



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

SPIRITUALISM.

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THE SPIRITUAL WORLD AND ITS INHABITANTS.

AN INSPIRATIONAL ADDRESS
BY MR. WALTER HOWELL, OF MAN-
CHESTER,
AT BARROW-IN-FURNESS.

Notwithstanding the fact that Spiritualism has promulgated its philosophy for thirty-four years ; and notwithstanding the fact that the Seer of the last century gave to the world the results of his illumination, yet, even to-day, in the minds of the vast majority of mankind, there is profound ignorance in relation to the nature of spiritual existence, that state of life which is a continuity of the mundane sphere of existence. There has been, in relation to the nature of that existence, varied hypotheses ; and just as material scientists differ, so spiritual scientists also differ. Just as varied systems of philosophy upon the external plane of life vary, so do the systems of philosophic thought vary, even in the super-mundane realm of thought.

It has been supposed by some, and very plausibly, too, that the material elements which form your sphere of life, by means of the spiritual essence outworking its grand eternal destiny, and perpetually refining the same, ultimately create a sphere of sublimated matter around your planet in the form of belts or zones, as illustrated by the planet Saturn, only in a more refined and sublime character. This theory has been upheld with a plausibility that recommends itself to the genius of thought, and to those who have investigated these subtle elements that surround the earth-sphere of life. We offer no

apology for differing from many eminent men who have given attention and thought in this particular direction. Our philosophy differs from this that we have just mentioned, in the fact that we recognise the spiritual world, and the Kingdom of Heaven, as existing *within* you, —an interior realm of life, and thought, and being ; and, in order that you may have something like an accurate conception of this realm of thought, you must turn the eyes of your spiritual conception within yourself, and no longer rely upon your material senses, through which you acquire external knowledge ; for when the spiritual, disintegrated from the material tenement, reaches the realm of thought, and spirit, and real life, it then comes in contact with that substance which the knife of the dissector does not reveal, nor has the physiologist of nature yet discovered ; namely, the realm of thought.

In contradistinction to the conception now in vogue, that promulgates the idea that thought is the result of organization, we regard the idea vice versa ; as, in reality, all organization is the result of intelligence and of thought. All action, performed through the physical or mundane organism, is the result of the action of the mind-force operating through the magnetic laws on that which is intermediate between mind and matter. The spiritual nature acts upon that which surrounds, it and is allied to it, and is what we term spiritual. To give a philosophical definition, we say,—as the forces, the ethers, in which worlds revolve, are the means by which light and heat are transmitted to your planet, even so the mind transmits its evolutions to the material part, by means of these subtler ethers ; these substances that intervene between the outward organism and the subtler organisms which we call thought.

Now, in order that you may have a clear conception of this idea, we must state, that thought,

which is in itself a real, tangible substance, is the grossest substance of that realm we call spiritual. We would here like to make one remark, and that is, we do not use the term "spirit" in any unnatural or supernatural manner, for we recognise heaven in what we call spirit. As in laws of nature you recognise cause and effect, so we recognise immutable laws in the light of this heaven. That which we call "spirit" is perfectly natural; for we know of nothing but what is natural; even if we could probe the very heart of what men call Deity, we should there find something which is perfectly natural. For if the Divine is mirrored forth in objective nature, we there see the reflection of a natural Deity, who must be, in himself, the Soul of nature.

You should feel the power of this pantheistic thought,—for, in our estimation, it is better to see God everywhere than to see him nowhere, or to have an idea of a Being far off, in some personal form outside nature; or to hold an idea of a Being that can not possibly exist. In the conventional language, we know nothing of God save that which we observe and analyse in what nature reveals to us. We ascend in the realm of superior thought and wisdom, and there behold the more perfect transcendent beauties of those things which are to us objective; we there see a more beautiful expression of that divinity which inheres in nature, and as we thus gaze upon these perfect scenes which are to us more perfect impressions of Deity, we behold the face of our Father which art in the heavens; that is, just as the human face is the most perfect expression of human character, so the higher embodiment of thoughts in the wisdom of the existence of immutable laws in the spheres is the most perfect expression of the Deific character: we look upon that as the Heaven of our God.

Now, that which is to you subjective, at the state which is termed death or disintegration, becomes objective; and that which is objective then becomes shadowy and comparatively unreal. The thoughts, affections, and emotions which are yours, must assume shape, must have organic form; for we cannot understand intelligence apart from organization. This organization of thought is a structure peculiar to that realm which we call spirit.

Now, the sphere of thought that surrounds your planet is naturally homogeneous to your planet, it is in harmony with the planet's state of progression, and with the thought and life which illumine it upon the planet. We regard all material substances as being the most externally remote from the centre, the very circumference, so to speak, of nature: and when man's spiritual nature has become embodied and taken upon itself material form, and by means of this incarnation has become an individualised conscious entity, that entity, which it has taken the past to develop into being, will, in the future, take an eternity to unfold the grand cycles of its continuity.

We see that man is travelling from the circumference to the centre, and thus those things

which are most interior become most essentially real to him. Thus he advances onward, and this constitutes man's condition in the after life; his thoughts, affections, aspirations, be they low and grovelling, or high and exalted, are his conditions; and though you may, perhaps, have thrown off your material tenement of clay, still there may remain psychic conditions of mind that have interwoven themselves with your spiritual fabric, whereby you still retain an earthly house; and, until that earthly tabernacle has been dissolved, you cannot experience the beatitudes of that house not made with hands. Without good deeds, lofty aspirations, noble thoughts, universal love, universal sympathy, you cannot understand the home in Heaven.

As the novitiate spirit walks the spiritual plane of life, he sees upon every hand the reflection of his own life; and within the dark chambered imagery of the heart there may be creeping many an unclean beast and loathsome serpent of sensuality. But as he walks onward there are reflections of the tiniest aspirations, the most trivial act of genuine kindness that he has ever done to benefit his fellow man. We find him interrogating forms, thus—"Who art thou, hideous demon?" The response comes—"I am thy bad actions." We find him gazing upon the noble embodiments, pure and beauteous, in which graceful angels are—"Who art thou?" The response comes with harmonious accent,— "I am thy good deeds." In the realm of spirit life nothing is lost, and in proportion to the unselfishness of life,—in proportion to the advance of intellect, and unfoldment of the heart's sympathy, so correspondingly will the state of spirit life be light, joyous, free, or dark, benighted, and in bondage.

Free from the realm of Time and Space, spirit can understand what it is to crowd eternity into a moment, or stretch a moment into eternity. This may appear, to some, strange; but, has it not occurred to you, when in pleasant conversation with genial friends, or when in an ecstasy, or overwhelmingly delicious rapture, and your attention has been called to the fact that time has not been taken note of, you exclaim—"I had not thought we had been here so long." The moment of suspense, the moment of bitter anguish in which you experience a world of thought, although the shortest of time, yet can be stretched into days: so it is with the human spirit that is disintegrated from the material conditions of time and sense. But there are spiritual habitations; there are spiritual dwellings wherein the spirit finds a continuity of associations.

"But," say you, "are these habitations, these houses, real?" Yes. Not that the spiritual world is a copy of your earth. Let us rather say that your earth, in a faint manner, symbolically expresses the reality,—the sublime verities of the spiritual realm. They are built—What of? Of stone? Yes,—provided you take the correspondential idea of stone, or the thought meant to be conveyed by the use of the word, stone, in the Sacred Writings, which were the

result of inspiration, and flowed through many a seer, sage, and inspirational medium; for we find there, that stone has always been emblematic of true and high and lofty thought; and that which has been allegorically portrayed as bricks, is an imitation of stone. Hence, we find, in the allegory of the Tower of Babel (when considered in a correspondential significance), that it is not an historical occurrence which happened long ago; but that it is a living verity which applies to-day with equal force to living men and women. How many are, to-day, seeking to obtain Heaven under false ideas? They can never find it until they build their Tower according to the amenable laws of nature, which are the laws of God.

Within the human mind this knowledge, more or less defined, exists; but, alas, in some minds, these truths are scattered, or lying in heaps in the more intellectual region of the memory. They are not performing the grand purpose for which they were designed, and until they are brought into the light, and become living embodied truths, they cannot be cemented together nor build for you habitations wherein you may dwell in the continuity of your existence. It is when the Truths that are stored up in the memory become actualities of your daily life, that they become cemented together, and drawn into the grand symmetrical beauty of the designer. Thought, then, when brought into action, can thus be cemented, and form a grand structure, a house, a temple in which the soul may worship. It is said of Michael Angelo, that could he have had Saint Peter's built upon the architectural plan which existed in his mind, the dome would have been carried on high until its spire would be lost to sight, and appear as an o'erbrooding dome of Divine Love, or as a temple of the human soul, suspended, as it were, from the heavens. This design was not carried out, hence, the building was not after the ideal fashion of the designer. But many a seer, many a disembodied spirit, has beheld Michael Angelo's "Saint Peter's" in the spiritual life of existence; and the ideal beauty portrays itself in all the symmetrical grandeur of that transcendental mind, which sought to give expression thereto in the rude elements of earthly stone. But the substances with which spirit builds are more refined, and more sublimated, more subtle than the substances of your material of earth; and, consequently, the atoms can be arranged in a more perfect form, and more perfectly express the ideal within the soul. Many an artist has had far more beautiful pictures painted upon the canvas of his mind, than he has ever been able to execute through his material hand. Which is the real picture? the one on the canvas, or that which existed in the mind? That, surely, which existed in the art gallery of the artist's mind. If you would desire to have imposing palaces, grand temples, beauteous art galleries, then let your lives be ever portraying, upon the canvas of your mentality, deeds of artistic beauty,—rich in colour and symmetrical forms; and thus, have

graces in your lives, of which the arts of Greece are but a meagre suggestion.

We find, in the spiritual realm, there are domestic circles; these are formed of your nearest relations; and, without these domestic circles there could not be a heavenly home. Just as there are necessary prefaces made for a new comer into the mundane sphere of life, and just as the advent of the stranger is foreshadowed, so for your spiritual advent, even upon the lowest plane of life, every provision is being made for your comfort and enjoyment,—in orderly circles of society, of course, we mean. As for the new-born visitant on earth, so in the spiritual realm of existence; every preparation is made for the reception into the domestic circle that shall be homogeneous to the spirit that is born into it.

The aggregation of domestic circles presupposes the existence of social circles which are still larger, and the aggregation of social circles presupposes the existence of still wider spheres, and these must have their governors; hence, there are political, social, and domestic governors, even in the realm of spirit; so that your highest legislators may still carry on the noble work which has been begun upon the earth, provided they were noble legislators; but, unfortunately, the legislator too often has motives of self-aggrandisement for his primary object, and he may not have been selected because he was, or is, the most sin-hating of men. But in the realm of the higher life of the spirit they are governors who are most parental, fatherly, loving, and wise,—selected because of their inherent qualities to do good. Should another arrival bring a man more fitted for the head post, he, who holds the position, would be most ready to resign in favour of the new comer. This, unfortunately, is not so upon earth. In the unfoldments of earth, and in the evolutions of the future, you shall have governors with loftier expressions of that divine principle of purity that should characterise your Houses of Parliament.

We find, too, that this realm of which we are speaking is not a realm where men and women are congregated for a monotonous service, playing upon harps of gold, and dressed in white robes, and bearing palms of victory in their hands; all these are very beautiful when they are symbols of spiritual significance.

A harp of gold is a symbol of an harmonious life of goodness; a robe of spotless whiteness is a beautiful symbol when it figures the purity inherent in the character of the he or she who wears it; the palm of victory is a beautiful symbol when it signifies a victorious conquest over the selfishness and evil. To be "washed in the blood of the Lamb," and "robes made white as snow," may be very beautiful, if taken in the loftier sense of being washed in the light of innocence and purity, and, by means of innocence and purity, made whiter than snow. But, in the literal sense, such as is substituted by the uncultured mind and popular theology, the idea is made repulsive and degrading to humanity. We cannot suppose that the aggregate masses of the people, possessing many faculties for investigating the varied spheres of philosophy, can find enjoyment in the monotonous alleluias of the theologically-schooled mind. Let us view it as it is, namely, that of spheres having their legitimate place in the enlightened mind, and we shall see that there is a continuity

of chemical metaphysics and spiritual metempsychoses; a continuity of a higher harmony than a Handel, Mendelssohn, Milton, Homer, Newton, Faraday, Dalton, Huxley, or Tyndall, has ever produced; and, then we can see that there are enjoyments which await us in heaven.

But pursuits, science, politics, social reforms, and the like, must be rightly understood, for they are as much a part of religion as any devotional exercise can be. We recognise religion as a principle of life, for wherever the soul, in adoration, investigates nature, we find that soul led on to the grand temple where it beholds Nature's God, and, through her laws, recognises the grand harmony of the creation; that is, supposing the Divine Being to be a Being, who, by arbitrary will, controls and governs matter. We find that this spiritual realm is a real state of existence, in which every active objective manifestation is an outward expression of an inward substance which shines through it. Consider the lily of the field how it grows! it absorbs the rays of the sun, appropriating just those elements that constitute its whiteness; it draws from the earth beneath just those qualities that are adapted to the manifestation of its innocent beauty. So with the soul's pure whiteness, it absorbs from the Sun of Righteousness rays which enable it to manifest its inherent life-principles as the result of its experiences; enabling it to unfold its grandeur, and filling the air of the angel-spheres with an aura that is delightful.

From this realm of thought, thoughts grow dim as they approach men's beclouded minds. Words do not give adequate expression to our ideas. Could we but unite with you celestial thoughts; could you but receive the vibrations of our harmony; could you behold the transcendent beauty of our colours; could you understand the principles; the mere words, the technicalities that so feebly express our thoughts,—this address would not be mere vibratory words upon the material atmosphere, but a library that no methods of speech could bequeath to you; and as we are addressing those who receive our vibrations harmoniously, our words, in the spiritual language, will convey more than volumes of your earthly language can do. Oh! the feeble power of language to express our full meaning! We find that by the use of your rhetoric, we cannot fully express the ideas, as our hearts yearn to ultimate them; but be sure of this, your purest ideas, your most profound philosophic thoughts,—your wisest sages, your most eloquent poets, your most elaborate composers, your finest artists, are but feeble mirrors of the diviner poetry, and diviner art, of which this life is but a mere exhibition on the lowest scale.

We have our day, we have our evening, and as the soul, refreshed by rest, goes forth in the more universal exercise of its divine emotions, and ultimates it, a period of rest, and withdrawal comes; and evening time brings the spirit to its more soul-affinitising embodiment in the social and domestic spheres of spirit-life. When you rise in the morning with all the vigour of your morning recuperation, and go forth to perform the universal duties of life,—when these are accomplished, you again draw near to home; so it is, correspondentially, with the spirit, it finds that it is re-invigorated after repose; and having recuperated energy and thought of mentality, it goes forth to shower it through the spheres that can receive its light and love, and its work of more universal help to man, so that he may rise higher and higher, until his thoughts find a wider and more perfect expression upon earth.

Your bodies are embodiments of divine atoms, which, when unfolded, shall manifest the character of the Divinity. Each individualised atom can, to some extent, furnish to the universe a universal want, whilst the universe can furnish to you your individual requirements. There is an altitude to which the spirit may rise, where it may become a cheerful and divine

recipient of Divine influx and give forth to the nation, yea, even to the planet.

Friends, Washington lived in America years ago, but to-day there is more of the Washington spirit incarnated in thought and action in that country than when he lived on the mundane sphere of life. Jesus lived 1800 years ago, but the result of his inspirational utterances lives to-day, and influences the civilised world. So, in like manner, you, as you rise in spiritual altitude, will wide-spread the love-principles that you ultimated upon earth. No angel in heaven can fully realise its joy, its happiness, until the grand ideal of inspired life ultimates itself, if only in feeble and shadowy forms, through some mind upon earth. Hence, as the artist who still lives, and in fine galleries hangs his transcending works of art; so the spirit works through the heart to reach that which is in harmony with its sphere of thought, and faintly portrays upon the canvas its inspired ideas.

How many are there who try to design something but fail in the effort; yet, in an unexpected moment, guardian angels visit him by secret doors, and the wave of spiritual thought instantaneously takes angel-like forms; and thoughts pass through his mind that he can never give expression to. We find in this philosophy that there is a solution to many problems of thought which no scientist has ever yet probed to its full and legitimate ultimate.

We desire to impart to you this idea, namely, that upon your lives depend the conditions in which you will find yourself in the spiritual realm of life. We want you to understand that the Divine Being never gives to his children jam-tarts and sweetmeats for keeping their pinafores clean. There is no reward for goodness, or punishment for badness. These are inherent in the very acts. God has nothing to do with reward and punishment, but, as Sacred Writings say, "In keeping of His commands there is great reward." The fact of having a clean garment is to any noble soul a sufficient reward. The fact of having a pure and approving conscience is to hear the "Well done; good and faithful servant" of His Divine voice from the throne, which is in the temple of the human soul; and this congratulation of His child upon the success of his life is indeed a great reward.

Oh! let this thought be ever before you, which is, that within your own nature, you may unfold and create a heaven of justice; a heaven of nobleness; a heaven of purity; a heaven of truth and humanitarian goodwill and brotherly love. Then, when the conditions of time and space vanish from your spiritual vision, the treasured-up inherent goodness of your life shall be the reward that will be yours,—not because of any bequeathed right to a reward; not because of any substantial sacrifice, (as the theologian would say,) but as the inherent consequence, a heaven-born reality, a heaven-created fact within you,—an inherent life principle that constitutes heaven as your inheritance, and as your own creation. Conditions of inharmony will create for you an inharmonious state of life which will be your hell. Your composer of music must learn the harmonies and inharmonies of sound, before he can produce his pieces; so you, in your life, till you root out all the inharmonious passages, must experience an inherent hell in consequence.

Let this lesson of transcendental thought bequeath to you an inspirational ray of Light, that shall enable you to gaze, and behold a perfect reflection of the Divine in everything.

Although in a hurry, yet I will pause to say that I really like the idea of baptism by immersion. A religion that insists even on one good sousing must not be despised. Once in a life-time at least Baptists are clean; and as cleanliness is next to Godliness, when immersed, and consequently cleansed, Baptists must be Godlike. So much cannot be said of other religionists; for mere sprinkling, however good the intention, and however soft the water and everything else connected with the performance, is "neither here nor there." "Drus," in "Cornubian."

EARLIER EXPERIENCES IN SPIRIT-LIFE; OR, HOW THE SPIRIT WORLD IMPINGES ON HUMAN ORGANISATION.

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

(Recorded by Mr. J. Fowler.)

I presuppose that you are acquainted with what is called spiritual phenomena, and that you have had more or less experience in mesmerism. I shall not, therefore, offer any evidence or seek any attestation to the reality of what is claimed to be spiritual communion. I take it as a fact, and will proceed at once to deal with my experiences as a dead man, but a living soul. It is an extraordinary and stupendous claim to make upon you, that I have actually passed beyond the material realm of existence, and that I am a denizen of a sphere of consciousness removed from and yet near to human sensation.

It was a beautiful sunny afternoon in the month of June, when I bade farewell to time. The perfume of flowers came into my bed room, borne by the gentle breeze coming from the sunny south. Birds were melodiously singing in the grove,—as beautiful and as lovely a day as ever man looked upon. I had no physical pain. My eyes grew dim, the sound of voices in my room grew more distant, and died away like an echo. I seemed to be gliding away somewhere, to which experience I can give no articulate utterance.

The light of my consciousness shone very dimly, the outer gates of sensation were closed, the whispers of the beloved ones I heard no more. Shut up, I seemed to come into contact with a new world. It was one of those dreamy states in which the spirit has nearly full liberty to fly away heavenward. A vision, or it may be an hallucination, crossed my conscious tableau. I seemed to be standing upon the sea shore. The rays of the sun were obscured, yet it was neither a dull nor a heavy day. My sensations were altogether pleasant and invigorating.

It was a rocky coast; large blocks of granite stone stretched their weather-worn shoulders far away into the deep jutting headlands, and promontories here and there ran out and made a wild romantic scene.

Right in front of this, vis-a-vis, stood what seemed to be a dismantled and delapidated fortress. The rain and the winds had done destructive work. Man grows old and passeth away, and, verily, even the handy-works which he has reared with skill and power, silently decline into the vortex. I could not help feeling an overpowering sensation of melancholy at the mutability of things and the changing fortunes of life.

The wind blew up gently from the south; I never felt a breeze so fine before. I gazed intently into the liquid blue. The hue of the sea on the horizon melted into the indistinguishable sky.

Two objects attracted my attention. In one of the embrasures of a dismantled tower sat a man. His countenance was very discernible to me. He had a strange-weird, antique look. I could not indentify his nationality, but he wore a garb neither of my age nor country. The other object was a white sail faintly delineated on the brim of the sea; but this strange-looking man rivetted my attention.

His head would have charmed a painter. He had a fine and prominent nose (a leading article). He had a colossal head, and a beard like a lion. He neither seemed to have been washed nor had a change of linen for centuries. He held a stone in his hand. His finger nails had grown so long that they clung to the stone. Marvellous man! He spoke, and his words were like rolling peals of thunder, and he said:

"From yonder sky to these liquid waters I have travelled to and fro, but found no stability in the universe of God. Every thing is change: the companions of my childhood I know not now; they have sought another country. The cottage where I was born," said he, "stood in a lovely, embosomed vale. Sheltering

rocks and trees gave umbrage from the storm. Birds sang and the perfume of flowers rolled upon the breeze; but it is all changed now. The house has been removed two hundred years now. The trees are all cut down; the birds have gone elsewhere, and there is no perfume of flowers: but a busy city has come up. Men ride in chariots through the broad and stately streets. Local magnets display their grandeur in the well-kept Boulevards. The old church on the hill is gone, too: its crumbling walls, humble and unpretentious, have given place to a fashionable church, and the religious system of the country is even changed. His holiness the Pope of Rome is a by-word and a reproach on the tongues of men. With a new religion has come new manners. Ladies wear gorgeous dresses; men smoke cigarets and bet on horses. These things are all strange and new. What a world of mystery, fatality, and mutability is this!" The thunder of his articulation ceased.

I was amazed with the accoustic properties of my associations. The man on the ruin, I thought, was either a maniac, or I had found my way into some mysterious realm of nature, unexplored before.

While I had been listening attentively to this man's monologue, the white sail had come up, and a beautiful little craft had put into the bay, and a female figure, clothed in white, was rapidly crossing the sand towards me.

I felt very strange. The lady was extremely beautiful. Her eyes and hair were of the fashionable colour; her carriage and dignity betokened rank, if not royalty. The nearer she came, the more nervous I grew. I can only compare my sensations then with those which every young man is supposed to feel once in his lifetime.

She stopped and turned her face to the sea, and beckoned to one she had left behind. My excitement became more intense: out of her head seemed to come a flash of light, and around her person grew a mist transcendently white. I could not bare to gaze upon the transformation. Upon my ears fell the most entrancing music: it seemed to me that all the harmonious throats of creation were giving forth to God their highest hymn of praise.

The lady on the sand seemed to have the power of an enchantress. She no longer went to the trouble of walking, but she glided to me, as I have often seen, since, angels glide.

"What! what! what madness is this?" said I.

"No madness," said the lady.

"Mother! mother!"—it was my mother.

Incredulity asserted its power: said I, "This is a phantom; a dying man's delirium."

"You are already dead," said she to me, and by a motion of her hand we were back again into the silent chamber.

The geraniums I had planted with my own hands were still blossoming on the window-sill; a painting of my father still hanging on the wall; my relatives were drying up their last tears, and were busily employed overhauling the drawers. Being a bachelor, I left no issue.

I do not know of anything so exciting to poor relatives as the death of a comparatively rich man. Before his body is cold, they fall down upon his effects like a swarm of hungry vultures. I stood with my angel mother, not disturbed nor moved by the eager grimaces of acquisitiveness, depicted upon the countenances of my earthly relatives. I could not, however, resist the reflection, that an undue love of money would desecrate the sacredness of the grave, by spoliation and robbery.

My mother said, "Look;" and I looked; and there I lay: my face was calm, as if a peaceful sleep had left the smile of an infant there. Out of my body arose a vapour, which came around me and shaped itself into folds of drapery, seeming to have the reality of that physical article.

My mother said: "This is the natural method and nature adopts it. There is nothing lost. This is the evolution of the life-principle into another mode of activity."

"How pleasant it is, mother, to have an enchantress explaining the mystery of dying: a kind of a preceptress giving all necessary instruction as to luggage and travelling utensils man takes with him on his pilgrimage to another world."

My greatest difficulty at this interesting moment was to keep down my incredulity, and now and again I did burst out into exclamations of surprise and disbelief. I said, "Is it really you, mother?" In one moment I was made supremely conscious of the fact: "Oh mother, I felt like a man who had travelled for many years in a distant land, and had come home again to receive a mother's welcome and a mother's loved embrace."

She said: "I have watched over thy footsteps; I have been inspiration to thee. Since the blast of winter, many years ago, set my soul free, my sympathies have kept me by thy side, though unfelt and unseen. Invisibility has covered me as a close witness of the passing events of thy life. I am here at the birth of this supreme event. This is the second grand event of thy life. I was present at the first, too. I delivered thee with a personal organism, to do the work of a man in the physical world. Such events are starting points, new departures, in the glorious evolution of mind."

"Oh mother," said I; "and this is life and death! It is so pleasant, I would like to die again."

"Wait," said she, "that in the unexplored realm of the future; this soul crystal of thine may burst its shell and expand in a more sublime and, as yet, incomprehensible sphere."

Said I: "Mother, you know the nature of my studies; you know how I loved the solitude of my study; that the venerable authors of antiquity were my companions; that I took an absorbing interest in the literature of mediæval Europe; and that I was truly absorbed in the scientific and philosophical studies of modern times: I should like to see those great spirits who have illuminated time with the brilliancy of their genius. The names of great men are as familiar to me as the letters of the alphabet; but, just as an admirer of beauty loves one face more than all the rest, so there is one philosopher I adore more than any other. Have you ever seen any of these great men, mother?"

"Perhaps I have," she said, with a cold indifference of manner; she added, though she had been in the Brighter Land so many years, she had never sought for great men. She loved her son, myself. She had no other wish or care but to live on the soul side of him her nature worshipped.

"But," I said, "mother, wisdom is a glorious possession, and wise men I worship. There is one burning idea in my soul—there is one face that will be grand to me: Have you seen Spinoza?"

"I do not know such a name, my son."

"Oh, but, mother, every philosopher knows Spinoza. My mind for twenty years has been full of Spinoza. His philosophical system seems to me to explain all mysteries, except the mystery of existence. I imagined that everybody in the spiritual world would know Spinoza."

"My son, you live upon illusions; you are fighting the windmills of fancy; you are the child of fallibility. Let me tell you that I have seen thousands of spirits come into the spiritual world, with the idea upon their minds that they were falling into the arms of Jesus. It is a great name upon the earth; people turn to it and worship, and dying invoke his presence at the bedside. Though a spirit, he cannot be at every bedside where his name is venerated. It takes sometimes a long time to eradicate the delusion, that Jesus Christ will come to receive them, and take them unto himself

to the right hand of the Father, God. You, a philosopher, a deep thinker even, have come with your hallucination—not Jesus but Spinoza. Neither can help you yet. My son, walk with self-reliance. Thy virtue and wisdom springs up from a well within thy soul; the voice of God is within thee; heaven exists in the realm of thy Thinker. Outside intelligences are helps and aids in sympathy. All true growth must be the product of thy own interior man."

The scene changed. My spiritual mother left my side, and in solitude I meditated for a while; not forgetting the man with a voice, like rolling peals of thunder, lamenting the mutability of life and things.

(To be Continued.)

DEATH IN AN IRISH CABIN.

Death to the genuine Irish Celt is neither terrible nor mysterious. His vivid imagination pictures the flight of the soul as it wings itself towards Purgatory, or that other and more distant bourne, the Heaven of his faith. Of that darker region to which all heretics are consigned he knows little, and thinks less. The true confession of sins, the holy unction, the priest's blessing, are sufficient to form a passport—even for the worst sheep of the pastoral flock—to the land of lesser shadows and fires, where Hope holds the key and strengthens each suffering spirit to endure the punishment which its shortcomings on earth have doomed as its award there. There is something pathetic in the superstitions which surround the death-bed of the Celt, a pathos in the weird fancies which a sensitive people have built up over their dead. Here, in this cottage lies a man whose wan face and sunken eyes proclaim that the King of Terrors has claimed him as his own. The neighbours gathered round the bed, or crouching by the peat fire, whisper that "the death is on him;" and, as they strike their breasts and murmur pious ejaculations, watch with interest the "blessed" candle which his wife lights and places in his hand. This candle is to illumine the way for the emancipated soul as it staggers into the dark, and will be left in the corpse's hand till it has burnt down to a level with the rigid fingers. But the dying man seems to doubt its potency, and prays fervently that his spirit may pass away before the daylight fades from the sky and the shadows of night close round. He fears the darkness, and trembles lest he shall be doomed to wander to and fro, lost in the gloom of some nether region. His wife and children join in his apprehension, and falling on their knees, call on God and the saints to give their husband and father light on his woeful and mysterious journey. After a time it appears as if their prayer, piercing through the crust of ignorance and superstition, reaches the throne of the All-Merciful; and the dying man knows that his request has been heard and will be granted. A peace comes to his troubled heart, and he talks calmly of the duty which he believes will devolve upon him before the morrow's sun has set. This is the watch and ward which his spirit must keep by the churchyard gate till another corpse is borne to its narrow bed in the nettle-grown burial ground. "I shall stand by the gate," he says, "till God releases me. Poor Mary,"—referring to a neighbour's daughter who had died a week before,—"she will not now have long to wait. By to-morrow night I shall have taken her place." As he speaks, the crones and neighbours draw closer to each other, and, making the sign of the cross, sympathetically sigh and groan as the grey shadow creeping over his face proclaims that the end is near. His wife and children turn their anxious eyes towards the sun as it sinks lower and lower in the glowing sky. But their fears are needless; for while it hangs like a crimson ball above the horizon, and all the western firmament is glorious with gold, the angel of death enters the cottage, and the man's spirit passes into the light.

There is a certain grimness in the wake, or watch, which follows a death, as well as a horrible levity. If an old person dies, the news is received by the young people of the neighbourhood in somewhat the following manner:—"Owld Andy is dead," they will exclaim. "The owld fellow; and didn't he keep us the long time out of the fun!" For a wake to the peasant girl means very much what a ball does to her sister in a higher rank of life. She goes to it to laugh, talk merrily, play boisterous games, and meet eligible young men. Strict etiquette requires that each person who comes into a cottage where a corpse is being "waked" should kneel before the body and utter loud and piercing cries. These crocodile tears are considered a tribute of respect to the memory of the departed, and the individual who indulges in them must on no account get off his knees or stifle his wails till some relative of the deceased comes and bids him do so. Thus supposed to be comforted, the so-called mourner rises, wipes his eyes, and, if old, takes a pipe and a piece of tobacco from the plate which rests on the breast of the rigid figure, and, fortified by the prospect of a comfortable smoke, joins the neighbours gathered round the fire, where comments like the following are passing on the dead:—"A good man. The Lord ha' mercy upon him this day, and give him a good place—and him never did man,

woman, nor child harm, and never took a drop but what he took that way on a market day." If young, he soon forms one of the "boys" and girls who are playing games in the lower half of the kitchen. Once a woman came into a "corpse-house" whose feelings were known to have been the reverse of friendly towards the departed. According to the required etiquette, she sank upon her knees, and went through the necessary formula of simulated grief. The relatives of the dead man, determined to make her pay for the enmity she had shown, left her to howl and thump her breast, while they looked on with unmoved indifference. Ten minutes of forced grief seemed rather too much for the sham mourner, and, pausing once or twice, she glanced over her shoulder to see if any one was coming to her relief. As, however, no one came, she had to continue her wails, and for half an hour remained buried in an apparently inconsolable grief. At the end of that time, deeming that she had done more than her share of mourning for the dead, and seeing that the talismanic words, "Have done now, agra! whist, whist!" which would free her from her awkward position, were as far as ever from being spoken, she got up, like a sensible woman, and joined the group of crones by the fire. The depth of a husband's affection for his departed better half, or of a wife for her lord and master, is supposed to be shown by the number of times the disconsolate he or she flings himself or herself before the corpse. Many a young widow, however, who has been borne off six or seven times in a fainting condition from her dead husband's side, and whose screams have risen above the shouts of merriment from the boys and girls "funning" in the corner, has been consoled and married in a very short period from her loss. One distracted widower, indeed, while following his wife's funeral, proposed to a girl, was accepted, and before three more days had passed over his head, was again a happy Benedict. His dog, more faithful to the memory of the departed woman, refused food from the hand of the second wife; and, creeping away to the burial ground, lay down on the grave of his former mistress, where by long and dismal howls it protested against man's faithlessness. In vain its master tried to lead it home, the animal would not return to the cottage where a stranger reigned, and eventually Paddy silenced its grief by an ounce of lead in its brain. Amongst other superstitions held by the Celt regarding his dead, is the one that if a mother loses her first child she must not follow it to the grave. Neither must she be too violent in her grief when any of her children are dying, as, by her lamentations, she may detain the spirit, which, hovering on the border-land of the other world, will suffer great agony. "I would have gone last night," a girl on our estate, who was suffering from a painful and incurable disease, once said to her mother, "but sure, you would not let me go." Another belief entertained by some of the Mayo peasants is the following:—The cup of milk, or water, which has been held to the lips of the dying, should be flung on the ground the moment life is extinct, as by this action you give the soul a chance of escape if an evil spirit has come to claim it. The fiend turns aside to take the drink, and its shivering victim, seizing the opportunity, flies through the pathless void to some limbo, from which, by its own exertions and the prayers of its friends on earth, it may eventually escape. These and similar superstitions surround the Mayo peasant's death-bed, enveloping it in a gloom which is but in keeping with the prayerless burial in the dank and dismal graveyard.

MANUS.

—"The Graphic."

MEDIUMSHIP.

MATERIALIZATIONS AT DARLINGTON.

To the Editor.—Dear Brother,—We have just had one of the most perfect seances ever realised on this mortal side of existence. On Monday evening the 26th inst., we met at eight o'clock, Miss Wood, medium. Our number is, twelve or thirteen (of both sexes) several of whom were sceptics. The medium was tied at her request to the chair, and when all had got nicely seated, "Poeka" as usual began to speak to each one, and promising to appear and do many things. Her promises were soon fulfilled most abundantly. She appeared about two feet high, nicely dressed—she talked distinctly but very effeminately: she came to each one and carressed with both her little hands and arms, and in endeavouring to compass my neck, laid her little face on mine, which was as real in a material or physiological point of view as my own; and in like manner she went to nearly every one in the meeting, while sitting down on the floor to rest and begin again. Finally, she said she would go, as others were waiting to come and see us.

In a few moments after she retired, a middle-sized sister spirit appeared and again retired, but on reappearing she advanced towards my right hand sitter, and extended her hand, which was substantial as those of the first to appear. She then stood about three feet from us, in full sight of all the sitters, and gradually elongated nearly two feet in height, and in bulk and proportion; and reduced herself again, under the most special attention and astonishment of all present. She then retired, and in a few moments a taller sister spirit

appeared: the drapery of these spirits was most profuse and of a most splendid character. This latter spirit I realised to be "Mrs. John Hodge," whom you well knew when in the mortal order of existence. She stood in sight of all; and also elongated to (we think) quite seven feet in height. The spirit then diminished the same as the previous one, but, after a pause, she continued to diminish until there remained nothing but a huge heap of drapery on the floor; and after another pause of a few moments, the drapery began to dissolve away until there was not a speck of it to be seen.

During this creative operation, I was exhorting all present to endeavour to realise the fact, at the same time observing that Darwinianism was not necessary, in view of what we had seen, to which, everyone present freely assented; but this was not all. As our remarks subsided, which occupied about three minutes, the drapery began to be re-created—a luminous substance in the first place, which rapidly increased until the entire heap of drapery in all its former magnificence was reproduced in material substantiality; and next, the material or physiological body or person, in which the living immortal spirit manifested itself most graciously, and then retired IN ENTIRETY into the cabinet, where the medium was sitting in deep trance tied to her chair.

Whilst we were all again expressing ourselves in unbounded raptures of criticism, admiration, and wonder, out came a good sized male spirit in rich drapery, who is called "Benny,"—a "Scotchman." There was nothing very marked for me to record. He retired, and another stout male spirit appeared—a massive physiology of momentary creation: he took a gentleman's hat from the mantel shelf and handed it to my right hand sitter, and soon after retired; and in a few more moments there was nothing in the cabinet but the medium and "Poeka" speaking through her.

This concluded our most astounding meeting of nearly two hours, which had truly exalted all present into one spirit and one mind; no doubts left about the Immortality of Man, nor of the existence of special creative power. You should have seen us all separating with hands shaking and with self and mutual congratulations and joy, that we had met together and enjoyed such a glorious meeting never to be forgotten.

D. RICHMOND.

4, North Eastern Terrace, Parkgate, Darlington.

June 28th, 1882.

P.S.—The light was good—no complaints, all could see—the time could be distinguished readily by a lady's watch, by a person with ordinary eyesight.

MEDIUMISTIC ADDITION TO "A PSALM OF LIFE," BY LONGFELLOW.

Mr. J. C. Flower, Leeds, send us a neatly printed copy of this celebrated poem to which are appended three verses, given extempore by the spirit of "Longfellow" to the members of "The Circle of the Hopeful Recruits," through their medium, F. H., April 25th, 1882. The following are the additional verses. They bring the poem, which ended abruptly, to a proper conclusion:—

Time is precious, time is going;
Here we have not long to stay;
Let us, then, be up and doing,
Working well, while it is day.

For the night of age creeps o'er us,
And our forms grow frail and weak;
Still a glorious life's before us:
Strive whilst here the truth to speak.

So that when this life is ended,
And we gain the heavenly sphere,
Our pure spirits may be blended
With the spirits toiling here.

RECIPE FOR OATMEAL DRINK BY THE LATE DR.

PARKES.

"The proportions are a quarter lb. of oatmeal to two or three quarts of water, according to the heat of the day and the work and thirst; it should be well boiled, and an ounce or one and a half ounces of brown sugar added. If you find it thicker than you like, add three quarts of water. Before drinking it shake up the oatmeal well through the liquid. In summer drink this cold; in winter hot. You will find it not only quenches thirst, but will give you more strength and endurance than any other drink. If you cannot boil it you can take a little oatmeal mixed with cold water and sugar, but this is not so good; always boil it if you can. If at any time you have to make a very long day, as in harvest, and cannot stop for meals, increase the oatmeal to half a lb. or even three quarters if you are likely to be very thirsty. If you cannot get oatmeal, wheat-flour will do, but not quite so well." Those who tried this recipe last year found that they could get through more work than when using beer, and stronger and healthier at the end of the harvest. Cold tea and skim milk are also found to be better than beer, but not equal to the oatmeal drink.—"The Graphic," July 1st, 1882.

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

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

One copy, post free, weekly	0 2	...	per annum	0 8 8
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Additional copies, post free, 1^d. each per week, or 6s. 6d. per year.

THE "MEDIUM" FOR 1882 POST FREE ABROAD.

One copy will be sent weekly to all parts of Europe, United States, and British North America, for 8s. 8d.

To India, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and nearly all other countries, for 10s. 10d.

Money Orders may now be sent from nearly every country and colony to London through the Post Office. In other cases a draft on London, or paper currency, may be remitted.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.

FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1882.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Our most thoughtful readers are frequently those in whom matured experience involves a corresponding diminution in the power of physical sight: to suit their convenience in this respect we print Mr. Howell's address on the Spiritual World in very legible type.

It is refreshing to be told something positive and definite respecting spiritual existence in an address purporting to be inspired by an inhabitant of the spirit-world. But possibly it may be that all inhabitants of the "spirit-world," the disembodied state, are not therefore living in a "spiritual" state of existence. This may be so, or their mediums are opaque to spiritual light. This sententious state of mind has been induced by reading lately some "inspired" orations purporting to describe experiences in the spiritual state, but which have left Hamlet out of the play. Entrancement and volubility are one thing and spiritual inspiration quite another. The talk-stuff of the mundane sphere—like rain-water—gathered up and re-spouted by an "abnormal," will never taste to any one's drinking, like the genuine spiritual spring water.

But we must take exception to one position assumed by Mr. Howell—let us say Mr. Howell in this case, and not the "guides," for we believe this to be a sample of "rain water"—that the existence of supernal spheres around the earth, is incompatible with his other teaching in respect to interior spirituality. In this case he is not logical with himself; for he points out that on reaching the thought-realm at death, a "real tangible substance" is met with, which the dissector cannot discern. Mr. Thomas and others in their descriptions of these superior "Geozonic spheres" agree entirely with this. Their interiority takes them out of the realm of sense, therefore, "within," and yet "above"; but if we are to throw overboard our mundane ideas of "time and space" why quibble about terms? Mr. McDowall in his definitions of Power and Quality meets the question in a philosophical manner, and so does Mr. Howell in the other portions of his discourse, but in another method.

Mr. A. Duguid's definition of "Magnetism" is strictly in harmony with Mr. Howell, and teachings that have recently appeared in the MEDIUM. The age of true spiritual science is just dawning, now that the night time of "rat-trap" practice has passed away. These mechanical devices are always most successful at night, as every poacher knows.

A man builds up animal fat or brain fibre just as he by his temperament and habits succeeds in accumulating those re-

spective tissues in his organism. In like manner, by living and acting on the more interior planes, he succeeds in laying in a constitutional stock of the intermediate magnetisms, which would have been dissipated had he given way to grossness. This enables the good-living man to lay up spiritual strength and beauty within his soul, which cling to him when the body drops off. Like an athlete under training, he is ready and in condition for the duties of spiritual existence.

As to the use of the term "natural," there is a haziness of definition, and, therefore, an excess of verbosity. In one sense of the term, God is no doubt perfectly "natural" to all degrees of existence, in that he is the essential basis of them all; but to regard the phenomenal of these existences as the divinity, is to sink into sheer sensualism, and offer a contradiction of the idea of the kingdom of heaven or spirit "within." The proper definition of "natural" is manifestly sensuous, phenomenal—that which is recognised through man's physical experiences,—and has strict reference to the realm termed material. "The reflection of a natural Deity," does not render that Deity "natural," otherwise we put the shadow in the place of the substance, and deceive our spirit by the acceptance of a blind sophism. The spirit has no doubt a surrounding, evolved from its state, in all spheres—corresponding to our "natural,"—but as it is beyond the grasp of man as an agent in nature, it is logical to call these superior states supernatural or spiritual. Possibly the subject requires a new nomenclature altogether, which it will no doubt be furnished with, when the onward development of "spirit" will permit of its fuller expression on the "natural" plane.

The MEDIUM this week takes on a new form. The narrative style occupies a prominent position. It seems to us that if men and spirits simply told what they knew or had experienced, it would be a pleasant, expeditious and straightforward way of getting at the point. Mr. Wright's interesting sketch lands the reader at the same port as Mr. Howell's discourse. The "Clairvoyant's Note-Book" opens well, and will increase in interest weekly. The views of the Irish on Death and the state of the spirit are not so far out as the blank nonsense of the negationists. The ancient spiritual knowledge of the Celts was spoiled by the idolatry of the Christian priests. The "blessed candle" is a misleading symbol. The view, as to the injury inflicted on the spirit by mourners, is important.

NEW ZEALAND.—The Free-thought organ, "The Echo" (Dunedin), defends the Maoris against the Christian injustice of the ministry and its press organs. To robe and murder aborigines is a general infatuation of our Christian race. We have met with exceptions, but in these cases the colonists were Spiritualists. There is a large-hearted ability in the editorial management of the "Echo," which must some day make its influence felt in public affairs.

CIRCLE & PERSONAL MEMORANDA.

BRIGHTON.—Mrs. Gribble, 37, Gladstone Place, desires it to be known that she can accommodate visitors; bed and board three days, 10s.

The Manchester Spiritualists leave Victoria Station, at 2 o'clock on Sunday, for Farnworth, where a Camp Meeting will be held. See notice.

The Presentation and Jubilee at Keighley take place tomorrow afternoon, (Saturday) at Mr. Wm. Weatherhead's Auction Rooms. Tea at 4 o'clock; entertainment at 7.

Miss Lottie Fowler hopes to reach the Camden Hotel, London Road, Liverpool, on Thursday, July 13th. Her arrangements as to private sittings and circles will be similar to those stated in her London advertisement. London sitters have only one week to visit her.

Dr. Jas. M. Peebles has been elected Professor of Ontology, Biodynamics and Nervous Diseases, in the American Eclectic Medical College of Cincinnati. There are now a number of Professors, including Dr. Babbitt, who belong to the Spiritual School of thought.

A NAILMAKER.—Sorry we overlooked your former letter; will look it up. But we have not time for anything. Let us have your name and address; Editors always require the full confidence of correspondents. We shall introduce your arguments.

OLDHAM.—On Thursday, July 13th, the Rev. C. Ware, of Plymouth, will deliver a lecture in the Oldham Spiritualists' Meeting Room, 176, Union Street, at 7.30 p.m. I hope the Friends of Oldham will not forget to give Mr. Ware, a welcome reception to Oldham.—JAMES MURRAY, Secretary.

EPFING FOREST PIC-NIC.—Those desirous of travelling by

road, must obtain tickets for the brakes not later than Sunday morning. The brakes will leave Goswell Hall on Sunday, July 16th, at 10 a.m. Trains for Loughton leave Liverpool Street at 10.35 a.m.; 1.28; 3.22; and 5.30 p.m. Returning at 8.22, and 9 p.m. Fare there and back 1s. See advertisement and Secretary's notice.

A circular referring to Hopetown, Tulare County, California, bears the name of Rev. Alexander Kyle Macosrley. Ten acre lots are offered for 200 dollars cash. The land is adapted for growing the fine fruits of the country, and it is said would prove a very remunerative investment. Office: 96, Pine Street, San Francisco.

LIVERPOOL.—On Sunday, July 16th, Mrs. E. H.-Britten will give Two Orations in the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool: morning, at 11 o'clock, subject—"What shall we do to be Saved?"; evening, at 6.30—"The Great Pyramids of Egypt, and the end of the World." The latter oration illustrated with diagrams.—J. AINSWORTH, Sec.

Mrs. Louisa Thompson Nosworthy will lecture at Belper, on Sunday morning and evening, on "Spiritualism in its Religious Aspects." On Monday evening she will give Poetic and Dramatic Recitals, from the works of Tennyson, Bulwer Lytton, E. A. Poe, Lizzie Doten, and others, assisted by local musical talent.

Rev. C. Ware, Plymouth, is in great demand in the North. He speaks three times at the Lyceum, Sowerby Bridge, on Sunday. He will speak at the Spiritualists' Hall, Oldham, on Thursday evening, the 13th. He is at Manchester on Sunday, 16th, and Liverpool, Sunday, 23rd. From there he goes on to Macclesfield, where he will speak, probably, on the 30th. In Sheffield he will make a short stay, and call on his way to the Metropolis, at Leicester.

Mr. T. M. Brown has left London for Leicester, Belper, Macclesfield, Manchester, and the North. Friends will please make their arrangements at once, as his stay at each place must be short. He will lecture on Sunday, at Macclesfield. Address next week—care of Mr. Geo. Rogers, 45, Mill Street, Macclesfield, after which, to care of Mrs. Mills, 14, Victoria Street, Ardwick, Manchester. Friends in the North may arrange with Mr. J. Gibson, 3, Clyde Terrace, Bishop Auckland. Mr. Brown expects to be North in two weeks.

MR. J. C. WRIGHT'S ILLNESS.

Mr. Wright's many friends will be sorry to learn, yet be thankful to be told, that he is very seriously indisposed. We say that his friends will be thankful to be told, for it was to serve them and afford them pleasure and instruction that he overdid himself, and reached his present painful position; and they will surely lose no time in appropriately expressing their sympathy. Few can understand the sensations of a man in Mr. Wright's painful state; and when he reflects how warm the welcome when he could fight the battle for all, and win the applause of thousands, and now when disabled he is lost sight of, it is half his trouble. Though improving slightly, he cannot yet reply to letters. He requires a long rest and change of scene; but that takes money, and there is a small family depending on the sufferer. How ever can a man get well of over-strained nerves under such circumstances? The law makes employers liable for the disablement of employés in their service. Should Spiritualists require the truncheon of the policeman, to make them perform a similar obligation? Perhaps we are exceeding our duty, but we speak from the interior, and we hope it will strike home in many interiors, and produce that result which the Interior have in view in ultimating these words. Mr. Wright's address is—Sydenham Avenue, Sefton Park, Liverpool.

HOW THE HELP COMES.

During the last few years, spiritual work has been carried on under exceptional disadvantages. In addition to crushing influences from without, a fratricidal war has been raging within the camp. All the efforts of our "Brothers" having failed to silence our guns, many now perceive how wrong they were in joining the onslaught made against us. After having wasted much money in fruitless competitive strife, they find us now not only minus their help recently, but having had to contend with their opposition. And still we have lived, and laboured through it all better than ever. But what a burden of responsibilities it has left us to bear; and still we have to do the work as if we were free-handed.

We ask—Is this fair? Though we were out of the consideration—is it fair to the work, that the worker should have to bear the whole burden of obstacles from within and without? It seems wholly unreasonable that one that has been and is the worker,—who has given all and got nothing—should have to bear the consequences of other people's acts.

We dearly love Spiritualism; we would like to see it an honest, straightforward, business-like Movement—which it cannot be while these facts remain.

We gratefully acknowledge the following contributions to the Spiritual Institution:—

"E. B.," 1s.; Mrs. Armstrong, 5s.; Mr. J. Whitehead, 5s.; Mr. D. Chambers, 2s. 6d.; Mr. J. Reedman, 10s.; Mother and Daughter 15s.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE "MEDIUM."

Mr. W. York, Darlington, writes, July 1st, 1882:—"I got the MEDIUM this morning, and was surprised to see in one of your notes, that an old Reader cannot get the MEDIUM at Sunderland. Well, all I can say is that I had no difficulty in getting it when I went to Sunderland. In fact, wherever I have been, I have never found any difficulty; and, as you are aware, I have been in a few towns. But, Dear Sir, I always make it a point to tell the newsagent to keep it and exhibit it in his shop window, until called for. I cannot just remember the name of the newsagent that I used to get it from, at Sunderland, but he lives at the corner of Trimdon Street, Deptford, Sunderland; so that if the 'long time reader' lives anywhere in the district, the agent that supplied me will be only too glad to supply him. I may say he is one of your own countrymen.

"Dear Mr. Burns,—This may be the last note you may receive from me on this side of the Atlantic, as I sail on July 5th in the s.s. 'Lord Gough' for America, but I have made arrangements for having the MEDIUM sent to me every week."

[It will do all good to read this hearty brotherly letter. We have known Mr. York for many years. We are glad to think the MEDIUM will reach him in his new home, in which we wish him success. We frequently hear from readers of the MEDIUM in various parts of the world—good sound men and women, who have left the Cause here all the weaker for their absence, but they are a power and a strength wherever they go. The substantial, throughgoing readers of the MEDIUM are true men, and are no small fraction of the world's progressive power. We love the them all dearly, and feel an extra twinge at our heart's strings every move they make.—Ed. M.]

COMMENTS AND EXPERIENCES BY A.T.T.P.

To the Editor.—Sir,—In the Editorial Comments in the issue of the 23rd June, are the following passages:—

"All kinds of mental action are forms of spirit-communion; that is, the expression on the sense-plane of ideas more or less interiorly derived. Entrancement, clairaudience, clairvoyance, do not permit the person thus endowed to know or obtain knowledge deeper than the mental and spiritual development is capable of reaching to. We are not knowing by being placed in communication with persons endowed with knowledge. Such communion may assist us to obtain knowledge; but no one can know for us vicariously, or by substitution. Spirit-communication, then, like all other forms of mental action, is simply a form of personal development, and those who do not regard the matter in this light, never derive improvement from their spiritual privileges."

I invite your readers to read and digest the above passages; when they can realise their truth, they will have learnt the spiritual alphabet, and be able to spell Spiritualism and give it its true meaning, and learn to divest it of all unnecessary wonderment. Viewed in the light of the above extract, Spiritualism is a very simple fact.

DISTRIBUTION OF THE "MEDIUM."

I travel weekly to London and weekly from it. I generally carry a small parcel of the numbers of the MEDIUM, and when I find an opportunity of introducing the subject of Spiritualism, I do so. I do not boast of making converts; but I think I have been successful in drawing attentions to facts as much within other men's ken as my own, and which, sooner or later, must change the whole social system; and, I think, by giving, here and there, a copy of the MEDIUM, I am scattering a few seeds, some of which will no doubt bear, germinate, and give a crop. I can perceive the subject does not evoke the hard epithets it did formerly. I simply tell them the facts, and ask them to believe me when I tell them that the printed matter is a true copy of what came out of the mouth of an uneducated man, and was taken down literally by me. I have heard occasionally of a copy of the MEDIUM, given by me, finding its way into more hands than that of the recipient from me. I mention this with the object of inducing some of my brother Spiritualists, even if it were only to the extent of four or six copies weekly, to do the same. Spiritualism wants the facts recorded and multiplied. It does not require the number of hazy word-splitting, mind-confusing theories that are so freely bandied about. I hear of one or two who do the same as I am doing, and I believe good is being thereby done.

DOING AS WE WOULD BE DONE BY.

Now for myself; I have refrained from sending a Control this week, for the simple reason that I have no right to abuse the privilege, so as to shut out other controls and other articles on different platforms of thought. There is no occasion for rivalry. The issue of last week has been a solid treat. "Humnur Stafford," Wright's article on "Ireland," "Charles Darwin's" Control, and last, and by no means least, the practical common-sense sermon of the Rev. C. Ware. Its contents are as valuable, and fitted as much for professing Spiritualists

as sceptics. All these afford food for thought for weeks, so instead of sending a control I send the above comments, and, as an appendage, some personal experiences during the last half of the month of June.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

On the 14th of last month my oldest friend on earth passed on to the higher life. We were brought up together as lads, and fate threw us together in our professional careers. My poor friend had, for the last six months, been gradually sinking, and being of a very religious turn of mind, he had entreated me to give up Spiritualism and return to the old faith in which we were both brought up, and suggesting mildly that Satan had a finger in the pie. The last letter I wrote to him was in the latter part of May, in which I said I did not conceive our Almighty Father punished for wrong faith, even if he did for wrong deeds, and that a man like himself, who had led a thoroughly unselfish life, doing more good to others than to himself, need not fear the future. I said I wished I could pass away with as clean a bill of health as himself.

I said to him, "I will make an agreement with you, that whoever passes away first shall try strongly to communicate with the living one." To this last letter I got an answer by a letter not written but signed by him; ratifying the proposal, and containing sundry requests especially regarding his youngest boy. On the 18th I got a letter from one of his sons announcing his father's death, and asking me to appoint a day to see him.

My first sitting was on the 21st. Relying on the possibility, although not altogether the probability, I placed this last letter with the one announcing the death in a closed envelope, and at the beginning of the seance placed it in front of my writing-pad. "Emanuel Swedenborg" controlled, and in the latter half of the control he said, "A poor emaciated spirit, who has lately passed over, has just entered, and is coming nearer and nearer to you, and has placed his hand on the envelope in front of your pad. He is now retiring; how he must have suffered, and how bewildered he is." I said, "Ask his name," and the Control said: "He is too weak to convey any ideas, but I see over his head two letters, a large J and an N."

The next day, the 22nd, I had another sitting, "Swedenborg" again controlling. The same spirit again returned, and was enabled somehow to convey his thoughts to the controlling spirit, and I had an accurate account of the correspondence between us, and was reminded of my promise in respect of his youngest son. The Control said, "I can get at him because he was like me, a profound mathematician (my friend was a pretty high Wrangler), and I shall be told off to instruct him; he is dazed and astounded, and cannot realise the change."

On the 26th I had another sitting. "Swedenborg" again controlled, and as I had in my mind some confused notions as to the family my friend had left, I had an accurate description of how many he had left, and what they were doing given to me. His appearance, which was peculiar, was described, and he ended by saying, "He has told me he has been enabled to gaze on, and get near his dear youngest boy, 'Leofric Adam,' and he reminded you of your promise." Now, I certainly knew that that boy's name was Leofric, but I had never heard the name "Adam" before: I had never seen either the lad or his brothers, and my friend passed away in Shropshire.

On the following day an older brother called, and I learnt for the first time that his brother's name was Adam.

The above are facts, sterling facts, and how they are to be explained, save by the return of the spirit, I know not. The sceptic may sneer, and set all down to delusion, illusion, coincidence, mind-reading, or anything he pleases. I set the whole down to a plain and simple fact; that fact being, that the promise made whilst in the body, was kept, to the best of the ability of the soul out of the body; and I believe that this will not be the last of the visits of my dear friend, school-fellow, companion, and rival in life's struggle.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE; OR, LEAVES FROM A CLAIRVOYANT'S NOTE-BOOK.

NO. I.—THE MISER'S HOARD.

In a little village in the north of France lived an old man, of the name of Père Perin. He was very aged, and worn almost to a skeleton, but his eyes were keen and bright still, and he was quite as keen at making a bargain as ever. The neighbours called him old Perin, the miser; this he resented, saying, "I am poor, very poor;" but they only shrugged their shoulders and laughed quietly.

At one time, far back in the past, he had a wife and daughter who loved him dearly, and he seemed to love them. But the love of hoarding must have been then with him although not fully developed.

One day passing along the road he found a purse containing three gold pieces and some silver coins: this was the begin-

ning; for ever after he screwed and saved to increase his store, if only by a few pence, and would often walk miles to exchange his store of silver for a gold piece. Gold was his idol, and he would rather have starved than have parted with one of those yellow darlings. Oh, the miserable subterfuges he resorted to, the lies he told!

He insisted upon going to market. Vainly his poor wife begged to go, asserting, truly, that she could buy things for half what he appeared to pay for them, but he declared he could not eat the things she purchased, while the money he professed to earn was so scanty. He did writing for a notary in the town, some distance from where they lived, and as his wife neither knew how much he did or what he was paid for doing it, he could tell her what he pleased. The daughter was a lace-worker, a trade she had been taught in the convent, the good sisters of which had also taught her to read and write. The poor wife was always ailing, and could do little besides keep their home in order, and often not even that, so weak and ill was she.

Thus things went on until Marie attained her nineteenth birthday, when, at a little fête, given in the village to celebrate some public event, she met a young man named Jacques Morre. They mutually fell in love, and, for a time, at least, Marie was happy; in fact, until her father discovered it, then there was a stormy scene. Jacques was forbidden the house, and Marie was threatened with being turned out of doors if she ever spoke to him again; the reason for all this being Perin's dread of losing the money his daughter earned, and she, poor girl, submitted for her mother's sake, who grew week by week more feeble and helpless.

Poor Marie! how hard she toiled to procure the little comforts which were so essential in her mother's illness. Her father declared he had very little writing to do, and that very badly paid for.

"Do, then, stay at home and mind mother while I work; I could do much more if I had not so frequently to stop to give her drink, and lift her when those terrible fits of coughing come on."

Perin declared this to be quite impossible, as he must be at the notary's every day, in case work for him came in. This was not the truth.

One night the wind was very high and gusty, blowing about some loose wood outside the house. This so disturbed Madame Perin, that Marie went out to move some of the pieces to a more sheltered position. Returning, she chanced to glance upwards to the top of the house, and was terribly startled by seeing a bright gleam of light from under the eaves. At first she thought it was fire, but an instant's reflection told her it was too small and steady for that. After watching it for a few moments, Marie, who was a brave girl, determined, after seeing her mother comfortable, to ascend and see what it meant. Madame Perin was sleeping quietly, and Marie softly ascended the ladder-like steps, which led to a kind of loft which her father used for stowing away lumber of all kinds.

She took off her shoes and noiselessly went up the narrow stair. Just before she reached the top, a crevice in the wall gave her a perfect view of all within. There, upon the floor, sat Perin, literally surrounded by heaps of golden coin, which he seemed to have taken from a hiding-place in the floor. Marie stared in wild amazement, rubbed her eyes, and thought she surely must be dreaming; but no, there upon the floor sat Perin counting the gold, and the chink, chink, of the coin also assured her that her father was a rich man; but, alas! for him, a miserable miser. Shook, horrified, almost stunned by the discovery she had made, the poor girl crept back to her mother's room, and casting herself upon her knees before a crucifix, prayed long and earnestly.

At length she rose, filled with a firm resolve to beard her father in his den, and somehow compel him to give her sufficient money to buy all that was necessary for her mother's comfort, for the few days that yet remained to her upon the earth; so, valiantly ascending the stairs, she tried the door, and found it, as she expected, bolted. Looking through the chink, she saw her father lying upon the ground, covering his treasure with his body; his eyes glaring like some hunted creature brought to bay, and he trembling in every limb.

"Open the door, father," she said, in a dry husky voice; "I know your secret, and unless you do what I desire, I will alarm the neighbours and tell them all. You know how long it would be safe when some of them knew of it."

Perin groaned aloud.

"Open the door," continued Marie, "and your miserable treasures shall be safe. As for me, I would not eat a bit of bread purchased with the accursed dross, though I were starving."

Somewhat relieved by this avowal, old Perin opened the door.

"Now, how much of my hard-earned savings do you want?" he sullenly demanded. "It is a hard case when a man's own child comes thus and robs her father!"

"And a much worse one," retorted Marie, "when a man lets the wife he has vowed to love and cherish die of want, and compels his only child to give up the blessing of a good man's love, that she may toil to find her dying mother necessary food,

while he is literally rolling in gold;" and she cast a look of contempt and disgust upon him as he lay wallowing in the midst of his gold.

"Ah!" said Perin, "that fellow Jacques, he will be coming now, and making his conditions, also, I expect. Oh, my gold! my gold!"

"You need not fear Jacques," said Marie quickly. "I should be ashamed to tell him what a sordid wretch it was that called me daughter."

Old Perin winced. There was some human feeling still left in him, and he could scarcely bear the open contempt and loathing so frankly expressed by the child who, hitherto, had been so dutiful and loving.

"Dear father," said poor Marie, pleadingly, for she was touched by the grieved tone in the last words he uttered, "do try and put away from you this grovelling love of gold, and live like other men, beloved and happy."

"I will try, my child," cried Perin, fairly sobbing.

And so he did for the short time that Madame Perin lingered. He ordered a plain but simple funeral, and made no objection to the neat white cross which Marie, encouraged by his change of manner, begged might be placed above the grave. He even went so far as to order a decent suit of mourning for himself and one for Marie. She, poor girl, was much elated at what she thought her father's reformation; but she was soon awakened from this pleasant dream, by her father, one day, saying,

"I think, Marie, you will now admit that I have done all you demanded of me that night you played the spy. Now your mother is gone, the house no longer needs you; for my simple wants I am myself sufficient, and if your lover, Jacques, has still a mind to take a dowerless bride, bid him come and fetch you. I shall yield you up without a sigh, for I confess your presence is a reproach to me, and a reminder of things I would forget."

Marie was disappointed, but wrote to Jacques who, faithful fellow as he was, came at once to fetch his bride away. Perin once more spent some of his hoarded wealth to buy a bridal dress and veil for Marie, telling her, as he did so, that he hoped she would consider his part of the agreement fully kept, and would as faithfully keep hers. What could poor Marie say? Nothing but promise never to reveal to human soul her father's secret. So, with a saddened heart, she went with Jacques, and in her new and happy home learned to be bright and joyous as a bird, her only grief a wandering thought, as to how her miserable father would get on with no one nigh to tend him should he be sick.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE TERM "VEGETARIANISM" SUPERSEDED.

A Second Edition has just been published of a Lecture on Vegetarianism, delivered by Professor Newman, at Gloucester, in 1870 (London, Pitman, one penny). It bears the following introduction:—

"I will give your diet its true name,

V E M:

V for Vegetable Food;

E for Eggs;

M for Milk."

PROF. JARRETT, of Cambridge."

In adopting Professor Jarrett's appellation I have not the sanction of our Executive; but, using my private liberty, I intend to call our rule the V E M diet until our Executive discovers or invents a truthful title, for which I think we have waited long enough; "Vegetarian" is misleading, and opens us to just complaint.—F. W. N.

We must consent ourselves with one suggestive extract:—

"In our own island, as we well know, agriculture has existed before Saxon times; but at the Norman conquest, and long after, the land devoted to cattle or left in a state of Nature vastly predominated. In those days the poorest ate much more flesh-meat than now. There has been a continual diminution of flesh-meat and far larger supplies of Vegetarian food. This is neither from unjust institutions nor from unfair taxation, but it is a normal result of increased population. It is inevitable on an island sensibly limited in size; for to produce as much human food as one acre of cultivated land will yield, three or even four acres of grazing land are needed. That era had its own disadvantages. The cattle had then little winter food; they were killed and salted down in the close of autumn. Much salt meat and salt fish was eaten, and fresh vegetables were few in species and scarce. Parsnips are said to have been one of the only root before there were turnips or carrots; potatoes, we know, came in from America. Native fruit was very limited, and our climate was thought hardly capable of bearing more sorts; foreign fruit was not in the market. Now, what I want to point out is this: that the diet of flesh-meat belongs to the time of barbarism—the time of low cultivation and thin population; and that it naturally, normally decreases with

higher cultivation. We see the same thing in ancient civilization and modern. The Brahmins in India, who stood at the head in intellect and in beauty, were wholly or prevalently Vegetarians. I believe, much the same was true of ancient Egypt. Men of lower caste ate flesh, and the lowest most, and among these principally foul diseases of the skin prevailed; no doubt, because where population is dense, the poorer classes, if they eat flesh-meat at all, are sure to get a sensible portion of their supply diseased and unwholesome."

MISREPRESENTATIONS OF SPIRITUALISM

CORRECTED.

Editor "Daily Times."—In to-day's "Passing Notes" "Civis" says, "The more one reads about Spiritism (why not Spiritualism? bias here) the greater grows one's perplexity." Others come to an opposite conclusion. How is this? We shall see. "Civis" "supposed" spirits "to be elemented of light and radiance." Spiritualism supposes no such thing. It teaches that the luminosity of spirits (people gone before) depends upon their moral and mental worth; that nearly all who die here are the antithesis "of light and radiance." Sinners are "to be elemented" by death into saints, uneducated men into philosophers, and both into "light and radiance," thinks "Civis." "This is, to be sure, an old difficulty," but when "got over one's perplexity grows" less.

"Civis" asks, "why they (the spirits) cannot rap and spell in broad daylight?" and "they really ought to try and bear a good candle light at the least." This means the phenomena occur in the dark only. As this comes from one who "reads about spiritualism," I shall prove it to be a deliberate misrepresentation of facts.

Two months ago Mrs. Ada Foye, of San Francisco (out on a sea voyage for the benefit of her health), stopped three days in Melbourne before returning, gave three public seances, at which raps were produced in full light, and hundreds of test questions respecting deceased relatives satisfactorily answered. Mr. Haley, editor of "Christian (sic) Watchman," admitted the phenomena, putting the latter down to "mind reading." The "Age" and "Argus" were "perplexed," the lady being a perfect stranger. Rev. Joseph Cook and six or seven sceptics (see his last vol. of lectures) admit after an experiment in full gas-light the truth of "independent slate writing." Mr. Crookes (assisted by Sergeant Cox, Dr. Huggins, and others) testify thus in "Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism," p. 84, "Except when darkness has been a necessary condition, as with some of the phenomena of luminous appearances and in a few other instances, everything recorded has taken place in the light. . . . When the phenomena have occurred in darkness I have been very particular to mention the fact." With a few exceptions "the occurrences have taken place in my own house, in the light, and with only private friends present, besides the medium," p. 86. Page 91 says, "In the light I have seen a luminous cloud hover over a heliotrope on a side table, break a sprig off, and carry the sprig to a lady; and . . . I have seen a similar luminous cloud condense to the form of a hand and carry small objects about." "At this stage the hand is visible to all present . . . I have retained one of these hands in my own, firmly resolved not to let it escape. There was no struggle made to get loose, but it gradually seemed to resolved itself into vapour and faded in that manner from my grasp," p. 92. In reference to seeing medium and spirit "at same time," p. 109 says, "It was a common thing for the 7 or 8 of us to see them under the full blaze of the electric light."

Professor Zöllner, assisted by Professors Weber, Scheffner, Fechner, Fichte, and others, all of Leipzig University, one of the best seats of learning in the world, testify in "Transcendental Physics" that "In the brilliantly lighted room" "the impression of a right and a left foot" on soot took place instantaneously inside a closed book slate, feet not corresponding to any one's present, p. 60. p. 85 and 86 relates the appearance of "visible and tangible hands," "at half-past ten . . . room lighted by four large windows." Complete disappearance "in bright sunshine," and subsequent re-appearance "at a height of about five feet, the hitherto invisible table with its legs turned upwards floating down in the air upon the top of the card table," p. 89 to 92. P. 154 to 157 states, "In the sun lighted room," coin placed in a sealed box, date, etc., told, none knowing what was on it, and its immediate abstraction from the box without contact. To the uninitiated this sounds like legerdemain, but Robt. Houdin, Bellachine, Maskelyne, Professors Jacobs and Hermann, the world's cleverest conjurers, testify they cannot simulate the phenomena under the same condition. Zöllner's experiments were conducted in his own house, and mostly in daylight. Professors Hare, America, and Wallace, England, testify similarly. We now know why "Civis's" "perplexity grows greater." What can be thought of one who to make jokes substitutes assertions for facts on a matter he pretends acquaintance with? What kind of morality is this? On the cul bono of Spiritualism the "Scientific American" says, "If true it will become the one grand event of the world's history; it will give an imperishable lustre of glory to the 19th century. Its discoverer will have

no rival in renown. . . . Spiritualism involves a stultification of what are considered the most certain and fundamental conclusions of science. . . . If Spiritualism has a rational foundation, no more important work has been offered to men of science than its verification." That's the point. Are the alleged facts true. Who knows this better than those who have investigated them? If "Civis's" representation of Miss Houghton's book is true, which I "kinder" doubt, the book deserves condemnation. He, however, commences thus. "Here is a little narrative CONDENSED (small capitals are mine) from Miss Houghton's 'Evenings at Home with the Spirits.' 'Condensed,' 'Civis.' I thank thee for that word.—I am, etc.,
Dunedin, April 8. SCIO.

"Echo," (Dunedin, New Zealand).

OPINIONS ON "THE ATONEMENT," BY C. P. B. ALSOP.

FROM THE COUNTESS OF CAITHNESS.

Dear Sir,—I have this morning received your note, which accompanied the kind gift of your valuable little work on the 'Atonement,' for which I hasten to thank you.

"I have not yet had time to read it with the leisure and attention it deserves, but I have read several pages here and there, and have seen quite enough to justify me in calling it a valuable work, for so, I am sure, it is destined to be, to all those who are ready for it, for you evidently know the truth, and seem to have set it forth with much earnestness and simplicity, and in a way that can be easily understood and received by those who are ripe for it, which, of course, all are not. It certainly is a 'Book of God,' and, as you say on page 30, I am able also to discern yourself in it—your own character and feelings—for there is life and soul in the words that make one glow as one peruses its pages. Truly, therefore, does the man also live in the book. 'I cannot but feel sure that this is a useful book at this particular time of completion or fullness, for it sets forth the truth as it is in our beloved Lord and Saviour Christ, THE TRUTH and THE LIFE.'

"Thanking you again for your welcome little book, I remain, dear sir, sincerely yours,

"M. CAITHNESS, Duchesse de Pomar.

"Paris, 1st June, 1881."

FROM MR. S. C. HALL.

"Since I wrote this letter I have read your little book—read it with intense gratification and more than gratitude.

"The sentiments you put forth are those I have long and earnestly, though feebly, advocated. My own faith and trust in the Lord Jesus Christ—the God-Christ.

"I believe that to extend the circulation would be to influence for good all human kind.

"It is the production of a faithful Christian teacher of God's way, God's will, and God's work.

"I should like to enter into the matter at greater length—indeed, I cannot help thinking it is my duty to do so—but I am in too sad a state of mental depression for thought and work just now.

S. C. HALL.

"3, Sussex Place, Victoria Road, Kensington, W.

"June 2, 1881."

FROM MR. J. W. FARQUHAR.

"I read your pamphlet last Sunday morning with increasing pleasure as I read on. It is, in my opinion, the best and clearest exposition of the subject I have yet met with. I do not know of a single statement in it with which I do not thoroughly agree. I posted it next day to a Baptist minister in Romsey, who I think will fully appreciate it. Its Spiritualistic associations may limit and confine its circulation, but on the other hand, Spiritualists are as much in want of such teaching as any other, and they are more likely to receive it from a believer in their facts than from another.

"Although I am altogether in agreement with your views, I do not think I could have expounded them or put them so forcibly as you have done.

"I hope you may meet with some who can appreciate such teaching, and who will try to ensure a continuance of it.

"With kind regards and best wishes for Mrs. Alsop and yourself, I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

"January 5, 1881."

J. W. FARQUHAR.

Sometime ago a disparaging article by Dr. Andrew Wilson, of Edinburgh, appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine," entitled "The Old Phrenology and the New." Various replies thereto were published, but perhaps the ablest rejoinder was, "Phrenology Vindicated," by A. L. Vago, the well-known modeller and bust maker. This little work (Simpkin, 1s.), is full of information and arguments which those interested in the science would do well to peruse.

The "Phrenological Journal and Science of Health" for July, (Fowler and Wells, New York and London, 1s.) has a portrait and biography of Robert Browning, Poet. The general contents are light and narrative in style, inclining to social topics. The matter is not the less useful on that account.

HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

MR. T. M. BROWN'S FAREWELL TOUR.

We are glad to hear that arrangements are being contemplated in many places to give Mr. Brown a cordial farewell meeting, and devote the proceeds to the Emigration Fund. In most cases it will be best to hold the meetings in a private house; twenty or thirty taking tickets at 1s. each, would realise a nice contribution, and there would be no deduction for rent.

MR. T. M. BROWN'S FAREWELL PARTIES.

Middlesborough.—Mr. Thomas F. Charlton, Secretary, 12, Yew Street, Brentnall Street.

Contributions from isolated friends should be sent to the Hon. Sec. Mr. Joseph Gibson, 3, Clyde Terrace, Bishop Auckland. Mr. Gibson will be glad to receive notice of intended meetings particularly in the Auckland District.

We have been asked to publish the following letter:—

"Dear Friend Burns.—Will you kindly insert in your next issue, that a meeting will be held at Mr. Taylor's, North End Club Room, on Monday night, July 10th, to commence at 8 o'clock, to discuss and arrange the best method or means to raise Mr. T. M. Brown a token of love in money towards the Emigration Fund, as I think Mr. Brown has friends in Darlington who would be glad to help him. Any person wishful to help us who do not care to mingle publicly with us, can send their mite to either Mrs. Taylor, Treasurer, or to Mr. Elliott Archer, Secretary, which will be duly acknowledged. Friends, let us have a Happy Evening with Mr. Brown before he departs to the Antipodes.—Yours truly, ELLIOTT ARCHER."

1, China Street, Harrogate Hill, Darlington, July 3.

THE CLAIRVOYANT POWERS OF MR. J. THOMAS.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—In the current issue you give your readers a very strong recommendation of Mr. Duguid, as a spiritual clairvoyant and adviser; decidedly the warmest panegyric I ever remember you giving to any one before, excepting one you penned some twelve months ago, in favour of Miss Lottie Fowler.

Now, Sir, will you kindly allow me to speak for Mr. J. Thomas, of Kingsley, by Frodsham? I have lately been in correspondence with this seer, and can speak in the very highest possible way of his thoroughness, reliability and power. I am not easily pleased in anything, on account of my critical mind, but Mr. Thomas has been so successful with me, that I think it only right that your readers should know of it. I wrote a very short note to Mr. Thomas, merely asking him to describe my condition and surroundings generally, giving him no information who or what I was, but on the contrary directing reply to be addressed to the middle part of my name, and left at a local post office until called for. In reply I received a complete and altogether faultless description of my past and present, and a true delineation of my inner mind, also advice for the future; and a warning for the last ten days of this month which has undoubtedly saved me from a tiresome lawsuit and much trouble. I trust your readers will not think me cruel, when I inform them that I wrote back under my former conditions a very cold and guarded letter, to see if it were possible to shake my seer in his conclusions, and just as before, per return post, I was favoured with such a confirmation and extension that literally heaps proof upon proof of the honesty and truthfulness of Mr. Thomas's clairvoyant power. In stating this at the present time, I trust that no ill motives will be assigned to me by any of my fellow readers. I feel sure they will not be by Mr. Duguid or yourself. No doubt Mr. Duguid is all Mr. Burns says, and more, but I trust I may say, we also would not like Mr. Thomas to be lost sight of, especially when we reflect on what we are told this week, viz., that Mr. Thomas is only a labouring man.—Yours sincerely in the Cause of Truth and Freedom. E. C. A. SUTTON.

June 25th, 1882.

[By introducing Mr. Duguid in his new capacity, we had not the slightest idea of making invidious distinctions. At the same time, it is true that, in some respects Mr. Duguid has, more than others, been able to render himself of special service to us in many times of trouble, as a friend and wise counsellor. A spiritual worker finds few who understand his position, but we have proved that both Mr. Thomas and Mr. Duguid are able to do so, and clearly point to the light shining behind the dark cloud. At the same time, we would warn inquiring correspondents that neither of these advisers will be equally successful in all cases. It is not possible in the nature of things that such should be so. We must be honest with the public in such matters; and, at the same time, do our duty to these gentlemen, who would be placed in a false position if it were indicated that results would be, in every instance, equally satisfactory. Like Mr. Thomas, Mr. Duguid is also a working man, and from an organic defect is almost incapacitated from following his trade.—Ed.M.]

PROGRESS OF SPIRITUAL WORK.

PLYMOUTH.—RICHMOND HALL, RICHMOND STREET.

Being about to start on a short lecturing tour to some places in the Middle and the North of England, I would like before doing so to give a brief account of the present status and working of the Spiritual Movement in this town. I am encouraged to do so by the deep and kindly interest that Spiritualists throughout the country have felt in the bold and somewhat remarkable experiment that has been here made in the interests of our common cause. That this local effort has been a unique one, so far as this country is concerned, has been universally acknowledged; whether it has been a success or not, must be determined by the genuine results.

Just twelve months ago we were instructed by the spirits through Mrs. R., our leading trance medium, to form a good strong select circle in the Hall, for religious exercises and mediumistic development. We did so, meeting every Tuesday evening, and keeping the circle select. Our Cause is to-day reaping the fruits of that circle, particularly in the trance mediumship of Mr. Paynter, who enjoys the unqualified esteem and confidence of all the friends, and whose mediumship is invaluable to the Cause.

As time passed on it was found necessary to establish other general circles, and now, almost exactly twelve months from the formation of the first circle, so many branches have sprung from the original stock, that it is found necessary to arrange for a circle or meeting to be held in the Hall on each evening of every week. From a distance, at least, we think this will appear to be a certain indication of progress.

Accordingly, during the past week circles and meetings have been held as follows, this being substantially a permanent arrangement:—Monday evening circle, conducted by Mr. C. W. Dymond. Tuesday and Saturday evening circles, conducted by Mr. C. Ware. Thursday evening circle, leader, Mr. R. Rule. Friday evening circle, leader, Mr. H. James. Wednesday evening, public meeting; a paper was read by the present writer, on "The blessedness of Spiritualism to the inhabitants of earth." There was a large and intelligent audience present, and a most profitable discussion followed the reading of the paper. Sunday evenings, after a short public service, including discourse, the meeting is in charge of Mr. H. and his guides.

The above is our present status and system of working, and at present pretty good harmony prevails. What the future is to be, remains to be seen; it is sufficient for us that everything is in the hands and under the control of the mighty invisible band by whom this great Movement, all over the world, is guided and promoted. It is for us to follow as they lead, and to be true co-workers with them according to their methods.

We must not try by "organization" to make a tiny sheep-pen of a world-wide movement, nor by too stringent rules and bye laws, make a stagnant pool of what is destined to be a flowing river of life and knowledge for the blessing and healing of the nations.

—I would like to mention that the rostrum will be occupied on Sunday next, by Mr. E. Micklewood, President of the Society, and on the following Sunday by Mr. R. S. Clarke. OMEGA.

SPIRITUAL WORK AT KIRKCALDY.

Our meeting on Sunday evening, June 25, was an advance upon numbers, and likewise a good power was evident, notwithstanding atmospheric conditions. There had been the prevalence of much electrical disturbance the day preceding, and it so happened on the Monday following—equally oppressive—and thus in the midst of this action of the elements, a salubrious condition for the exercise of spiritual forces could not be expected. Notwithstanding Mr. D. was under the control of an intelligent disembodied spirit, and gave a discourse on the "Nature of the Soul," and its claim to immortality was esoterically considered and reasoned from internal evidences. The attributes of matter were carefully interviewed, and found to be wanting of indications to account for the wonderful constitution and qualities of soul life. It was asserted that matter, in its popular acceptance, could not account for those displays of genius, talent, and masterpieces of thought that we meet. But although matter was discountenanced as the origin of soul life, there was the beautiful adaptation of that power through its wonderful formations, showing the active moving life force as the soul of the mechanism, and not matter the parent but the outbirth of soul life. And, however vast the range of life on this planet, from man to the simplest constituted form, it has always the testimony of life displayed according to conditions. From the study of nature manipulated by the plastic hand of spirit, we ascend easily to nature's God, the absolute Spirit; and in the contemplation of this Being, there is no slavish consignment of intellect, or derogatory step in the progress of thought, but the natural sequence and projection of honest inquiry. Order can never emerge from chaos without the presiding hand of a guiding and intelligent power, and thus it is every generation advances on its predecessor, and every discovery becomes the platform of higher achievements, showing the indwelling power, as well as the fostering care

without, like the germ in the seed, with its conditions of vitality without, impelling the life power to come forth. As this argument gives room for the Fatherly care of God without this planet, so it also furnishes evidence for the life of man without the body, and in a sphere where the more immediate action of divine forces are exemplified. And this sphere is the proper locale of Spiritualism, and every discovery not only gives authenticity to ancient spiritual literature, but embues the mind of the present age with facts and their deductions on the actual existence of a spiritual universe.

After giving a benediction, this spiritual presence left control of the medium, and another supplanted his place, and spoke on matters relating more to the practical relationship of life. A member of the meeting desired information on the qualities of magnetism which had been mentioned. According to science it is the intrinsic possession of all natural objects, and is the power or balance which adjusts the equilibrium of nature. It is the most powerful agent in existence, as well as the finest and most beautiful quality pertaining to matter. It enters into the constitution of our desires and affections, and is even the main element of friendship. It is the most extensive and diffused principle of life, and yet the most mysterious and incomprehensible of all the forces. It was alluded to as the hand uniting the visible with the invisible, and forming a completeness in the chain of matter to spirit; still it pertains only to matter, as a quality, and is destructible, and is not in any sense immaterial or spiritual.

After other observations of a homely character, this spirit ceased control, and another of a soft feminine disposition gave forth a few remarks, and pervaded the meeting with a pleasant feeling. On the conclusion of this direct spiritual ministration, the audience were permitted to converse on the topics suggested, and these thoughts were directed into a profitable channel.

Some clairvoyant reading was given of the spiritual surroundings of the company, which were indicated by the appearance of two belts or zones over-arching their heads—one of purple and the other of blue; and the teaching of these symbols was to impress the meeting with the sympathetic relation of the spiritual forces present. During the evening some hymns were sung, and the meeting closed with singing doxology at the end of the hymnal.

A. D.

Kirkcaldy, June 27th, 1882.

SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCES OF MAN'S FUTURE EXISTENCE.

Last Sunday evening the Queen's Theatre was crammed to hear Mr. Denton's farewell lecture on the "Scientific evidences of man's future existence." To do it justice would require a full report. We can only give a summary of the lecture, which, although we did not entirely agree with, was one of his best, and commanded a large share of applause. The lecturer commenced by referring to the unsatisfactory evidence presented to a rational mind by Christian sects in proof of immortality, the centre-piece of all religion. How that this, added to the dishonourable views given of God and the future state, consigning the vast majority of mankind to eternal torment and a select few to eternal bliss, had been the mother of scepticism, even among church members, ending in a belief in annihilation. The church was powerless in the matter, and to science alone must we look for an answer to the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" He then mentioned the germ in the human egg, the nature of which the most powerful microscope could not reveal, but which he believed contained the spirit—the man that was to be. The spirit clothes itself, as it were, from its material surroundings while passing through the various embryonic stages, and this process was kept up even from its birth. He then spoke of the evidence recorded by a society of eminent physicians after five years' experimental investigation, and by Dr. Gregory, Professor of Chemistry in the Edinburgh University, and others, to the effect that, under the strictest conditions, somnambulist and clairvoyant persons have read print and described things correctly independent of the physical organ of sight, the matter communicated being often unknown to the investigators, and afterwards verified, thus disproving "mind reading," and demonstrating man to be a spirit per se. The experiments of Professors Hare, Crookes, Wallace, Zollner, and other scientists held in broad daylight, with both public and private mediums, were discussed next. The evidence of such men, he contended, supported as it was by independent testimony all over the world, placed the genuineness of the phenomena called spiritual beyond dispute, and all agreed, after years of patient thought and study, that the only theory which covered the facts was the spiritual one. His own experiments—held under every variety of conditions—during the first 25 out of 34 years since the modern phenomena started, corroborated theirs. For him the question had been settled long ago, "put on the shelf," which to doubt were to doubt his own existence. He said that a gentleman of his acquaintance, to test whether "mind-reading" would account for the phenomena, got, without saying anything to any one, a wealthy Chinese merchant of Boston to write a series of questions to a deceased relative. The Chinaman enclosed the letter in several envelopes, sealing each carefully. The gentleman, knowing nothing whatever of its contents, immediately took it to a medium named Mr. Mansfield, who knew

nothing of Chinese. He put the letter to his forehead, and, without opening it, his hand was "controlled" to write an answer in Chinese. The gentleman took it to the Chinaman, and to their astonishment found the answer pertinent to the questions put, and from the Chinaman's father. On another occasion the inside of a book-plate was written on without contact in the sight of 300 persons, the writing being a facsimile of the hand-writing of the deceased person it purported to come from, a brother of Mr. Rouse, Superintendent of Police, and who when alive lived in another part of the country. Mr. Denton had this writing and some of the deceased person's handwriting photographed at the time, and exhibited them at the end of the lecture. The proof of man's future existence depends mainly upon evidence of this kind, no matter how puerile some may think it. All great discoveries have had small beginnings. Immortality is the question of questions, before which all others sink into insignificance. With no future, man will reason—"eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." The lecturer concluded with an eloquent peroration, saying that those who have gone before return to tell us that heaven and hell are not as depicted by religionists; that all gravitate to a state of existence suitable to the life led here; that deeds, not creeds, count; that there is no escape whatever from sin or transgression of natural laws in the next, any more than in this world; and that, no matter how low a human being may be, there is no law in the universe to keep him down once he wishes to rise. This is God's sublime decree everywhere. Such a philosophy, based as it is upon fact, when generally understood and accepted will become the most powerful moral lever the world has ever seen. Religion will then be scientific, and science religion. Mr. Denton then illustrated, by the oxy-hydrogen light, the various apparatus employed by the professors during their experiments, which would seem to altogether exclude the idea of fraud in connection with the phenomena.—"Echo," (Dunedin, New Zealand.)

LEICESTER—SILVER STREET LECTURE HALL.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. Bent delivered a trance address. The spirit guides took their subject from the 47th hymn, "Spiritual Lyre," the last line of 4th verse: "Like Angels on the Spirit Shore."

Sunday next, July 9th, Mr. Mahony, of Gateshead-upon-Tyne, will deliver two normal addresses, morning and evening.

Sunday, July 16th, we hold our annual Pic-nic and Camp Meeting; on which occasion Mrs. Groom, of Birmingham, will visit us, and will deliver a trance address in the open air, under control of her guides. Some local mediums and normal speakers will also take part. We extend a hearty invitation to all members and friends to spend the day with us, hoping that our number will be increased by friends from Nottingham, Derby, Loughborough, Quorndon and Mountsorrell. All friends who wish to be with us on this occasion are requested to give in their names to the Secretary at once, so that arrangements may be made for the tea and conveyances. Full particulars will be given next week respecting the place we intend to visit.

56, Cranbourne Street, Leicester. R. WIGHTMAN, Sec.

GOSWELL HALL SUNDAY SERVICES.

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

At the usual séance last Sunday morning, Mr. Savage was the medium, and was controlled by a spirit who related his post-mortem experiences. This was followed by some good clairvoyant descriptions, several of which were recognised by sitters. In the evening Mr. J. Veitch occupied the platform, with an interesting address on "Christianity, Atheism and Spiritualism," which was highly appreciated by the audience.

Next Sunday Mr. E. W. Wallis, of Nottingham, will occupy the platform both morning and evening. In the morning at 11, subject, "The Value, Use, and Dangers of Mediumship," and in the evening, at 7, "Profit and Loss." As this is Mr. Wallis's first appearance on a London platform since his return from America, we hope to see a large gathering to welcome him.

There will be no service at this Hall on Sunday, 16th, on account of the pic-nic, advertised in another column. Intending travellers by brake must send in names and fares not later than Sunday, 9th inst.

The general meeting of the Society is postponed to Sunday, 23rd, when the attendance of all members and intending members is requested.

R. W. LISHMAN, Corres. Sec.

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MANCHESTER AND SALFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS.

The above Society intend holding a district camp or conference meeting, on Sunday July 9th, at Farnworth, near Bolton; in consequence of which there will be no service at the meeting room, Mechanics' Institute, in the evening,—only the morning service will be held. Mr. Cross, of Farnworth, an earnest worker in the Cause, has kindly promised to entertain with tea as many as feel disposed to accompany us there. The object is to introduce Spiritualism in the surrounding districts of Manchester and Bolton, with a view to assist our friends both there and elsewhere in making more public the grand principles of our Cause. We trust our friends will muster in strong force, so that we may present a power, and use an influence, that will do justice to Spiritualism. The train the Manchester friends intend going by will leave Victoria Station about 2 o'clock p.m.

WM. HALL, Sec.

LYCEUM ANNIVERSARY AT SOWERBY BRIDGE.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—The Anniversary in connection with the Spiritualists' Lyceum, Sowerby Bridge, will be held on Sunday, July 9th, when the Rev. C. Ware, of Plymouth, will give three discourses—in the morning at 10.30, subject: "The work of the first Christians, its nature and results," afternoon at 2.30: "Spiritualism and the Bible, showing the harmony between the two," evening at 6.30: "The River of the Water of Life." Collections will be made at the close of each service, in aid of the school funds.—Yours truly,
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June 27th, 1882:

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By order of the Committee—W. Towns, Alex. Brown.

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PLAN OF SPEAKERS FOR JULY.

July 2—Mr. Place, of Macclesfield.

„ 9—Camp Meeting at Farnworth.

„ 16—Rev. C. Ware, Plymouth (probably.)

„ 23—Mr. Lithgow of Hayfield.

„ 30—Mr. Johnson, of Hyde.

Service at 6-30 in the Evening. Meetings every Sunday Morning

at 10-30. Conducted by the President. Strangers invited.

MR. R. A. BROWN'S APPOINTMENTS.

July 2—New Mills, Derbyshire.

„ 9—Camp Meeting, Farnworth.

„ 16—Wigan.

„ 24—Oldham.

„ 30—Macclesfield.

Manchester Society every Sunday morning.

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MR. J. J. MORSE'S APPOINTMENTS.

KNIGHTLEY, Saturday, July 8th, Spiritualist Jubilee and Presentation. Sunday, July 9th, Temperance Hall, at 2.30: "Concerning Devils." Evening, at 6 o'clock: "Spiritualism, a Message of Peace, and a Gospel of Hope."

LONDON, July 16th, Spiritualist Pic-nic. July 30th, Goswell Hall.

STAMFORD, July 23rd. CARDIFF, August 6th and 7th.

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