into spirit-world at death. Therefore, many die quite resignedly, who are regarded as ill-prepared for the change, and whose deaths are untimely. Others, again, who have studied spiritual philosophy abundantly, are still eager for more of the same kind of succour in view of death. Why is this? Some souls, irrespective of moral status or intellectual grasp, seem to be less attached to physical existence than

others. This phrenology proves. At the same time we do not undervalue spiritual evidences, though their existence does not alter a man's nature.

At nearly the same hour we received the communication through Mr. J. C. Wright and the Control from A. T. T. P. We print both. Mr. Wright's control does not purport to come from "Emerson," but it is an eloquent and able tribute to the memory of the Sage of Concord.

Mr. E. W. Wallis writes from Liverpool: "I landed on Saturday after a very pleasant passage, and was warmly received by Liverpool friends. I am ready for work." The last sentence has a healthy ring in it. We wish all spiritual subjects had some productive occupation, and be enabled to use their gifts at reasonable times in their own districts, and thus save Spiritualists the heavy tax paid for railway fares. In a proper centre such a man as Mr. Wallis could do a deal of good and be happy and independent. It is "work," not talk that must redeem man. It is a new social state, in which each one earns his living—not a new philosophy—that the weary heart of the people pines for.

Mr. A. J. Smart, Melbourne, says in the course of a private letter: "I am glad to see that the MEDIUM holds its own so well. The article by 'Alcyone' on 'The Magnet' in your issue for Jan. 27th, is really excellent, especially in its bearing upon Materialisation phenomena. It is by illustrations, such as this, drawn from physical nature, that the mind is helped to climb up to a realization of the spiritual phenomena, instead of being left in sheer bewilderment. The article is most suggestive throughout. 'Alcyone's' theory that the force of Magnetism is 'intelligent to a degree,' is one that finds an echo in my mind. I hardly believe in 'blind' forces, as they are called. It is we that are blind."

As we expected, the lovers of music express interest in Mrs Weldon's compositions, such as she sang so sweetly at the Celebration. Her depot is at 23, Oxford Street, London. An advertisement appears in another column.

"Geozonic Spheres"; a very interesting communication from Mr. A. Duguid, on Clairvoyance; a bulky essay by Mr. MacDowall; a paper from Mr. Bengough; another article from Mr. J. C. Wright, and other matter await insertion.

GEORGE FOX.—"We obey the law, for it offers us this alternative—the freedom of our bodies with slavery of conscience; or, imprisonment and free consciences: and we chose the latter."

HOUSE AND HOME.—The second monthly part of this interesting and altogether useful weekly, bears on its cover the portrait of Mrs. Surr, so famous for her championship of friendless and much abused children in public schools. Till we read the article which accompanies, we neither knew Mrs. Surr's merits as a woman, nor the real claims of her contention in respect to the school cases with which her name has been associated. It says little for the practical morality of the times, that systematic cruelty to helpless children should be officially hedged round and protected, and that the true humanitarian woman who would remove abuse is so persecuted and misrepresented that her true character is an enigma. We cordially commend these monthly parts, 6d. each; they contain articles of permanent value and deep interest; each weekly number contains a portrait. There is also a continued tale.

QUEBEC HALL, MARYLEBONE ROAD.—A rather difficult subject engaged Mr. MacDonnell's audience, on Sunday evening at this useful little Hall. "The God Idea" was examined and traced through the popular exoteric idolatrous forms of belief, to the priestly higher conceptions. The idea was also traced through the Bible from that given in the first chapter of Genesis, to the lofty spiritual idea taught by Christ, showing its gradual development. A very severe critical examination was made of the second chapter of Genesis, proving different authorship from that of the first chapter. In the conclusion, however, the paternal character of God was enforced as the highest and best ideal yet offered to man. An instructive debate followed in which a disciple of Comte, and several representatives of sceptical views took part, and were ably answered by the lecturer.

Mr. T. M. Brown will lecture at Blackhill on Sunday, and hold private meetings for a few days. All letters up to Tuesday, to be addressed—care of Mr. J. Hardy, Engine Sheds, Consett, Co. Durham; from Tuesday till Thursday—care of Mr. E. J. Blake, 49, Grainger Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Mr. Brown will go South soon. Friends who wish to secure his services, had better arrange early to save time and prevent disappointment.

HOW THE WORK GOES ON.

Something has been urging me for weeks past to write in the MEDIUM about the work here, but I thought I would let the Celebration over first. Now it is within an hour of going to press, and I can't screw courage up to say much.

I may say that I am too much ashamed of the facts to make them known; and my shame chiefly arises from being aware that the facts are already known to many, but they ignore them. I am put forward as a Spiritualist, and its truth and its honour are largely in my keeping: but when I look at the circumstances in which Spiritualists allow the work to remain, I see neither truth nor honour to protect.

I print column after column of gush about benevolence, charity, love, progress; and Spiritualists are supposed to be promoting these goody-goody things. How do they do it? Is the galling serfdom and subordination of the individuals, who put these sentiments in print and give them to the public, justifiable?

If I could give you a diary of one week's work it would be clear. To begin with Sunday: much of Archdeacon Colley's sermon was set in type that day: three of us hard at work. Every day since then one or other of us have been close at work from six in the morning till after one o'clock next morning. When the work is thus done, paper has to be bought—we can't take that out of our membranes—and when the paper is finally printed, stamps have to be procured to post them. It is not our fault when the MEDIUM does not reach you regularly.

Now what do we get for all this? Nothing; it is all done free of charge. My wife and I earn our own living by personal services to those who require them, and we are quite independent of the Spiritual Movement. Not a farthing of what has been contributed to the work, has been a personal advantage to us.

There are good kind friends who have helped; God will not forget them. I feel so thankful for health. It is wonderful after 36 and 40 hours continual labour, one can stand the indignities and importunities of those who have small claims on us for money. But we have found the public kinder than some of our Spiritualists, from whose action much of our trouble has arisen.

When one has given life he can give no more.

J. BURNS.

Spiritual Institution, 15, Southampton Row, London, W.C.
May 4, 1882.

OBITUARY.

CAPTAIN FAWCETT.

Early in March there passed away, at an advanced age, at Norwood, Captain Fawcett, who for many years took a great interest in Spiritualism. His daughter, Miss Fawcett, who passed away some years ago, was a wonderful writing medium, and through her hand were written several volumes: "The Angel's Message," "Ecce Homo," "Divinum Humanum," etc. As an historical fact we may observe that the first work bearing our imprint, and published at the Progressive Library, Camberwell, was "Primeval Man," a volume of Miss Fawcett's mediumistic writings. These works contain many ideas just now being more popularly recognised. These early pioneers did a service to the Cause which it is impossible to estimate, and to bear their boldness and devotion in loving memory is a simple duty.

A. E. HUNTER.

We much regret to learn that our well-beloved contributor, "Cambor," has passed away. He was a B.A. of Jesus College, Cambridge, and only twenty-five years of age. He was greatly devoted to moral and humanitarian studies, and was a young man of much promise. He seemed to over-work his brain, and gave himself little youthful relaxation. He caught a cold, which settled down into permanent hoarseness, and ended in lung disease. No doubt his constitution was defective. He, however, though young in years, was ripe in thought and moral purpose, and may have laid up treasures in the Land of the Immortals, as an eternal inheritance. Though removed from our sphere, he is not the less a lover of, and worker for, humanity.

The Rev. C. Ware left London on Tuesday, and reached his home near Exeter safely. He is much gratified with his experiences in London.

THE SPIRIT-MESSENGER.

A CONTROL RECORDED BY A. T. T. P.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

You kindly offered to insert my communications, if I should send them. As I considered that the offer was really meant, and, as I believe we have each in our own way the one desire of propagating the truth of a movement which will be really universal, I ask you to find room for a Control received within thirty-six hours of the spirit passing from Time to Eternity.—I have the honour to be, yours obediently, A. T. T. P.

"RALPH WALDO EMERSON."

The Sensitive, under control, spoke as follows:—

Three score and nineteen years: a good ripe age. In my solitude, a chosen solitude, I heard continually of you: sometimes directly, at others indirectly. Perhaps this was accorded to me on account of that mutual knowledge of our own natures and destiny. There was a time when I looked on man's eternal punishment in an agony of fear; but the same kind friend that has guided you, took hold of my trembling hand, and clearly explained to me, that in these horrors there was nothing to apprehend, and that they were but the creations of man's own fancy. Then I answered him: "Take from me my veneration of sacred lore, and then you must answer (for I shall have no other authority) as to 'Whence am I: To what system of creation do I belong? Am I the child of an ever-changing evolution? or am I brought into being by an omnipotent and intelligent Power?' If you deny sacred lore in one particular, you weaken the whole; therefore, answer me thou unseen one, for if I can believe in you, it must be from you that I must know my destiny: this terrible but true ending of all men: this remorseless leveller, who reduces the most powerful, as well as the weakest, and lays them down side by side. I am anxious to dive into truth, and courageous enough to meditate on the inevitable. I admit that Christianity, or the New Revelation, has placed a dark impenetrable barrier between man's consciousness and his future: it has made of death a dreary and mysterious prospect: it has set men thinking in opposition to one another, and has divided even members of families into sects." And then came the proof to me through your labours, and through my own communications personally received, of the conscious identity of the future. May God enable every thinking man to calmly and clearly acknowledge the blessing of reason. Let their minds revert to the past when intellectual giants, long before Christianity, made the solemn mystery of immortality plain and easy; and many have since regretted the newer revelations, which have indeed proved a troublesome creditor on the time and attention of millions. I know that you realise, that in the happy quiet retirement of my latter days, I of all men could possess myself of the valuable truth, which it has become your duty to disseminate.

Here I said, "There is no difficulty in recognising who the Controlling Spirit was: it is Ralph Waldo Emerson. The Control said:—

Intuitively you recognise me at once: I can assure you your labours have given to Ralph Waldo Emerson some of his greatest consolation. True, you aided me in many things, more especially in some of the series of the last of my literary labour, and again I can claim sympathy with you because I had your guardian spirit* in my thoughts when I wrote "Man the Reformer." All happy name for my home, Concord, Massachusetts: concord reigned in my home: perhaps it is but fancy, a sigh moves the bosom of many who know not this concord, and who miss their home comforts, being driven elsewhere to seek for them, but never in the course of my long life did I ever indulge in personalities, or in any attempt to describe the unhappiness of others: enough for me was the happiness reigning around me.

I have heard your opinions, and heard them respecting the Bible, and were I to repeat your words, they would amount to this: Your opinion is, that the Bible is the grouping together of unconnected controls of volumes of ancient spiritual history: that there are many parts worthy the closest attention of an intellectual mind, but that there are portions that should be obliterated and forgotten; portions, that fill the heart with horror at the depravity of some of the writings, and portions that would cover the pure matron's cheek with a blush of shame. Now you have long derived from the ancient Philosophers, that which the Christian denies them,—their knowledge of the pure information, which the Bible contains. The towering form of Socrates has stood in the room on your right, and repeated verbatim that which is contained in his works,† and what he said then, is literally true to-day and unaltered in its reasonable sense: "Although God be unseen, it is plain, that he

*Thomas Paine.

†He must mean Plato's works: Socrates has left no written works.

exists." Now here is an unqualified admission long before the New Revelation. Here is his next admission: "He is worthy of worship; he gives us reason; for man is his particular care." Now there are three assertions, given forth in the truest spirit of philosophy, whilst all around him were given up to idol worship. When his most intimate friends, pupils, and others wished to know, and asked—"Of what form is God?" so that they might worship Him in form, he said: "Can the eye of man trace the course of the raging wind?" This was the ready answer. "What is there, that man should know so well as his own soul, which animates and moves the body at will: Can the eye of man see his own soul? You ask me to give a form of God, of such a God, Who of His will formed all worlds; he has made Himself seen through a series of endless wonders, even that the eye of man cannot see Him, so his imagination conceives of Him." And yet I have heard my brother collegians of Harvard University gravely proclaiming that to them the life of Socrates was a problem, and death an ever-anxious perplexity, and futurity a riddle, an unsolved enigma. Socrates did with a pledge on his lips, to his friends saying: "Good by, but not for a long separation, only a temporary absence, and then we shall be friends again." Did this seem like living in doubt or following the intricate path of an unsolved enigma? His name, which I have chosen to cite, is equalled by many of his predecessors and also his successors; and yet we are gravely assured, that the knowledge of these philosophers of old is excelled by that of the simplest Christian, who has made himself acquainted with the justification by faith, and that having this before him, he has entered deeper into the mysteries of God, deeper than any philosopher of them all; yet, thank God, there were thinking men in the past, who had found depth in religion and in secrets far beyond human soul's penetration here on earth. The highest angels in heaven know not life's ultimate.

Again, there is much said as to the efficacy of the Christian faith on the death bed. This is undoubtedly the case amongst the middle and lower classes; but, at the same time, will the Christian tell the Scholar, that there is no conquering the fear of death outside the belief in the justification of souls which God gave through the blood of an innocent man? I say that there are millions, who believe in One Great Undivided Power, and are known as Unitarians, and of whom I once was a pastor, and you once a believer; and amongst these would the Christian say that there are none who meet death calmly and courageously? God forbid, that this assertion should ever be made; for the knowledge of immortality is God's great revealed secret. It is that alone, which can take away the fear of death. All nature is proclaiming self-mortality; all things die in the season to live again clothed with new and more beauteous foliage; and this is to comfort man in that hour, when he needs comfort most; for it is idle to say but that even the boldest man at its approach, trembles at the great gulf of change that death presents. Men do not bring these things closely round them: the band on the hat, or on the arm is but an outward show. It is self-preparation that is needed; there is nothing else that will answer. Several great minds have tried to bring the thoughts of their own death very close to them. Sickness in a vast Metropolis, like this, is all around, and death and the physician become intimately acquainted, and the dead are buried out of sight of the living; and yet there is no distinct impression on their minds, that soon the world will be nothing to them too; and that the sight, the sound, the occupation, and the pleasure will still belong to others, but not to them.

Now you are the actual possessor of unerring light and knowledge respecting the soul; are you doing all that you can possibly do to arouse your fellow-beings? I was a writer of essays, and from my home at Concord, Massachusetts, I sent to many distant States my thoughts and opinions; sometimes at my own cost (much more often than the world imagines). Are not the publication of such essays possible with you? I consider as there are many appeals for assistance for poor Spiritualists, I think they might be made the means to disseminate your opinions by selling your essays at cost price, and they should be assured either through the sale or made up by you by a weekly wage that would keep them from asking for assistance from anyone. I am, of course, but giving a suggestive opinion; but remember that whoever takes on himself the task of disseminating your labours, will be sowing broadcast consolation in the hearts of thousands; of putting it into the hearts of those, who with scalding tears of anguish think, that they are for ever parted from those, who were their nearest and dearest; whilst their beloved ones during this their grief, may be trying earnestly at their elbow to make themselves known. Christianity makes memory but a dream of the dead; but the conscious immortality makes those, who are still on earth, anticipate meeting with the departed even here on earth. It gives to them no dream of the future, but a certainty unchangeable and a knowledge unassailable. There are to be found amongst those forming the mass of Christian believers, those who have never had half-a-dozen original thoughts in all their lives; never changing the course or current of every-day occurrences; living in the same house, rented by the sire, and doing ever as their father did; living happy; dying contented. Surely such a one was never

made for a leader, the world would be a weary world, a comfortless dull one. There have been and are thinkers, who will not believe that at birth they were alienated from their God; bold men who plead their own righteousness, and not another man's; men who look at the advent of death calmly; no loathing of life, nor fearing to die. Some men in moments of anger wish that they might be stricken or fall down dead; these are the most ill-prepared to meet the awful change. I hold the right of all to preserve all the blandishments of life, that do not interfere with the consolation in death.

I enjoyed all the offering blessings in time, that did not destroy my hopes in eternity. I had before my end witnessed many death-bed scenes. I was getting very old, and found that my gripe on the world was still unloosened; that I tenaciously clung to the hope of living, and this hope of living vanished entirely only at the last, when I became assured, that my soul could not speak through my lips of flesh; when I realised, that the purpose for which my God had put my soul into a perishable body, had been answered. Yes; when I realised, that life for me was finished; then came to me that peace brought about by the absence of all fear of death, which was really a continuation of life, and although with the knowledge of that continuation state, death held a fear on me until God had removed it. Three score and nineteen years was sufficient time to make me think that time had forgotten me; that an eternity waited me was my greatest consolation, and of itself sufficient to make me meet death firmly, even if tremblingly. I say that of all messages still to be given to man, there is none of greater importance than the message with which you are entrusted. Nature is aiding you in your task: all is helping you to remind man that this world changes, like we ourselves change; that nothing continues unaltered; that there remains nothing that is permanent but hope. It is within your power to make this hope a strong and universal one. It is for you to confirm a commandment of God Himself: "I am the God and besides me there is none other. By their works will I judge men. Then as you have done to the meanest of your brethren, my children, so I will do to you again, if you have spared them I will surely spare you: if you had oppressed with oppressive zeal the poorest and most needy, then I will kneed you like dough in my vengeance—another name for justice." Therefore, do you proclaim brotherly love and assistance, and the religion of a good life; the end, the "Cui Bono?" of the matter is to give peace, not to implant doubts.

I have often sat up in silence and darkness and unutterable sorrow, watching the fleeting breath of a beloved one: what better consolation than to stretch out my hands and grasp one of your Records and there read that death, although represented as a dark night, is the brightest morning. God grant that some means will be found to enable your Records to reach to distant parts of the world. Help on thought to realise, and to grasp firmly the conception of death and immortality. You can do this; God help you. Thousands have been astonished as death came slowly and surely on them, and have called out in their astonishment: "I realise that I am beginning to live again." Prepare men for this living again; prepare them for this morrow awakening, and above all prepare yourself. Do not forget, that the responsibility of self-preparation is with all men: the invitation to immortality is given by death. Prepare yourself for that hour, when you shall be without any other anxiety than that of God's favour. Your faith, which has become a knowledge, has not proved a sacred talisman, or made you actually perfect in heart or in life; but I will tell you what it has done; it has done that which it did for me in respect of death: the thought lay cold and inanimate in my mind until the spirit of God awakened me to the fact, that man's life on earth had but the briefness of a summer's day. You are anxious to impart and make known through publication everlasting and unalterable truths. Are you living in the firm belief of them? God helped me: He will help you. Remember, that the greatest of earth's potentates have looked round on their grandeur in a derisive smile, and have said: "There is nothing real;" and they have sent away all clergymen, that would have given peace and hope through a religion of dependence, and have made up their minds to meet their God on their own merits. The logical deduction from this is: "Make your merits those which will turn into everlasting reward." Your greatest consolation will be your own righteous acts. Remember, generations of the past are watching you; are waiting for the time when you in your turn will make room for your fellow-beings; awaiting for the time when you shall join them. Every thought of your heart is read by your surroundings, and they feel when you grieve them. You stand now as I stood, apart from the world's busy scenes: a watcher—a time-worn watcher—in the game of life, with which you have successfully battled. You are witnessing the mistakes of younger souls, in some of whom you feel the deepest interest. That is the position of all who have lived up to the allotted three score and ten. Although you carried considerable abilities, these abilities are somewhat impaired now. Remember, I am speaking with the confidence of one old man to another. You, like many others, are to be revered for abilities that once were in their greatest bloom, their greatest prime, when you were preferred for service before many others

but how many friends and the memory of them are changed into biography: besides you are more fitted for the position of watcher than most. The future of worldly success has no claim now on your attention. In the dawn of life it was in your possession, and then came the middle age of competence and work, when the eagerness and thoughtlessness of youth were subdued, and when age bore with it no infirmity. But youth and middle age have passed: the allotted time has been reached and passed over, and you live a life where all forget your former brightest success, amongst those who have no sympathy with your early struggles for independence, and who have no sympathy with your love of punctuality, your principles of justice, and your triumph of rectitude. An old man's hope of worldly success is but a dream, let his position be what it may. I acknowledge that there are remarkable minds well advanced in years ruling over men to-day. We have an aged but still competent legislator at the helm of this Empire's affairs. We have an Emperor, a Teuton, strong still in form and advanced in years, still trusting in a Chancellor, whose years are running on apace, and both are offering their hands in amity and friendship with one who, despite his number of honoured years, is amongst the first of General commanding officers of the army. And, then, in this Movement, where faith is turned into knowledge, the most industrious and most earnest are those whose years are well numbered.

May God aid and help you in your labour; may God impress your mind so that you make the best use of these extra years He is willing to give you; may he guide you for your own sake, and also for His Honour's sake.—Finis.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THROUGH MR. J. C. WRIGHT.

(Reported by Mr. J. Fowler.)

There exists grief in America to-day; I ought to have said through the civilised world. Emerson's frail lingering life has gone at last. The star of a brilliant genius has arisen to illuminate and adorn another world: one of America's greatest developments, I may call him the Carlyle of the Western World. He had a massive soul: he had mines of genuine ore in it. When struck by the hands of circumstances sparks of poetry were emitted. He had an ideality of rare power; his soul went forth to explore: it left the highways and the hard trodden tracks of human thought: he soared into realms beyond: he had the Eagle's power: he saw far and near: his intellect had perspective power: he saw things in relation to one another, and found beneath them the unknowable Over-Soul, the principle of Divine Unity, the ever mysterious problem of life. He was old, his feet having walked this world nearly eighty years.

What enigmas, what problems, what books he had tried to understand;—some, perhaps, but the great bulk remain inunderstandable: yet he has left a pretty length of his log of thinking behind, and he will require an interpreter himself some day. His soul was a world with an atmosphere of dreams. Like all men he made many false journeys, and his quarryings were various in the rock of human life; but he brought forth some mental grist worth pondering. His intellect was truly interesting; it was fertile, prolific. His fancy had a wonderful elasticity, his genius a philosophical universality. He sought for the highest conception of right; into himself he turned his analytical eye, and found himself a strange being. Giant unbelief was there. Many phantasms, ambitions, and absurdities were wrestling there.

As a Unitarian preacher he had eloquence of a sort, but his phantasms spoiled his divinity. The philosophical system of Unitarianism did not give him enough liberty. The horrible grimaces of a New England piety comported badly with his philosophy. He wanted freedom, and a free soul will have it in spite of all Westminster Confessions, conventions and synods. The true Thinker must be a Free-thinker, or his efforts must be but partially effected. He turned his back to his pulpit steps, and stepped into the free arena of nature, the arena to which all thinkers should go. The tiger in the jungle will seek the stream to slack his thirst; so the philosopher, to appease the natural cravings of the soul for knowledge,—he must turn to the beautiful and magnificent works of God as displayed around. The true Thinker will get down into the interior of being; the Observer, alone, swims on the surface. He who interrogates Nature, must consult her in the interior of her divine temple: the study of anatomy is one thing, but the study of the anatomy-maker is a more wonderful and profound thing.

Emerson felt the keys, the pedals and the pipes of the great organ of the universe, but it was the melody, the music divine, which charmed and provoked his study. His transcendentalism approaches, in one direction, Spiritualism. He felt the conditional harmony of man's place and sphere in nature. A Poet all over, his serene soul felt the greatness of life, and the serious importance of the great work lying before every man, to study and obey the injunctions of natural laws. Beneath all there lay the uncreating, formulating, developing, evolving from order to seeming chaos and back again to order. He had his true ideals, and he marked with grammatical and philosophical precision, the true work of a great man. His

judgment had power to step forth and measure the man as John, the divine, measured the Celestial City. While in the world, practically, he did not live in it. His feet never ran to and fro to make a market of the world. His study was his counting house; the thoughts of men and angels his merchandise; an epoch of history inspired him with wisdom. The wonderful rise of his great and beloved country, the true heroes of liberty and history, were photographed upon his mentality. Genius with its over-awing presence he could truly worship. His mind had something in it of the Roger William type: he had New England lines of character without fanatical dogmatism.

At first he was a dangerous man: the man in the pulpit found little in him compatible with orthodoxy. It took time for the weight of his thought to become recognised by those who have vested interests in formulas of faith, but after a time the prejudice of the pulpit yielded homage to the great citizen. How true it is that he who leaves the usual method and course of study, must expect to be maligned, abused, and misrepresented. Then there comes a stage when malignity has spent its force, and merges into appreciation, and then into worship. Mr. Emerson has passed through all these phases of life, but though he left the pulpit he never ceased to be a preacher, and he will preach on till dooms-day. His philosophical edifice may not be perfect, but it is a magnificent production. If it be not truth itself, it feels like as truth does feel. It gives one a greater idea of the universe. One can see the impingement of the God-like in the affairs of nations and of life. Chaotic special providences are unseen: regular orderly methods characterising the efforts of the divine worker are set forth.

He found but little in the institutions of America absolutely compatible with his spirit. The thinkers of Germany were dear to him, that New Fatherland of a stern philosophy. The mind of Goethe touched him with the convolutions of its wisdom, he worshipped with true appreciation the Seer of Weimar. He caught inspiration from the Martin Luther-Land; right away from yonder soft shadows of the Thuringian Mountains his soul derived inspiration. He touched, too, Craigenputtock, then the solitary home of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle. In that Nithsdale solitude he met the prophet, the historian, and philosopher, who had yet to do much hard rough work in this world.

Like Carlyle, Emerson was young. His soul had taken unto itself wings to fly into the Alpine heights, where the grand men of humanity do talk and work. He wandered through the green lanes of Old England; he admired the feudal strongholds with their ivy-mantled walls; the Castle with its crumbling battlements took him back to the days of Chivalry and honour, which days the eloquent Burke lamented were passed and gone. As he paced the stone corridors, his imagination restored the valiant knight and his lady fair. He loved an aristocracy because of its grand stability and power. An aristocracy brings out an unselfish virtue and magnificent national talent. Constitutions, as forms of government, were nothing to him. That which can establish a permanence in society must be valuable. He learned a great deal of wisdom before in his own country. He had great ideas of the country of Oliver Cromwell, Milton, Shakespeare, and Burns. His fancy depicted the magnificence of Great Britain. Strangers from England he met in Boston were clever men, but, then, they had come to America, because their abilities were inferior at home, and he longed, like Washington Irving, to see the people from whom he had degenerated. He went back after a sojourn here with his mind deeply impressed with other ideas. He saw London, the great pulsating heart of European civilisation. He heard your most famous parliamentary orators. Through the monumental aisles of Westminster Abbey, in amazement of wonder, he entered into the shades of the mighty dead. The sombre silence of this ecclesiastical pile vibrated on the deeper silence of his soul. He sought, in the environs of Fleet Street, for the great literary notabilities. At the time he came to offer his sacrifice of thanksgiving and praise here, in this bustling centre of life, his whole nature entered into the study of human character. This book of life is strangely written, and in many chapters.

We see him back again, luxuriating in sweet seclusion, thinking and writing upon many things. What wisdom in his "Representative Men!" What power of utterance in his "Orations!" His books are laden with precious fruits of spiritual toil,—and they write down in your newspapers that Emerson is dead! It is a mistake: 'tis but a conventional phrase. The great soul of Emerson can never die! It is an evolution from his organism, going on to the other modes of conscious being, to realize other intellectual discoveries, and to accomplish the destined work of the spiritual world. Existence now to him is become more mysterious still. The world of mind comprehends all time, and here he comes into contact with the living heroes of humanity. He meets the hoary warrior whose armour clanks on the pavement of the ages; he meets the wise legislators of Greece and Rome; the grand thinkers of all ages meet him as he steps ashore, and as he gazes into this wilderness of wonders he is overcome with the boundlessness of life and the majesty of nature! His

faculty for the creation of phrases was great. He can go on creating now, but still he is no nearer to the Over-Soul.

While we sorrow fully, and tremblingly contemplate the mortal part of this Great Thinker, forget not that you like him, with a quality of glory befitting your nature, will walk in due time with angels and the grand men of humanity; for all men are created equal,—and let us rest upon that.

"DEATH WILL ONLY DELIVER YOU FROM YOUR WIFE."

To the Editor.—Sir,—Sitting with a well-known medium, he was controlled by a spirit who declined giving his surname, but he gave his christian names—Philip Henry —, saying, "That will be enough for her guilty conscience. If you publish it in the MEDIUM she will read it." He told me all that had happened to him; amongst others, his friends conceived him mad, because he said he had received a communication spiritually in these words: "Death will only deliver you from your wife." The Control in question gave full particulars of how he passed away, and when, and quite sufficient to enable a tolerably keen detective to realize all. Possibly when the "guilty conscience" has passed away, this Control may be published at length.—Yours obediently, RHODA BUX.

HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

THE HORSE'S APPEAL:

TO THOSE VIVISECTORS WHO ARE CUTTING HIM UP ALIVE!

Oh for a drop, even from the slimy tank—
To cool my raging thirst, these fires to quell—
Where tears were often mingled as I drank;
But, what were life's worst pains, to this fierce hell?

Was it a devil made these quivering nerves?
This frame that thrills with torture ever new;
Dare you demand such anguish? which but serves
To quench the light that waits to shine on you.

In agony my heart yet wildly thumps
Against my open side: loose, loose, your bands,
For I would struggle on these mangled stumps,
To wrest kind death from out your cruel hands!

These hands are ever red, and reek with gore—
Stained 'mid the entrails of a living horse:
And darker grows thy Soul, for more and more
This lust of blood demands men's lives to curse.

Oh fiendish skill, to grope 'mid anguish dire,
Smiling as ye lay bare the ghastly bone;
The air grows sick with horrid fumes, the fire
That half consumes the living flesh—my own!

For thousand tortures of the innocent,—
Whose shrieks no mercy at thy hands could win,
Since thou hast no remorse, nor dost repent—
A fearful retribution must begin!

This demon will o'erride thee, men shall groan
Beneath the bonds of Science, falseless called;
The weak and helpless of thy race shall cry
In vain for mercy, unto crime grown bold.

Life is at best too oft a curse, I know,
To such as me that has nor speech nor cry
That tells of panting speed, and brutal blows,
And still more horrid scenes of cruelty!

And, are these not enough?—that you consign
My worn-out frame to sadder tortures still!
Oh, for some mighty soul, with voice divine,
The universal heart with grief to thrill!

Then, no more would vile Vivisection dwell
Within the Halls of Science, or of worth:
He should be sent forth howling to that Hell,
Where live the fiends that gave the monster birth!

Work on! ye few, not yet by Self enslaved,
For into your safe keeping I resign
This Cause of helpless beast; and on your front be graced
The courage of Humanity, that's half divine;

Edinburgh, 1882.

J. R.

A WARNING TO THE AFFLICTED!!!

The vivisectors are clamouring for human subjects to operate on! They have already cut hundreds of living men and women to death annually in hospitals and other places. Who will take the medical journals and cull therefrom the scores that are reported to have died under the knife? It would reveal facts, at which the public would be astounded. No person is safe, who employs a doctor that has been educated a vivisector: his sole eagerness is to torture by tool or by poison, the Temple of the Living God!

The whole system is the product of that hellish materialism, in sympathy with the lowest and darkest spiritual spheres, and which, in its heart, hates all that is generous, good and spiritual. Its glory is to mutilate and destroy. Suffering Humanity! cling together for self-protection against this sum of all villainies. Make a vow before God and his angels, that you will on no account employ a vivisectioning doctor; and for the guidance of the public, let a list of them be drawn up and circulated. Hunger will bring them to their senses. Hoist them with their own petard. The more cruel the scoundrel, the greater the coward!

LEICESTER—SILVER STREET, LECTURE HALL.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. Bent gave a trance address. The spirit-guides took for their subject from the "Spiritual Lyre," 16th Hymn, the first line of the fourth verse: "Oh to think of meeting there." It was very instructive to the minds of the people and was much appreciated.

Sunday, May 7th, Mr. Morse, of London, will deliver two Trance Addresses, morning and evening.
56, Cranbourne Street, Leicester. R. WIGHTMAN, Sec.

GOSWELL HALL SUNDAY SERVICES.

290, Goswell Road, E.C., (near the "Angel").

"Comprehensionism" was the chief topic of interest at the Morning Conference last Sunday, and was supported by an excellent lecture from Mr. Wilson, which is to be resumed on the second Sunday in May. In the evening, Mr. Morse's guides delivered a powerful address, expressive of the conquests made by man over the circumstances which stood in the way of his progress. The fear of death was the last and grandest conquest, whilst the vanquishing of Ignorance by Knowledge was slowly but surely being accomplished at the present time. The usual séance of the Society will be held as usual, next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, free to members only. In the evening, Mr. Veitch will lecture on "Joan of Arc, the historical medium." On the following Sunday, Mr. Goss will occupy the platform.

R. W. LISHMAN, Corres. Sec.

QUEBEC HALL, 25, GT. QUEBEC ST. MARYLEBONE RD.

Sunday, May 7th, at 7 p.m., prompt, Mr. MacDonnell on "Prayer."

Wednesday, at 8.30, a Developing Circle, Mr. Hoperoff medium.

Thursday, at 8, a Physical Seance; Mrs. Cannon, medium. Previous arrangement with Sec. is requisite to be present.

Friday, at 8.30, a meeting for the Development of an Idea; conducted by Mr. Wilson.

Saturday, at 8 p.m., a seance; Mrs. Treadwell medium. Mr. Hancock attends half an hour previous to speak with strangers. A charge of 6d. is made at this Seance. All others Voluntary Contribution.

N.B.—The Seances will commence at 8.15 prompt, close a 10.
J. M. Dale, Hon. Sec.

NORTH SHIELDS.—Our service was held as usual on Sunday evening in our rooms, Boltons Yard, Tyne Street. Mr. W. H. Lambelle, of South Shields, occupied the platform. The audience requested the controlling spirit to give his spiritual experiences. He gave a graphic account of his boyhood, his position in the church as a clergyman, his passing away and reception into the higher life, and his present employment. It was a very effective discourse, and much appreciated by a large and attentive audience. On Sunday evening next, at 6 instead of 6.30, Messrs. Nicholson and Forster, of Seghill, will occupy the platform, and on Sunday, May 14th, at 6.30, Mr. A. Pickering, of Felling. Healing service as usual on Sunday afternoon, from 2 to 4. Books for library will be gratefully accepted.

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W. LANG, SEC. West London Spiritual Evidence Society.

OLDHAM.—On Sunday, April 30th, we had a visit from Mrs. Yarwood, of Heywood, who gave us two brief Discourses and also some very good clairvoyant tests, which were nearly all identified by the audience present. She is a splendid medium and I would recommend her to all. On Sunday next, May 7, we are having a sort of Experience Meeting, which I think will be very useful at present, as we are having a deal of strangers who are eagerly making enquirers regarding Spiritualism. We have had some Tracts printed, one of which I send you, which I think are doing a deal of good, and causing people to look more into the subject of Spiritualism; as a deal of people have had the impression that it was quite in opposition to the Bible, and they now see the difference.—JAMES MURRAY, SEC.

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ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS.—The phenomena cannot be successfully effected 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 place. 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 temperaments 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. One-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 harmonize 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.

EXERCISES 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 pendulum 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.

Beyond 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.

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Communications from "Hermes," the Egyptian.

Death of Issha, the Old Egyptian Priest—Letter from Hermes to Hafed (*Direct Extracts*)—Imprisonment and Deliverance by Spirit-Power. Hermes gives an Account of his Efforts to Overturn the Egyptian Religious System; Reproduces some of his Old Discourses, viz., on Idolatry—The Infinite Intelligence and the "Lesser Infinites"—Primeval Man—The Spirit World—Self-Culture—Death and the "Angel of Death"—The Ancient Egyptians: Pyramids; Melchisedek a Shepherd King; Moses and the Hebrews, &c. Strange Control of the Medium—Dialogue—Graphic Pictures of the Spirit World. Hermes and others leave Egypt to join with Jesus and his Disciples. Prevalence of Crime in Judea. A Portrait of Jesus. Jewish Sects. "The Twelve." John the Baptist. Herod and Herodias. Hermes and Jesus as Schoolboys under Issha. Joseph and Mary. "Brethren of Jesus." Description of Judas. Purging of the Temple. Disciples sent out. Parting Supper—Prayer of Jesus. He sends Hermes to the Alexandrian Jews. Return to Egypt by way of Jordan and the Dead Sea. Brethren in the

APPENDIX.

I. Copies and Fac-Similes of various Direct Writings.

II. Answers to Some Questions by Ruisdal and Steen.—Resurrection of the Body. Spirits Cognisant of Natural Objects. A Glimpse of Summer Land "What Good will it do?" Medium's Sight in Trance. The "Couble." Man's Power over Spirits. Employments of the Spirits. How Ruisdal became a Painter. Mediumship and Strong Drink. Ruisdal's First Experience in Spirit Life. A Picture of the Spirit Land. Ruisdal and the Students. Deserved Reproof. Knowledge withheld. "All the work of the Devil!" On Light, Comet, and Spots on the Sun. Sun, Moon, and Planets Inhabited. Materialisation of Spirit Forms. Ruisdal's Visit to Rome. On "Purgatory." Continuity of Earthly Relationships. Ruisdal on Oils, Colours, Varnishes, &c. Spirit Transition. Ruisdal's Betrothed. The Story of Steen and Jan Lievens. Ruisdal on the Ideal and Natural. Lawfulness of Spirit Intercourse. Work of the Spirits. Ruisdal and Steen on their Pictures. Condition of Persons Dying in Idiocy. The Angel of Pain. "Shall we know each other?" Use of the Crystal. Ruisdal's Description of Jesus. Steen's First Experience of Spirit Life. Locality of the Spirit World. Steen on Jesus and his Work. How they Pray in the Spirit World. Red Indian Spirits. Steen gives a Test of Identity. Ruisdal's Picture in the Edinburgh National Gallery—a Test. Interviewed by J. W. Jackson. Ruisdal's Waterfall in Moonlight—a Test. Ruisdal at Home. Eternity of Matter. Recovery of the "Lost." Ruisdal's Contemporary Painters and Painting. Contemporaries' Names (given direct). Steen on Effects of Discussion. Spirit Language—Temperature—Clairvoyance—Cold and Catching Colds, &c.

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