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AND TEACHINGS OF
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THE SPIRIT-MESSENGER.

LIFE ON EARTH AND HEREAFTER.

BY "HUMNUR STAFFORD."

To give a description of what I have seen and experienced since my entrance into the world of spirits, it is necessary that you should know something of my antecedents,—of my nature, disposition, and education—since no two persons have precisely the same experience, either while in the flesh or out of it: experience varying according to the natural propensities and inclination of the individual, and also according to education, intelligence, or intellectual acquirements. One man may give his experience in a certain matter, which through another will be totally different. No two minds think exactly alike, consequently the same event will not similarly affect any two persons. The capabilities and qualities which a child receives from its parents, affect the spiritual part of his nature equally as much as it affects the physical body. A child is born, and has his progenitors to thank for his position, both on the earth and in the world of spirits.

My father, descended from an English family, was a native of the New World. A man whose name is still famous in political circles in America; a man strictly orthodox in his observances of all forms of worship expected from him by the Church, carrying out himself and enforcing upon his dependents an unswerving fidelity to, at least, the outward show of allegiance to the Protestant Church of England.

Quiet, stern in manner, at times almost morose, not positively unkind to any person, yet, I never saw any approach to familiarity towards those with whom he associated, except those of his immediate family.

Ambition to rank high in political circles was the one idea of his life. I have heard him mentioned with admiration, and extolled for his high integrity, his sense of honour, and statesman-like qualities, yet to me he was like a stranger, a man whom I respected, admired, and felt proud to know belonged to me, yet I never knew him to utter a more loving or more parental word, than a simple "good-day," should we

happen to meet. I was proud of him, and when once in public, I heard him mention a circumstance, with which he coupled the words "my son," I felt a flood of happy pleasant sensation fill my whole being. I could have loved him very dearly, but he chilled me with a word or gesture when I would have ventured a more intimate relationship. Ambition occupied his soul, there was no room for the softer emotions. This was my father.

But my mother, my dear mother, how can I describe her in few words: a German by birth, and a Quakeress in religion; gentle, loving, and kind by nature; loving me, her only son, with a love intense and fervent, as it was quiet and undemonstrative. Never once do I remember an angry word escaping her lips, no matter what the provocation may have been. In later years I have pictured her as I have seen her in my boyhood, and I have not wondered at the loving worship accorded to the Virgin, by the followers of the Church of Rome, for I think I worshipped her with all the ardour of my nature. I wanted no other God.

With such parents, can you imagine what I would be? Reserved, proud, selfish, ambitious, yet possessing capabilities for love and veneration that might have been the saving of me, had I been allowed full scope. My childhood and boyhood passed, and my education was carried on under the supervision of my father, who, to his credit be it said, strove to do his duty by me in this respect. I possessed a fair share of intelligence, and had a love of knowledge that was only gratified by its acquisition, and I think I satisfied even my father in this respect.

Later on I went to Germany, and there completed my studies, obtained a professorship, and passed examinations with honour.

I had intended devoting myself to the study of medicine, but abandoned the idea in favour of other studies.

I had little or no difficulty in mastering the most abstruse subjects, and rapidly overcame difficulties that were stumbling blocks in the pathway of other and better men. This facility for understanding was the great bane of my life in the future, for the rapidity with which I rose from one degree to another, fed my pride and vanity to such an extent, that I at last con-

sidered myself fit to judge as to the existence of a God.

I had studied the sciences of nature, and had peeped into the philosophy of each. I had a little knowledge of many different things, enough knowledge to puff up my self-conceit and importance, and induce me to think I had power to weigh, measure, and understand the whole of the laws which regulate the universe. In short I became a materialist, and in this belief or rather disbelief, my experience during the following years supported.

I returned to America; there I began to use the knowledge I had taken some ten or twelve years to acquire. Men began to speak of me, and I was anxious they should: my pride was gratified, and my ambition aroused. I desired to make myself a name that should live after me as Galileo's and Newton's have done, and to this end I worked untiringly, when suddenly in the midst of my aspirations and plans, a terrible accident befell me, and for years I lay on a sick bed a hopeless cripple.

This blow stunned and bewildered me. I felt myself dashed down from the ladder of fame I was climbing, and lay bruised and helpless at the bottom. I had nothing to comfort me,—no belief in a future, and my past life had so far failed in achieving any of the ends to which I had aspired. I had terrible anguish to endure both of body and mind, but after a while the physical pain was lessened, and I was thankful that my intellect was unclouded.

It was then I learned what a mother could be, the patient loving friend, the tender gentle nurse, the grave wise counsellor, how she strove with unwearying patience to combat the dark materialistic clouds which enveloped my being! I listened to her, because I loved her, but my pride in my powers of reason was too strong to be easily broken down. I believed in what I saw, but the Unseen had no existence for me. So far as I was able, and perhaps from mere force of habit, I continued my studies, but I grew weary of those in which experiments were necessary, simply because I had no power to carry them out.

While weary and low spirited, one day my sister selected a book at random from my library, and began reading aloud to me. I at first listened impatiently, it was one of which I had never taken much notice, but a single sentence arrested my attention, and aroused my interest, and I afterwards read the book carefully through. It contained many absurdities, many now exploded theories, but there was that in it which set my thoughts in a fresh direction.

I began to read on the subject of magnetism or mesmerism; I read with avidity every obtainable work on the subject, and caused experiments to be tried in my presence. I formed theory after theory, rejecting one idea after another, to account for the strange phenomena that I then witnessed for the first time.

From my study of this subject, I was induced to think that, after all, something more existed in the universe than my knowledge of natural philosophy would explain satisfactorily.

And for the first time since my boyhood, I found myself wondering dimly, if this life must end all. My life I knew was drawing to a close, and when I looked back upon the thirty-three years I had spent, I cried out in very bitterness of spirit: "If this is to be the end, then life is a farce and a mockery. Of what use has it been to me or to the world that I should have lived or died? Of what use has been the knowledge I have striven so hard to gain, and of which I have been so proud? Many weary hours have I spent in useless and vain regrets for the lost opportunities, and wasted hours that I might have spent in solving this greatest of all mysteries." But it was now too late.

The end of my earthly life was near at hand, and at the last, when passing through the valley of the shadow of death, it was my mother's sublime faith,

and my mother's hand that guarded and uplifted me. I knew the end was come, and I watched for the great change with an awful shuddering and indescribable awe, expecting to be suddenly hurled into chaos. The bodily pain had gone, and I knew that my moments were numbered. Unable for the faintest physical movement, yet my intellect was clear and more alert than ever. I was able to analyze my sensations, to calculate as to the probable number of pulsations that I was likely to experience, even bringing myself to speculate as to the number of inspirations necessary to carry on the number of pulsations I have decided as being possible. I tell you these that you may know however much I may have been deceived with respect to my materialistic theories, my brain and intellect were still unclouded, and I was still capable of reasoning and drawing conclusions therefrom.

A difficulty of breathing, a dimness of sight, a sensation of faintness, then momentary darkness, and mingling with the sound of my mother's cry, came words of greeting from a stranger. In a vague surprise I wondered what had happened. I had been taking a grim pleasure in calculating the capabilities of life in my body, watching nature's expiring throes, still finding satisfaction that the knowledge I had gained served me even at the last moment. But the presence of this stranger surprised me; I had not seen him in the room, and I half-doubtingly wondered if really my brain was clear. I tried to think, but he repeated the words, "Come with me." The remembrance of my crippled condition made the invitation a mockery, and I would have made some bitter allusions to my inability to rise, but as the thought passed through me, he smiled and grasped my hand. Then what were my sensations to find the pain, the fever, and sickness vanished, and I was as I used to be. A feeling of intense delight and gratitude to someone, I did not know whom, filled my whole being. I seemed to be filled with some indescribable, ineffable sensation of joy and happiness that became almost insupportable. I must tell someone, give a part of my happiness to another, and involuntarily I turned to clasp my mother in my arms, and tell her of this miraculous change, that the pain and sickness had dropped from me like a worn-out garment, and I felt all the health, vigour, and energy of my earlier life.

But to my grief and disappointment she was gone; my sister, the attendants, the couch, room, all were gone; I was alone save for the venerable old man at my side, and it seemed to me that even the world had changed as much as I.

This drop of disappointment in my great joy made me willing to accept the invitation of my new friend, and I went with him.

The sights and wonders that I saw before my vision, like some vast panoramic views, held me in a sort of trance. I saw glimpses of domestic happiness, in which parents and children dwelt in love and harmony one with another, each member filling some position in the family circle, and working out his duty independent of the others, yet working to the same end—the order and comfort of the whole—each striving to do his duty, and do it well, bearing in mind the well-being of the others, working not for himself, but for those he loved.

I saw the love and respect each paid the other; the rights of a child were respected equally with those of the elders. I saw the eager anxiety displayed, when a wish was expressed by the parents that each child should do a part towards its fulfilment. The father was the high priest in his family, the mother, the gentle loving medium through whom the work became a pleasure.

A thrill of regret and remorse passed through me, as I remembered my home, and my childhood. I now saw the great motive power underlying the beauty and order which prevailed. Turning with regret from the scene of domestic happiness, I wished that I might see some of those great men, whose deeds and mighty

intellect I had aspired to emulate. My wish was gratified, I saw men whose names stand foremost in the ranks of those who, by their great learning and wisdom, have conferred great blessings on their fellow-creatures. I longed to clasp hands and hear their words of welcome, nor was I disappointed; a kindly smile or word of welcome and encouragement met me at every turn. I turned my attention to those who seemed by their superior bearing, manner or dress, to be of high rank among these wise men. I thought to find some of the old and revered tutors whose books I had read, and whose discoveries I had delighted in, but here I was disappointed. I asked my guide, "Who is this noble and venerable being, who addresses the group with such thrilling eloquence, he must have been on earth one of the greatest of philosophers, one of the teachers of the age in which he lived: tell me his name, that I may approach and speak with him?" "His name," replied my guide, "is one that the earth has forgotten, if it were ever known on earth. He strove to do his duty. Possessed of uncommon powers of intellect, yet he was humble. He strove to do good to his fellows, he worked for mankind, and not for himself; self-sacrificing and charitable towards the needy and weak, patient and kind to all, yet he was neither great nor rich, nor was he known among men except for his deeds of kindness and charity."

"Where are those with whom I am familiar, the great Galileo, Tycho Brahe, Newton and Franklin?" "Look more closely," replied my friend, "there among the group listening to the master's teachings you will find some of them, for others we must seek elsewhere." I looked with a sense of degradation upon me, humiliated and ashamed. I singled out one after another of those whose names I had revered, as being almost equal to a God in wisdom, and I thought—where must my place be if these whom I considered kings among men are counted low enough to be the humble followers of an unknown being, drinking in his teachings like thirsty and hungry children, paying him the homage that I had thought due only to themselves. I thought with horror of my wasted life. I tried to find some good that I had done, that I might save myself from sinking still lower in my own estimation, but the little good I did find was only sufficient to show how very poor I was. Feeling a load of care and humiliation that I had never before experienced, I turned away from the sight, and followed my guide. Somehow my happiness and joy in my recovered health and strength was not so great. The glorious scenes, the sparkling golden waters, the fragrant flowers, the stately hills, the trees, the whole gorgeous panorama spread out before me, was dimmed to my sight, and I felt with bitterness that it was as it should be, and that my humiliation was not yet complete.

We passed by crowds of men and women chanting as they went, songs of praise to Jove, the God of the Romans. In surprise I questioned my guide, "How is this?" He replied, "It gives them pleasure, they feel the need of a God, and even Jove, whom they worship, is better than to disbelieve in the existence of any God." Still another blow upon my sunken broken pride: "Were even these fanatics better than I?" We entered a temple, there we saw crowds of people happy in adoring the Virgin, and the infant Jesus, ministered to by priests. I wondered if after all I was not upon the earth; I could tell no change from the many similar sights I had seen on the earth.

Men were men here as they had ever been. They worshipped as they had been wont to do, serving the gods they had been taught to serve by their earthly teachers. I wondered if all eternity must be passed in following out the same ideas, the same plans, the same studies, the same work, as on earth: Was there nothing more satisfying to one's higher and loftier nature than the same dull routine of such life as I now witnessed?

I saw great multitudes gathered around men, who

with lofty intelligence but simple words strove to inculcate the holiest teachings, sowing the seed of goodness among the poor and wretched. I saw utter want and poverty, squallor and misery displayed by the crowd, who gathered round these bright beings, drinking in the words of comfort and encouragement that flowed from them as they urged them to raise their eyes and go forward; that happiness and plenty lay within reach if they would but grasp it. I glanced over the sea of faces, and turning to my guide, I cried out, "Can this be possible,—can such utter want and wretchedness, as displayed by this crowd of miserable beings, really exist in the realm of the spirit? What manner of men have these been on earth?"

I thought my faithful guide was sad as he replied: "Look carefully among them and learn for yourself."

With a feeling of repugnance, I turned my attention again to the crowd, still listening intently to the teachers. Carefully I scanned the faces and forms of several whom I seemed to know, but whom I failed to recognise in their present surroundings. Slowly and painfully it dawned upon me, that one whom I saw was a man whose learning and knowledge of certain subjects was by far above the common, one whom I had admired and envied, and had endeavoured to imitate; another with a head-dress fashioned into the semblance of a crown. I thought it a mockery, but my guide said, "No, he was once a king." Statesmen side by side with one who had lived on the stage; ministers, soldiers, men of intelligence and knowledge; many who had been rulers and leaders of nations and armies, were here huddled together, eager to catch the crumbs that fell from the lips of their teacher."

"Who was he," I enquired. The face of my guide lighted up as he answered, "A poor man, a minister of the gospel, a teacher of christian love and charity. Ambition he threw aside, devoted his life and strength to the good of the poor and ignorant, teaching them the humility and self-denial of him whom he called master, working out in his own life the principles he strove to inculcate in them."

Many, many were the scenes of this description which my guide pointed out to me: scenes which called forth my deepest admiration and delight, and scenes which filled me with wondering amaze and consternation. Pages, volumes might be filled with such scenes as I now saw. How long my friend remained with me I cannot tell, but when he prepared to leave I clutched his robe in very terror. I felt so utterly alone and friendless, that when I thought of being deprived of his guiding hand my misery was great.

"Why are you afraid?" demanded he, "have you not hitherto been sufficient to yourself? You have not changed!" And I thought I perceived a smile as he spoke.

"Where am I to go? With whom can I associate? Who will care to have me with them? It seems to me that no man can be alone, yet where are there any who will receive me as a co-worker?"

"You have your choice, go where you will and when, you will find those with whom you can be happy. No one will reject you if you can bring yourself to the level which they occupy. Ask yourself, are you fit to be a great teacher, like to him you saw expounding the secrets of the universe?"

"No, no," I answered

"And why?"

"Because my knowledge is insufficient, because I feel myself too low and impure even to rank among his pupils."

"Join some one of those religious bodies which I have shown you."

"No," I replied, "I have never followed any creed of religion during my earth-life—creeds seemed too narrow to hold me. I became a believer in nature. I

feel that I could find no pleasure in working in this way."

"Become a member of some brotherhood, drawing around yourself the calm happiness and pleasures of domestic life. There are many who would welcome you in their midst; you would have a sphere of your own, become the centre round whom the weaker and more ignorant would revolve, working out your ideas and wishes."

"I cannot," I replied, "domestic life has little or no charm for me, without my mother."

"Become a Philanthropist, and teach the poor and ignorant as he whom you saw."

"I cannot," I replied, "when I think of that man, I feel that my life has been a mistake. I feel my great weakness and inability ever to rise to the standard of perfection which such as he have attained."

"I have prided myself on my intellect, and imagined to myself that I deserved some credit for the high aspirations I have nourished and entertained. I closed my hand over knowledge, and find I have grasped a shadow. Earth was sufficient to my mortal being, but it is not enough for my spirit. I feel like the reed from which the prop has been removed, and I am bowed down from shame and weakness. My life has been wasted in gathering that which is useless."

"Not useless, friend, not useless, but insufficient. The knowledge you have gained will stand you in good stead, when you have cleansed yourself from the dross and defilement it has caused you to bring upon yourself. Ambition and selfishness were the feelings that prompted you to the acquirement of knowledge, you began with false notions, you cultivated only one half of your nature, the other must be ploughed and harrowed by experience and suffering. You have gloried in your wisdom and in your knowledge, forgetting that a lowly brother without your learning may with simple acquirements have surpassed you in holiness and self-sacrifice. You have set yourself up as a pattern to others, saying, 'How much better am I than other men.' You cultivated the mind but forgot the spirit. It must be your duty now to learn of those who have been wiser in their time than you have been; cultivate a spirit of humanity and let your ambition now be to attain to that which is good; not to that which will reflect a false lustre upon you. Remember, here a man is rated at exactly his worth. No acquirements except that which is resulting from self-sacrifice is valued, nor is self-sacrifice of any avail unless it be prompted by pure and heartfelt charity: there can be no appearance of good, you must be good. The work may be hard, the pathway beset with difficulties, but you must work out your own redemption. No one can help you. Set all your perverted energy to work, and undo the mischief which a false education has ceased, and I have no fear but that you will succeed."

(To be Continued.)

"THOMAS CARLYLE:" HIS VIEWS ON IRELAND.

May 12, 1882.

RECORDED BY A. T. T. P.

The Sensitive came looking very ill. I asked him what was the matter. He said for the last day or two he had felt very queer about the throat and chest. I ask the reader to note this little incident, it will be explained in the body of the Control.

He at once went under control and spoke as follows:—

See! they are gathered in groups, and they are talking, and you are the subject of the conversation of the group nearest to you. Listen to what one is saying. I hear him, and I can hear you distinctly. I say all things are in revolution; an everlasting change presides over the affairs of nations, and of

men; every succeeding epoch bears out the truth of this change: sometimes a speedy change, sometimes a change towards better things, and at other times a change towards a bad aspect of affairs. There are various degrees of speed in the changes of time. Change came into being with the creation of organic matter, and will not stop until time is not. You ask me, Barry, not to venture on giving my opinion; I tell you, Barry, that my words are being recorded, not simply listened to; not spoken by me, Thomas Carlyle, for the gratification of the Recorder, but I view and consider him outside his personality; studying only his God Mission. There are but few God-missioned ones on the earth, and we that have passed from time are surely permitted to pass over the personality, and, if required, ignore the particular views of the God-missioned ones; a liberty which courtesy would not allow us to take with merely a superior mind. You argue, Barry, that the theme of open rebellion is not a pleasing one to him, but you are alluding to his personality, and I am speaking to his God Mission; and it will be my theme to speak of dis-imprisoned anarchy, of traitors still in power, and of an authority that has consented at last to be no longer vacillating, but earnestly to grasp the nettle presented to them. Anarchy uncontrollable, the fanaticism of assassination, burning and destroying in its frenzied uncontrollable ruffianism shall be my theme, and my views of remedial measures also shall be given.

Yet this fanaticism of assassination points a moral; nay, more, it is God given, and by God is sent; whether it cometh from God or where it goeth no man knows. It is a protest against mere formula, and it is a protest against assumption grown hollow by the passing of time. Behold the monster, and repent, is the moral. Behold that which vacillation, this scourge of a world, has reared. Act, believe, realise, that life can find no rest, no foundation in a lie; there must be truth where peace abideth, and the fanaticism of assassination is God-sent. Yes, for has it not been? Who shall deny it? and having been proves its having been from God: for from of old are His goings forth fearful and wonderful. God speaks through men's wrath, the whirlwind of passion. He is there proclaiming His might and its need. An unhappy country which fails its would-be benefactors; we praise their beneficent ways, but their beneficence is not felt across the channel. The consequence, an ever-restless population of intriguing and dissembling hordes, ripe, in fact, for any act of violence, even to taking away the sacred life of a fellow-being.

Yet I must dwell on the sorrow of that fast aging Legislative Giant of this era, who has had dreams, and only dreams: who dreamed of putting aside the embarrassments of his party, of his country, by adopting a conciliatory policy with those who had defied him; he remembering, whilst offering the hand of peace, his words of the past, when he said—"As we have sown so we must reap; let there be friendship now, let us be truly united." I recollect these were his words: "Laws lie deeper and higher than the mind of man can fathom, and which have produced bitter fruit, which we might have foreseen, and instead of unity we have had separation; and what a time; what a bitter, weary, bitter waiting for brotherhood; a succession of storms—fearful, bitter, pitiless storms, and uncertain temporary calms—but now let us forget these and join in peace." But the ruthless hand of fanatical assassination intervened. Oh, how great was the would-be concession proffered by a king, a very king amongst legislators, and unlike all the other concessions of the past they were made in good faith.

What do I mean? my Lord Beaconsfield? I tell you that the hand offering peace to dis-imprisoned treason was a concession unequalled by any in the past; meaning that all other concessions have veiled England's fear, and that what she had given was given grudgingly, and was, in fact, necessitated.

"Prove it," you say. Nothing, in fact, is easier. Come here, my Lord Beaconsfield, and join us. Let us take one century, two centuries, or even seven of the past; but one century will exemplify it as well as seven. In the year 1778 a great concession was granted; again another in 1793 in the Parliament of Ireland; another in 1800 made by Mr. Pitt, and again, another in 1829, when the members for Ireland took their seats with their English colleagues, obtaining by that concession a substantial equality quite irrespective of their religious persuasions, the objectionable oath being then abolished. Granted that these concessions have been; will you argue, my Lord, that they have been made freely? Do not go on my authority alone; for I will quote some of the statements of him who is still in time, and who proclaimed in the house "that none of those concessions of the past proceeded from spontaneous bounty; neither had misery and want obtained them."

Let us go back again to the date of the first concession in the year 1778; this concession was given; but why? Because it has been proved by experiment that England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity. It was then that an obnoxious act had been passed and the resolution was being carried into effect, which lost to England her American colonies, and the allegiance of her American subjects; and to save civil war was that concession of 1778 made. Again in 1793, the next concession granted had another reason just as plain and just as obvious. It was when England and France were looked together in one of the deadliest struggles of modern times, and in 1800, when

that struggle was at its darkest, and when things looked at their gloomiest, that the third concession was made; and the last in 1829, when the Irish representatives took their seats here in London. It was the only alternative to prevent the horrors of civil war. Nay, my Lord; History describes a nation's acts, and leaves the records graven on blocks of granite. Do not speak of or praise the concessions of the past; each and every one had its birth from fearful anticipations; owing nothing to generous or noble impulses. Do not, therefore, be surprised that you have not received the Irishman's gratitude. But as to him that is still in time (and may God long preserve him) the malignant vapouring of an article writer in a successful daily paper cannot turn the sympathy, the love, the trust, with which he is still surrounded. I mean the "Times," whose canting oratory has been full of malignant stabs against one who was bold enough to offer to Ireland the first real concession. The writer admits the fact of a crisis, but he makes him who governs its architect, and says that the crisis has been carefully built up by him. God forgive the slanderer: the Christian, or God-fearing soul, is taught to pray for and forgive him, and with this remark I will dismiss this slanderer.

Assassination to upset all these, such deeply devised plans, such abrogation of legislative dignity, such a stepping downwards to meet, as friends, those so sorely mistrusted; what would have followed the completeness of calm: who knows? Only God. But all chance of this completeness assassination has destroyed: it has pleased the Almighty Disposer of events to interpose and check the current of the chance of a more perfect reconciliation than has hitherto been offered, but because we are immortal, sentient, and conscious, we can realise that if we are imperfect it is in soul or mind being imperfect and incapable of judging; and who shall judge the wisdom of his Maker. The day for reconciliation had not come. He that belongs to time and governs, impetuous in good-will, acted without authority, hence failure—failure through murder. There are wrongs to be righted, and millions of banished Irishmen are still against conciliation with those who own the land of their forefathers. The girdle round the earth is quicker, or as quick, as the lightning's flash. It is now buried deep in the bosom of the broad Atlantic, and the sighs of Ireland's dissatisfaction are borne back again, in answering sigh over that broad ocean.

First, then, there should have been his carrying out his first resolve: first, the integrity of the law, and next, concession; but he changed his policy by offering concession and degrading that which should be above degradation, existing in a position only for unalterable honour, but the hand now grasps the nettle—Law, first, to the extinction of Fenianism, and then the policy of concession.

Words fail to describe Ireland of to-day. Words fail to describe the vast amount of dissatisfaction amongst the numerous Irish-Americans, the whole of the population are tainted with a dislike to the Englishman. It has come to a crisis: conciliation has been scorned, and something far deeper than the suspension of the act of Habeas Corpus will soon be law. The exigencies of the time demand that the law should be honoured and not defied. The remedial measures will fill up the time to-night, and Irish representatives will realise that, if the last offered concession stood alone in its sincerity from all others, so does this, the most stringent coercive act, stand alone in its sincerity to make the law honoured and have it obeyed. Ireland is an unhappy and ill-fated country, that breaks the hearts of even its best friends; whose police is an army of repression, and which has another army of soldiers more numerous than has ever been needed in the worst countries of Europe. He that still belongs to time, and governs, is above the sneers of pigmies. He stands pre-eminent of soul. I dare not, I will not judge him; let his bent form and pale face plead for his mistakes, and prove the sorrow of his soul. He has been willing to wait for peace; let them heed him now. He has waited, but will wait no longer. His responsibility has come to him under a dreadful form.

I happened here to make the remark that I had just come up to London in the same railway carriage with our Prime Minister. The Control continued—

I know you did. I was with you all the time, and also in Liverpool the day before; and I say that the time has now come when he will clear his account with that ungrateful country—an ingratitude sealed with a profane, unhallowed, ruthless act. If conciliation was an error, it was an error worthy the respect of worthy souls; but there has come on him a solemn responsibility to avenge the blood of an innocent man—not against the people of Ireland, but against the murderers—and when, to-night, the clauses of that Bill will be read and realised in all their significance, the master-mind will be traced in every line. It may be argued, that when these stringent repressive measures become law, then will England become discredited and scandalised.

I said these repressive measures ought to have been taken long ago, these two murders were not the only ones that had been perpetrated.

You are right, Sir; it is now a necessity. The act will be a measure absolutely necessary—great in principle, great in its many underlying provisions. It will be an act to show with what hardihood Englishmen can meet the atrocious plans and resolves of masked assassins. The issue England has not challenged: it is Ireland that has challenged the issue. It is Ireland that has weighted her statesmen with this responsibility. He that governs in time may be charged with rash resolve, springing from impulsive goodness, but no more; but who can challenge his patriotism, who can doubt his loyalty, what man living has raised himself to the level of his vision, and who has been the recipient of so many legislative triumphs? Who so fit to govern, and who is there that doubts that when this act has become law, when the murderer has been tracked to his lair, when the majesty of Law—now dishonoured—is reinstated in its pristine beauty, then, who can doubt the fitness of him to bring about peace, honour, justice and brotherhood. How many weary hands will work to send the message of this repressive measure through the length and breadth of Europe to-night. From every shore of every land will this measure be argued, and Ireland and England be the theme of uncounted millions of God's children to-night. And will this measure, which will soon become law, meet with the approving verdict of common humanity? In the name of reason, I answer, "There will be a general approval."

Here the Sensitive, still under control, went to the side table and helped himself to a glass of water, saying—

The sensitive feels faint by reason of one of the murdered men trying to control. He feels the cuts in the throat. There is every probability that he will succeed in controlling, although he is just now strangely excited by the change.

And now for the Act itself, and a brief review of it by me. There are one or two of its provisions that I should like to see altered. Undoubtedly there will be a general unanimity in respect of the Bill itself, but there are one or two provisions on which I wish to say a few words. First, there comes properly the reason for framing this measure to allay the spirit of panic, and to put aside the impulses of passion, and to heal the desperate wounds under which Ireland is suffering, and for which Ireland has entered on an era of sorrowing suffering. One is also pleased to notice that the sorrow expressed in Ireland is recognised to the fullest extent. So far all is just: now comes the description of the great plague spots of that festering sore, which saps a nation's vitality: unlawful combination for the purpose of secret assassination; and it is with this view that these repressive measures have been framed. Ordinary law has failed and treason prevails, and the opinion and honest convictions of a jurymen becomes an impossibility, and crime is committed with impunity; consequently, a new court has been formed: formed of three judges of the land. With this I am in perfect accord, except in the case of the crime of murder. They will form a competent court sitting without a jury; but on trials where the sacredness of life is in peril, the granted charter of the people should not be denied—a jury of their own countrymen should try them—but I should look on them as subjects of Great Britain, and liable to be tried in any part of Great Britain. To your legal mind this may be attended with legal difficulties, but I consider that it is asking too much from three officers of justice, to condemn a man to death. This, to me, is the only difficulty throughout the whole of the precautionary measures. For the other provisions, such as searching for arms, renewing the Alien Acts, and keeping from our shores the emissaries of the Donovan Rossa tribe, and I consider the precaution a wise one that refuses the nation's hospitality to the assassin. And then again, where murder is committed with impunity, the town, the city, the county, should be called on to pay indemnity, then crime must veil itself, and murderers will find themselves, in well-governed Ireland, at a discount. Some blamed Earl Spencer for his alarming message to the House, that unless strictly repressive measures were entered on he would resign and return; but they have placed in his hands the power of life and death, and vested him with an authority which he will never abuse, for we know him personally. But all have heard of his noble mind, of his love of justice, of his firmness, and of his gentleness. To-night the most stringent measure will have its first reading, and those who have ruled so long through intimidation and lawless deeds will find that at last justice is side by side with them, and that now it is their turn to fear and tremble. My opinion of the Leader of the Home Rule party is, that he is an earnest man. The stake has been a great and a cruel one to him and his party, and although they loudly protested against this measure, yet, in their hearts, they felt its necessity. "I hate sitting in this house," was the cry of their chief; "it has caused me many hours of sorrow and despondency, but this is the cruellest sitting of all." As for the taunt of the variety of employment heaped on the judges of the land—viz., jurymen, judge, and hangman—perhaps it touched broadly on the responsibility incurred in trying a man for his life; apart from this, God speed the passing of this act.

After the Control had given his opinion I gave mine and said: Parnell and his party played with the irre-

conciliables as long as it suited their book, but they now find a power at the back stronger than their own. I should have much more faith had the grief been shown at the prior murders.

ASSASSINATION.

GIVEN BY THE
CONTROL OF MR. J. O. WRIGHT.
(Reported by Mr. John Fowler.)

What monstrous thing is this: what hell-hound is this which has been let loose, in this diabolical manner, to deprive two gentlemen, connected with the administration of the law in Ireland, of life?

It is the work of madmen: heaven alone will ever be able to measure their madness. This crime is unparalleled in the whole history of Ireland's fanatical and crazy agitations.

There have been agitations, rebellions, murders before this. The genius of evil has made it his ground of special adaptability for working out the superior powers of the infernal realm. Who ever knew Ireland contented? Disorder, tumult and Donnybrook Fair sans-culottism have long been the order of the day.

The moment you put your clean feet down in the slimy streets of Ireland, you are attacked by a badly shod, unkempt and ragged troop of hypocritical beggars, who will send you to heaven a thousand times for sixpence, and blast your soul for nothing. This ragged, nondescript system of beggary has gone on from generation to generation. Ireland may be divided into two distinct classes: the beggars, and the non-beggars. The non-beggars we throw in, as the grocer throws in his sugar to balance the scale. This poverty and beggary is painfully and sadly to be lamented; but then what can practically be done? You can't rub out the legacy of many generations, as you can rub off false figures from a black board. Practical politics are something more than games of chess. The non-cohesive units of humanity are difficult to shape and manipulate into order, when disorder and madness happen to be their fatality.

It would be nonsense to waste breath in blasting the characters of the men who comprise the list of Irish Secretaries. I daresay they were all nice men at home; good sleepers and loving husbands, good at a party: men of soul in a way. But then that is not saying much. Cæsars and Cromwells and the God-like are made of the best dust, and come forth, nay stand out, as some special development. In running over the names I find nobility without first-rate quality. I find men with beautiful coronets, but no brain power under; poor administrators; as a rule political beggars as hungry as the dirty-faced child of the street. The beggar you see in rags is not always the most difficult to deal with. There are beggars like nettles round the throne, and there are real blood-sucking beggars round the Prime Minister. They are both a nuisance. It used to be that the best thing the King or his Chief Minister could do, was to give them some administrative appointment away from London. Many a man becomes a satellite in the country, that is not worth a farthing candle in the Metropolis.

Dublin Castle knows this class well. The old doors would instinctively decline to open to a true man of the first water: the old walls would think the world was come to an end, if an honourable Irishman was put on as Chief Secretary: what Hibernian fun would come out of the old rafters I don't know. It may come some day,—that some English Minister will be bold enough, and, in the English sense, mad enough to instal Irishmen into places of honour in their own country.

Why should Irishmen insist on giving any opinion in their own country? Why should Irish newspapers talk about nationality? Why should Ireland want a nationality? The English people are wise enough, they are generous enough, they know no selfishness, they are full of love and meekness. How could they do anything wrong in Ireland? How wicked of you, you naughty beggars: be contented; Kilmainham and the potatoe is good enough for you. That is the old respectable antiquated platitude in regard to Ireland.

The Gospel of Rent has many faithful and effective preachers in Ireland. Rent is a good thing; to one side of the contract, at any rate. Rent comes easily: 'tis very troublesome to collect sometimes; but that is the only difficulty. Things have come to this—that Ireland demands a change, being weary with mediocrity and beggary. It wants a change on new lines altogether. The Irishman wants to play at the political wickets. There are several good political bowlers in Ireland, and batsmen, too, of some repute. They have done a good deal of batting, and will do more; that is certain.

Assassination will not produce peace and quietness in Ireland. Despots are not got rid of by murder. Despotism lives and lords over people weak and divided. Assassination is the child of unreasoning revenge: it is a mixture of patriotic despair and immoral ruffianism. In every country in Europe, characters of this objectionable nature could be found. Ireland

is no exception. We deplore these last horrible, indescribably wicked murders, which have taken place there. Two amiable gentlemen, beloved for their virtues, fell under the knives of the assassins, and to-day every true man weeps at the execrable crime.

This terrible episode brings forcibly to mind the complex nature of the Irish difficulty, and the almost unsurpassable obstacles lying in the way of pacification. I know but one road to success, and that is, a generous acknowledgment that Ireland has talent enough, and public spirit sufficiently accentuated, to manage successfully more of her administrative machinery, and do some able and necessary work in the way of domestic legislation, without prejudice to the greatness and integrity of the British Empire. For 30 years Ireland has been ruled kindly, and with the best English intentions, but you would not like your next-door neighbour to control your own household, however pure and disinterested his intentions might be. You would forcibly remind him that you could manage your own house better than he could. There are a large number of people in Ireland, who imagine they have ability enough to rule their own land. Tinkering the Land Laws, and other political changes which leave out the consideration of Home Rule, lead to illusion and misfortune. No sooner is one concession made, than another is demanded.

It is a shame that the prejudices of race and nationality should continue so long to disintegrate and destroy the peaceable and commercial relations of nations. The world will never have accomplished the highest purpose of human life until the racial question be settled. We cannot see that a strip of territory or a narrow sea should make two or more peoples enemies to one another. Prejudices of this sort arise from a restricted intercourse. The more we associate with one another, the less likely we are to develop into national prejudices. Commerce civilizes man more rapidly than even education, but both together will accomplish wonders in the direction of relieving the human mind from this great curse. It is only in a state of freedom that men begin to enjoy immunity from the desperate influences which have their origin in racial animosities. The Irish character is endowed with many amiable and shining qualities: his brilliant wit, his eloquent satire, his social enthusiasm, his love of country, and his generosity make the Irishman a most remarkable representative of the most prominent political and social virtues. That he should have been for so many generations subject to so much injustice, and still retain the warmth of his national enthusiasm, shews what a power he must become as an agent of civilisation when he has forgot the ancient wrongs of his country, and twined the wreath of his crown around the brow of his English brother, as a companion, an equal, and a brother in the great and just federation of humanity.

The bleeding bodies of these murdered gentlemen speak from the silent grave more eloquently and effectively than the oration of the man of genius. The tragic deed has brought Ireland home to every household, and raised in every heart the query: Oh! how long will this terrible state of anarchy be allowed to continue in Ireland? The first duty of all government is to enforce the law. Law is only worth the estimation in which it is held by the people. When the majority of the people are against law and government, force will be no effective remedy.

Ireland has been played fast and loose with: she has sought a redress of her grievances, and been ridiculed for her pains. A native Parliament is demanded, but Irish parliamentary leaders are affected with a volubility of eloquence that would make parliamentary life in Dublin, if not useful, very dramatically entertaining. I don't know how the Nationalists would figure in an Irish parliament. I am sure it would be entertaining to occupy a seat in the Stranger's Gallery, if its representatives cultivated their humour and made smart speeches. The illusion of self-government no doubt would do much good in Ireland. As a spirit, I am anxiously watching the growth of man's spirit of political independence. Self-reliance, judgment, and individuality are the qualities to be cultivated by every free state. The suggestive work of the English Parliament clearly shews that the Hibernian influence will not mix with English ascendancy. Now that the murderous engine is in motion, let us try to turn back this tide of passionate strife, and bring in its place the amiabilities of virtue, which will tolerate no longer these barbarian crimes.

Poor Ireland! trying thy hand at self-government for a time will be a problem. If thy wisdom be equal to the work, it is thy divine right to have it. The halter of the galley slave must be taken off, and thy dusty limbs washed from the slavery of ages. But to be successful, the cranky orator of stale platitudes must go off into silence, to make way for the man of talent and virtue.

Assassination sends a cold shudder through the soul. Nearly twenty years ago when the last Napoleon had affected his coup-d'état, and smothered the French Republic by the weight of his ambition, Orsini, the friend of Italian liberty, tried to effect and realize the ideas of Joseph Mazzini, by assassinating the Emperor Napoleon the Third. Brigandage and assassination preceded the efficacious heroism of Garibaldi, the idealistic speculation of Mazzini, and the broad statesman-

like abilities of Count Cavour and Victor Emanuel. Italian liberty, like the breath of spring, put an end to the Italian winter of assassination. Spain, like Italy, has had her frenzies, her hallucinations, and red fancies of assassination. General Prim will be remembered in this country as the able soldier, successful statesman, and the friend of liberty. The spiritual sphere of madness got hold of a sensitive brain and sent him to an untimely grave. Crossing the Atlantic to that fair country, which grows under the beneficent authority of the stars and stripes, the name of Abraham Lincoln will live forever on the page of history, as a wise administrator of deep sympathy, imbued with a spirit of true love of liberty and justice. The annals of the same Republic are stained with the untimely death of President Garfield. These vicissitudes of madness are fresh in the memories of the people. Neither the Englishman, Frenchman, Italian, Spaniard, nor Muscovite is free from the records of assassination.

This wide-spread expression of insubordination and violence speaks with deeper tones of the advancement of principles, which will not tolerate the ruthless dispositions of irresponsible governments. If they mean anything it is that we are approaching a period when laws and customs are ineffective as restraining barriers to the carrying out of advanced and destructive ideas. In these massacres the spiritual world is interested, for out of them will come changes and conditions which will remove the unjustifiable usurpations and despotisms which afflict humanity, by inspiring men with a wholesome fear of that rebellious spirit which is always present in society, turning round and tearing in its fury the authors of injustice and oppression.

May Ireland and her rulers learn that the only highway to peace and prosperity is by doing right, obeying law, and the development of useful industry. The horror created by murders may be successful in restoring calm and serious reflections that will in the end be conducive to the solution of the Irish enigma, the greatest puzzle of the 19th century.

JUNO'S ODE.

The following remarkable poem was delivered to me in my office some days ago, entirely impromptu, by Mr. Jesse Shepard, the singer, pianist and poet. We had been conversing on Grecian art and literature, when suddenly he began to dictate while I wrote what was uttered.

The poem is here given just as delivered. It has reference to a revival of ancient lore, and is applicable to the artistic tastes of a new school which is now coming into existence, namely, the mingling of the classical with the newest æstheticism of to-day.

A. G. W. CARTER.

Cincinnati, April 20, 1882.

Now Juno from her starry height
Descends to rule the ways of night,
Here on this mortal earth,
And cause your eyes to see the light,
And wonder at the glorious sight
That crowned Apollo's birth.
In mystic majesty and might,
Her chariot in resplendent flight
Triumphant rolls along.
She's armed for freedom and for right,
With sword and helmet for the fight—
She chants Victorian song.
Make way to open wide the door,
We come with old Hellenic lore,
The modern world to greet;
We come from Ægean's distant shore,
Where sunlight smiles and thunders roar,
And godlike armies meet.
Then let us laugh, and praise, and sing,
Let joyous echoes round us ring
In festivals of love.
For Grecian gods are on the wing,
And Grecian glories the will bring
From Elysium above.
We'll show thee how lost Theban arts
Ruled o'er proud valiant Trojan hearts,
In war, and love, and song;
In peace, in pain, in pleasure's parts,
In fair Diana's deadly darts
The Lydians knew so long.
Where purple peaks of splendour rise
From pillared planes to templed skies
Th' assembled gods awake—
Th' immortal virtue of the wise
Ascended hosts—that never dies—
In paradise partake.

—“Cincinnati Commercial.” (U.S.A.) April 23, 1882.

[Mr. Shepard will be remembered as having visited this country, as a musical medium ten years ago. Under the in-

fluence of Mrs. Berry, he became developed for the control of ancient spirits and literary phenomena. His acquirements in these respects have since become remarkable.—Ed. M.]

A CLAIREVOYANT'S VISION OF THE MURDERERS.

The “Northern Echo” states that a strange “information” was brought the other day to the Darlington police. A respectable working man, residing at Darlington, called at the police station, and stated that his daughter, who had been 25 weeks an invalid confined to her bed, had in a trance seen two men whom she knew to be the murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish. The girl is suffering from an injury to her spine, and appears to have spent the last eight weeks of her life in a condition of semi-unconsciousness, taking but little food, ‘having brief intervals of wakefulness, during which she speaks with a calm confidence of having visited, in company with her familiar spirit, whom she calls “Sister Jane,” various strange scenes:—“It was on Thursday last she says she paid her first visit to Dublin. There she saw in a house in Thomas Street, a man who had taken part in the murder in Phoenix Park the previous Saturday. He was a man of less than middle age, of fair complexion, very fair, and of hair not exactly red or brown, but between the two, and whiskers lighter than sandy. He was dressed in a grey suit of clothes; but the clothes he had worn on the previous Saturday were laid in a chest of drawers. She also saw another man at Pryce Terrace, dressed in a brown suit. His clothes worn on the previous Saturday were at the moment of her visit laid on the lid of a box in an upper room of the house. She revisited the same two houses on Friday. Both men appeared now to be under the influence of great fear of being discovered. The man in Pryce Terrace was especially frightened, and stayed in the upper room. Indeed, there appeared to be no one else in the house. The person making this statement, Eliza Ann Hamilton, is no impostor. She is a child of honest parents; the subject of severe, possibly fatal, illness, and spends most of her time in singing passages from the hymn-book. Some of those about her regard her as a person divinely inspired. No one, whatever other theory is favoured, doubts the sincerity and honesty of the patient.”—“Manchester Evening News,” May 16.

THE HUMAN COMPREHENSION.

“Philosophy would clip an angel's wings.”—Keats.

When we think how difficult it is to enter into the minds and moods and dispositions of others, we may easily perceive how much more difficult or impossible it must be to realise or conceive the nature and condition of life with a disembodied spirit; and in quoting Shakespeare, I ought to have taken the words of Hamlet rather than those of the Ghost, or the two quotations in conjunction. For the words of Hamlet seem to express the difficulty in question, which I don't find very generally recognised, if at all, in Spiritualism. Hamlet says:

“What may this mean;
That thou dead corse, again in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our dispositions
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?”

For what else could be meant by “fools of nature,” and “thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?” We can only imagine from what we know and experience; and to conceive a life free of all the physical conditions and organs of the body is not possible. Hence God and angels are represented as human beings, and even such a fine imaginative poet as Milton could not do otherwise, nor Swedenborg either, who could but transfer human nature into heaven and hell; and with the writers in the Bible it is not different. Here is a fine translation of Milton's “Paradise Lost” into French, grandly illustrated. The angels just all in human form, with the only difference that they are of no sex; and the fault is not in the art or the idea, but in the very nature of things, and limited capacity of the human understanding.

And the truth of the above reflection is exemplified in the picture of this journal—as a necessity both in art and fancy—the embodiment to the human sense and understanding.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

[What is Mr. Atkinson driving at? He seems to contend that because we are unable to conceive of the conditions of the spirit-world that, therefore, the existence of spiritual beings and their communion with man, are not well-established facts. This week he goes further, and points out that the minds and moods of men are quite beyond the ken of one another. Must we, therefore, conclude that other people do not exist, because we are unable to enter into the conditions of their sphere of thought, or proper personality. The next step must be for Mr. Atkinson to discover something obscure in relation to himself, and forthwith he will proclaim the fact of his non-existence! What “fools of nature” some people parade themselves!—Ed. M.]

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

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

THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.

FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1882.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The greater part of the MEDIUM this week was communicated through mediumship. The touching and instructive history of "Humnur Stafford" was given through the hand of Mrs. Esperance. It clearly points out in what spiritual greatness consists. Intellectual ability, noise and popularity are not spiritual qualities. It is not spiritual gold of the finest quality, that glitters most brilliantly in the eyes of men. Let us all, as Spiritual workers, take warning by these experiences, not to be puffed up on account of our work, for thereby we renounce all claim to spiritual quality therein.

And, again, people wonder why spirits pick up their instruments in such an irregular fashion, and that the great ones of earth communicate with the humble and unknown. That despised, half-starved and maligned spiritual worker or medium, may spiritually rank with the noblest of humanity's helpers, though of no account in the eyes of the world, which is all the time busy with its own toys—not the will of Heaven.

Both of the Controls this week purport to come from "Thomas Carlyle." We understand A. T. T. P. was in Liverpool last week, and had a sitting with Mr. Wright on the Wednesday evening. "Thomas Carlyle" had previously manifested through both mediums repeatedly. That the Controls purport to come from the same spirit was unknown to the respective Records, till we apprised them of the fact. There is, therefore, no collusion in the matter.

The publication of two such papers simultaneously is an ordeal from which falsifiers would shrink; and all will at once, then, admit the genuineness of the Controls and the sincerity of Mediums and Records. Now comes to Spiritualists a far more interesting study than that of superficial scepticism. Assume that the communications emanate from the spirit indicated, then all differences of style observable in the articles, and between them and the author's works in earth-life, will have to be accounted for.

But carefully discriminate between style and subject-matter. The points of agreement in that respect are many; being varied by the point of view occupied by the mentality addressed. Thus, in one case a legal consideration was introduced, because the person addressed was an old lawyer. Mr. Gladstone is also defended, possibly from some latent feeling of criticism in the mind addressed. In both Controls the symbol of the Nettle is introduced.

This brings us to the point we have long ago spoken of in respect to the composition of Controls. They are necessarily

made up, to a great extent, of mind-qualities present in the thought-spheres through which they pass in reaching earth. The spirit's thoughts have to become materialised, so to speak, in earthly elements. It will be observed that Mr. Wright's style abounds in short sentences. This is also true when that gentleman writes a letter in his normal state. A. T. T. P.'s medium we have not heard speak on the platform, but we think the structure of the communications partake more of the intellectual pabulum of the recorder. The sentences are altogether of a different form, and such phrases as "I allude to the 'Times,'" occur in messages from various spirits.

Plainly, then, as may be seen from our columns this week, the same spirit, through two mediums, varies in form of expression. If so, why not in other matters: matters of sentiment, matters of moral tone, logical clearness, and spirituality, and yet be the same spirit?

The mind through which a message passes from the spirit-world, is a mass of previously acquired impressions. The intensity of these impressions during control, or the uncontrolled action of any brain organ, due to the presence of such impressions, must vitiate the communication at the time being given. We have seen a medium in a towering passion; in a state of exultation; in grief, or under other feeling, and the effects have been palpable in the conduct of the spirit. In these cases the mind sphere controls the spirit, not the spirit, the medium.

Do not let us, then, be too credulous or too critical. What Spiritualists greatly stand in need of is more knowledge. There are few minds on earth so pure and diaphanous that the thoughts of the spirit-world can pass through uncontaminated and shapely, and in our large cities it would be impossible for a pure mind to keep itself clear of smuts long.

We tremble when our "guides" (that is the orthodox phrase) make us take pen in hand and write "at large" upon the Movement. We know not whose head may be broken, aiblins our own. This has been the case this week. The moral is, that the external agencies in Spiritualism have their place, and it is an important place; but, when used too exclusively, these means lead to mischief and defeat. "Humnur Stafford" guide, in the concluding paragraph, puts the matter clearly. All agencies are good, if worked with a good motive; but to talk loftily of religion and doing good, while all the rest of the day the preacher is working selfish intrigue and other forms of evil, is the condemnation of any cause.

That Spiritualism is being promoted much more extensively by spiritual means than by the appliances of the "Movement," we had testimony a few days ago. A gentleman, whose family are highly mediumistic, lives in an important town where Spiritualism has not yet been publicly proclaimed. He does not know a single "Spiritualist" within many miles of him; yet, on naming the subject to those to whom he is impressed to speak, he finds that from their own private experience they have been led to conclusions similar to those advanced by Spiritualists. The Power of the Spirit is what we must look to, and sedulously cultivate; taking due care that by our din and fluster we do not scare it away!

There is a deal of talk about "Rent," and "No Rent," now-a-days. Why should we pay "rent" for spiritual light, any more than for sun light? The best spiritual work is done without money and without price: nay, at a sacrifice. Mr. Cogan's work on the South African Diamond Fields, stated last week, is an instance. This week we reprint a seance-report of Mr. Spriggs's mediumship,—a spiritual "landlord" who charges no "rent." The only plan to do away with obnoxious rents, is not to charge them: but we must not dictate too harshly to others. The man who makes his million a year off pig-iron or wool—and sticks to it—has no business to pluck the feathers off a territorial rent collector, who performs, moreover, considerable local charity, and is, in many instances, the keystone that holds the society arch in position. Let us begin, then by abrogating "rent" in Spiritualism, and work for the spirit-world without dimming our mind's eye, by placing over it a medallion bearing the impress of Cæsar. Let us earn our bread by worldly craft, and keep our spiritual work free from all such obnoxious communications.

Mr. T. M. Brown is now on his way south, and will lecture in Middlesbro' on Sunday first, the 21st inst. Letters for him to be addressed—care of Mr. T. H. Charlton, 12, Yew Street, Brentnall Street, Middlesbro'.

LIVERPOOL.—"The evil effects of Racial Prejudices in the present age," was the subject of Mr. J. C. Wright's oration on Sunday evening last in the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson Street. The Hall was crowded. The address was considered one of Mr. Wright's grandest efforts. The audience testified its appreciation at the close, by repeated rounds of applause.—COR.

HOW THE HELP COMES IN.

Even if I never went to sleep at all, work would not do all that is needed; and to perform literary duties, I require such rest as enables the brain to perform its functions.

Perhaps it might be as well to remind the friends of the Cause, that during these last few years, my commercial position, as a successful publisher, has suffered to the extent of at least £2,000. In a very few years I put 20,000 volumes of standard literature into circulation, a form of teaching which has never been equalled before nor since. Now I am ready to do more of this good work, and my irons are in the fire, but who is to restore to me the means I have lost these last five years? The troubles that have beset the Cause, and the efforts that have been made to crush me, have deprived me of that which the world can afford in this work.

My own interests did not concern me. I let all go but the spiritual work, the doors of the Spiritual Institution never were closed, the work was done daily, the MEDIUM, through it all, increased in spiritual power and importance, and to-day, thank God, all have been benefitted steadily: I am the only crippled soldier.

Now, I ask that my tools be given me back—that my capital be restored. Spiritualism professes to teach righteousness; let us have in this case some practical demonstration of it. As a Spiritualist, I have been and am content to give my labour, but as a man of business, I desire to be treated as men of business treat one another, when a brother merchant suffers through no fault of his own, and has laudably performed his duty.

The following sums I gratefully acknowledge for the Spiritual Institution:—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---------------------|---|----|----|
| B. G. | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Mrs. Lowe | 1 | 3 | 9 |
| Mrs. L. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Skilton | 0 | 5 | 3 |
| Miss Dickson | 1 | 1 | 0 |

J. BURNS.

Spiritual Institution, 15, Southampton Row, London.
May 18th, 1882.

CIRCLE & PERSONAL MEMORANDA

Mr. Frank Herne, begs to inform his friends and patrons that he has returned to England. Address—8, Albert Road, Forest Lane, Stratford. E.

Mr. J. C. Wright will be at Belper on Sunday and Monday; Derby on Tuesday; and Walsall on Wednesday.

A weekly Journal has been commenced in Paris, entitled "L'Esprit;" office, 5, Boulevard Denain. It is a well-printed sheet. The Editor in chief is M. J. de Coradde, and the administrator, M. Alphonse Momas. These two gentlemen contribute the greater portion of the matter—the latter a continuous narrative recounting the adventures of a spirit after death. Communications are given from the "Apostle Paul," and others of that age. There is a thoughtful series of essays on "Religion."

MRS. HARDINGE-BRITTEN'S WORK.

Mrs. Hardinge-Britten has already promised to lecture as follows. During the Sundays of the ensuing months; any friends in adjacent places desiring further service, for week night lectures only, can apply to—The Limes, Humphrey Street, Cheetham Hill, Manchester.

Sundays of May and June—Manchester.

A CORNISH CORRESPONDENT.

Dear Master Hedeter.—I tho't i wold jest rite e a kroom ov a letter fur the MEDIUM of you or your reader can understand our Cornish lingo (vocabulary). Wel Sur, in the fust place i must tell e that i have taken in your good paper, fur 7 or 8 years, and that i hav got 4 or 5 Vols. bound and my Dear i can assure e that tes very refreshen to go back and read um over et doo appear to me to give me sumen new every time i doo read um. the preachery men doo often say the bible doo give us alles sumen new every time we doo read et. Wel i bee sure the MEDIUM doo too. I bant no skoller you see but i doo read a good bit and i hav learned to think a little on my own akount.

MARY ANN DYER.

Famath.

THE DIFFUSION OF SPIRITUALISM.

MEDIUMSHIP IN LITERATURE.

The Editor.—Sir,—Ben Jonson tells us, in his *Discoveries*, that "Shakespeare, in writing, (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line." Jonson tells us this on the authority of Shakespeare's fellow-players, two of whom collated his plays and brought them out after Shakespeare's death. I find this astounding assertion, from the *Discoveries* of Jonson, quoted in the Preface to *Rowe's Shakespeare*. By the above we are bound to surmise that the grand works of our great poet may or must have been dictated to him, much as Mr. T. L. Harris's poetry was dictated to him; and in the same way as, also, much of *Paradise Lost* was dictated to Milton, as he acknowledges, and that dictation was by his Control, Urania. The parts dictated were probably the heroics. For some of his own poetry, we must confess, is inimitable, and, to some, perhaps, more pleasing than the heroics. Thus Milton says:—

"Descend from heaven, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine,
Following, above th' Olympian Hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegasus wing."

And again:—

"I now must change
These notes to tragick. * * * * *
If answerable style I can obtain
Of my celestial Patroness, who deigns
Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,
And dictates to me slum'ring, or inspires
Easy my unpremeditated verse."

And again:—

"In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the East; still govern thou my song, Urania,"

Dr. Crowell, in his *Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism*, tells us:—"Mr. G. H. Lewis, in an article written by him, and published in the *Fortnightly Review*, says, 'Dickens once declared to me that every word he said by his characters was distinctly heard by him.'"

Dr. Crowell also tells us:—"Mr. James T. Fields also bore testimony to the mediumship of Mr. Dickens in his *Lectures on Fiction and its ancient authors*. He there said, 'Dickens was at one time so taken possession of by the characters of whom he was writing, that they followed him everywhere, and would not let him alone for a moment. When he was writing *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Mrs. Gamp kept him in such paroxysms of laughter, by whispering to him in the most inopportune places—sometimes even in church—that he was compelled to fight her off by main-force when he did not want her company; and he threatened to have nothing more to do with her unless she could behave better and come only when she was called.'"

A young Florentine medium, Gino Fanciullacci, born of poor parents, and with no literary education, has lately written and published a volume in Dantesque metre, called *A Pilgrimage in the Heavens*. He is employed in the shop, of a French antiquary, who has become a Spiritualist through witnessing Fanciullacci writing day after day from twelve o'clock till half past one, this "wonderful production," as it is said to be, "without ever altering a word;" because, as he declares, "he simply writes down what he distinctly hears dictated to him." The *Revue Spirite* says:—"According to literary men, this volume is excellent as regards capacity and power, and its prosody is irreproachable." It is well to remark that this young man is said to understand his own language well. Spirits prefer good tools.

In the *Revue Spirite*, of June 1881, Signor Tremeschini, an Italian, and also Engineer and Astronomer at the Pantheon of Paris, in a critique on this work says: "As a whole it is an immortal work. I defy contradiction." Shakespeare is said never to have blotted out a line. Fanciullacci does not alter a word.

Strange to relate, the young sister of Gino Fanciullacci has lately proved herself, in another way, a medium of as wonderful capacity as her brother. In the *Revue Spirite*, of May, 1882, we find the following:—"This young girl, who

had never played a bar of music in her life, was told, by the spirits, to seat herself at the piano: and she then played and continues to play the most elaborate pieces of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c., with the mastery of a Thalberg or a Prudent."

SENEX.

SPIRITUAL POLITY.

"THE DECAY OF PREACHING."

To the Editor.—Sir,—Speaking of the causes which are bringing about the decadence of pulpit eloquence, the Editor of the *Newcastle Chronicle* writes:—"Where is the bishop with his £5000 per annum that can adequately expound the text to 'sell all that thou hast and give to the poor?' Where the poor struggling parson, deep in debt, who can preach on, 'Owe no man anything?' And where the minister, wrapped in luxury, a kind of curled darling of society, who dare tell his people to be content with food and raiment? The fact is, that parsons have drifted away from the simplicity of the faith-founders—the men who 'left all'—and some of them have entered the Church as a profession, in which they do possibly conscientious, but still cold, duty—a yearly round of sermons and parties, of weddings, and baptisms, and funerals; and in that yearly round there is nothing of that zeal that the enthusiastic preachers of old knew. And if the parson is to recover that influence that seems to be passing away, he will have to alter his preaching and his practice: he will need to preach believing that his task is the binding up of the wounded in spirit, and the building up of that Universal Church which was 'ample as the wants of man.'"

I think, sir, that these remarks, called forth by a perusal of the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy's little volume, entitled, "Decay of Preaching," are a credit to the Editor's heart and head, and I perfectly agree with him, that less eloquence and more earnest sympathy with the suffering will very much advance the cause of the parsons of Christendom. Yet wealth does not altogether militate against success in the pulpit. Take the case of Dean Stanley. An audience, as a rule, care little whether the occupier of the pulpit be rich or poor. They are there as listeners, for the purpose of being made wiser and better, and if the parson fail to stir either their intellects or their hearts, it may be at once concluded that he is unsuitable as an instructor in religion. Clergymen, without stopping to enquire into the reason why these things are so, are too much in the habit of condemning the "atheistic tendencies of the age" as the cause of the falling away of their congregations. They ought rather to look *within* for an explanation of the disaster. The old members are with them still—those of a past generation—but the young men and women, with intellects brightened by a fair education, by good literature, and such criticisms in the daily papers as I have called attention to, are not to be seen by the sides of their dams. They have listened again, again, and again, and the eternal sameness has wearied them beyond endurance, and they vow to go no more. If parsons would shake off the fetters of the past, and point to Egypt, to India, to Greece, and Rome, and instruct their congregations in the development of religious and civil thought, they would quickly fill their churches to overflowing, even if they failed to visit the fatherless and widows. But if, as well as awakening the intellect and supplying it with food, they touched also the feelings and pointed the way to heaven, themselves leading on, then would this Atheistic England of ours become vitalised with spiritual zeal; and even Spiritualism with its manifold blessings could be almost dispensed with. But will this generation of parsons change their methods? I fear not. Hence the necessity for more energy, more daring, more light, and more love. These are at hand and the world knows it not, otherwise we should not hear these regrets as to the decadence of pulpit eloquence. For the greater part of my life I felt quite an affection for the parson who cut his sermon down to fifteen minutes or so. Now I sit for an hour and a half listening with intensest pleasure to the affecting eloquence of Mrs. Britten and other well-known servants of the spirit-world. And so it would appear that the Church's methods and the ways of Deity are not one and the same; and unless a more liberal spirit be infused into the hearts and minds of Christendom's expounders, the inspired fishermen, mechanics, factory girls, tradesmen, and educated men and women, who avowedly speak as the

"spirit" gives them utterance, will perforce have to perform the duty the earthly constituted ministers now neglect.

No Spiritualist wishes misfortune to existing agencies for spiritualising the nation, but seeing as we do the unwisdom of their methods, we, in a fraternal manner, point them out, and indicate a direction of usefulness and success. And for our advice shall we, I wonder, receive blame or praise? We mean well, but fear that the Christianity of this age is so adulterated with love of all that is earthly, that its ministers, with few exceptions, will shower on our devoted heads nothing but scriptural quotations and abuse. And of the two we would prefer the abuse.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
T. C. E.

THIS IS WHAT WE THINK ABOUT IT.

Perhaps it would be as well to let the preaching trade alone to manage their affairs as they may see best. The interest of their own class is at the bottom of their efforts, and the same remark applies to men who trade on Spiritualism in a manner similar to the pulpit trade in Christianity. These speaking trades unions are interested alone in their craft, and in all forms of sentiment and method they will slavishly follow that fashion which ensures the greatest degree of popularity.

But is it not a misfortune to identify the work of Spiritualism with any form of preaching—even that of our own platform? The preaching era is one of spiritual babyhood, in which mankind make collections and subscriptions to hire other people to think aloud for them. This can scarcely be regarded as conducive to spiritual growth. Have not the best preached-at spiritual centres of the last five years, come to the lowest point of spiritual ruin? And yet not so; for though the "talking shops" have had hard times, yet the spiritual augmentation has gone on like an ascending wave of Spiritual Light and Power.

Let us suppose that in a certain place there were meetings last year, attended by an audience of 200 weekly. This year there are no such meetings, and yet the number of Spiritualists is even greater, and the tone of spirituality prevalent in their minds is higher. The most prominent fruit of the "preaching" of Spiritualism has been the ascendancy of clique-tarianism. And this, because the selfish spirit of prometyism and commercial ambition has been at the bottom of it all.

The logic of facts has, therefore, proved that all this is wrong, and our platform speechifications—apart from the magnetic vigour of the speaker—have become as doctrinally cut and dried as the expositions of any pulpit exponent of the "Confession of Faith." We have industriously recorded the flowers of the platform orators of the Movement for these dozen years; and we fail to perceive that anything new is being advanced by those who have been longest in the field. A professional speaker scarcely dare be wise beyond that which is written. New ideas are chiefly the fruit of independent thought, gained under finer conditions than the public platform affords.

In all this kind of thing the Movement has been strictly following the methods of Ecclesiasticism, not Spiritualism. It is the earth-world, not the spirit-world, that has inspired these forms of procedure. Hence, though public work has had some soul in it, and done an unquestionable amount of good, yet, strange to say, the Movement has made greater progress in extension laterally, and altitude spiritually, while our external work has been in a state of chaos, than it did in the palmiest days of that form of work.

The reason is that man's spiritual education soon gets beyond the reach of the platform. The external intellect, through the ears and the eyes, is only reached from the platform and the phenomenal seance. Hence, both have failed to constitute a Spiritual Movement.

We want teachers—not preachers. The world needs to be taught much of man and his organic and spiritual environment, not vague platitudes about heaven, hell, spheres, God, and other purely doctrinal points, in the presentation of which no scintillation of light is presented to the mind of the listener; only opinion—notions—nothing more. We heard much of sham "Psychological Societies" some years ago; we wish, and have always wished, there were some real ones. We have now another little craze—that of "Spiritual Evidence Societies;" but where is the "Spiritual Evidence" with which they are capable of testifying to the Truth?

Yes, we want teachers, but where are we to find them? The chief external teacher is the Printing Press; but, again, it only appeals to the external mind. That we may appear to condemn none—not even our own work—let us say, in a word, that though our platform at the present moment is grandly suited, and our columns are weekly freighted with important matter, yet these constitute only the small beginnings of a true spiritual work. Every man has got to do that work for himself; the Platform and the Press only ring the bell.

The true spiritual method is one that appeals to the spirit. No man is a Spiritualist till he has found within the domain of his own nature an ever welling-up spring of spiritual waters to refresh and purify his external nature. The light must be

within, and then the man is a light-house to the world of darkness in which he lives. He no longer listens to laboured harangues for his spiritual comfort. He goes to a "Lecture" to learn facts on technical points, but his spiritual food he gathers on another field.

It is only the man with the power of the spirit thus in him, that can at all do spiritual work. Men are not made Spiritualists by facts and phenomena addressed to the senses, or by arguments levelled at the intellect. Men are made Spiritualists by spiritual influences brought to bear on their spiritual nature.

How, then, to do the work? Become spiritual! The first step is to be unselfish—learn the divine art of making self-sacrifice for the unfoldment of spiritual Truth, clean the windows of thy spiritual lantern of self-satisfied grossness, and open the shutter of self-preservation, and let the spiritual light that is within thee shine forth. Men will see it and be led by it, and then thou wilt not require to ask the preachers to be self-sacrificing, and leave all for the sake of truth; for thou wilt have done it for thyself and partly for them at the same time.

Here, again, we have the cloven foot of Ecclesiasticism hatefully visible. A professional class of self-sacrificers is indicated by "T. O. E." The spiritually dark and morally degraded world is to be vicariously beatified by the sacrificial labours of empty-bellied and shabbily attired preachers!

Brothers! sisters! let it not go forth that this is the doctrine of Spiritualism. But it is! Facts are the strongest argument in proof of any point. The wail of the self-sacrificing has been heard in these columns of late, and the Movement has been content to appropriate the fruits of anguish, over-toil and want!

Much is said of sacrifice in this number of the MEDIUM. The Controls dilate upon the sacrifice of the much lamented Servants of the Crown in Ireland.

Now what is the spiritual right and wrong of this matter? We must be careful that we do not permit ourselves to be drawn into the position of justifiers of murder. We must be careful that we do not canonize Judas instead of Jesus. We must take heed, that we regard not the victim as merely playing a needful part, and "serve him right, too;" and stand apologists for the murderer, who, in that light, becomes the meritorious person in the drama.

No, none of that. We have no right to demand sacrifice of anyone. But the duty of everyone, is to lead the way by making sacrifice, and thus, by the influence of example enforced by precept, cause others to do likewise. It is not the Good Principle, but the Evil Principle that demands sacrifice—that will have his "pound of flesh." Hence, in the Persian Theosophy, the All was divided into the opposite realms—Ormuzd and Ahriman,—God and devil. Hence, the intuitions of the Man of Nature, the so-called savage, prompts him to make his sacrifice of atonement to the Evil Spirit, not the Good Spirit. Hence, the enlightened mind says to the bigot: "your God is my devil." Hence, the Tyneside collier when dying, on being asked whether he had made peace with God, replied: "Oh, he's all right; its tither chap, I'm afeared on."

The Spiritual Gospel teaches us not only to make sacrifice ourselves, but to prevent the sacrifice of others. We are not only to forgive our enemies, but to shield our friends from unnecessary suffering. Executioners there must be, but they are accursed, and must go into spiritual darkness and punishment. "Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to the man by whom offences cometh!" That man who sees his brother suffer for truth, and does not come to his rescue and aid him in the work, commits an "offence." The Spiritual Teacher in his agony of destitution and weariness, caused by the indifference of a world to whom he ministers, says of his neglectful brethren: "I was thirsty, hungry, naked, sick, and ye relieved me not; ye are the companions of devils, and choose for yourselves spiritual suffering and purification as if by fire." They may reply that they knew him not. But he reminds them, thatasmuch as they did it not to one of the least of these minor spiritual workers, they, therefore, in spirit, ignored their whole duty. Those whose hearts were open and aided in the sacrifice incurred, are the "righteous," and "go away into life eternal."

The spiritual duty of all is to sacrifice those things of the life temporal that the interests of the life eternal may be promoted. Who heeds not the monitions of the Divine Voice within him, and hardens himself down to the lowest mercenary morals, is thereby damning himself to that plane of spiritual narrowness and darkness, which he has made his by choice.

Our Movement will be made grand and strong, and the world will be spiritually blessed, by each one, from the heart and out of pure disinterestedness, doing what he can to save others from the danger inherent in the lower hemisphere of their nature.

LORD LYTTLETON'S GHOST STORY.—We have received a private letter of information for the querent of last week, if he will send on postal address.

TIDINGS from the ANTIPODES.

A REMARKABLE SEANCE.

SHAKING HANDS WITH GHOSTS.

Mr. E. Cyril Haviland, of this city, who has lately been on a visit to Melbourne, and who was present at one of the spiritualistic seances given by the celebrated medium, Spriggs, forwards us the following account of his experiences:—

From the manner in which you allow people of all opinions to express themselves in your columns, I trust the following account, the veracity of which I am prepared to make oath to, may be permitted space in your very widely read journal. Some of your readers, doubtless, have already heard of the "Materializing circle" which meet twice a week in a room at the back of Mr. Terry's shop, 84, Russell Street, Melbourne, and without discussing the why or wherefore of the facts, I shall simply state what I witnessed myself at a sitting on Friday, the 3rd instant, in that room.

Merely premising that I know the room well, and have been in it numberless times, and that just before the "sitting" I examined it thoroughly, taking up the coir matting to see there were no trap-doors, and finding neither these nor holes in the solid walls, nor cellar under the room, nor opening of any kind, except the usual window and door, which were not accessible to the medium without our knowledge, and further premising that of the seven sitters (three ladies and four gentlemen, including myself) none were incapable of applying tests, I shall proceed to relate what took place between the hours of half-past seven and ten, a candle burning in the room all the time in the niche of the mantelpiece.

We took our seats at 7.30 p.m. in a semi-circle, the medium, Mr. Spriggs, sitting near me. Presently he was "controlled" by a spirit (Indian), known as "Swiftwater," who spoke in broken English, and was introduced to me (as I was the only stranger present), and then he walked the medium behind a curtain that hangs across the corner of the room, round which we sat. The curtain (red repp) was then drawn, the medium being behind it, and as I have before stated, it was impossible any fraud could have been practised, for there were no exits or entrances except the window and door, and neither of these were accessible without discovery.

After the lapse of a few minutes a voice was heard speaking to us, apparently above the medium, asking who I was, and stating we should have good manifestations, and then suddenly the voice ceased, the curtain was drawn to one side and there stood a figure, dressed in white, with a red sash round his waist, bare legs and feet. This form measured himself in my presence at a measuring apparatus, and registered height was 5ft. 8 and a half in. His name is "Zion Strupp." Presently he went behind the curtain and there was a sound similar to that caused by gas escaping out of a bag, a long low whistle, and in a few minutes the second figure appeared. He is known as "Peter," and is the same spirit as that coming through Mr. C. E. Williams, of London. "Peter" shook hands with me as well as with the other sitters, and seemed quite at home with us. He measured himself and registered 5ft. 1 and a half in. He picked up some loose flowers that had been brought into the room and pricked his hand with a rose-thorn. Then, picking out that piece, he handed it to me, saying, "Here, Haviland, squeeze that." "Peter" was with us, a tangible solid body, as much like flesh and blood as I am, fully 10 minutes, and then he too went behind the curtain and disappeared.

I ought to mention that several times the medium was shown to me by the materialized spirit lifting up the curtain, and I distinctly saw him sitting in his chair quite unconscious, that is, in trance.

"Geordie," of whom I have a photograph taken in daylight in Scotland through the mediumship of Miss Fairlamb, was the next to come. With the exception of a very low "Good evening," "Geordie" did not speak, but he shook hands with me, rubbed my hand over his face, put his face so close to me our noses almost touched, motioned for the candle to be brought out of the recess, and thus stood beside me in full light, measured himself (5ft. 4 inches), picking up a piece of rock, weighing 14 and a half lbs, with one hand, and tossed it to me, and then he went to the writing desk and wrote me a letter, which I have now in my possession, and in various other ways spent quite 20 minutes with us. One gentleman present said that Mr. Harrison, of London, had published a statement that in "materialization" the spirits wore masks, and to disprove this, "Geordie" came over to me, and with his face within two inches of mine, distinctly moved his eyes, eyebrows, mouth, and other features.

After "Geordie" came "Mrs. Cobham," but nothing of any particular interest occurred either thorough her or through two other female friends following her, "The Nun" and "Charity," the first named being a beautiful girl of apparently 19 or 20, with long black curls.

Then followed a child, "Lily," whose aunts sat next to me at the sitting. "Lily" spoke to, and was recognised by her aunt, but seemed shy of me (a stranger). "Lily's" height is 3ft. 11 inches.

After "Lily" came "John Wright," but he did not stay long; and then we had further manifestations in the "direct voice," that is, spirits speaking direct and not through the organism of the medium. I was informed of friends and relatives standing near me and their names given, although they were unknown to all present.

I have now to state that the medium's height is 5 feet 6 inches and one quarter and that none of the figures resembled him in the slightest, to finish the record of one of the most remarkable seances I have witnessed, and if it will satisfy anyone of the truth of my statement I am ready to take this letter before a magistrate and swear to it.—"Sydney Evening News," February 2, 1882.

[The reference made to Mr. Harrison's views is not quite accurate. The statement in question is that the faces of these spirit-forms is "mask-like." The truth is that no sweeping statement of the kind will apply to all cases: according to conditions the mobility and expression of these faces vary. At times they are simply masks, without any organism behind, and, therefore, devoid of speech or expression; at other times the full form partakes of this hallow character; again the head and face may be perfect, but more like a solid piece of sculpture than a living being; and in the best examples, as those described above, the forms seem to have all the functions of life and mentality. All depends on the facilities at the command of the spirits, for the manifestation of individuality.—Ed. M.]

PROGRESS OF SPIRITUAL WORK.

PLYMOUTH.—RICHMOND HALL, RICHMOND STREET.

EXTENSION OF THE MOVEMENT.

"Cast thy bread (or seed) upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." We are constantly having striking illustrations of this great truth, in this local movement. For many months we have been, as workers in this holy cause of Spiritualism, literally carrying out the injunction, "In the morning sow thy seed, in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that, or whether shall be both alike good." We have not seen all at once the results of our toil and seed-sowing; to do so would not be at all in accordance with Nature; we have not been permitted to witness the silent working and germination of the seed we have scattered: what husbandman ever did! But as a reward for patient plodding, waiting and watching, through the winter's dreary dearth and cheerless cold, the spring time arrives, and the gladdened eye of the faithful worker sees the incipient results of his efforts in the peeping blades and swelling buds of the forthcoming corn and fruit. In due course the trees are ripe for the vintage, and the fields are white unto the harvest.

Is not this beautifully symbolical of spiritual husbandry? Yes, and our local movement affords a striking illustration hereof. Whilst permitted from the first to see that our labours were not in vain, it was not granted to us to realise all the effects of our effort. As time passes, however, these effects do gradually and surely appear. Our loved cause is extending its ramifications on every hand in a most encouraging manner; we have received exceptional evidences of this during the past week. Personally, I have not noticed in any one week, so many individual instances of newly awakened inquiry and interest as during the one just closed. The encouraging part of this matter is that the interest once awakened, keeps awake, and hence we may count upon a permanent accession to our already large circle of interested investigators. One sign of this increased interest is the increasing

CIRCULATION OF SPIRITUALIST PAPERS.

I have been for some time desiring to get fifty regular subscribers to the MEDIUM; I am glad to say that I am able now to order that number weekly of Mr. Burns. The distribution every week of these fifty papers amongst the friends, I regard as one of the most agreeable of my duties, and the circulation of such literature among the people must have no small influence in the interests of our Cause. I should remark that in addition to my order, many copies are obtained through the stationers.

We gratefully acknowledge, also, various presents of other spiritualistic literature that we have recently received.

SUNDAY SERVICE.

On Sunday evening, a discourse was delivered by the writer, on the following passage, Acts viii, 6-8,—“And the multitudes gave heed with one accord into the things that were spoken by Philip, when they heard and saw the signs which he did. For many of those which had unclean spirits, they came out, crying with a loud voice; and many that were palsied, and that were lame, were healed. And there was much joy in that city.” The subject was “The Spiritual Outlook,” or my impressions and views respecting the aspects and prospects of the Cause of Spiritualism, as the result of my recent visit to the metropolis and other places. An attempt was made to show that the rapid spread of Spiritualism was to be accounted for on the

same grounds as the rapid extension of Christianity at the beginning; not in virtue of any creed or system, but by its practical operations; its FACTS, and its EFFECTS upon the bodies, minds, and souls of the people; its enlightening, healing, regenerating power. At the private communion service which followed, our young medium of nine years, addressed the company.

THE TROUBLED BOARDING SCHOOL.

This matter is not, by any means, neither by the spirits nor their earthly friends, to remain in “statu quo.” The latest particulars concerning the disturbances, are contained in a paragraph of the lady's letter to me, received on Saturday. “Last night I took one of my girls to share my room; I slept through the night, being overwrought somewhat; she was kept awake. She told me she heard noises all night; otherwise we have been quiet lately.”

Arrangements are now completed, nothing interrupting, for its being visited during the next few days, by those who have some experience in spiritualistic investigation. OMEGA.

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

Sunday, May 21th, at 7 p.m., prompt, Mr. MacDonnell: “Europe in 1900.”

Monday, at 8, Mrs. Cannon has kindly offered to sit for Materialization in aid of Fund for Mr. Haxby, who is still very ill.

Tuesday, at 8.30, Mr. J. J. Morse has kindly offered to give a Seance for the same object.

Wednesday, at 8.30, a Developing Circle. A good Clairvoyant medium attends.

Thursday, at 8.30, 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; a good clairvoyant 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.

LEICESTER—SILVER STREET, LECTURE HALL.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. Buckley preached a Sermon to a large and appreciative audience. The subject was, “Immortality, the great promise of Christianity,” which was listened to with great sympathy towards the Lecturer. At the close a vote of thanks was given to Mr. Buckley for his boldness in coming on the Spiritualist's platform. It was passed with great applause.

Sunday next, May 21, Mrs. Groom, of Birmingham, will occupy the platform morning and evening.

On Whit Tuesday there will be a Tea Meeting held in the above Hall. Tea at half past four; Tickets Sixpence each. 56, Cranbourne Street, Leicester. R. WIGHTMAN, Sec.

GOSWELL HALL SUNDAY SERVICES.

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

Those who preferred mental exercise to that physical exercise which the fine weather and the parks made so enticing last Sunday, had the pleasure of listening to the second portion of Mr. Wilson's lecture on “Comprehensionism,” which, although rather a severe tax on the “mental muscles,” was exceedingly interesting. It will be concluded next Sunday morning. In the evening, Mr. Goss occupied the platform with an address on Spiritual Teachings, which was warmly appreciated, and deserved a much larger audience. This gentleman's lectures are distinguished by good sound lessons applicable to every-day life, besides a vast amount of instruction on “things not generally known.”

Next Sunday evening, Dr. Nichols will give “An account of some recent Manifestations of Spirit-power.” Commence at 7 o'clock.

R. W. LISHMAN, Corres. Sec.

4, TALBOT GR., LADBROKE GR. RD., NOTTING HILL.

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Tuesday evenings, developing circle for members and friends Thursday evening, Mrs. Treadwell, trance and test. 7.30.

Subscriptions, sixpence per week, admits to all meetings. Spirit-mediums and friends are invited to assist in the work. All information may be obtained of

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

QUEBEC HALL, MARYLEBONE ROAD.—Sunday evening, a very full attendance was present to hear Mr. J. J. Morse speak, in a trance condition, on “The True Religion.” To attempt any review of the address would be impossible in a short notice; but it was a most complete, well-arranged, argumentative appeal to the common sense of the audience, in favour of getting and doing all the good we can while in this life. A vote of thanks to the guides and speaker was unanimously carried. In the early part of the evening, Mr. Dale's son sang, in an excellent manner, the popular song, “Nazareth.”—Cor.

HEALING BY LAYING ON OF HANDS.

CASES TREATED BY MR. OMERIN.

We have received for publication the following testimonials. The public may derive benefit from their perusal.

Opinion of the eminent practitioner, (bone-setter) Mr. R. H. Hutton, about the healing power of Mr. Omerin:—

36, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square.

Dear Sir,

I have great pleasure, indeed, to testify to your great skill. I have been attending Miss Hall's Establishment, and have witnessed what you have done in *one of the worst cases I ever attended*, and I was surprised to see the improvement in Sam. Croft, who had lost all control of his limbs, and now he can walk well; and I shall be glad to recommend you.

I am yours truly,

F. Omerin, Esq.

R. H. HUTTON.

The following refers to the cure of gout:—

Dear Sir,

I have great pleasure in bearing testimony to a cure of an attack of Gout last winter, performed by your hands. I had for some days been suffering; my left knee was swollen and highly inflamed,—so much so, that it could not be bent without agony. Indeed, so helpless was I, that I could not get out of bed without assistance. You came, and for about an hour made passes over the parts affected, and brought immediate relief. The pain rapidly subsided, and in the evening of the same day I was able, to the astonishment of my family, to walk down stairs to dinner.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

F. Omerin, Esq.

J. R. WORCESTER.

My dear Sir,

I dined last evening at Mr. Simmons', of Lancaster House, 19, Clifton Gardens, Maida Vale, W., and the family, collectively, made very polite and kind inquiries regarding you; expressly Mr. Simmons, who testifies openly to the extraordinary benefit his hand has derived from your manipulations; in fact, his hand, for years, never was quite free from malaise, and, to use his own expression, he now feels as though he has a new hand. I thought this would be gratifying to you to hear, so send this note to tell you.

Relieve me, dear Sir, ever sincerely yours,

F. Omerin, Esq. SUSSEX C. MILFORD, Major-Gen.

44, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square.

Dear Sir,

I write to thank you for the restoration of my hands to their present healthy state. Before I put myself under your treatment, I could not hold my pen without great discomfort; they were so much swollen, and I was in great agony.

For some years I was not able to bend my fingers sufficiently close to pick up a pin, but now all pain has left, and I feel them strong and well.

I must acknowledge, when you first came, I doubted your ability to cure me, as all my family were great sufferers from gout.

I remain, dear Sir, Yours most faithfully,

F. Omerin, Esq.

ELIZABETH SAPSFORD.

ASTROLOGICAL PREDICTION OF THE DUBLIN ASSASSINATIONS.

To the Editor,—Dear Sir.—Permit me to call the attention of your readers to a remarkable prediction of "Orion" in his "Prophetic Almanac," for 1882, and which has received unfortunately a most startling yet truthful fulfilment.

On page 23, under the heading "Prophetic Observations," "Orion" remarks: "Passing to a more melancholy theme, I notice with regret a baleful synod of Saturn, Mercury, and the Sun on the 3rd and 6th of this month. Hence, it is to be feared that May will open with gloomy conditions. * * * * * The Sun, Saturn, and Mercury conjoined in Taurus will stir up much strife, discontent, and possibly bloodshed and assassinations in Ireland."

The murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke on the 6th of May, too truthfully demonstrates the correctness of the above prophecy.—I am, sir, yours, C. WILKINSON.

[We can send a copy of "Orion's" Almanac on receipt of sixpence half-penny.—Ed. M.]

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Death of Isaha, 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 Isaha. 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 "Double." 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 Lievena. 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 and 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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