



A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE HISTORY, PHENOMENA, PHILOSOPHY,
AND TEACHINGS OF

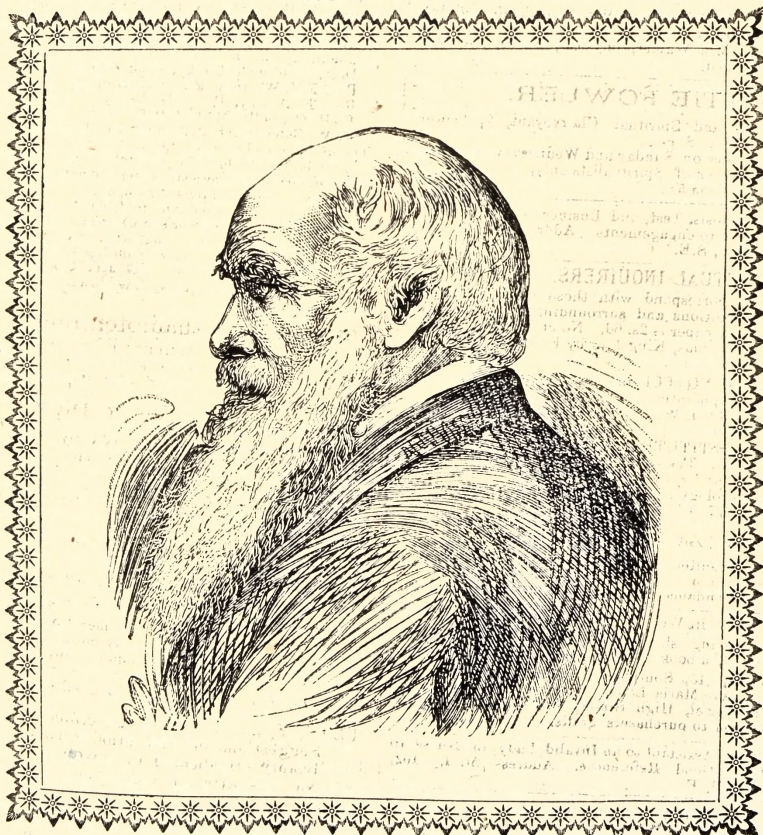
SPIRITUALISM.

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CHARLES DARWIN.

CHARLES DARWIN: A MIND STUDY.

Professor L. N. Fowler, in his article on Mr. Darwin in the "Phrenological Magazine," for April, 1880, says:—

He is peculiarly organised both in body and mind. He is not smoothly, evenly, and harmoniously developed, but has many very strong points, and some weak ones.

According to the laws of nature, there must be a peculiar and striking mental manifestation where there is an uneven physical structure, especially if the brain be unevenly developed.

The shape of his brain is most peculiar, more so than that of any other distinguished man in England. Some of the phrenological developments are so very large as to make other organs appear smaller than they really are, compared with the same organs in other men. His head indicates four marked mental peculiarities. That which first strikes the eye is the mountain of Firmness over the ears, in front of the crown of the head. Few men measure so much from one ear over to the other, according to the size of the head, as he does. According to phrenology he ought to be very tenacious, determined, and persevering, and incapable of being turned from his purpose. He would pursue an object to the ends of the earth rather than not have it. Difficulties and opposition would only make him all the more determined. Such firmness stops at nothing short of accomplishing its ends.

With these remarks all observers will cordially agree; and the thinker will eagerly scan that phrase, "the laws of nature," to discover wherein resides the principle governing the facts of organic development.

Philosophers are coming round to the opinion expressed by Mr. J. Hands, in his "New Views of Matter," that each phenomenon of nature is manifested to the human consciousness through a peculiar substance thrown off by the object or act and assimilated by the observer. Thus the phenomena of odours are being explained by the vibrations of an "odoriferous" ether, of a nature similar to the luminiferous ether.

In our lectures on Phrenology we have carried this principle further, and have regarded each organ of body or brain as composed of substance in a particular state, both in the solid and volatile form; and that this specific ether emanating from the organ, seeking its affinity with its kind in the objects, acts, and conditions to which it is related, it brings the mind into sympathy with these objects, acts, and conditions, and gives the person so endowed a knowledge of them, and a delight in dwelling on their merits.

These organic currents or emanations being subject to a variety of movements,—normal and abnormal, healthy or morbid,—give great scope to organic action, and allow for shades of character arising from the exciting influence of surroundings.

This is not a mere hypothesis. These organic emanations can be felt, as in the case of Thought-reading. Clairvoyants see these ethers arising from the brain and can tell thereby which organ of the brain is usually in the greatest state of activity, or whether it be healthy or unhealthy action.

The other evening we gave a phrenological seance at East Dulwich, and at the close several clairvoyants agreed in their descriptions of the aura arising from the persons whose heads were examined. In cases where the delineation was most full and striking the aura was copious, and blended freely with the sphere of the examiner; where the details given were meagre, the emanation was small, poor in appearance, and not congenial to the atmosphere of the examiner.

Phrenologists speak of the size and activity of the organs. The organization as a whole, or any particular part, may be large and yet there may be very little character. The activity, no doubt, depends upon the volatile capacity of the organs: their power to give off emanations, and thus give rise to a continuous stream of mental phenomena. The accomplished phrenologist is a sensitive, and feels much of that which enables him to form his opinion of the subject under his hands.

In this connection Mr. L. N. Fowler used to characterise certain persons as "full;" they possessed an overflow of this organic fluid. In cases of an opposite kind, the phrenologist is put to great straits to know

what to say. It is like describing the contents of an empty vessel. We remember two very slim "fashionless" young ladies calling on Mr. Fowler to have their heads examined. When they left Mrs. Fowler remarked: "You have given those ladies a very negative character." They were not this, they were not that, they were not the other thing; and the remarks suited them to a tee, and they went away quite satisfied.

Let us apply this ethereal method to the case of Mr. Darwin. Look at that massive, capacious, and finely moulded form, and you at once get the idea of size and activity combined. There is a fine blending of vitality, working and thinking capacity. Here is a man with a strong animal nature, and no religionist; and yet we do not hear any scandals about his moral nature. He had ample means to "enjoy life," yet in his youth he went on board the "Beagle" and put his means, time, and energies into the promotion of scientific knowledge. Here is a hard nut for theologians to crack: how such a powerful man, without "grace" or ecclesiastical aid, could govern himself and actually reach the summit of respectability, and find his lair in Westminster Abbey.

Then look at the head. Three principal measurements describe it: In length we have it over the middle line from the root of the nose to the neck; in breadth around the base; and in depth, measuring from ear to ear over the crown. These measurements—like three hoops fastened into one another, at right angles,—indicate the chief ribs or outline of a ship, basket, or other vessel. The spaces between them only require to be filled up with lighter timbers or willows to complete the job. This makes all the difference between Darwin's head and that of ordinary mortals: He had these chief ribs of the brain-basket excessively strong, and on the wicker-work no particular care was bestowed; with the most of other people it is all wicker-work of a very flimsy kind, and the chief bearing-ribs have been left out altogether.

Springing out of these full shoulders—indicating breathing power, endurance,—there is a good stout neck—indicating circulation, activity. The vegetative life of Nature is here organically mapped out. Darwin was an incarnation of nature in a more particular sense than any other man of the age. The digestive ability—the grosser animal functions—appears to have occupied altogether an inferior influence in his organic economy, so that we are led up to a consideration of the power which the pleasures of the mind exercised over those of the body.

Our portrait indicates vast strength, as the side view of the head is contemplated. The life-principles expressed in the body are reproduced in the brain. There was great sympathy between brain and body—between the mind and external nature. But taking the ear as a centre—how flat the side of the head is around it. There is, after all, a poverty of the purely selfish impulses; the passionate centre is weak compared with the universal circumference which surrounds it. From the locks in front of the ear to the eyebrows we have a prodigious projection of intellect. These gently penetrating, cavernous eyes, and the keen-edged supra-orbital ridge overhanging them, indicate perceptive ability of the highest order; not merely the ability to see objects as such, but to trace shades of difference between them of the most minute description. The centre of the forehead was also full, particularly towards the upper part, where it cuts into space like the thin end of a wedge. This bestowed on the mind a high order of penetrative observation. He saw in things that which was invisible to most other people.

It would be a mistake to say that Darwin was not a religious man. To inflexibility of principle—marked out so significantly by the depth-measurement of the head—he had evidently strong feelings of reverence. He would never be a rough-mouthed, abusive, profane, or indecent-tongued man, but the contrary;—and these are the best evidences of large veneration—religious

feeling. Why, in the case of most of our professional worshipping people, their prayers are to some extent cursing and swearing in a pious form! The most of the bad language current in society has been borrowed from theological sources.

Aided by his large veneration, which in the portrait is conspicuous, and which threw off that fine fluid which allies the soul to the super-sensuous and spiritually superior; and using his grand powers of observation, Darwin actually saw God at work in nature. He did not need to borrow an historical God, or invent an artificial one: he looked in upon the genuine, original Creator; his soul was satisfied, and he worshipped there.

Strength of individual purpose, and great personal ambition are well manifested in the length of brain over and obliquely backwards in a line with the slant of the ear. On this phase of his character the language of Mr. Fowler is to the point:—

His very large Firmness and Self-esteem united give him an individuality of character few men possess. They make him thoroughly satisfied with his own course and investigations and enable him willingly to take the consequences of his own opinions. If his views differed from all the rest of mankind, and he knew that they would make an entire revolution of opinion in the world, he would not alter his course one whit. It is the most uncompromising, self-relying, independent cast of mind, as indicated by organization, that I have seen. Fashion, custom, public opinion, formalities, and flatteries he cares very little about, and is not influenced by them. It is possible for his large Firmness and Self-esteem to bias him too much, and make him too contented to see only through his own mediums of investigation, and not be sufficiently influenced by the investigations and opinions of others.

Though daring, frank, and self-reliant, Mr. Darwin had another phase to his character. It is an organization that is eminently conservative and self-contained. Though indifferent to the breath of Mrs. Grundy, yet we would expect to find such a man deeply attached to his own kin—clannish. He is an example of heredity, not what developers of new species call a "sport." His grandfather, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, was a pioneer of the scientific age, and his son, the father of the subject of these remarks, anticipated some of the views which his illustrious son rendered so conspicuous. The moral health, singleness of purpose, and assiduity in superior motives were handed down as well as the peculiar bent of intellectual capacity. His grandfather was of the tectotal persuasion, long before that word was coined. This clinging to family ties may be further illustrated by the fact that he married his cousin, Miss Wedgwood, and was thus related to our friend Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, the generous patron of Spiritualism.

All this is indicated phrenologically. Look at the extension of the head backwards, behind and a little bit higher up than the top of the ear, and the region of filial love and family ties will be observed in full development. The genius of Domesticity and Reproduction he possessed, which no doubt was an element of success in that mind which had, in arriving at its conclusions, to study the influence of sex, parentage, and surrounding conditions as modifying species.

Though the side organs—the wicker-work of the mind—are not in profusion in this head, yet we find in the organization, as a whole, remarkable harmony towards a definite purpose. It appears as if the man had been specially created to perform a given task. He was, as it were, a microcosm, in which were gathered together small samples of the leading articles contained in the larger store—the macrocosm around him. Of worthless fancy articles from the bazaars and Vanity Fair of human life, he had but a small stock, therefore his view of nature is himself, scarcely tinged by contemporary influences. Even the idea of the vast ages, which his theory requires for the elimination of so many species, is in conformity with his immense Firmness and continuity of application. The man who wrote that God made the world in six days could not

have been so tall in brain over the ears as the late Charles Darwin.

For our portrait we are indebted to the kindness and courtesy of Professor L. N. Fowler, of Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, publisher of the "Phrenological Magazine." (Monthly, price 6d.)

CHARLES DARWIN.

GIVEN BY THE CONTROLS OF MR. J. C. WRIGHT.

(Recorded by Mr. J. Fowler.)

The 19th of April will be memorable throughout all times. A great man went away; left the physical plane of his existence, and took up the spiritual: a true worker in Science gone off to do work elsewhere. The world looks upon him no more. His quaint country house, in the county of Kent, echoes no more to his familiar tread; yet, verily, he does pay visits: the old sweet haunts are not forgotten. The study is not finally deserted: unseen he walks and works. Men feel him not to be there; a sense of absence hovers o'er the place.

There is something appeals to man's veneration about the house of a great man. Pilgrims of science will journey, and seek a glimpse of the home of the Author of the "Origin of Species." Hero worship exists in science as well as in literature and politics. The military hero fades before the man of science. Science has clean hands; it does no murders, it carries blessings and no curses. Every discoverer of a law of nature is a human benefactor.

We will love and venerate Darwin because of his greatness. To give him his just award is difficult, because, as yet, his teachings are in the back ground of public acceptance. Truth travels slowly, and old errors die with reluctance. This man, Darwin, will have to wait awhile yet, before he can wear the crown of universal recognition. He is no exception to the rule: the world knows its friends best when they have gone elsewhere. There are a few, however, ready and able to perceive true merit when it appears; and a few of the broadest and best thinkers recognised him as a God-sent man, a Teacher, yea even a Master. This master spirit has carved a place in the science of humanity, where its true worth will stand forth blazoned. Of course Nature gave him a large brain and circumstances, suitable opportunities to develop it. A consensus of happy influences gave him industry, perseverance, and power of minute observation. He found subjects of study fruitful, yea, inexhaustible, in the simplest and most insignificant organic forms. He brought large powers of intellect, and extreme accuracy of observation to a new field of natural work.

Twenty years ago, the reputed thinkers of the age ridiculed his speculations, and angry divines, with sacred horror, repudiated his conclusions and denominated him an enemy of religious faith and belief. But silently and quietly the Man of Science kept on the tenor of his way. Bigots howled, but he remained calm and unmoved. He knew that their howling and denunciation rested upon pious ignorance and fanaticism, and he could afford to wait till the Church grew wider in its intellectual sympathies. It is somewhat surprising to see how the dignitaries of the Church speak now. Some ecclesiastics have praised him very much, and I believe one eminent man in particular has actually promised him a glorious resurrection. Poor Darwin! admitted into heaven by a complimentary ticket. Thy soul had a hunger; it thirsted for knowledge, too, but it had no faith. Baptisms, confessions, and sacraments were set on one side,—illusions of darkness good enough for a farm servant, or a servant girl, but not wanted by the deep thinking man of science. The Holy Ghost never converts him. Darwin, if thy soul could have gone off with the air balloons of Spurgeon, theology would have had an illumination, and possibly we should not have heard the last of it for many a day.

The man in the pulpit to-day affects a love of science. It used to be otherwise. Science and reason the minister of Christ used to systematically repudiate. Sympathetic congregations of thirty years ago were exhorted with anxious fidelity not to put their trust in reason, to have nothing to do with scientific studies; these are dangerous enemies of faith. But now, reason and science are wanted in the pulpit. I am glad to see the change. I welcome it as a coming light of a new epoch. Charles Darwin winning sermons of praise! it ought to be written down in history as a miracle. But we must not be too hopeful and make too much of it. It is one of the devices of the pulpit to retain its popularity: if it kick against science, it will become contemptible in the eyes of a thinking public. It would have required a lot of cheek to have kept him out of heaven. The consistency of its theology gives him a red-hot berth in the other place. Verily, verily, the pulpit assumes to open the door to one who has won the admiration of humanity, by the worth of his intellect and utilitarian studies. This act of praise and adulation, reveals a theological weakness, a yielding to common sense and justice, that we welcome as a sign that even in the Church itself its old mad faith is fast departing.

Just let us look a little further, what constitutes the main work of this wonderful man. Well, if he does anything more effectually than another, he kills the "watch" theory of creation. Paley's Design argument for the existence of a God, a personal God, outside of nature, has been accepted by the Clergy and Ministers of all denominations, as logical, unanswerable, and complete. Young ministers for two generations have actually committed the terms of this argument to memory. They repeated it before they got their Doctor of Divinity:—Design? Yes. Contrivance? Yes. Adaptation? Yes. Design proves a designer? Yes. Contrivance, a contriver? Yes. Adaptation an adapter? Yes.

This is perfectly sound theology. This was completely settled in the student's mind before he was ever allowed to think about Adam and Eve. Well, what says Darwin? Does he wear the same boots as Paley? Does he perpetuate the life of Paley's phantasms and chimeras? Certainly not! he never thought about a God outside of nature. He never committed the Design Argument to memory. The *a priori* and the *a posteriori* arguments were learned verbiage, amounting in value to the cackling of so many geese. He never thought of them; he went to work in another way. He started his intellectual weaving, holding the threads of observation and knowledge. He stepped down from metaphysics to physics. The Bible of Nature became his authority, and it was an infallible authority. Nature speaks the same language in all ages and countries—the language of progress and law. He sought to account for the existence of the wide organic varieties without the interposition of an outside epoch creator. To Darwin to say the term of humanity upon this earth embraced less than six thousand years, was more than absurd. His doctrine of Natural Selection needs no God to account for the creation of the universe. Darwin's idea was cause and effect: the life of to-day the cause of and preceding the life of to-morrow,—an unbroken chain of law. Well, this being so, it seems extremely anomalous, if not actually queer, to see the parsons eulogising without stint the most powerful enemy of theology nineteen centuries have produced. Darwin's theory of Evolution is revolutionary in the highest degree. Socialism in the political world is not so bold a doctrine as this.

Darwin, we must assert, was perfectly indifferent to theological questions in dispute. He pursued his investigations from a pure motive—the love of truth. If Nature say Darwin's hypothesis is correct, Darwin is not to blame; Nature, herself, must be excommunicated for her heterodoxy. O Nature! Why didst thou not consider that we had infallible theologians walking upon thee? How supremely indifferent nature is to human praise or blame, knowledge or ignorance. I shall expect before long Volney's "Ruins of Empires;" Paine's "Age of Reason;" Voltaire's and Rousseau's writings being read by canons of the Church, and praised for the wealth of their thought, the accuracy of their reasoning, and the correctness of their learning; but this we shall have to wait for.

Darwin was singularly fortunate in his style. He never attempted the graces of oratory; he never stormed like Thomas Carlyle; he had no cantankerous virus, not even that common literary article—egotistical phlegm. He did not try to file off and polish anybody's ridiculous follies. He allowed the drones of the world to sleep on. He did not attempt to kill the vermin that swarm in society. Within the four walls of his house he had enough. He looked at nature, and in a plain honest way; wrote down what he saw; therefore, if the results of his observation imperatively draw all a man's theological teeth, it can't be avoided. It is not Darwin. Poor Jonah had an unwelcome message to proclaim to the people of Nineveh. It was not Jonah's message,—he was the ambassador of the Most High, and from inherent weakness and disregard of his high character, as God's plenipotentiary, he was doomed to sojourn for three days and three nights in a whale's belly; the strangest and the most uncomfortable prison to which mortal man was ever consigned. Darwin had more strength than Jonah; he did the work which the divine within him ordered to be done, and, therefore, we give him honour. His work, without exception, has led on to more controversy than any other since the time of Athanasius, and it is not ended yet. His facts will help to beat public opinion into shape, and mould the perspective destiny of the science which is to come.

Charles Darwin was not a Spiritualist; his thinkings belonged to the realm of matter. He is a thoroughly objective man. His ideality gave him no poetic or spiritual creations. A worm, a beetle, or a frog, gave him his ecstasies. They embodied principles of beauty to him. A correct study of nature requires the eye of beauty. He had it in a way, but not like that which Goethe had. His intellect was geometrical. His fancy never went into the woods of ideality: he never luxuriated in the green meadows of speculation; imaginative banquets like those of Disraeli the Younger he never had. We must call him a man of hard fact. How difficult it is to get rid of these men. Poetry and fiction charm, but disappear when reason comes in. The man of fact establishes himself over everything.

Charles Lyall was his friend. They both sleep together within the sacred pile, honoured by the dust of Kings. The Kings are dust; Darwin and Lyall never will be dust: they will always have vitality. They were discoverers, they gave

something to humanity and took nothing from it. These kings will be mightily jealous, I daresay, about true kingship. The greatest kings humanity have ever had, have been the men with brains.

When Lyall began his geological researches, that Adam and Eve story was accepted as perfectly genuine; but the finding of the fossilised bones of animals in the rocky crust of the earth brought forth facts and inferences that made our forefather's feel very uneasy. There are men mad enough to believe even yet that tigers did not kill, that lions did not devour what came in their way, before the eating of the apple. What a curse! nay, more: What a new creation! I should like to have seen the lion when he was an herbivorous animal. The man who wrote Genesis was not a member of the Linnean Society. He did not know that it was a law that an animal with claws in its feet must have a carnivorous tooth. Death came into the world thousands of years before the Almighty collected the dust out of which he made Adam. We have to criticise this ancient superstition and barbaric survival. The acquisitions made by Mr. Darwin in the domain of nature enable us to do this.

A comparative survey of the gradations in organic species manifests the universal prevalence of a principle of unity from which all organic varieties have sprung. There are great underlying characteristics which include all mammals. The fundamental principle of organization is identical. The competitive struggle for existence, extending over long periods of time, accounts for individual varieties of organic structure found geographically distributed over the surface of the globe. Individual epoch creations, as a theory, is at variance with the known operations of nature. The rapid transition of organic development and character in domesticated animals, shows what a transition can be affected by changing the external conditions of life. From this fact alone it is clear that in the enormous lapse of time, individual species must have undergone great organic changes: the geological periods manifest a regular series of organic developments. Though every geological chapter as yet is not readable; the fossilised writings are imperfect. Delapidations and incrustations have very much interfered with the geological epochs, but sufficient is readable and even understandable, which makes it very clear that nature changes her physical and her organic expressions at the bidding of an interior law of evolution.

The collection of facts made by Mr. Darwin are most striking and interesting. At the time that he commenced his researches, little work had been done in that direction. The study of natural history was far from being what it is now. The classification of animated nature had been attempted. Linneus and Cuvier stood out prominent with world-wide reputations, but the field of study was so great, that really they may be said only to have begun the work. Darwin took up the study. Goethe had been studying, too, in his Weimar home, but had brought forth little upon this subject. However, he anticipated some of Darwin's ideas. Geoffroy E. St. Hilaire, member of the French Institute, conceived similar ideas. He thought there was an underlying principle of unity in all organizations, and that the influences of time and place produced the diversity and the multiplicity of individual species. The prevalence of these thoughts at the time when Darwin budded up into life helped him in the direction of this study. He seemed to be an assimilating recipient of that spiritual wave of thought which passed over the world fifty years ago, out of which many new departures in science, politics and philosophy took their rise.

The last subject to which Darwin directed his observations promises to be the most fertile, interesting and useful. His study of worms reveals many marvellous truths unobserved before. His wide collection of facts is deeply interesting. As minute observations of habits and organic functions they will repay attentive study. He found the worm to be a most important agent in the economy of nature: nothing less than a worker in the ground, a ploughman on a small scale, turning over the soil, breaking it to the atmosphere, and preparing the necessary conditions for the vegetable kingdom. There is something beautiful here. The law of "the survival of the fittest" sustains the continuity which is wanted. These little worms, these repulsive beetles, these disgusting reptiles—all wanted, all workers in the great factory of nature.

The regularity and the variety of these vast operations fill the soul with an immeasurable admiration of those intricate spiritual forces which are at work throughout the universe. Take up a handful of soil: it is a handful of life, industriously doing its work—preparatory work. I cannot enter into the world of the worm, nor even guess at the state of the world—the worm's interior thinker. Simple the organic development, but there is something acting upon that organism, impelling it to do its work which is of the same essence as that which operates and controls the organization of a man, yea, further the same as that which controls the organization of an archangel. The conditional struggles for an existence have led up through enormous periods of time to more developed organisms on the physical plane, which have in the end gone off into lower organisms on the spiritual plane. After long epochs of irresistible progress greater and grander interior developments have succeeded one another, in tracing which, the mind

is lost in the amazing magnitude and grandeur of the soul world.

But, then, Darwin never touched the ethereal platform; he had to do with matter only. He had no room for transcendental speculations. Hardly any dreams fitted through his mental sky. Rich thoughts he had, but they were geometrically proportioned: they were measured and out after the method of nature—exact, precise unity. Marvellous man, who had some intimations of another and a brighter life, but his hand could not grasp it. As he stood upon the highest hill of expectation he never got hold of the living sense that develops within the mind—that friendship and love which springs from contact with the immortals. He sought in the oblivious, the frozen zone of the beginning of Life. He wanted to see Life at the beginning, where it comes out of inanimate chaos, but he found it not, nor even chaos. This mind went to the Beginning of things, rather than to the End of them. He sought the reflex of the end in the beginning. A solution of the problem of the Beginning would solve the problem of the End.

Some men have sought the end: men with large expectations; crazy dreamers, they have lived on in advance. They have sent their balloons into the arctic region of heaven, and from there to the tropical climes of the celestial paradise. They have dropped their sand-bags and come back again to God's earth, little the wiser for their ethereal journey. Darwin went back, but spontaneous generation remained an unconquerable problem. We verily think that the Alpha and Omega will be barren studies for a long time yet.

How fertile and remarkable it is, that so much can be said about things of which nothing can be known. Great men become truly great, if they can vault over a five-barred miracle, or negotiate a metaphysical mystery. It is called profound intellectual power, but we will put it down as sham, glitter, shoddy, the rotten fabric of speculation. But Mr. Darwin has no shoddy; he never left home so far; he kept always within the sight of land, however tempting the Origin of Life, as a study, in protoplasm and bathybius. Many a man could not have kept so near the possible and the attainable as Darwin did. He was careful not to leave the nearest position unexplored. "Never let the enemy get in behind you," said Lafayette, "but conquer him as you go on." Darwin would not pass by a fact, however near, undescribed. There are some merchants who are always anxious to get away from the market; they want to get rich soon, and with little trouble, but they gain neither end. Darwin had patience: he had patience to stand out the scientific market, and interview all comers at whatever time of the day. This spirit of application, indomitable devotion, and love of nature, kept him hard at work on very plain objects. When fine men with tinsel were gunning themselves in the brilliant apartments of greatness and fashion, a kind of lovable greatness was thrust upon this Darwin; but he cared not for that. His vanity merged into utility: he thought of one thing—knowledge. Knowledge is a wonderful power; I know nothing so valuable in the universe. It unlocks heaven's gateway, and retains the key. A true worshipper of knowledge is a real benefactor to the world. He is at the antipodes of the man with the belief and no knowledge. His kindness, benevolence, and sincerity can never be known. If a man gives of his substance, let him do as it befits the spirit of a giver. There was no ostentatious arrogance in the intellectual complexion of Darwin.

But then, it is said, Of what practical use are his labours and writings? Well, they are useful. The world would be poor, indeed, if it had no appreciation of its great thinkers. He is immortal: a person un mutilated, uncoffined, as much as ever he was. He has thrown away his organic filaments, ligaments, and bones. Bones belong to the age of matter; they are dealt with on the principle of weight for weight, and left there. He, Darwin, has left them: he will want them no more. They will forget him; even already they are falling back again into the hands of nature, the universal mother, from which they were taken when the Darwin soul came in to work upon matter. He has come and gone. We see his footprints. He lives amongst men as a continuous echo. He is born into spirit, now, and operating upon that. The Origin of Species, probably, he will study there. Well, then, it is a grand study, and he has eternity given to him to finish his work: time enough, surely. Blasphemous infidelity wonders how it is that God Almighty does not put the contents of the British Museum and Library into every man's soul, without effort or trouble, as the Shoe Lane printer stamps in the letters on a copy of the "Standard." Not so; that is not the divine method: that is the blasphemous atheist's lazy method. Man is not made to lie on his back in the sunshine. It is by honest, steady labour that a man shall live, and further, he shall only live who is fit. The unfit die off, and become the manure of the fittest. Grand gospel this! rather hard, though, when a man has lost all, and he goes down with the sinking ship, yelling and blasting the decrees of fate. Verily, life would be a failure if this were all. Ah! but it is not; it is only a jig to many, even an Irish jig; but to some a solemn farce, an empty mockery. Throw it off, —the unfit shall be fittest. The Vulcan of Spiritual Progress is creating new conditions to wear out the hideous doctrine of the "survival of the fittest," which, in the end, will make all fit. What rapturous affinities then!

Darwin is gone to seek his, and you are left just awhile; just to stir the fire and see that the doors are locked, before you retire to that rest of eternal progress. Then, with him, you will snore on together. Ah! peaceful and holy dreams, welcome; the peaceful, the true, the ideal, welcome out of the interior being. No more thinking about the Origin of Life; neither the Alpha nor the Omega. Phantasm will disturb you not there. No order of personal intelligent beings can analytically find either the beginning or the end of Life, whatever mode or relative state they may occupy. Sensation and reason have to do with things and states which are limited and conditioned by time and place. Even the highest beings will see in nature more of its breadth and depth, but to them its wonders will only become more profound, and its incomprehensibility more overpoweringly tremendous. The Beginning of Life!—running away into the darkness of the Infinite Past, and its ultimate lost, in the impenetrability of mystery, in the Infinite Future! The running spirit of the Infinite, like the azure brightness of the Milky Way, will reveal divinity in every atom of nature. The revolution of the universe is but the beating of the pulse of the Absolute.

Venerate this man; let us watch him as he plods on his spiritual way. His wisdom will enlighten, and his example will encourage every dejected and impoverished wayfarer. His meritorious soul will throw back upon the earth its light. When on earth he was a teacher, he spoke with voice and authority; a veritable pedagogue with real weight. Henceforth he will be an inspirer of men. The poetry of Science will have his inspiration. As a soul he will think awhile yet about dust, worms, and beetles. They had beauty to him, and will have to us. It is a long way from a man, with wisdom, to a beetle and a snail. A great many individual species lie between; God knows how many. But, truly, wise men are beetles and snails, when compared with those grand intelligences who roll on in the bright environment of the soul-sphere to which this true man has gone. Nature! what art thou? Life, I am lost in thee! Order is beyond my comprehension! In awe will I approach, then, this Darwinian tabernacle, and wait in hope, with a heart of praise, till all shall be consummated and made fit in the brighter world on high.

THE SPIRIT-MESSENGER.

"FREDERICK JAMES WILMER."

THE YOUNG MAN WHO WAS MURDERED ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT, ONE SUNDAY EVENING EARLY IN THE YEAR.

Recorded by A. T. T. P., March 4, 1882.

When the Sensitive entered the room he said, "I hear a voice saying, 'He is bound to get off to-day: there is no question about it.'"

The Sensitive then put his hand on the back of his head, and said, "How the back of my head pains me."

He then went under control, and spoke as follows:—

There is one thing that my poor head is perfectly clear on, that is, the fact that I have no business, perhaps, in your presence; but there are none of us know. It may be that having received no special permission, no special instructions to come, and, at the same time, having had no special instructions to stay away, that the permission has been given me; because, there must exist a power to debar me or others; and if that power is not exercised, then I think I may civilly claim a right to speak.

I hear interposed saying, "Speak on; all are welcome here."

You say, "all are welcome here": so I have heard. I accept on my own account this welcome. It is not the first time I have spoken to a gentleman, although that was before I was done to death;—it is the term used at the trial yesterday. I was an honest, hard-working, ordinary lad; loved at home, and by my sisters especially; and where a brother is loved by his sisters, there is not much harm in him. For I always made my acquaintances and friends, picking them from those who loved and honoured their own home-surroundings: perhaps I was a better type of the London labouring lad.

You remember what a mild winter we have had; though thick with fogs, it has been warm in comparison with the previous one. I believe that this morning ranks amongst one of the coldest of the present season. I am earthly enough still to feel the conditions of earth. I remember the last Sunday of the last year. I had, on the previous Sunday and during the week, made the acquaintance of the lad in whose presence and company I was murdered,—a bright intelligent lad; one whom I should have learnt to love: one whom I should have liked to have seen, after a few years had passed, to claim a nearer name than that of friend. On that night my youngest sister accompanied us. And it is aptly described—in speaking o

the Embankment—in comparing it to the main artery of the body; in comparing it to an open park, whose gates are never closed. For beneath its young and vigorous trees, enjoying the River breeze, are literally hundreds of thousands of London's daily toilers; and if, unfortunately, there exists the fact, that two per cent. is a per centage of ignorant vagabondage, surely the authorities should be strong enough to protect the vast majority of those who are taking their walks, enjoying the full pleasure of it socially and lawfully.

I had heard of the shadow of death hanging over one, until it became like an immense sphere; and, Sir, such was my feeling on that Sunday night. Arthur Thompson, my companion, tried to rally me into better spirits; but this feeling increased, until it was nearly a feeling of satisfaction, when I perceived it had come at last. We were opposite the Temple Gardens, rather a little higher up; I should say about midway between Essex Street stairs and the Floating Baths, when there came up to us two lads about our own age. I scarcely took any notice of them, answering mechanically. The prayer on my lips was, "God receive my soul."

"Where do you come from?" was the first pert question addressed to us.

"To where I am going to return—to Lambeth."

"Do you fight with fists?" was the next question put, and I answered,

"When fighting is necessary, it is the only fair way."

"We fight with these," and taking from his pocket an immense leather strap with a brass buckle as square as this, (the Sensitive taking hold of an ordinary envelope on the table), he struck at me. He hit me and he struck at my friend, Arthur Thompson, and just as coolly gave his orders to his cowardly gang, who were lurking beneath the shadow of the arch awaiting his command. He sung out, "Here are some Lambeth chaps, pay them off," and ere the words had scarce left his lips, there was a flash of brass buckles around us. I saw my friend, Arthur Thompson, stagger against the parapet wall, before I became insensible, and then I lay on the pavement until through the Christian feeling of one* (who has troubles enough on his hands, without making himself more public)—through his assistance we two, I, with two jagged bleeding cuts at the back of my head, quite unconscious, with my clothes torn and hatless, was lifted into a cab. Arthur Thompson's (my new found friend) head, was gashed also, and we were conveyed to Charing Cross Hospital. Two had got into the cab, one with each of us; they were gentlemen. Although their names were left at the Hospital, neither of them were called at the trial yesterday. I know the name of one of them; but I am not permitted at present to mention his name.

Now I will tell you, Sir, why I was present at my own trial, or rather at the trial for my own murder; how that I might witness justice done; not from vindictive feeling, Sir, but because I had the painful spiritual experience of knowing that a grievous wrong was being perpetrated innocently by my friend, Arthur Thompson; but still a grievous wrong, for he had accused an innocent man, and failed to recognise the actual perpetrator of the crime. Remember, dear Sir, that these voices from the dead—these foot-falls from over the boundary which come to you,—they come to one who knows that it is wrong to judge a case during its trial; but I know, and knowing speak to you, not for to-day, but for the event which has still to be decided, because I know that interference under such authority as my statement from the grave would have no weight, but would only meet with ridicule. But there is a twofold purpose why I have come. The first is that my words may stand recorded hours before the judgment of the accused, which will be given to-day; and secondly, that I might get within the acquaintance of your guardian spirits, and that through their aid I might, perhaps, be enabled to do something effectual.

You are, perhaps, aware, better than any soul in the flesh, that when to all men the body lies apparently inert without seeming life, unconscious, as the doctors call it,—the state, in fact, in which I lay before I was picked up from the pavement and placed in the cab; that in such a moment the spirit gets a greater freedom from the body. My own experience was a painful joy. Excuse me if the word seems contradictory. I was happy yet in pain. I saw my body lying, I saw my friend leaning against the parapet wall; blood was issuing rapidly from my own head, as it lay on the pavement; I saw blood coming from Arthur Thompson's head; I saw both our heads uncovered, and a crowd of some five or six around us, which as I turned round was augmented by the addition of four or five others, among them two lasses and two lads; one of whom turning to her male companion said, "There has been brutal work here, get a cab," and I watched him, and saw him speak to a cabman. Now, cabmen are not, as a rule, overtroubled with overdoes of humanity. This cabman would have passed on, but this lad clung to the reins, and brought the cab to the curb stone. I lazily watched him pass my body and take hold of my friend, Arthur Thompson, saying to him, "You are hurt, and I will try and help to get your friend (meaning myself) into a

cab." Arthur Thompson was in that state which you understand, half-conscious—half-asleep and half-awake—some people call it dazed. His mind was wandering, his intellect confused. This man aided him to get into the cab. "Never mind your hat," said the girl, who had crossed the road with the men who had stopped the cab. "I will help you to get into the cab," and he puts his arms round Thompson and their eyes met in one long gaze, as he was helping him into the cab.

It is hard to pass from time into eternity so young, still it is a solemn change from vigorous youth to the grave: perhaps none but God can understand my feelings, when the surgeon at the hospital bent over my bed, and told me to prepare for death. He said that my skull was fractured, that my young life was done. Well, well, God has proved the same strength to others, as He proved to me at that moment. I prayed to God, that I might leave a statement in charity with my murderers, and I told them and I signed the particulars. I said "that we were spoken to first, then knocked down, then assisted into a cab, and that my friend had his wounds dressed whilst I stopped to die." And then a long month of the new year passes by and February commences, and the home that I loved, the home that I had not left, except in body, is disturbed by a call from the Police Authorities, saying, that the perpetrators of this outrage were known: that two were apprehended, and that the services of my friend, Arthur Thompson, were required to identify if possible the prisoners.

Unseen, I witnessed that identification. One who was "Guilty," stood harried with fear before Arthur Thompson, stood amongst many, but was unremembered, and unrecognised by him. He knew in his own dark soul how guilty he was, and how innocent his companion. Then Thompson was taken to identify another. He had failed in the first instance, and had once remembered one who took a part in that fatal affray. He said, "I know that man, he was one of the gang; I swear he spoke to me that night. Nay, I will even swear that he struck the deceased." I told you that with intellect confused and bewildered with danger, he had identified as one of my murderers the lad who had crossed the road, stopped the cab and assisted us. He now lies in prison, tormented by doubt; for none know better than yourself how hard it is, nay, harder perhaps to prove your innocence than to have your guilt proven. Hard even for those with money, but harder for those with none.

Well, in the solitude of his cell, he concludes, what he had consistently maintained from the time of his arrest, when called from his work, and asked to account for that night. There was no lying subterfuge, his answer was,

"I was there, but it was after the affray. The man when I was there was lying senseless on the ground."

They asked, "Who went with you?"

He said, "At first I was by myself. The lads round our neighbourhood had ganged themselves, and the place of meeting is close against the green gates. They are all working chaps. They asked me to go down to the Embankment with them, and I would not; they went and I walked on alone. I met a girl named Sullivan, as I did know, walking with her companion, a young chap, as I did not know;" and in answer to another question, he said, "I did not know Sullivan's female companion, nor I don't know the chap that was with them; but we walked from the end of the Old Street Road by the Meat Market, and out on to the Viaduct, opposite to Meeking's shop, in Holborn."

But this was considered by the authorities a very lame explanation. He was arrested, identified and sworn to by Thompson as belonging to the gang, and in fact as one of the first assailants. Now, in the solitude of his cell he thought nobody seems to have troubled themselves to ask before the Magistrate who Sullivan is, whether she is nobody or somebody. He said, "I am being tried side by side with a fellow whom I do not know, never having seen him before. He may belong to the gang and he may not, and now I find myself committed to take my trial for the murder of Frederick James Wilmer. And not one word is said of this Sullivan or of this girl or her chap. I suppose they believe all this to be a lie. My people—God help them—are too poor to search London for witnesses, but the Treasury ought to try and make out the truth of what I say, but they do not trouble themselves about it. I will put them on the right gang who committed the crime. I will make a clean breast of all I know of them, and I will try and remember as much as I can, what I did with myself after refusal to go with them."

Here the Sensitive came and drew close to me, putting his hands on my shoulders, and said:—

Excuse me getting so near to you, I get strength from you.

These thoughts of his were followed by a request that he wished to make a statement to the Police Authorities, when he again in fuller detail spoke of his meeting with the gang; of his refusal to join them; of his meeting with the girl and the young man; of their continuation of their walk from Meeking's, up Holborn, down Chancery Lane, across where the old Bar stood (Temple Bar); down Essex Street, down those steps, and through the little passage, and then out on the Embankment; and then the couple that were strangers

* Who can this be? I strongly suspect it to be C. B.; I believe he goes about in a quiet way, doing much good.

to him, yet were friends with the girl whom he did know, who at once crossed the road because there was a gathering of people; and of Sullivan turning round to him and saying, "Jem, let us go across now"; and that there may be no doubt of his knowledge of those whom he suspected of the crime, he placed name after name of those he knew belonged to the gang in a statement, black and white, signed by him. And in that statement explained away what before had been damning evidence against himself. When fully committed for trial he closed his fist at his fellow prisoner, and said, "Scott, you must clear me; you know I was not there." That he had a knowledge of the gang is beyond a doubt, and that, coupled with the fact that he is sworn to by an unprejudiced, unbiassed witness as the man who attacked me, will go hard against him.

I said I believed he would be acquitted.

You say you believe he will be acquitted. I know that he will be: for those that are with you have told me to have no fear. But is it not reprehensible that in the face of this statement, knowing the poverty of the accused, that these people named in the statement were never looked for or enquired after, either before the Magistrate or even by the Prosecutor for the Crown; in fact, none of the names mentioned were ever enquired after. The reason offered being that Thompson had only time to recognise of the two men the one that first came up, that he had identified one James Casey, and that they could not in reason expect any other identification from such a numerous gang; and that it was an unhesitated identification, picking him from twenty dressed like him without hesitation. It was in vain that the counsel for the defence asked—Is such and such a name the name of a real man? are so and so,—running through all the names? Have you made any enquiries about their being real names? Does such and such a lad live in such a street, and this other lad work at a muffin shop? or is the statement with the names fictitious from beginning to end, and that the Prosecution considered it would be unnecessary to arrest any of these, as proof against them without identification would be impossible.

There they stood before the Jury, two of them charged with the crime, not of wilful murder, for, thank God, they felt they had but to defend the less grave offence of manslaughter. One prisoner, Thomas Scott, alias Galliers, had not been identified, and the only evidence against him was his fellow-prisoner, Casey, who, after committal, accused him of knowing who committed the murder, and that he knew he was not in it; but, on the other hand, the evidence against James Casey was: first, the unprejudiced identification by the friend of the deceased, Arthur Thompson, who distinctly and without hesitation swears to him as being one of the first two who molested them. Then of these two at the Bar, as Galliers was not recognised by Thompson, and he stood, by sworn evidence, in a far different position from James Casey; but I have heard, boy as I was, that if even you had a good defence, don't let the opposite counsel get hold of it.

You say he will be acquitted. I say, had it not been for the kindness of one, one whom I may be permitted hereafter to name, he would surely on that evidence of Arthur Thompson have gone into transportation for many weary years. You remember how the Australian evidence was introduced in the case of Tiebhorne, and the evidence that was introduced at the end of the trial yesterday, was as great a surprise to Judge Hawkins as the Australian evidence in that celebrated case of the past. But the evidence of Arthur Thompson was about to be put on one side. The first witness called was the young man (Sullivan's companion). The next witness was Sullivan herself, and the next witness was Sullivan's female companion.

"Where did you first meet Casey?" said the surprised Judge to her.

"In Old Street; and we walked behind my friend and her chap, past the Meat Market, on to the Viaduct, up Holborn, through Chancery Lane, down some steps. There had been a row. My friend and her chap crossed over. Casey assisted the wounded chap into the cab, and we came home together."

In vain did cross examination try to shake the evidence of these three witnesses.

They were each asked: "Have you never made this statement to anyone?" And they answered thus:

"Never mentioned it to any one."

"Have you not heard that he made a statement in prison?"

"Yes, it was read over to us this morning, and we answered, 'It is quite true, as we were with him.'"

In vain the attempt was made to show that they were all friends of Casey's; in vain was it attempted to prove that he knew the young man and the young women that were ahead, but the cross examination, either of the Judge or Mr. Poland, failed to elicit any contradiction; and extraordinary as it appeared even to the counsel for the defence, who had to acknowledge that the only instructions that he had received were the names of the witnesses to be called, and that he had not received one line of their evidence; that he was as much surprised at the result as any in Court, and he said that, perhaps, the hint of a suspicion of a dark conspiracy may be thrown over this evidence. It may be said that this young man and these two young women have come prepared with a surprising effrontery

to cast insult on the majesty and dignity of this Court, and that they have been willing to thrust their heads into danger, from the mere fact that they were known to the prisoner's sister, but he bade them dwell on the fact of the really rigid cross examination sustained by the three witnesses, and that although Galliers' counsel had already gone far beyond what the Treasury Prosecutor would go in his accusation of this conspiracy, yet so assured was he of the justice actuating this prosecution for the Crown, that he felt assured, ere the conclusion of his learned brother's speech, that he himself would recommend the acquittal, from this charge, of the prisoner, Casey, whom he defended.

I asked how it was the man Casey managed to get this evidence.

It was one of the two who carried the lads to the hospital.

I would remark that this control took place on the morning after the first day of the trial. The Judge summed up on the following day, when the Jury found the prisoner, who had not been identified, guilty, but could not agree as to Casey, who was tried again at the next Sessions, when the Jury at once acquitted him.

This control to me is very instructive, as showing the danger an innocent man may be in when he has not Counsel to defend him; and also the danger of taking for granted that what a prisoner says is a pack of lies, and no one ever trying to ascertain whether the account he gave of the girl Sullivan was or was not true. The mistaken identification by Thompson is well told, and to me quite natural.

A SONG TO HEALTH.

Ho! for the time, the glorious time,
When earth shall be more holy;
When dress and food for the spirit's good
Shall be sought by both high and lowly.

The time is flown, the days are gone,
The days of wine and toddy;
With the noble free let our motto be,
"Sound mind in a healthy body."

Ho! for the day when to preach and pray
Shall be thought no more a duty,
Than to work in the cause and obey the laws
That give both health and beauty.

The time is flown, the days are gone,
For prematurely dying;
With the noble free let our motto be,
"Through health to Heaven we are flying."

'Tis no disgrace, with sweaty face
To perform the daily labour;
With a daily bath we will work and laugh,
An example to our neighbour.

The time is flown, the days are gone,
Great joy is not to the wealthy;
With the noble free let our motto be,
"Not the rich, but the clean are healthy."

Good exercise for the low and the wise,
Of air and light good measure,
With Heaven's pure flood to cleanse the blood,
Will give unending pleasure.

The time is flown, the days are gone,
For intemperance, drugs and sadness;
With the noble free let our motto be,
"In health is eternal gladness."

The use in part of the Hygeian art
Begins the reformation;
Its use entire is the spirit's fire,
The immortal soul's salvation.

The night is flown, the day is come,
Health of mind is reward of merit;
With the noble free let our motto be,
"The development of spirit."

O. B. P.

JAMES DRIVER,
Jersey, 23rd May, 1882.

THACKERAY ON SPIRITUALISM.—William M. Thackeray, the distinguished novelist, in reply to a gentleman who reproached him for allowing an article from his pen favouring Spiritualism to appear, said: "It is all very well for you, who have probably never seen any spiritual manifestations, to talk as you do; but had you seen what I have, you would hold a different opinion." He then described what he had witnessed in New York, and declared that no possible jugglery was or could have been employed on the occasion; and that he felt so convinced of the genuineness of the manifestations, and of their source, that he then and there gave in his adhesion to Spiritualism.

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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.

Tuesday.—Mr. Towns, Clairvoyance, at 8 o'clock.

THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.

FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1882.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

We sometimes think our readers fail to appreciate the grandeur and importance of the work which they find represented in these columns from week to week. The present issue is a Number of great significance. As a personification of the idea we have Darwin;—as much of him, possibly, as ever was crowded into the same space before.

Mr. Wright's essay is a comprehensive, an astonishing production. Only think of a working mason, sitting down and going to sleep to say—he knows not what. But having lost himself to the external world he commences to talk off the article on "Darwin," as fast as Mr. Fowler can write it down. The entranced speaker strides about the room talking away. The busy writer with nervous strain to keep up with him, writes down, without break or pause, the whole essay; some of the queer words having been spelled phonetically, without time for passing thought of the true form or what they may mean. The actual writing thus done comes up to us to be printed. It is one immense paragraph, one sentence, one clause. The literary man knows what it is to edit for the press. The true sense alone becomes revealed, as the parts of of the subject become separated, as Darwin analysed nature. From an intimate acquaintance in this way, with the method of production, one becomes strongly impressed with the extraordinary nature of such an essay as this on Darwin. Certainly we thereby arrive at the conclusion that neither Medium nor Recorder ever heard of some of the terms, phrases and statements embodied in the communication.

The doctrine of Evolution is now seen to be a spiritual, not a materialistic theory of things. This is amply indicated both in the essay and in Darwin's organism. He saw the ultimate working of that which in its methods and sources is spiritual. That the Creator-God is within Nature and not outside of it working mechanically, is grandly illustrated both by the philosophy of Mr. McDowall and the seership of Mr. Thomas. These two writers this week, taken in connection with the theory of Evolution, are remarkably suggestive. And how beautifully they agree! The Thinker, McDowall, and the Seer, Thomas, use actually the same words in describing the same facts in the externalization of Spirit. To complete the triplicity of thought, Mr. Wright's control alludes to the Atom with similar purpose. The great strides which spiritual science is thus making, hand-in-hand with physical science, ought to fill with enthusiasm every true Spiritualist.

Carlyle's belief appears to have been in accord with the views of Mr. Wright's control. He regarded the constant forces of Nature as manifestations of the Divine Will, and

distinguished as not "mechanic," but "dynamic." Constance Arden, in the "Journal of Science" for June, says:—"Broadly speaking, he regards Nature as inspired, not impelled,—as a growth, not a contrivance,—his view being essentially a protest against the Theism of Butler and Paley, which finds its most noteworthy expression in the argument from Design. Analogical inferences are discarded for an appeal to intuitive sympathy. Man is not bidden to compare Nature with Art; he is exhorted to disregard detail, and to recognise in the pervading cosmical vitality a glorified prototype of his own higher life. God is no longer without, but within; no longer transcendent, but immanent. 'For Matter, were it never so depicable, is Spirit, the manifestation of Spirit; were it never so honourable, can it be more?' Earth and Heaven are the 'Time-vesture of the Eternal'—no lifeless textile fabric, but a sentient garment of incarnate Deity."

Come we now to the communication of A.T.T.P. It is quite of another complexion, but of more than ordinary interest. Here we have the result of a trial anticipated. But there are many statements made in the control, which could be verified if placed in the hands of Thompson. Can that youth be found, and the matter laid before him and those mixed up in the defence?

There is another thing we would observe: It is frequently said that distinguished spirits in communicating, seem to lose their characteristic intellectual power. That is not to be wondered at—seeing what instruments and conditions are so frequently placed at their disposal. In this case, however, the result is of an opposite kind. The language used, the treatment of the subject as a whole, is much superior to what the spirit would have been supposed to use in earth-life. We see the practiced legal skill of the Recorder aiding the spirit in giving expression to his narrative. For the time being the mental accomplishments and states of the surroundings become those of the communicating spirit.

It is often asked: "Why do not spirits interpose to detect crime?" The control this week answers that question. If human justice were not wrong and murder—as it is at present—the spirit-world would give far more help of this kind. We little know how much the spirit-world is continually doing in these matters on the earth-plane. It would, however, much rather prevent wrong from being done, than assist mankind to redress one wrong, by deliberately committing even a greater wrong.

No class of benighted humanity is so certainly humbugged as those who pin their faith upon the dictum of professional Free-thinkers. Renan, writing on the connection between Church and State, says:—"Now the day can be foreseen when the belief in the supernatural, I do not say the ideal, will be as inconsiderable as faith in witches and ghosts is at the present time." Here is a precious muddle. That psychological power called "witchcraft," and those appearances called "ghosts" are facts; hence, to know them as facts, cannot be "superstition." The "belief"—no—knowledge of them as facts, is possessed by millions of the best informed people of this age. So that Renan has the wrong end of the telescope at his eye, as well as the wrong end of the argument in his mouth.

Mr. M. Fidler writes some very interesting letters from Sweden, on his agricultural operations. He says: "Ingersoll's 'Farming' was not up to much. He begins by saying he does not know much about it, which was quite a superfluous admission." Referring to his own experiments, Mr. Fidler says: "The income of the farm I almost doubled by a single alteration. The cropping is here usually—1 fallow, 1 rye, 3 clover, and 2 oats; making a 7 years' rotation. Instead of fallow lying idle and unproductive, I sowed vetches, and reaped splendid crops." He commenced the grinding of bones and using the bone-meal as a manure, a practice which bids fair to become very general with his neighbours.

In the current number of the "Phrenological Journal," Prof. Fowler gives portrait and phrenological delineation of Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, M.P. The delineation was dictated in September, 1864, when Mr. Bradlaugh visited the phrenologist "a perfect stranger." Mr. Fowler, therefore, challenges the reader to compare the delineation with the man's well-known public acts, and judge for himself whether the "character" is in harmony therewith or not. Mr. Fowler adds: "I may say that since the description was given, Mr. Bradlaugh has changed in several respects. His physical constitution has greatly improved, probably from the hints thrown out in the delineation, for then the mental temperament greatly predominated. Now there is a much greater indication of the vital and motive temperaments. His mental powers have also developed into greater proportions, and have become established so as to indicate a fixed character peculiar to himself, and it is in striking harmony with the development of his brain."

CIRCLE & PERSONAL MEMORANDA

On Wednesday evening, June 14th, Mr. J. Burns will give one of his Phrenological Seances at Mr. Hawkins' rooms, 15, Red Lion Street, Clerkenwell. To commence at 8.30. The heads of men, women and children in the audience will be examined.

"Garibaldi, the friend of Liberty," will be the title of Mr. Wright's oration on Sunday at the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool. On Sunday last, his subject was "Charles Darwin." We will give Garibaldi's portrait, and Mr. Wright's lecture on the Italian Liberator, next week.

In noticing "The Fourfold Constitution Modes of Divine Love and Wisdom." By the Countess of Caithness. Reprinted from the MEDIUM. The "Religio-Philosophical Journal" says: "This pamphlet contains many thoughts that will excite considerable interest." An extract follows bearing upon the philosophy of Mr. McDowall.

Mr. W. H. Harrison has issued a circular, stating that "Psyche" "is postponed for an indefinite period." The debt on his past work amounts to £300, one-half of which must be paid immediately. His appeal is supported by an array of influential names, which ought soon to be able to wipe off the impediment.

"NEMO."—The definition referred to is given on the title of this Journal, which points out that "Spiritualism" and its "History, phenomena, philosophy, and teachings," are distinctly different. The same might apply to Chemistry, Astronomy, or any other subject. We have no desire to steal the small thunder of any other Jupiter, and would recommend you to favour with your suggestions, some of the other organs of which you are or have been the promoter, representative, and "proprietor."

QUEBEC HALL.—Mr. J. Veitch, in the absence of Mr. McDonnell, occupied our platform with a lecture on "The Church." He argued that as the Church has had the moral culture of the masses for the last eighteen hundred years, that the present immoral conditions of the masses is due to her moral training. Mr. Veitch is a very eloquent young speaker, and only needs to be used, in order to make him one of our most effective speakers.—Cor.

UNFORTUNATE.

(Impromptu.)

Dark was the night and sad: the hurricane roll'd on!
No man went forth to see the wreck and ruin wrought.
Beneath a forest tree two children lay asleep,—
Naught can disturb them now: their dreams are love and peace.

The floods swept o'er the land, and carried them away;
They cried not, then, for help; no hand was there to save!
Upon the angry flood, an angel ventured near,
And beckon'd them away to brighter spheres above.
Their souls then upward flew, in stormless realms to shine;
And now, those souls draw near, to weave their thoughts with thine.

The pure are fit for bliss; the wise, for harmony.
The soul of man is beautiful, when lit, by God, with love.

J. C. W.

EMIGRATING MEDIUMS.

Our faithful and well-tryed co-worker, Mr. T. M. Brown, expects to leave England in about two months. It is a pity that we should part with his services, which are in greater demand than ever. But he has a small and promising family, which would find a more eligible field of expansion elsewhere. Mr. Brown will not be always able to toil in the field of public life, and he wisely looks forward to a time of retirement which must be provided for. The continuous strain of mediumship is, after all, abnormal, and should be avoided as much as possible. We would like to see Mr. Brown's friends get him up fifty farewell parties, which on an average might realize him £1 each. This would be a grand help to him in making way for leaving England.

We perceive that Mr. Walter Howell is leaving for America shortly. He is an excellent medium, as his published orations in these columns clearly show. He is receiving farewell meetings wherever he goes, and we hope they will increase in interest as his farewell tour progresses.

Wanted to know whether there are Streets bearing the names of Calthorpe Street, Bomer Street, Page Street, or Trafalgar Street, at, or in the vicinity of Greet's Green, near Dudley Port. Communications addressed to the Editor will be thankfully received.

HOW THE HELP COMES.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—I am requested by our Society of Spiritualists to forward you the sum of five shillings for the benefit of the Cause. Our Society thinks that if all societies in the United Kingdom would only send you a subscription according to their means, you would be relieved of the necessity of having to appeal for help.

Our Society has only been formed since Christmas, but we think we have made very good progress. We have seances three times per week; although we have only one fully developed medium, we have three others progressing very well. Wishing the MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK, as well as yourself, every success,—I remain on behalf of our Society, yours truly,

JOHN ROBINSON, Sec.

34, Willows Terrace, Willows Lane, Accrington, June 5, 1882.

We acknowledge with thanks £1 from "E."

Now, which class of Spiritualists is happiest and richest: those who help the Cause, or those who spend all they have on themselves, and would use more if they could get it?

It is a hard time for everybody; and we do all we can to avoid expense. After working while we can keep our eyes open to bring out the MEDIUM at a minimum of expense—the chief item being paper—it takes several pounds weekly to post the copies to subscribers. By straining every nerve we can get the paper produced cheaply, but we cannot induce the Post Office people to deliver the copies to the subscribers for nothing. It is, therefore, utterly impossible for us, do what we may, to carry on without money. If we could we would. Nothing can afford us so much pleasure as to earn our living and give our labour and talent for nothing. That we do already; but it is not enough. Our co-workers do likewise. The glorious matter which we print in the MEDIUM this week, has been mostly wrung out of the brains of poor hard-working men, who do not even receive a slight compliment for their invaluable services—services which money could not purchase. But the thousands who read all this, cannot find the means to pay the small expenses involved in keeping up an Institution for the purpose of diffusion!

These are the facts, stated without one cantankerous syllable. Now, what then? Why! Readers of the MEDIUM, take a laudable pride in the grand work which is being performed before your eyes, and in the benefit of which you participate. You pay a nominal price for a paper weekly, but if it were charged a shilling a copy, it could never pay for the contents. All the money and talent in the world could not produce such a paper as this number of the MEDIUM, outside of those agencies which gave it birth.

Think of these things then; think of your privileges, and of the honour of being a brick in such a building,—even a morsel of mortar in such a fabric. Let us as Spiritualists take some pride in our work. Look at the doings of the Salvation Army. They build halls at a cost of thousands of pounds, and men from the most debased conditions do the work as a labour of love to save expense. We will give in to no Salvationist in our labour and devotion to this work: but it must be supplemented by that of others. If all the work devolved on "General" Booth, his cause would be a failure. Every "private" must do his duty in Spiritualism as in any other movement or army.

Send in your subscriptions for 1882, then, to the Spiritual Institution, however small they may be. Ask your friends heartily to follow your example. Be proud to say, "I am a Correspondent of the Spiritual Institution," and then you will look on the MEDIUM, and the work altogether, as something more grand and glorious than ever it appeared to you before. You can only see and enjoy of spiritual things as much as you open your eyes and your hearts to see and enjoy.

We tell you plainly that we do not believe in the microscopic principle, at present rather fashionable in Spiritualism, of growing "small by degrees, and beautifully less." We are determined to succeed in this work, and with the glorious spiritual hosts hovering o'er us, we have faith in success. Our invincible spirit guide, "Robert the Bruce," the Liberator of Scotland, NEVER WAS BEATEN. Under his leadership we mean to win and trample down every obstacle.

Come, then, enroll yourselves under the Golden Banner of the Lion of Judah. That Rampant Royal Symbol has floated over the hosts of Spiritual Progress and Victory from time immemorial. There is no vain chance in this our work: it is a moral certainty. If true as steel, and worthy of it, the grand end sought is sure to be realized; for the minds of Wisdom and Love in the Bright Above, have laid out the campaign and made provision for every contingency.

WHAT CLAIRVOYANTS SEE.

THE GEOZONIC SPHERES.—XI.

To the Editor.—Sir,—Could the Spirit spheres be faithfully and truly reflected upon canvas, such would prove an exquisite picture, one calculated to engage

the attention of the most superficial for a few hours; and then it would be thrown aside like any other toy, for other and fresher objects of amusement. For after all, however perfect the picture might, it would only be a work of art, and as such could not express what is inexpressible.

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its sweet songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow nor death may not enter there.
Time doth not breathe on its fadefless bloom,
Far beyond the clouds, far beyond the tomb—
It is there, 'tis there, my child."

Such were the conceptions of that sweet poetess, Mrs. Hemans. But we Spiritualists of the nineteenth century say it is not all there. We can now, in this vale of tears, find faint, yet faithful, reflections of the upper and brighter spheres. For heaven, after all, is not so much a place as a condition of mind, or spirit. Some of us have already caught glimpses of its glory, for, be it known to all, that truth and love are the dual factors, or in other and perhaps more appropriate terms, these are the primal elements of all that can be designated heaven; out of these every heaven in the universe has been fitted up and garnished, and wherever these exist, there exists the elements of heaven. Christ says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." In this short sentence we have all that constitutes heaven, the "truth and the life." But these are not something outside us, not some article of religious commerce, to be exhibited for sale on Sundays, and simply to be held up as an article of faith, or profession. The teachings of our divine Master were opposed to this. He says, "Not everyone that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven."

Now, these celestial elements exist latently in every man and woman in this world, therefore, none need despair. Say not, dear brother and sister, "Who shall ascend into heaven to bring these Christ principles down?" nor, "Who shall descend into the deep to bring them up from thence?" The word is nigh you; yes, the kingdom of heaven is within you. You, who may be discarded by the priest, and also by his satellite, the Levite, there is yet a good Samaritan who looks upon you; he will bind up your wounds; wounds, the result of many a fall, many a mistake. You are after all a man, and as such the son of the Infinite. No amount of disparagement can make you less. You may be very low to-day, and what your fellow-men may term degraded; but be not cast down. Take fresh courage, you are after all a man. There is a spark within you, an immortal spark, I do not mean the spirit, but a something which the spirit possesses; a something that constitutes the spirit an immortal being. I can see this with my spiritual vision. It is in the spirit similar to what I have been describing in past chapters relative to the Primal Globe.

Man as a spiritual being is spherical, and is the counterpart spiritually of what this earth is materially, and there is no man but who has at the centre of his being, his spiritual being, what the earth has at its centre—a spark, a sun; sun of the soul, or rather of the spirit. Yes, each of us has this sun, this divine sun; but with thousands it is in a state of total eclipse. Yet an eclipse does not imply the utter destruction of the obscured object. The spark is there, the light yet lives. My own experience of the matter I now write of, is as follows: In some cases relative to some individuals, I see this central light quite obscure. And the next circle to this, a bluish light; the next to that, a reddish light; and the outer, a white light. In other cases I see a white light at the centre, and a red light in the next circle, blue in the third, and blackness outside. And thus the lights do vary in each person, a memory for which I possess, but the explanation of which would not be prudent in this article. I simply note one great truth: that the light I love to see at the centre, is that

golden light which I designate the light of divine love. But although this is a light not frequently seen by me, the elements of that golden light exist, after all, in each spirit. It only requires the developing process to bring it out, and once this divine love principle is developed, a new pulsation takes place not before felt by its possessor. This pulsation goes on from the centre to the circumference of the spiritual being, until the spheres of the spirit become the reflexion of the spheres above.

For there is no outside glory, or outside happiness, that can be ours unless there be first of all the necessary conditions, the divine adaptation. There must be the "meetness for the inheritance amongst the saints in light."

Instances which illustrate this theory are plentiful. The subjects which occupy the attention, and absorb the time and labour of scientific men, are such, as a rule, that must at times force themselves upon the attention of the mere rustic and illiterate, yet, in such a way as to be destitute of any particular interest much less to become a source of pleasure. The grand and sublime truths connected with the science of astronomy, are of such a character as to become a source of pleasure, yes, of exquisite pleasure, to the astronomer, whilst the uninitiated see naught but bright specks of light, which he is enabled without much effort to call stars. The geologist sees wonders in the stratified formations of this earth, that the laborious miners, whose labours lie amid those formations, never dreamt of. Such remarks might be applied to every branch of knowledge. This illustrates to my mind the necessity of subjective preparation for objective enjoyment; and, in proportion to the development of our inner light, and the inner spheres of the spirit, will be our fitness to enter upon those spheres that remain as the receptacles of our spirit when we shall have put off all that is called mortal.

The enquiry that forces itself upon my mind at this stage of the present subject is—What sphere am I now living? Yes, now living? Am I amid the dark principles of the first? The twilight of the second? The negative kind of enjoyment of the third? The more real life of the fourth? The innocence and child-like enjoyment of the fifth? The noble and masculine grandeur and glory of the sixth? Or the superlative and angelic glory of the seventh?

Which of these are we now living? Each individual is certainly living one of those. But in concluding the present article, for the encouragement of each and every one, I am fully authorised to declare that there is hope for every one. There is no sphere lower than God, and where God is truth is, light is, love is. For, whither shall I flee from thy Presence, or whither shall I go from thy Spirit? If I ascend up into heaven thou art there, or if I make my bed in hell thou art there. Consequently, the depths of hell are as much within the domain of God as the heights of heaven.

The primal elements of the stately oak exist in the acorn. Even as the primal elements of all we are, and of all we shall yet attain to during unending cycles, are now in our possession. Eternal progression is but eternal development. "Great is the mystery of Godliness: God manifest in the flesh. For every good and perfect gift cometh from God." And if divine love implanted in the spirit be what I have been characterizing it to be, it exists as the gift of God, and must, as such be the manifestation of God: and such a manifestation now, amid the pains, troubles and sorrows of life, is the manifestation of God in the flesh. And those spirits that now give evidence of this love, by manifesting it in the flesh, shall ere long, when heart and flesh faileth, be received up into glory.

J. THOMAS.

Kingsley, by Frodsham.

(To be Continued.)

THEOSOPHY.

PRESSURE AND PERVIOUSNESS.

It may help the reader to a comprehension of the nature of this void, by laying on a crown-piece (if they have one; if not, a lively imagination will do as well) a farthing. We, of course, suppose the bronze farthing to have just the least degree of silver in its composition. Now, the farthing differs from the crown in two important differences: that of size and quality. This double difference has the negative value of 4s. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. By adding this amount to the farthing, the difference ceases; or, by removing the farthing the difference ceases; or, by removing the crown the difference ceases. The void, having a nature similar to the difference between the farthing and the crown, has a negative value equal to the Infinite, minus ourselves, who are represented by the farthing. Hence, as we grow in spirituality, this void grows less and less in negative value, ultimately ceasing when we have become one with God; or rather, by the almost infinite power we will then possess of raising or lowering our external form to any degree of spirituality, we will be able to create this void to any degree of vacuity. Externally we are separated from God by this void, internally we are connected to God by a graduated chain of spiritual qualities, which, in a spiritual sense, may be pressed, each degree within the other, by the negative action of our will; the higher degrees becoming less spiritual and the lower degrees more spiritual; in this way raising the external form on to a higher plane of spiritual life, and, by the positive action of our will, the external form is projected into a lower condition—that is, a greater condition of Perviousness—by the higher degrees of the soul coalescing more perfectly with the Infinite Soul of nature; leaving the intermediate degrees of the soul spiritually thin and attenuated,—a principle that we will understand better when we have learned the constitution of the Atom; for the Atom, the Human Soul, and the Infinite Soul of nature are one in constitution.

We, then, for the time being, suppose ourselves to be free denizens of space, and on purpose to create an atom to illustrate our subject, we, by the positive action of our will, have placed ourselves in this condition of external darkness and internal light. Around and above and below, nothing is visible but the darkness that we, by the simple action of our will, have called into being. Forms we have none—their goodly proportions have vanished as if they never had been, and in their place a ball of pure white light, in some cases not exceeding an inch in diameter, and in others having a diameter of two or three inches: this depending for size on the spiritual development of the soul. It seems from its nature to disdain to illuminate the darkness, and only for a short distance from its circumference does it blend through a deep blue, into the impenetrable gloom. Yet, dear Reader, within this little sphere of light is contained the germ of every idea, thought, or action that your soul has ever outwardly expressed; that is, it contains the germ of your external form, the germ of all the ideas of thought, of memory, of love, and friendship, and all blendings of colour, form, and number that the soul has ever conceived of and expressed outwardly; and to it will be added the germ of every idea that the soul will yet conceive.

Try to catch the idea here conveyed, and nature is no longer a mystery. Here, by the simple action of willing, we not only reduce every quality that we possess to spiritual germs,—inclosing the experience and growth of perhaps fifty years in a sphere that might be covered by a half-crown piece—but we, also, at the same time, create a vortex in which we place ourselves, done up in this little parcel, there to germinate and unfold in what is called the direction lay the idea that had possession of the mind before willing.

No matter whether we wished to create a spirit-home, and array ourselves to receive a visit from some friends in a neighbouring sphere, or to array ourselves to visit some friends on earth,—bringing with us a wreath of spirit-flowers to gladden their sight,—our forms, our homes, our books, our Heaven, are all evolved from this minute sun. But we have no great object in view, only the creation of a little atom; but no matter though it were a universe, it must be evolved from within.

This creation of the spiritual germ was the work of the

Male Principle of our being, the process of unfoldment belongs to the Female, assisted at every stage by the Male. Our soul loves not this condition of external darkness; her desire is to equalize the almost infinite Pressure in which her mate has bound her; the desire to diffuse her glories abroad is a prayer that is understood by the Mother of All. The Infinite Soul of nature,—who instantly responds to her call, by unrolling her pent-up Qualities into an extension of Qualities, the first unfoldment being but a little removed from the previous condition, even while in process of unfoldment,—is penetrated by the ever watchful Energy expanding the germ of ourselves, which, inoculating the contracting energy, a thin mist of light is spread over the previously dark expanse. This process, continued for an almost infinitesimal period, would leave us ourselves again, but without our atom,—to make which we must lay a trap to catch in a vacuum this thinly diffused light, which is our own qualities extending outward into space.

Quick as a flash, our will is again active, and again we are in the condition of inner light and external darkness. Through this change our soul has become too spiritual to be a centre of radiation to the qualities repelled from it when in the condition of unfoldment, which are now left without their centre of power and support, against the contracting energy. The result is that this thin mist of light (Magnetism) instantly ceases to be light, because of the sudden change in our condition. It (the light) is left in a condition of unbalancedness; its fire or soul, so to speak, is instantly attracted by the underlying condition, and its external qualities as suddenly contract towards a common centre, resulting in a nucleus of Pressure or stillness, which is instantly penetrated by the underlying condition. It (the nucleus), through this penetration, which is continuous, becomes a point of pure white light, surrounded by an iris of blue, merging through yellow into the red, then blue again, this repeating itself, outwardly in lower and lower tone, in ring after ring, until even to our spiritual vision it melts into the darkness.

E'er entering fully into the constitution of the Atom, let us study and understand its relation to ourselves. Here we perceive that it is moving in an orbit around us, and the slightest fluctuation of our will has a remarkable effect on its appearance and movements. Thus, if our will becomes more positive, it at the same time darts outwardly from us, and the rings of colour, one after the other, seem to contract around the nucleus; and as its motion increases, successively become merged into and disappear in the minute white vortex, which, instead of growing larger, seems to grow less, until, like ourselves, it has no iris to speak of surrounding it. What has become of those rings that seemed, to our spirit-vision, and seemed truly, to be innumerable? Each ring, or halo, has become a graduated series of external envelopes, incasing the spiritual germ in an extension in Quality; that when the last ring has disappeared in its minute vortex, the Atom possesses every spiritual quality, from matter upwards, but we, viewing it from the spiritual side, see only its spirit. Our Atom now consists of a spiritual and a material germ, graduated into each other by an infinite number of infinitesimal differences, which we assume is caused by a velocity or motion of twenty-four miles per second of time, graduated to a point of comparative stillness. This point of stillness, being the condition of the most spiritual portion of the atom, moves not with the external qualities of the atom, but is renewed through every point of space that the atom passes through, and every degree between the outer and the inner Qualities is in a condition of renewal commensurate with its position in Quality, each degree outward representing a less degree of stillness, or a greater degree of motion.

Now had we had in our minds the idea of giving to the earth a new floral design, we would simply have to guide our Atom into suitable conditions thereon, when the motion of the earth would reduce into one homogeneous Quality, the infinite graduation in Quality contained in our atom. Every degree would then become impervious to each other, and our Atom would expand into the proportions of our design, by simply becoming myriads of material atoms, none of which can occupy the same point of space at the same time, as they can do when in this graduated condition.

But our design is to illustrate that Quality is Power inverted. We, therefore, recall our Atom by relaxing our will slowly, so that we can watch its unfolding. With our perceptions fixed on its minute white vortex, we allow our

soul to glide into a less positive condition, and thereby commence unrolling our own qualities matter-wards. Our Atom, obedient to our attraction, draws nearer, and commences to unfold in an opposite direction, spirit-wards. From its little vortex, issues ring after ring of rainbow hues, spreading and widening and unfolding outward into space. As it approaches our august selves, who, from our greater bulk, have undergone but little change in thus unfolding the pent-up qualities of our Atom which draws near, we must check its progress, or else it will be swallowed up in our own dawning glories, now beginning to burst forth through the relaxation of our will. This we do by our will becoming a little more positive, that is, checking the outflow of our own qualities, and our Atom, obedient to our slightest wish, comes no nearer.

The Atom now occupies much the same position that it did ere we willed it into a more material condition. Around the white nucleus, extending as far as our spirit-vision can penetrate, are rings of glory, suddenly dropping in tone in the vicinity of the nucleus, but the reduced tone extending far in its graduations towards the circumference. These rings are the result of the Pressure, arising from the resistance of the Qualities of the nucleus to the continuous and omnipresent contracting Energy. Their tone in colour is the measure of their coalescence with the omnipresent Soul of Nature. This Pressure we have said varies inversely to the square of the distance from the centre of attraction. The same law holds good when the extension is in Quality; that is, the Pressure which is Quality, varies inversely to the square of the spiritual distance; and matter being the infinite remove in Quality, its pressure is nil: as the infinite in extension, through being the infinitely distant from the centre of attraction, its Pressure or Quality is nil.

That we may understand the accumulation of Qualities at the centre, let us assume the Pressure, one inch from the centre, to be the unit of Quality. At one half-inch from the centre, the Pressure would be four times that, and their difference three units of Quality. At one-millionth part of an inch from the centre, the Pressure would be one million-million times as much, and their difference 999,999,999,999 units of Quality; and at one half-millionth part of an inch from the centre, two-million-times-two-million, or four trillion times as much as the Pressure at one inch from the centre. Subtracting from this four trillion units of Quality, at one half-millionth part of an inch from the centre, the trillion units of Quality at one-millionth part of an inch from the centre, leaves a difference of three trillion units.

(To be Continued.)

HEALING BY LAYING ON OF HANDS

CASES TREATED BY MR. OMERIN.

The following testimonials have been sent us for publication:—

NEURALGIA.

66, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W.

Dear Sir,—In giving you my testimony to the following, I do but repay a debt of gratitude.

After a severe attack of rheumatic fever, which for more than a month had confined me to my bed without the power to move, I was regaining the use of my legs, when the pain settled in my face, mouth, and gums. In this state of suffering I passed many months, until ultimately I became unable either to eat or sleep, and during the last week was in such agony that meals were a torment, and night little better than death, since it was passed without sleep, and in constantly rising to gargle my mouth with rum, brandy, and other spirits, which gave me no relief. At last in sheer desperation, I could only wish for death. It was at this time that Providence sent you, Sir, to me, when, by the mere passing of your hand over my face, the pain was mitigated, and, at the end of a quarter of an hour, entirely removed. I then commenced to touch with my tongue the parts of my mouth which before I could not do without inflicting great pain, and, feeling none, it appeared to me as though I were asleep. I was afterwards able to take supper without the least pain or difficulty, and on going to bed slept through the whole night with a calmness and tranquillity I had not known for many years. On the following day you again passed your hand over my face, and from then until now (almost a year) not the least pain has returned, and I sleep now as well as in the days of my girlhood.

Begging you, Sir, to accept this expression of my gratitude for the favour you have conferred, I remain, dear Sir, yours sincerely,
MARY CHIDLEY.

31, Bedford Place, London, W.C.

Sir,—Permit me to offer you a brief account of the manner in which I was cured of an acute attack of neuralgia. About a fortnight since I was suffering so much from this affliction that I could not masticate my food, nor indeed open my mouth, when a friend recommended a trial of the healing power of Mr. Omerin. I accordingly saw him; and, by the simple application of his hand to my face, I was cured in five minutes. The pain was completely removed, by means which seemed wonderful, though very simple and natural. Out of gratitude to Mr. Omerin, I should like, through your kindness, to make the case public. Mr. Omerin evidently possesses extraordinary healing power, which has effected much and almost instantaneous relief.
M. A. G. LYON.

My Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in bringing to your remembrance your treatment of me some three years ago on the occasion of my return from Ireland, where, out sporting, I sustained a most severe compound fracture of my right leg. You will remember that my right ankle remained very much swelled and stiff, and much pain was experienced in the locality of the fractured but recently re-united bones. After a short period under your remarkable treatment the swelling was entirely subdued, and strength and normal vigour restored to the limb generally; all pain ceasing. I was then fifty-three years old, with an unimpaired constitution after my long Indian service.

But I will now refer to the grand cure you effected some three months ago, when I was labouring under a most severe attack of neuralgia in my head and face, I being under the able treatment of Dr. Norton, and his brother surgeon, A. Norton, whose good treatment as regards medicines certainly built up my strength; but the excruciating pains used to come on every day, and when very bad I asked you to call on me, and try to relieve me. This you promptly did, and three visits eradicated the pain, and keeping up the tonic treatment of my above-mentioned medical friends, I quickly got round, and have not had any return of it since. I mentioned your skill and science, and its result, to these gentlemen, and, like everybody else, they were astonished. I am, dear Sir, most faithfully yours,
(Signed) SUSSEX CHARLES MILFORD.

Major-General R.F.P., H.M.B. Staff Corps.

GOSWELL HALL SUNDAY SERVICES.

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

We had an excellent seance on Sunday morning last. It seemed as though the presence of fewer sitters than usual gave a proportionately better result. Everyone was highly satisfied. Miss Keeves was the medium. In the evening, Mr. Goss delivered a most eloquent address, full of the highest spiritual teaching, which, as usual, was much appreciated and warmly applauded.

Next Sunday Morning, Mr. Wilson will give the fourth portion of his address on "Comprehensionism." In the evening, Mr. J. Veitch will occupy the platform, subject: "Orthodox Christianity; what has it done?" Commence at 7 o'clock.

R. W. LISHMAN, Corres. Sec.

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

Sunday, June 11th, at 7 p.m., prompt, Mr. MacDonnell on "Ireland."

Monday, 12th, at 8.30: Comprehension Class for development of Ideas.

Tuesday, at 8.30, A Musical Entertainment by Mr. R. M. Dale, assisted by Friends. Mrs. Weldon has kindly consented to assist. Free Admission; Collection at close.

Wednesday, 8.30, Developing Circle, a good Clairvoyant Medium attends.

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

Friday, the 16th, at 8.30, A Discussion opened by Mr. Dunage—"Christianity Rational."

Saturday, at 8 p.m., a seance; a good clairvoyant medium. Mr. Hancock attends half an hour previous to speak with strangers. This Seance will be for the benefit of Mr. Haxby; the Medium having kindly offered his services for that purpose. Mr. Haxby is still very ill.

J. M. Dale, Hon. Sec.

Mr. Lickfold thanks the friends who attended Quebec Hall on May 31. She writes:—"Tell them they contributed to my spending the happiest return of my birth-day that I ever recollect. I should much like to have told them with my lips, but not being accustomed to speaking in public and such unexpected joy, by so many kindly responding and coming such distances quite unnerved me. Should I be spared to see another year, I trust I may have the pleasure of seeing them all again in the flesh. I thank Mr. Dale and his daughters for the very pretty arrangement of flowers, which gave so much pleasure to all."

WANTED.—An Industrious and Congenial Domestic Assistant, for a family of Spiritualists in London. A country person who would like a stay in London would find this a suitable opportunity. Address, —Mrs. Burns, 15, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

MR. W. HOWELL'S FAREWELL AT WALSALL.

On Whit Sunday the well-known medium and worker, Mr. W. Howell, gave two farewell addresses here, before his departure for America. The Committee chose for the morning subject—"The Second Coming of Christ." The beautiful language and eloquence that so characterised his previous addresses here, were surpassed by the more brilliant addresses of Sunday morning and evening last. The guides have an expert method of spiritualising the too prevalent materialistic conception of Bible truths, thus robbing the inspired word of its true meaning. The Second Coming of Christ has been set forth as Jesus coming in the clouds, but the guides said that the second coming of Christ is a higher and loftier inspiration, and purging humanity from selfishness, eradicating the evil from our nature, and thus we should, indeed, have the Christ principle peeping forth in every action of our lives, ennobling our thoughts, and beautifying our conception by its renovating power. Thus, by living in obedience to the highest dictates of our nature, we should prepare ourselves for a more beautiful ultimatum of the Christ, or saving principle, that would bring us in closer proximity with the spirit-world. We should then, indeed, realise that the second coming of that Christ principle was dispersing superstition, falsity, and error, and thus saving us from the more gross and selfish part of our nature by a purer love, a higher aspiration, a broader liberality; teaching the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

Again in the evening a large and attentive audience listened to an able address. Subject—"The Atonement." The ancient religions of the past that symbolised their spiritual institutions by sacrifices, burnt offerings, etc., which were the highest expression of their nature; the descent and ascent life of spirit evolving ever and anon, developing and unfolding the intuitions of man, had in all ages been the guide to the formula of their religion. The doctrine of substitution was remarkably explained by the inner spiritual definition, viz.: the symbol of the "Lamb that takes away the sin of the world." Thus, inasmuch as we embody that Lamb-like principle in every action of our life, so much so we are in accord with that at-one-ment that enables us to say—"I and my Father are one."

On Whit Monday a Happy Evening was spent in honour of Mr. Howell, which consisted of Tea, Entertainment, and Dancing; when over 100 sat down to tea, which was got up in splendid style. After tea Mr. Howell made his farewell address, which called forth the sympathy and good wishes of all present. All the friends here feel that we are losing, at least for a time, a most valuable worker, and regret that Mr. Howell should have to seek another field of labour in America. But we hope and trust that life and health, success and happiness will attend all his labours in the New World. He at least takes with him all the good feelings of the Walsall Spiritualists.

COR.

Walsall, June 4.

BIRMINGHAM: MR. WALTER HOWELL'S FAREWELL ENTERTAINMENT.

On Thursday last, June 1st, the Society and friends met at Ozells Street Board Schools for the purpose of acknowledging the public services of Mr. W. Howell, prior to his departure for America, the last week in July. Tea was provided at 6 p.m., at which the principal workers in the Movement were present, also a number of others in sympathy with the Cause, and who desired to show a token of respect and take a "friendly cup" with one of its advocates. The Tea was followed by an Entertainment, consisting of songs, recitations, physiognomical delineations, and short speeches, which were effectively rendered by Mrs. Groom, Mrs. Bailey, Miss Fothergill, Messrs. W. Howell, R. Groom, Robins, James Smyth, and others, Mr. Wood presiding at the instrument. Mr. Thos. Kendrick occupied the chair, who, at a suitable juncture, made some appropriate remarks before the presentation of a Testimonial to an officer whose health necessitates a change of locality.

The main feature of interest was the address from Mr. W. Howell, who briefly sketched his history in relation to Modern Spiritualism, narrating many interesting facts and events which made him a Spiritualist, caused him to be turned out from the Methodists, denounced a "heretic," and, finally, led him on the Spiritual platform, where his guides, in union with himself, have had scope and freedom to work; and to be their servant, whether in prosperity or adversity, was his blessing and his mission.

A number of members expressed their personal friendship and esteem—their appreciation of the work he is doing—that in future he may have "God's-speed" was their hearts' desire. Thus ended, without a ripple of inharmony, one of the happiest evenings the Society ever spent.

Free from jealous pride and deadly strife,
From impostors and their patrons, too;
With love and truth our plan was rife,
To aid the honest and the true.

AARON J. SMYTH, Hon. Sec. B. S. S.

MEDIUMSHIP—THE SPIRIT-CIRCLE.

MR. AND MRS. HERNE'S SITTINGS.

Mr. Editor.—From the occurrences last Thursday evening, at our mutual friend's, Mr. F. Herne, 8, Albert Road, Forest Lane, Stratford. I am induced to trespass upon your valuable time and goodness with these few lines.

Last Thursday was the second meeting in circle since Mr. Herne's return from Germany. The seance room having been changed at the desire of the "guides" at our first meeting the previous Thursday, arrangements not having been quite completed we had not any materialization; our band of spirit-friends consoling us with kind words and good counsel for the future, "Father Robinson," "John King" and friend "Peter" as usual being to the fore.

Last Thursday evening we had, as usual, materialization. The curtains, however, not being satisfactorily arranged, there appeared to be some little difficulty in our friends coming out into the room. As usual my darling "Clara" came first looking lovely, and with a large white rose in her hand, which to me appeared somewhat luminous. After bowing and greeting me with loving kisses she retired, and was succeeded by the same spirit who came to me at the time I was writing the "Trance Addresses through H. E. R.," with what appeared to be a writing-case and pen in hand, looking at me steadfastly, and seemingly most anxious to impress me with his desire that I should not fail in accomplishing the task I had set myself. This second visit impressed me with the feeling that I was not to fail in carrying out my own wish, viz., that these beautiful teachings should be made known to the world.

These being the only materializations, "Peter" kept up an animated discourse with me.

CONFIDENCE.

GERALD MASSEY'S GREAT WORK.

In "House and Home" for May 26th, is given a very fine portrait of Mr. Gerald Massey, accompanied by a crisp and readable memoir. The following paragraph does honour alike to writer and Editor:—

The magnificent lines which abound in a "A Tale of Eternity" were passed over with slimy contempt by the reporter reviewers, because the "motif" of the poem was spiritualistic. The "Tale" unfolds a page of the author's awful personal experience of the phenomena with which he declares he has been brought face to face for many years. But the treatment bestowed on "A Tale of Eternity" by the reviewers was warmly generous compared with that which his latest work, "A Book of the Beginnings," has received at their hands. The fruits of eleven years daring exploration of a hitherto unknown region dismissed in a dozen lines! It would pay a collector of the curiosities of literature—if such things can be termed literature—to gather up the notices of "A Book of the Beginnings" for the diversion of a not remote posterity. But three adequate reviews of this marvellous book have appeared. One was from the pen of Captain Burton, in the "Athenæum." A notice in the same journal by the "Athenæum's" own young man—retained on the establishment for horse-collar grinning, as the late Herr von Joel was retained at Evans's Music Hall—should be "taken" along with the renowned traveller's opinion of Massey's work, just by way of giving it piquancy. Mr. George St. Clair, George Dawson's successor at Birmingham, has also borne testimony to the wondrous nature of the work; and a distinguished German scientist has followed suit. The gentleman who does the books for the "Daily Telegraph" must have spent at least ten minutes in providing "the largest circulation in the world" with his view of the author's eleven years' amazing labours. Having failed to find Jumbo under the head of Africa, the reviewer naturally concluded that there was something wrong. The "Spectator" declined to say anything about a work which dared so much, and, we venture to hope, returned the Book forthwith to the author. Well, all this sort of thing is very pitiful. An enquirer who sets to work to discover the sources of language, and the origin of myths and religions, and who uses the frank method of Darwin and Wallace in his research, deserves more respectful treatment than this. "A Book of the Beginnings" is simply the most extraordinary work that has appeared in this country, or, for that matter, in any other during the century. It is a book to be answered, not sneered down, and he who essays to reply to it must dive to the depths which the author himself has reached. Let enquirers after the truth, no matter what their colour or religion, read "A Book of the Beginnings" in the spirit which abides in the words—"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

A portrait and biography of Mr. George R. Sims, the eminent dramatist, poet, and journalist, appeared in "House and Home," May 19. Two editions of the Journal were rapidly exhausted, and now large quantities in a separate form of the portrait and sketch, with additional matter, are being sold.

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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 "Touble." Man's Power over Spirits. Employments of the Spirits. How Ruisdal became a Painter. Mediumship and Strong Drink. Ruisdal's First Experience in Spirit Life. A Picture of the Spirit Land. Ruisdal and the Students. Deserved Reproof. Knowledge withheld. "All the work of the Devil!" On Light, Comet, and Spots on the Sun. Sun, Moon, and Planets Inhabited. Materialisation of Spirit Forms. Ruisdal's Visit to Rome. On "Purgatory." Continuity of Earthly Relationships. Ruisdal on Oils, Colours, Varnishes, &c. Spirit Transition. Ruisdal's Betrothed. The Story of Steen and Jan Lievens. Ruisdal on the Ideal and Natural. Lawfulness of Spirit Intercourse. Work of the Spirits. Ruisdal and Steen on their Pictures. Condition of Persons Dying in Idiocy. The Angel of Pain. "Shall we know each other?" Use of the Crystal. Ruisdal's Description of Jesus. Steen's First Experience of Spirit Life. Locality of the Spirit World. Steen on Jesus and his Work. How they Pray in the Spirit World. Red Indian Spirits. Steen gives a Test of Identity. Ruisdal's Picture in the Edinburgh National Gallery—a Test. Interviewed by J. W. Jackson. Ruisdal's Waterfall in Moonlight—a Test. Ruisdal on Home. Eternity of Matter. Recovery of the "Lost." Ruisdal on 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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