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AND TEACHINGS OF

SPIRITUALISM.

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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.)

(Concluded from last week.)

These mental pictures and experiences will give you just a glimpse of one soul's first experiences in the spiritual world; but, though a spirit, I stand related yet to man. I am related to him by ties of intellectual and moral affinity. I am interested in the problems of human government, and development of justice. The volume of my inspiration can swell with enthusiasm the thought of the orator, and melt into the strains of the poet. It is my mission to bring glad tidings of joy from brighter states beyond. There are many subtle and peculiar conditions connected with the subject of spiritual control, that I am interested in detailing to you.

Every man has a soul; there is no possibility for him to kill it. It stands related to the material world, and comes into contact with it through an organization adapted to internal and external circumstances.

The soul creates the body. The pre-natal conditions of life, with external circumstances combined, modify the organization and determine the vigour of organic functional activity. Every soul stands in an essential and natural relationship to the brain and the body.

The brain is a substance composed of white and gray matter. It is beautifully folded up at the top of the spinal column, within the hollow dome of the skull. It is indented with convolutions: these convolutions are important, for they determine the activity and power of the person's mentality. These convolutions are like voltaic cells; they are full of magnetism, a very ethereal substance, the properties of which are not yet understood.

I can hardly name to you its properties. It is a mode of substance, like electricity or granite. It is that subtle substance in which the thinker sends forth its emanations. The mystery of these divine operations cannot be understood; they lie behind the curtain of human and spiritual consciousness. Different thoughts

produce different mind waves in this universally diffused substance. Some thoughts are rapid in their motions, and strike with great force the mental atmosphere of humanity, whilst others do not display the same force: they only strike a part of humanity that is suitably organized for their expression.

The atmosphere of the spirit is full of thought; but only so much of that thought is conveyed to humanity, which its organization for the time being is capable of assimilating. Humanity assimilates and adopts different thoughts and principles at different times, in perfect harmony with physiological, climatic and food conditions.

The foundation of all progress is laid in the physical man. He is an instrument played upon by a mind-realm. A man phrenologically organised with large Causality, Comparison will interpret a higher intellectual sphere of thought, than he whose objective faculties are larger, and reflective small. Such a man will but feebly respond to the highest thoughts vibrating in the mind-realm. The scientific energy imparted by Combativeness, Firmness and Self-esteem will close him up against the tidal waves of spiritual inspiration. He is a man conditioned only for a world of physical sensations: he can have no idea of the lofty intuitions of him whose soul is gifted with large Ideality, Spirituality and Hope. The idealist will have his soul saturated with the inundations of spirit-thought: the man destitute of these faculties enjoys none of his pleasures.

The highest developments of William Shakespeare, in the domain of dramatic poetry, can only be appreciated by those who have souls washed by the same exalted sphere of inspiration. When Wilberforce, Clarkson, and Brougham made England resound with the execrations against slavery, their organizations played the tune best adapted to them; their soul's atmosphere melted into the force atmosphere of heaven's justice, and a spiritual soul-life rolled out upon humanity an inspiration of poetry and of justice, which lifted the whole race of man into a higher platform of right. A pure sincere soul, with a highly gifted brain developed, receives so much from heaven as to become effulgent, a teacher, yea, a prophet, in the world of progress.

Every man's organism fits him, in proportion to its development, to interpret the mind of the spirit-world.

A man can only have that inspiration for which his organization is fitted. A medium devoid of Time and Tune could never be made to discourse sweet and harmonious music. A medium deficient in Language, Ideality, Conscientiousness, and large intellectual faculties, could never be made to discourse eloquently, accurately and with wisdom, upon any theme however familiar. Each man's gift is determined by so many ounces of brain. Brain is the instrument, and there must be brain directly or indirectly concerned in the production of all spiritual phenomena, because the magnetic atmosphere in its cellular condition is only operative. Without organization its power over gross matter is almost nil, but with organism and cellular harmony, it completes the gradational steps between the two modes of substance, called mind and matter.

A medium with a large development of Self-esteem, small Secretiveness, and moderate reflective faculties, will infuse into his control egotism and vanity which have no place in the controlling intelligence. If a spirit operating upon such a brain, possessed in his earth-life a like organization, there will be a tremendous elongation of this personal peculiarity, excessive vanity and dogmatism. You have vanity and dogmatism in the press, on the platform, and in the pulpit, entirely the result of an excessive excitement of these faculties, by the influences for the time being playing upon the organization.

This law of mental control explains many eccentricities and foolish abnormal manifestations; nay, it accounts for many irregular and inharmonious communications. It would be perfectly ridiculous to expect a Zulu from his native solitudes coming here into the bosom of an old civilisation, and handling without previous tuition the instrument upon which Handel was so fine a master. The instrument would be there, the Zulu would be there, too, but, how difficult it would be to find out the true status of the Zulu from his incoherent and inharmonious playing. It is equally difficult for a spiritual being to intone the rapture of his thought through an instrument that imperfectly represents his sphere.

A control is conditioned by the organization he is controlling. The objective sensations of the medium furnish the spirit with images, forms of expression. They are like the shadows of the trees thrown upon the river: out of these shadows the spiritual images and realities have to be depicted.

There is a subject beyond all others most difficult and important, that is, the subject of Clairvoyance. The clairvoyance may be natural, that is, belonging to and existing in the soul and organization of the medium. It may be helped by spirit agency. There are clairvoyant spirits, as there are clairvoyant men and women. It is a state of interior illumination due to the presence of a fine nerve tissue. When in exercise, the whole sphere of thought with which the clairvoyant can come into sympathy is visible. All men cannot come equally into the sympathy of a medium. As some audiences cause preachers to preach bad sermons, and mediums poor speeches, so some men have an antagonistic effect up on some mediums. The result is a disturbance in the mental atmosphere, and a failure of spiritual communication.

Spiritual impressions are one thing, but direct spiritual control is a vastly different thing. I should call a perfect spiritual control to be a state in which the intellect of the medium is completely under the sway of the spirit. This cannot possibly be, when the medium is in a state of consciousness. Consciousness necessarily implies intellectual activity, and when the mind has perfect possession of its own brain, nothing but impressions are possible, and those of a very doubtful character.

The question of individuality of control is one of great nicety, and, to the investigator into abnormal phenomena, one of great difficulty. Those alone are

best able to form an opinion after long and patient experience with mediums, and careful analysis of their utterances. As an intelligence, striving to impinge upon the mental conditions of earth, I find these difficulties to exist. While my soul is illuminated with indescribable enjoyments and intellectual pleasures, as I come near to man, my light is obscured because it has to pass through a dense atmosphere. A London fog may be aptly taken as an illustration of the difficulty existing in making a complete portrayal of individuality. It is idle to seek for this: get what you can; use your own reason; judge according to the testimony presented, from its inherent value. More than this you are not warranted to do in the present state of developed knowledge. But, as Spiritualism is a progressive science, like all science, it will become more perfect: sufficient some day to brush away the difficulties which lie before, and reveal to all men the continuity of soul existence.

These early experiences of mine, as thus uttered, are but the beginning of an interior-world life into which I could enter at greater length. But let me say, now, that I have none of those earthly cravings, doubts and fears: I have none of those dreadful alarms about the future of my state and happiness. I now see that what I am, all must be, and that in the felicity of human brotherhood is the spring from which the peace and love must take their rise.

WHAT IS YOUR HIGHEST CONCEPTION OF THE NATURE OF DIVINE WISDOM AND DIVINE LOVE.

THROUGH MR. S. DE MAIN, BY HIS GUIDES.

(Reported by Mr. C. G. Oyston, Hunwick, Durham.)

The infinite and comprehensive range of the subject. The inseparable connection of the two principles. Their mutual power displayed in the operations of Nature. The absurd deductions of scepticism. Man is the embodiment of Divine Wisdom, and woman the embodiment of Divine Love. The marvellous influence of woman's love. Its illimitable extensiveness and inspiring power. The perpetual yearning for a spiritual union of these two principles of the human soul. The more spiritual minded the individual, the more acute becomes the longing for the interblending of the two natures. Man is indebted to the influence of Divine Love for the high order of spiritual development, with which he is at present endowed.

The question suggested as a basis for our remarks this evening, is one of the greatest importance. In your endeavours to acquire a thorough and adequate knowledge of its true nature, you may carry your mind back, away and away into the vast depths of a past eternity, or you may carry your investigations forward until you become lost in a fathomless and illimitable existence; but you will be obliged to return weary with the futile search, for this subject in its entirety has neither beginning nor end. You cannot possibly trace its origin, or comprehend the ultimate of its issue. Divine Wisdom and Divine Love are claimed as attributes of God, and in truth they are two of the brightest gems in the crown of the immortal King of the universe. These two principles are inseparably connected, and if you would essay to make a complete and absolute separation it would be all in vain, for the beautiful harmony of the universe could not be established, unless these two important factors were united and combined in the Great Source of all creative energy.

Some men have positively declared that the universe displays no evidence of Divine Wisdom, that everything is badly planned and arranged, and it is simply a matter of chance whether man possesses happiness or not. They say there is no design in the operations of nature; that if there be any beauty observed, it simply happens so irrespective of any Controlling Intelligence at all, and if there be a power of wisdom, it is certainly of a very law order indeed; but we hope to show you

that there is Divine Wisdom displayed, and Divine Love attendant thereon.*

Cast your eyes abroad upon Nature, wherever she displays her marvellous powers, and you will there find indisputable evidences of the manifestation of these beautiful attributes of God. You find a plane of existence surrounded with all things calculated to please the eye, and awaken the echoes of responsive gratitude from your being. There is not a flower which adorns the fair bosom of Nature, but displays these two essential attributes. There is not a gigantic tree of the forest, or a shrub in the intricate labyrinths of the thicket; there is not a blithesome songster trilling his sweet notes in the verdant grove, but what powerfully proclaims the grand fact that Divine Wisdom and Love are in active operation. The little flower is fanned by the gentle breeze of heaven, and watered by the refreshing dews of evening. It is invigorated and infused with new life by the cheering beams of the orb of day, yea, every floral gem that blooms unmistakably displays evidences of tender care and Love Divine. Take the feathered tribe, for instance; everything is adapted to their requirements, thus showing conclusively that Divine Wisdom plans, and Divine Love carries such plans out to their happy issue.

However, to notice all the striking instances of love and wisdom manifested in the external surroundings of humanity would occupy too much of our time, but we will simply refer you to the lightning's flash and the thunder's roll. With awful grandeur the artillery of heaven defends the ear with its mighty detonation. How man stands aghast, and the animals tremble with terror! Though it may be destructive in its tendency; though it may rend that noble oak or blast that lovely flower of the field, yet is Divine Wisdom forcibly manifested, for without this violent operation of the forces of Nature, your world would soon be unfit for the perpetuation of vegetable, animal, or human life. When the elemental commotion has subsided, the air becomes purified, and you feel buoyant and exhilarated as you inhale the refreshing breeze. This, then, is the practical beneficial result of an assumed destructive thunder-storm.

If you go out on to the Continent, you will perceive a thin wreath of smoke issuing from a mountain top. As you draw near, low murmurings are heard, as nature gathers together her forces of artillery; and, eventually, she furiously belches forth a fiery storm, resulting in death to either animal or man who may be in the immediate vicinity. Thus thousands of human lives have been sacrificed to the insatiable fury of the elements of nature. From this the sceptic augurs that there is an absence of Divine Wisdom. But we declare that this violent disturbance establishes the fact that Divine Wisdom is the instigator thereof. Were it not that the forces of Nature find outward expression in this way, this earth of yours would be rent to shivers by earthquakes and similar eruptions, hence the necessity for extreme revolution in the operations of Nature. Everything that is calculated to make man happy is within his reach, if he will but intelligently put forth his hand and grasp it. This shows that Divine Wisdom has arranged all things necessary for the well-being of the human race. Though man may scoff, and endeavour to turn the idea into ridicule, the intelligent student of Nature must inevitably come to this conclusion, that everything is wisely ordained,

* The so called vagaries of nature have often been productive of animaldevotion from the materialist, who totally discards all evidence of spiritual intelligence in such operations, but here the same reply is equally applicable as in the case of human beings. If there were no physical pain experienced there would be no impetus imparted to the individual to induce him to acquire knowledge, which would produce pleasurable sensations and lasting benefits. Deprived of such positive appeals for immediate consideration, man would not strive to conform to the laws of his being, but he would return to spirit-life prematurely, without being enriched spiritually by and through the divinely arranged economy of physical existence.—C. G. O.

and that the human family are made recipients of Divine Love, in addition to the Supreme Wisdom displayed.

But we forbear to continue our deductions on the mundane plane, so we will carry you in thought into the higher realm of existence, where we can give you a superior conception of the nature of our subject. We will, therefore, take leave of material things, for the time being, and soar away upward to the supernal spheres of spiritual existence.

Now, though we have ever been striving to find out the Great Ruler of the universe, since our advent to the higher life, yet we unhesitatingly declare, that the highest conception we can form of the nature of Divine Wisdom and Divine Love, is derived from the human soul. If you require a superior conception to this, we must frankly confess that we are unable to furnish you with the knowledge you solicit. These two attributes constitute the perfection of God, and, in order to understand their nature, we must examine the subject and judge accordingly. In our judicious and intelligent observation of this important matter, we are positively assured that man, the emanation from Deity, possesses these two lovely attributes also. We find that man, in his highest development in the spiritual spheres, is simply the embodiment of Divine Wisdom. In the legitimate discharge of his duty, one great thirst of his soul is a continual yearning to minister to the spiritual necessities of his less fortunate brethren beneath him; and, look at this subject from whatever point of the compass you may, there is nothing in existence can afford you a better elucidation of the problem, than a comprehensive examination of the characteristics of the human soul. Then, look up, ye Sons of Earth, for there is lying hid beneath worldly cares and anxieties, a sparkling gem, superior by far to the jewel which bedecks the monarch's crown on earth. If you clear away all obstruction, you will at last discover the precious treasure reflecting its beautiful effulgence, and illuminating the darkened pathway in your earthly pilgrimage.

Then, no longer look upon man as a worm of the earth, creeping and crawling through existence, an object of loathing and abhorrence, for to term the highest and noblest work of God "a worm," is a libel upon the Intelligent Source from whence he proceeded. The soul of man is like its Maker, it is Divine, and it bears the impress of the Great Eternal Mind. Then set to work and seek to understand your own nature, and you will thus obtain a more comprehensive idea of what your Maker really is. When you ascend to the Higher Life, and view those beings who have long been summering in the Better Land, you will be struck dumb with awe and admiration, and their majestic bearing and spiritual dignity will make a profound and inexpressible impression upon your minds.

However, we will leave this portion of our subject and take into consideration what relation Divine Love bears to Divine Wisdom, and, in so doing, we will give you a problem to solve: What is it attracts that fair and lovely maiden, whose gentle nature is just unfolding the bloom of womanhood, and striving to give the finishing touch to the perfection of Beauty's sweetest child? Refined and cultivated mentally and spiritually, pure and innocent, she stands before you, sinless as a helpless babe. Now, though she may possess a keen appreciation of and a grateful regard for the beauties of external Nature, yet, in spite of such superior enjoyment, there is something she intensely yearns for, and instinctively she turns her attention to the opposite sex, for nothing will make that maiden happy independent of this mutual association. What is it causes that male individual's bosom to heave and swell with irrepressible emotion, when in the presence of the fairer portion of humanity? Though he may have been utterly indifferent to the cultivation of his intellectual faculties, and he may have never felt an inducement to arouse himself

from his apathy heretofore; though his friends may have passed judgment upon him, that he will never excel in any mental pursuit, yet, no sooner does he feel the sweet influence of that lovely female, than the depths of his soul become troubled like the restless waves of the sea, and eventually he blooms forth, one of the brightest gems in Nature's golden crown.* Thus you can perceive that it is no more possible to expect that these two factors of human society can fulfil the legitimate purpose of their being, destitute of each other's influence and assistance, than it is possible for the Deity to be a perfect being, if you deprive Him of one of these attributes. Woman, then, is the embodiment of Divine Love. Do you want a higher and more comprehensive view of what Divine Love really is? Then we fear you will be unable to receive it from any other source. Measure, if you can, the depth of love lying hid beneath the delicate bosom of the female. Take the plumb line of intelligent observation, and ascertain, if you can, the net extent of existence of that beautiful attribute, then you will, perhaps, have a faint idea of what Divine Love really is. Therefore, we positively maintain that the masculine portion of the human race will afford you the highest conception of Divine Wisdom, and the female will give you the noblest and sublimest illustration of the nature of Divine Love.

Then, we would adjure you, lovely maidens of earth, to cherish carefully and intelligently this invaluable blessing you possess, for it is the grandest faculty bestowed upon you by your Father and your Mother God.

Divine Wisdom is ever yearning for Divine Love, and Divine Love is ever yearning for Divine Wisdom. The two principles can never be absolutely satisfied, until they become united in one pure and harmonious whole. It is not a material, passing, fleeting influence, but it is the beautiful love of the spirit. It is a spiritual gift which will live in the bosom of the female, as long as the eternal universe shall remain. Therefore, we again admonish you to cherish this lovely gem; and, you sons of earth, be kind and affectionate to your fair compeers, in order that you may mutually assist each other through your probationary existence, and you may rest assured that that love will be carried forward into the spiritual state. It is not diminished during the process of transition, but is rather increased thereby. Therefore, we challenge you to bring forth anything superior to the human soul, which will extricate you from the labyrinth of intricate research suggested by our subject; for, where can you find anything superior to woman's love? It is hers to guard and cherish, and to direct into the proper channel,—that lovely influence which is so beneficial to the sterner sex.

We say Divine Love cannot live without Divine Wisdom. They are inseparably connected, and are continually working together for each other's welfare. They climb the rugged hill of life together, one ever assisting the other to surmount the many difficulties that beset them. The Christians (so-called) of your land dilate at great length upon the possibility of the human being becoming perfect, but they have no more idea of spiritual perfection than the babe upon its mother's knee. Man constitutes one half of humanity, and the female the other. Then if you sweep one half out of existence, you will have no perfection, but let the two become combined, and you possess the necessary

* The greatest minds the world has ever produced, have expressed their indebtedness to the influence of woman's love. The more refined and spiritual, the more eager interest did they manifest in association with the fair and pure gems of society. Even the gentle Nazarene found the sweet spiritual sympathy of Martha and Mary a necessity of his being. The intuition of woman will yet open the golden gates of the treasure house of nature, and, though now she may be only in the crescent of her glory, eventually the full orb of her power will be in the glorious revealed effulgence of the light of the spirit.
—C. G. O.

elements to form a perfect spiritual sphere. You, who have felt the throbbings within for this exercise of the spirit, be assured that as you advance the yearning will increase, until the two principles become united, and thus constitute a perfect soul.

Think not that this love is a materialistic flame of earth which gleams forth a moment, then vanishes and dies; for the more spiritual minded you become, the stronger will be the influence of this power upon you. When you bring out the spirituality of your soul and manifest a higher order of culture and development, you are simply indebted to the influence of Divine Love, which has descended into your receptive soul. Look at that individual who is grovelling near the earth-plane—grovelling among the husks of time and materialism. All his effort are concentrated in the adornment of self. Never a loving thought goes out to his fellows, and yet such a one may bear a name for sanctity and respectability; but, remember, the selfish man cannot lay claim to spiritual development, for the man who is most selfish is manifestly the least developed spiritually.

Therefore, we reiterate our former statement, that the highest ideal of Divine Love and Wisdom is manifested in the human soul. Then, follow out the path we have marked for you this evening, and if you can bring a higher conception of our subject, present it to us, and we shall be grateful, indeed, for the favour, and we will thank you kindly for the information conveyed.

HOW THE GHOSTS WERE LAID AT GRIMSBY

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—Some time ago an account appeared in the MEDIUM, of remarkable phenomena which had been taking place at a sail loft, at Grimsby; and in a short note to me, you asked—"How we laid the Grimsby Ghosts."

I should have replied before, but other matters have prevented me doing so; however, I now send some short account of what was done. It seems to me peculiarly appropriate at the present juncture that I should do so, seeing that of late through the indefatigable efforts of your, and shall I say our, co-worker, Rev. C. Ware, the attention of the readers of the MEDIUM has been called to this most interesting question, viz., the existence of what are termed "earth-bound spirits," and the liberation of such spirits from their earthly influences and surroundings. I have been deeply interested in his very able and earnest letters published in the MEDIUM on this subject, and particularly with the excellent discourse delivered at Plymouth, and published in last week's MEDIUM, and which ought to be read and pondered over by every Spiritualist in the land, yea, throughout the world: particularly the last paragraph headed, "What shall we do?"

My spirit has been deeply impressed with this subject, whenever I have turned to it, and my conviction is deep, that it is an important work in vitalising the world. But "remember the conditions," as Mr. Ware says, "We must be ourselves enlightened, pure, sincere, and prayerful, otherwise we shall be blind leaders of the blind; it would be a solemn farce for a man devoid of sympathy and benevolence to engage in such a work." Yes, "enlightened, pure, sincere, and prayerful," for what progress can be made without such conditions. I know many considering themselves Spiritualists, attach but little importance either to the first—"enlightenment;" the second—"purity;" third—"sincerity;" or, lastly—"prayerfulness." I wish Spiritualists considered these things more; we should then have more of that spirit which characterised the Spiritualists of the apostolic age: love and unity of action. There would be less quibbling about non-essentials, and more earnest vital work and grander results in our spirit circles.

To the outside world, the talk of liberating "earth-bound spirits" would be considered but as the ravings of lunatics, and that such people were only fit subjects for the Asylums provided for such. Spiritualists, too, have dwelt little on this question, but I feel convinced that it is one of the important missions, which can only be worked by Spiritualists, for only they are able fully to understand it. I have

through my connexion with the circle to which I belong been brought much in contact with these "earth-bound spirits," more particularly in connexion with old Abbeys and other ruins; as it has been the object of the friends to seek to help them by occasional visits to their haunts; and when once the attention of these "earthly ones" has been drawn to us, by the assistance of our spirit surroundings, it has frequently happened that great numbers have been drawn away effectually and finally. And further, by concentrating our minds and thoughts upon the place, we have been told we can draw them away *even without the necessity of visiting their haunts.*

I throw out these hints for the help and guidance of circles in the summer months. Many pleasant Sundays may be spent in this way, doing good to those unhappy ones and to ourselves, also, by the agreeable change which it brings with it: the breathing of the pure fresh air and the association with nature in its freshness and beauty, as it is often seen in the surroundings of these old places. Thus are we combining two important elements, and, to use a proverbial expression, "Killing two birds with one stone."

As I was remarking to a friend of mine, the fact of different mediums and different circles, all widely separated by distance, bringing forth similar results, was to me one of the most *striking* proofs of the truth of Spiritualism: so the fact of the similarity of the results following the efforts of Spiritualists and spirit-circles in any given direction, as in this of releasing "earth-bound spirits," is to me a sufficient evidence, I think, (apart from our own personal experience, which, of course, only belongs to one's self) of the truth and genuineness of such work. I could relate many remarkable things which have taken place, sufficiently striking as to startle many of your readers, but must not trespass further upon your space; but hope that what I have to relate may still further impress your readers, that there is something in it after all.

THE HAUNTED SAIL LOFT.

The phenomena which occurred at Grimsby were: the hurling of things about when the men were at work; removing articles of furniture, &c., from place to place. These disturbances were carried on for twelve months or more, to the great annoyance and perplexity of the owner, who had tried every method to find out the cause, but without success, and had given the matter up in despair. When the account of these strange proceedings appeared in the local papers, one of our Grimsby friends made it his business to enquire into their truth, and found the half had not been told. He resolved, therefore, with the assistance of a few friends and the consent of the owner, to see what could be done to release these spirits from their earthly surroundings, and help to lift them up to a higher condition of spirituality.

Four of the friends met at the sail loft to investigate the phenomena, and ascertain something of the nature and character of the manifestations. In this investigation they were greatly assisted by one of the men, who assured them that what had been stated in the papers was strictly correct, and many other things he related which had not appeared in print. Our friends, however, were not privileged to see any of these physical manifestations, but possessing in one of the sitters, a very excellent seer, they were perhaps more fully satisfied than if they had. What our friend saw I will relate as well as I can for the edification of your readers.

When they had been in the room a short time, the friend who is a seer began to perceive spirit forms, and, as she did so, describe them to the others. Now, let me say here that she was a stranger to the place, knew nothing about its antecedents, nor anything of the people she described; had never been near the place before, and was not an inhabitant of the town, but, yet, she described people who were known to those present when in the body.

The first she saw were two old people, a man and his wife, who it appears had formerly lived in a house which had existed on the site of the present sail loft. These two old people were at once recognised by the owner, and by a friend present, by the description given. Besides these two old people she also saw three men—sons of the old man and woman; also a young woman who appeared to have come by a violent death. This spirit was not known to any one present, but, in answer to the mental question of the seer, said she was murdered somewhere in the neighbourhood.

Upon control being taken of one of the mediums present, it was elicited that these spirits had been the actors in

these strange phenomena, and that they had done these things for fun and frolic. They were reasoned with, spoken kindly to, and induced to promise to leave off these freaks and seek for something higher and better. Since then they have at various times controlled our mediums at the various circles, and expressed to us their gratitude and thankfulness that the friends interested themselves to obtain their release from their earthly surroundings, by which they were enabled to go up higher. The fact that the phenomena have entirely ceased, is a sufficient answer to Spiritualists that they were the result of earth-bound spirits, whatever the outer world may think.

I have endeavoured briefly to relate these events, hoping it may be an incentive to others to try and do likewise.—I am, yours faithfully,

TRUTH SEEKER.

Hull.

[The writer of the above is a highly respectable man, and the utmost reliance may be placed on his statements.—ED. M.]

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES.

A MEDIUM'S FIRST INTRODUCTION TO SPIRITUALISM.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—As a Spiritualist of some eighteen years standing or more (it is twenty-one years ago, now, since I read the first "Spiritual Magazine," and about three years after I went to my first seance), I thought your numerous readers might be interested if I opened my Spiritual House, so to speak, so that they might enter in with me, and read some of the tablets of my memory. They are not the tablets of a Sanscrit language of ancient India, but to me just as interesting and useful, because of our advanced spirit-friends having made their deep impressions upon my soul, and, as I believe, fixed them there for ever.

Yes, these celestial priests of Modern Spiritualism are busy making a language to be stamped upon the human heart as well as brain. Oh for the time when the world will look up for wisdom, and onward for progress, not back into antiquity, theosophising!

MY FIRST CIRCLE.

The first seance I went to,—What was that mysterious feeling that crept over my body and made me tremble from head to foot? What was that woman possessed of, that stood erect like a statue, pointing upwards and speaking with such eloquence concerning the soul and spirit of man? And those tiny raps about the room, giving consent to every sentence? Why did my heart beat so violently; and my body quake so? Was this really a day of Pentecost?—a spiritual feast—or was it a token of the devil?

Here came the trial of my manhood, the test of my soul, in fact. I stood at the bar of God, before thousands of his ministering spirits; and lower down in court I saw thousands of God's ministering mortals, with books without end, condemning Witchcraft, Necromancy and Morbidity. Oh how I prayed for Truth, that great redeemer of humanity, and I saw this, my Saviour, clothed in white, walking on spiritual grounds above humanity, and I could not help following him.

I was converted, my dear Christian friends, but not to the Church of Rome or any of its appertaining sects. No; my soul was born anew into the great harmonious Truths of the Universe, and my body was in a small seance room on Plaistow Marsh, east of London, and out of the hubbub of our modern Babylon. Yes; in this cottage, my spirit-friends first broke open that mysterious consciousness of my inner being, and, like a babe's first journey from the cradle to the mother, I flew into the realms of spiritual freedom, where the light of truth shines upon me without let or hindrance. And I thanked God for His beneficence and infinite goodness: for, you must know, I became a Medium, and, ever since, my mind has been more or less influenced by those departed spirits from the earth; some of one nation, and some of another, all of my own origin—that is—all Human.

As Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson has said: "Bad counsel confounds the adviser: the devil is an ass." As far as my experience has gone in Spiritualism, this has proved itself, as subsequent papers will shew. But let me describe, consecutively, my work as a thinker in the fields of religion and duty; for your readers must understand I was taught the old dogmas of the State Church, and the devil was a great terror to my sensitive brain; consequently, I very naturally thought this cruel monster might be, at the bottom of the matter, after all, deceiving the very elect.

A MANIFESTATION FROM THE "DEVIL."

So I had to consider and think deeply into the Book (Bible), and also consult my invisible spirit-friends. My mediumship was impressional, writing, and trance speaking, or psychological control—drawing symbols, etc. My earthly friends all said, "Devil;" my heavenly friends all said, "The devil is an ass, or a fable of mythology." Of course my earthly friends knew the devil, but I did not. I asked, with all earnestness

and prayer, if there was a devil; and, sure enough, at one of the following seances with a good physical medium, I got the answer:

"Yes, yes, yes; I am the devil."

Halloo! thinks I, what does this mean? Here's a manifestation I don't like; for this spirit made knocks on the table and floor, quite as loud as I could with a hammer or pound weight; and I took hold of the rim of the table (a round loo table) and pulled with all my strength, but the spirit was the strongest, and I let go suddenly, thinking the table would spring from me—but lo! it did not move. My senses were confounded.

By this time the medium became entranced, and laughed at me convulsively, some five or six minutes. There were only six persons in the room. At last one gentleman, a Mr. Powell, asked the controlling spirit to speak to us and explain himself. After many grimaces, contortions of the medium's body, etc., he began to address me, calling himself the Devil, and saying:

"What did we want, sitting like owls in the dark seeking after their prey; were we not satisfied with the Bible? What more did we want than the written revelations of God therein?" and so forth.

Mr. Powell put further questions to him, and the revelation of that spirit was that "he was an old acquaintance of his," Mr. Powell's.

"What! the Devil?"

"No; I used to preach with you down the country."

And lo! Mr. Powell recognised an old friend, a preacher of the gospel, but a wonderful comical character. Dear Reader, do not laugh, but the following is a little conversation I had with the devil-preacher in spirit-land; for I found out how this spirit had befooled me on a previous occasion. He acknowledged having used my hand only a few days before to write out a lie, or tell a long false story, and this he did purposely to drive me away from Spiritualism.

I asked him—how came it, that he, a spirit, should try to deceive me like that?

And he answered me: "Because you were seeking for a devil, and I, being a devil, came to trick you."

"But you are the spirit of a man, called dead, once a preacher and a professed Christian: Are you not?"

And he said through that medium's lips, that "he was a dead man waiting for the day of resurrection and the coming of Christ."

Oh, this "devil" taught me more truth than all the Christian Churches in England: this poor pious spirit, living in the grave, his poor old body buried in the earth, just under the green grass of an old English churchyard, and his spirit hovering around it waiting to be called forth at the "day of judgment." I learned by this spirit-manifestation that the "devil" was a creature of mythology, a manufactured Christian demon; in fact, I learned that all spirits, manifesting outside of priestcraft and canonized Churches, were called "devils."

So, my friends, Spiritualists, I took up my bed and walked further on in life; but a friend, minister, a Baptist, tried to persuade me that my bed was a scorpion's nest, infested with vermin, and the ground that my bed lay upon—"Reason"—was a barren land.

Oh for shame! you men of letters: you Oxford and Cambridge votaries: you who call Reason a racehorse, mad after money and power. You misunderstand the spirit of Reason. Instead of it being a devil, it turns out to be a "Darwin," a "Carlyle," an "Emerson," and the "Dickens" knows who. And the "devil?" Why sure it is the Priest himself! comes knocking at the Spiritualist's door to be let in; and above all things, the Spiritualist lets him in and talks with him.

O you "Table-talkers!" you do tell the world some strange things, alack! Yes, Mr. Editor, if you will give space I will talk more about Truth, as I have found it in both dark and light circles, and as I have found in my own Soul. Yours fraternally,

R.D. WORTLEY.

Rochester House, Barking Road, E., July 6th, 1882.

THE SPIRITUAL SIDE OF NATURE.

It is by observation that Science has attained the prominent situation which it now occupies, and by the same mode of comparing notes, spiritual phenomena may command a notice when otherwise they might be despised.

On the evening of Saturday, 24th June, while engaged doing a little piece of work, I felt myself surrounded by a dense depressive atmosphere. This, I concluded, was the effect of a severe thunderstorm which that day passed over head, and the air appeared still to be laden with sulphureous vapours.

This condition remained and increased in gloom, and the clairvoyant faculty revealed nothing brighter. In a half-conscious state I realised spiritual beings. These were interviewed, but nothing demonstrated clearer the correspondence between the material and the spiritual side of the business. The spiritual conditions appeared completely upset, and beings of a low order largely intermixed with the more peaceful and developed inhabitants of the spiritual sphere.

All this, as far as related, might be solved as the action of a

fevered brain, and, otherwise than assertion, have no footing to stand on; for it is difficult to convey proof of the action or identity of subjects which have all the evidence of non-existence in the minds, or the field of observation, of your neighbours. For our own satisfaction we would have kept the experience to ourselves, but the following development forced us to commit the circumstances to the custody of other thinking minds.

At the beginning of the following week I had two letters: one from a highly gifted spiritual worker in London, and another from a sympathizer and fellow-worker in Glasgow. The first letter contained, among other things, the significant expression: "Your note was greatly what my own spirit-friends told us on Saturday evening, at a time when I was in great mental distress." The other letter contained statements of being afflicted on Saturday evening with pains in the back and a troubled and distressed state of mind, for which they could not account.

This area, representing a triangle, embraced the vast bulk of the population and the land of this country; and without arrangement, as if by accident, there is here presented a fair report of conditions in the spiritual atmosphere. These individuals, inadvertently recording their experience, were corroborating a phenomenon of a peculiar kind. It may be argued, that these being spiritual centres would possibly be magnetised from that centre peculiarly related to myself. We consider the seat of disturbance was vastly superior to our little sphere, and like the rest we were submerged in its influence.

While these things were taking place in the experience of those who have partly opened their inner vision to the realities of a spiritual universe—What was the testimony from the outer world of action? who are led blindly by the pulsations from this spirit-world of causation.

In looking over the newspapers of Monday, a tragic train of horrible crimes and deeds was found graphically written down, and in Ireland a most diabolical murder is recorded for Sunday. And had it been possible to have the testimony of careful observers on that dark evening, it would have told the tale that, without an exception, everyone felt the effects of a nearness to crime and wickedness—not in their own persons, but through the influence of friend or neighbour.

What we have said may be based on the shifting sands of mental thoughts and feelings, which, due to the bigotry and orthodox conservatism of science, cannot be depended upon for testimony in any branch of positive philosophy. Let us, then, turn to the readings of barometers and other appliances in the meteorological world of observation, and what fuller attestation could there be given, than the testimony of these scientific instruments all over the land in the readings of Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, and even further on. And, if the memory be good, the terrific thunder-storms of these days, throughout the country, are noteworthy. Forked tongues of flame seemed to swathe the whole land, and Jove appeared, revelling in exploits of power, making war amid the elements, and subduing the rebel forces of his dominion. All this is correct, according to actual observation, and the incontestible proof of nature.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS AT HETTON DOWNS.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—Will you kindly allow me a small space in your paper to show to your readers what grand manifestations we have had at our physical seances. Your readers will not perhaps be aware that we have not been investigating Spiritualism very long, and yet we have got something worth reporting.

We hold our meetings twice a week, Thursday and Saturday nights. We sit from 8 till 9 o'clock. Our number is but small, being only myself and wife, a young man and my daughter of 11 years of age; Miss Ritchie the medium, making our number five in all.

Our last meeting was on Saturday, July 8th. After seating ourselves at the table and singing as usual, our medium was entranced. The table was then lifted straight off the floor about 2 feet up. A spirit-friend, whose name is "Sunbeam," then came and touched all the sitters with the tube. A bell was then taken from the table, and rung all round the room, keeping time to the singing; and another spirit, who names herself "Irish Mary," came and spoke in the direct voice. All the sitters quite understood what she said. Not content with what she had done, she brought a hammer from a side table in the room, and knocked very loudly on the floor, and put it into the sitters's hands, to let them know what it was. The next thing was hands laid on the top of our heads and other parts of the body. So now to finish up our grand harmonious meeting, the medium and her chair were taken away and carried across the room, and placed on to the bed. A young woman, guide of the medium, then controlled her and closed the meeting.

So now I have given you the facts as clearly as I possibly can.—I remain, yours truly,

DANIEL HARLE.

[These short sittings are commendable. We hope the circle will be kept close, and the manifestations not made a show of, otherwise the influence will be deteriorated.—Ed.M.]

PRESENTATION AND FAREWELL TO MISS M. A. HOUGHTON.

On Friday evening, July 7th, a social gathering took place at Dr. Mack's residence, 26, Upper Baker Street, in compliment to Miss M. A. Houghton, the distinguished healing and trance medium, prior to her departure on a visit to the United States.

As the guests assembled in Dr. Mack's reception rooms, the merits of a portrait of Miss Houghton, painted and presented to her by Mr. Peele, were discussed. It is an excellent likeness of which the original may be justly proud. This painting was afterwards hung in the drawing room, where the proceedings took place.

After friendly greetings and conversation, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music had been for some time enjoyed, Dr. Mack reminded his guests of the purpose which had on that occasion called them together, viz., to recognise the advantages which Miss Houghton as a healing medium had conferred on suffering humanity, and to wish her a safe and pleasant voyage on her visit to her native country. He concluded by calling on Mr. T. Shorter, for many years Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine," and author of several works on Spiritualism, to deliver an address.

Mr. Shorter, on rising, gracefully apologised for intruding his remarks upon the musical performance with which they were being favoured. He would speak of Miss Houghton as a trance medium. During last winter and succeeding months, there had been two Parliaments in London: one held as usual at Westminster, and the other, a spiritual Parliament, had held its weekly sittings at Dr. Mack's house. He thought this new legislative institution would compare favourably with the more ancient one. It consisted of a Ministry without an Opposition, and, consequently, there was the utmost harmony in its proceedings. It was free from Obstructives, and had never required to resort to the expedient of an all-night's sitting to overcome them. It had been able to get through all its business, without suspending a member, resorting to Urgency, or having recourse to new and stringent forms of Procedure. The spirits who controlled declared that they had found these weekly seances of benefit to themselves in their spiritual development, and they had been a source of good to the sitters: cementing old friendships, forming new ones, and furnishing much interesting food for thought. He had a higher opinion of "Lord Beaconsfield" as a member of the Spiritual Parliament than as a politician when on earth. In their parliament they had various parties represented, freedom of speech, and yet unanimity. They had the Conservative party led by "Lord Beaconsfield," the old Whig party headed by "Earl Russell," and the Independent Liberals represented by "Dr. Kenealy." In these weekly sittings the spirits had through Miss Houghton given forecasts of the Parliamentary business of the ensuing week, and though expressed in general terms they talked remarkably with the actual facts that followed them. In addition to this spiritual barometer, indicating the fluctuations of legislative activity, they had been favoured with many other matters of interest, such as controls by the great American Poet recently passed away; the Sage of Chelsea, a personal friend of one of the sitters; and other interesting personages. Many personal tests and communications had been received. An old lady known to him frequently controlled, and the identity was so perfect that it appeared as if she were actually present talking to them in her proper person. Mr. Peele had a control come to him of a girl whom he had met by the wayside many years ago, and whom he used as a model to insert in a painting he was at work on. The incident was not present in Mr. Peele's memory, but it appears that the girl had since passed away and had controlled and reminded him of this event of the past.

Mr. Shorter in conclusion expressed the thanks of the circle to Dr. Mack for his kind hospitality, and also to Miss Houghton for her services as medium. He regarded her as one of the most remarkable he had met with in the whole course of his experience. He also acknowledged the mediumship of Mrs. Jaques, through whom many English notabilities has manifested. He made a kind and touching allusion to Miss Houghton's departure, by observing that though the ocean might roll between, yet there were ties uniting her to that circle which could extend not only from Continent to Continent but from this to a higher world. He hoped she would have a pleasant sojourn in her native land, and return to them again in autumn, refreshed for another season's spiritual work.

Mr. Peele, having been called upon by Dr. Mack, certified to the accuracy of what Mr. Shorter had stated in allusion to him. He had been more struck with Miss Houghton's mediumship, than with that of any other medium he had met. A great loss had been sustained in that the trance discourses had not been taken down in short-hand. They should all express their gratitude to Dr. Mack for his truly magnificent hospitality during the long course of these seances. He wished Miss Houghton God-speed on her trip to America, and a safe return.

Dr. Mack said he remembered a case, which left no doubt as to the identity of the spirit. At one time he had a patient in Bryanstone Square, and seeing the advantages of clairvoyant diagnosis, he called in Miss Houghton for that purpose. The

medium being controlled, the spirit at once discovered the joint of the limb out of place and immediately set it, rendering the cure complete. A gentleman present, an attaché of the Italian Embassy, scoffed much at the presumption of supposing that a really difficult case could be benefitted so signally by such simple means. At the time a little dog passed through the room limping. It was taken up and handed to Miss Houghton still under control, who stroked it a little and placed it on its feet when the dog ran away quite well. Next day, when the medium again called at the house, the dog took no notice of her in her normal state, but as soon as she passed under the influence of her spirit-doctor, the dog sprang upon her lap in an exuberance of joy, carressing her as a friend and benefactor. Here he would point out two important particulars: the cure of the dog, and the recognition of the spirit. That dog would not sham lameness to aid an imposition, nor would it "imagine" it was cured to satisfy the requirements of a medium. Again, though it ignored Miss Houghton in her normal state, yet it promptly recognised the controlling spirit, the real benefactor, and thereby is the question of spirit-identity set at rest. The brute creature truly appear to be possessed of spiritual faculties, of which man, with all his boasted acquirements, stands greatly in need, when the question of spirit-identity is brought forward for consideration. He would add that these facts occurred at the house of Mrs. General Ramsay.

Mr. J. Burns, at Dr. Mack's invitation, made a few remarks. He facetiously expressed the difficulty he experienced in analysing the merits of Miss Houghton in her presence, which he likened to vivisection, for which he had no license. His experience had taught him that it was equally bad either to praise or censure a medium. The organ of Approbativeness should never come between the soul and the spirit-world, or between man and his brother, yet, why should he not state the truth, and what had been done by the spirit-world, of which mediums are well aware that they are only the instruments, and all they have to do is to be conscientiously obedient. Beside him sat a lady (Mrs. Skilton) who was a living monument to the efficacy of the spirit-world, having been cured through Miss Houghton's agency of what the medical faculty deemed an incurable ailment. The speaker said he was also an agent in the matter, and it, therefore, had for him an exceptional interest. He well remembered the first letter he had from Mrs. Skilton some three years ago. It was for the purpose of making inquiry respecting Spiritualism, and stating what progress she had made, though she did not complain of her painful conditions. Her anxiety was spiritual, not for her own safety and comfort. That letter he answered, a matter worthy of remark, as he had hundreds of such letters that it was impossible for him even to read, far less answer. He was particularly impressed or made to attend to some letters, which necessarily caused the neglect of others, as it would be impossible to attend to all, even if he never went to sleep. He had come to the conclusion that a power, having the ability to select, managed affairs, and he did the best he could to fulfil its purposes, leaving other matters to take care of themselves. Further correspondence with Mrs. Skilton and visits from Mr. Skilton made him better acquainted with her case. He made the journey to Brentford one Sunday to visit her, but could not find the place. Everything went wrong, and even the interior condition of his mind was gloomy and distracted, as if some malign power were exerting itself to keep him apart from the suffering lady. He had learned since that particular places are infested by low spirits who take all the means in their power to prevent the approach of any influence likely to dispossess them of their holding. Many accidents, illnesses, and immoralities that occur, are due to the influence of these earth-bound spirits, and the reformation of man, physically and morally, must have strict reference to spiritual sanitation, a science yet in its infancy. Ultimately he did visit the family; and being at that time sitting with Mrs. Hollis-Billing, along with Miss Houghton, the matter was discussed with "Ski," and Miss Houghton took the case in hand. At that time Mrs. Skilton's hip joint was out of place, and had been for some three years; she could not walk and had to be carried like a child. The medical faculty declared it to be a hopeless case, and could hold forth no greater encouragement than a painful and lingering death. In this state Miss Houghton in the unconscious trance, under her medical control, "Dr. Harvey," took the case in hand. She magnetised the patient for a couple of months or so and then unaided by mortal, and in the trance, she replaced the joint, no one being present but medium and patient. The spirit prognosticated the time that Mrs. Skilton would walk, which occurred to a day. She had gone on improving since, and though of delicate constitution, had also developed the healing power and done much good to others. This case the speaker considered was one of stupendous magnitude, and exonerated Spiritualism from all the objections that might be raised against it. Here was a power, in view of which all the medical skill of earth was powerless; and the instrument of it was a frail little woman, devoid of medical skill, and who, when she operated, was in an unconscious state! Let us be also like this spirit-power, said the speaker, be in-

(Concluded on page 441).

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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 14, 1882.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

What is trance? How many degrees are there of it? What relation does it sustain to spirit-communion? What is Inspiration? What are the relations of the human organism to Mediumship? This catalogue could be vastly extended, covering a field of inquiry about which few Spiritualists know anything. Can such ignorant persons truly be called Spiritualists? Surely it is an abuse of the term to apply it to such. And yet, who is there amongst us who know much of these matters? If that be so, what a deal of pretence, and how little true Spiritualism there must be in the Movement.

Much has been made of the exposures of physical mediums, but the havoc would be still greater if a similar process were applied to so-called trance mediums. For several years we have felt that there was much to say on this question, but the pressure of circumstances would not permit of its being uttered. Of course those who make a trade of being "entranced" and "inspired" would raise the hue and cry. There is no sort of animal so destructively malicious as an impostor, and the man who tackles the tribe would require to be regardless of consequences. The conduct of "Little Tommy" and others of his following who sided with him in his retaliative calumnies against us for pointing out his imposture, will not yet be forgotten. Now he has altogether retired from being a "medium," and is said to confess himself in doubt as to whether he ever was the subject of spirits.

And yet he was greatly patronised by our "Spiritual Evidence Societies." "Evidence," indeed! Where is it? And who has the skill to distinguish it?

The portion of Mr. Wright's control communication given this week suggests these remarks. We are glad to see the lead he is taking. When we no longer require to be astonished or amused, but seek instruction, spirits will manifest in quite a different way. Ignorance at all times gives a premium to imposture. A knowledge of man, should precede a knowledge of spirit: that is, try to understand the incarnate spirit, before you attempt to reach out to the disembodied. Phrenology is the key to the spirit in the flesh, as Mr. Wright's control very pertinently points out.

Mr. Howell's Rochdale lecture received "for review," and the one printed in the MEDIUM last week, present features suggestive of the make-up of trance discourses. As a medium passes from place to place, and comes under the sympathetic control of cultured minds, the effect is at once seen in the trance utterances. We can trace much of these two lectures to the

influence of a Manchester patron of Mr. Howell's. At Rochdale the local influences have not been so propitious as at Barrow. The address contains good points, which are to a great extent lost for want of editing. These trance addresses are frequently so desultory that before presenting them to the public, they should be carefully pruned and arranged by a competent literary mind, open to impressions from the plane of thought forming the subject. There is little of the spiritual in it, being mostly composed of well-worn mundane ideas. In justice to the Cause, the medium, and the pockets of Spiritualists, better judgment should be exercised in rushing into print.

A trance discourse through Mr. De Main is given. This excellent medium is one of the most unassuming and pure-minded servants of the spirits we have amongst us. As a coal-miner he is embosomed in mother earth during his working hours, and for years he has laboured in the evenings as a trance medium amongst the villages in his district. He has never put himself up for sale to the organizations, nor have these busy bodies found much to do in his neighbourhood. This is how the Cause should be worked,—every man minding the spiritual welfare of his neighbour, and serving the spirit-world in place of officials, often utterly devoid of spiritual gumption. We once stated in these columns how impossible it is to report the spiritual flavour of Mr. De Main's style. There is necessarily much of the active ratiocinating mind of the busy Recorder represented in the discourse. A truly spiritual address is not given to be read, but to be heard and felt.

Mr. Wortley is no stranger to London Spiritualists. His experiences read crisp and magnetic. So does the ghost-laying narrative from Hull. Mr. Duguid's observations, the Clairvoyant's Tale, and, indeed, all are interesting—Mr. Wright's gem of inspiration on the Soul, particularly so.

The report of the farewell at Dr. Mack's is full of interesting facts. A great work is going on quietly at that centre. It is wiser to work than to talk.

Mr. Richmond's Report has quite an apostolic sound about it. It furnishes a valuable link in the history of Spiritualism. Our friend A. T. T. P. has just stated in a communication, that his introduction to Spiritualism was caused through the Mrs. Girling Shakers.

It would have given us pleasure to be present at the after meeting at Keighley, at which friend "Weatherhead" manifested.

CIRCLE & PERSONAL MEMORANDA.

Miss M. A. Houghton will sail for the United States, in the steamship "Alaska," on the 22nd inst.

MANCHESTER.—The Rev. C. Ware will speak at Mechanics Institute, Princess Street, Major Street entrance, on Sunday evening, at 6.30.

Mr. T. M. Brown is in Manchester, at 14, Victoria Street, Ardwick. From there he goes to Wigan, and then North. His health is not good, and his approaching emigration is a source of anxiety. Mr. Brown has had an excellent likeness taken, which he can dispose of price 6d. each.

Miss Lottie Fowler left London yesterday morning (Thursday) for Camden Hotel, Liverpool. Her arrangements are stated in her advertisement. Visitors from Ireland and other distant places will find "a home from home" at the Camden Hotel.

Mr. Hawkins has moved to 224, Euston Road, close to Gower Street Station. He has received so much encouragement in healing that in future he will devote all his time to it. The Sunday morning healing seance will be abandoned, and free treatment will be given every Friday. See advertisement.

EPHING FOREST PIC-NIC.—The plan of driving by road has been abandoned. The party will leave Liverpool Station at 10.35 a.m., and travel by special second class carriages, return fare, 1s. Frequent trains to Loughton in the afternoon: return fare, third class, 1s. Place of rendezvous—The Robin Hood, High Beach.

QUEBEC HALL, MARYLEBONE ROAD.—On Sunday evening, Mr. MacDonnell gave a very philosophical address on "Variety in Nature," to a rather small audience; but from the interest displayed, it was evident they were appreciative. Several of his expressions were startling though not novel in idea, which aroused attention. The drift of the lecture was an assertion of the right of freedom of thought on matters of religion, and a denunciation of the unity of religion as enforced by the religious. A lively and amusing discussion followed in

which the several speakers gave their views and experience, one of whom complained that the lecturer usually spoiled the discussion by not leaving his critics more room for attack. The room is in perfect accord as to the right to differ in opinion, and to speak as each one thinks.

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 Pyramid of Egypt, and the end of the World." The latter oration illustrated with diagrams.—J. AINSWORTH, Sec.

HEYWOOD.—The Rev. C. Ware, of Plymouth, will Lecture on Tuesday, July 18th, in the large Room in the Conservative Club, York Street, at 7.30 p.m.; subject: "Spiritualism and the Bible," showing the bearing between the two, with illustrations from personal experience. Chair will be taken by Mrs. Yarwood.—W. YARWOOD.
10, Hill Street.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE "MEDIUM."

We have made application at the offices of the Railway Companies and have procured adhesive labels, by the use of which we can send pre-paid parcels of the MEDIUM per rail at a cheap rate. A fourpenny label will carry 30 copies of the MEDIUM to any station within 200 miles of London. Let every Spiritualist determine to see 30 copies, cost carriage paid, 2s. 10d., circulated in his district weekly, and soon the Cause will be in a different position.

MISS HOUGHTON'S FAREWELL.

(Concluded from page 439.)

visible and unacknowledged as far as our personal claims are concerned, and be present only in the sense of being able to bless others! Though he saw but little of Miss Houghton still, the speaker said, he would suffer a sense of privation when she crossed the Atlantic. Such was the kind of mediumship that the world wanted, and it told its own tale of superhuman skill and beneficent purpose, without comment or apology. He was glad to hear that Miss Houghton would soon return, he hoped with increased power.

Mr. Skilton rose and testified to the helpless state in which his wife was when Miss Houghton took her in hand. At the first interview he carried Mrs. Skilton into the presence of the medium as he would a babe.

"Dr. Harvey" entranced Miss Houghton, and she walked across the room, and the spirit warmly shook hands with his "patient." While Mrs. Skilton stood up the controlling spirit narrowly inspected her condition and pronounced himself satisfied, and "proud of the case." The spirit took no notice of any one else, but having effected his professional visit at once retired.

Dr. Mack commented on the use which Mr. Burns had been in bringing patients and healers together. Had it not been for Mr. Burns, his healing power would never have been heard of in this country.

After more music, Miss Houghton was entranced by the spirit-band, "Maggie" making a few "peel-limnery" observations in reference to the portrait of the medium painted by Mr. Peele. "Maggie's" pun and humorous manner caused much amusement.

The next control caused the medium to stand up with the left arm leaning on the top of the piano, and assuming a commanding and oratorical attitude. This was understood to be "Lord Beaconsfield," who in measured tones and in an impressive manner delivered a speech. He did not touch upon political topics, but dwelt on some phases of the Spiritual Movement, eulogising highly the MEDIUM, which he said he had received from an unknown friend for some time when in earth-life, and which he had read with interest. He now understood that the paper had been sent to him by the Editor, and he took that opportunity to warmly thank him for it. He inferred that he had derived great benefit from the perusal of the paper, and prophesied for it a useful and successful future.

"Earl Russell," controlled and spoke also in a general way, alluding also to the MEDIUM, from information communicated to him by the spirit that had just spoken.

"The Princess Alice" controlled in a quiet dignified manner, while the medium was seated. The spirit said it was expected that the voyage of the medium would be conducive to the spirits' being able to speak in the direct voice, in the light, on her return.

A relation of Mr. Shorter's controlled. She had been a very old lady. Her granddaughter, present, had her carte-de-visite likeness in her pocket, but had not communicated the fact in the circle. The spirit spontaneously alluded to the portrait, truthfully describing the place from which it was taken.

The controls indicated that their medium would return in autumn, bringing with her elements acquired during her tour, which would enable the spirits to achieve much which hitherto they had been unable to accomplish.

An elegant fruit supper was then served in another room, and the remaining hour of the evening was spent in music and personal intercourse.

THE SOUL.

(Impromptu.)

Oh, Soul! What art thou, and from whence?

No answer can I get from sense;

No Soul itself can know:

Mystery sits brooding, like the night,

Yielding nothing to the hazy sight,

But majesty and awe!

Thou subtle power within the brain!

The skull thy empire and domain,

Thy fortress and thy home;

Tell me something of thy fate,

Of what thou art, and thy estate,

Within thy lonely dome!

What feuds and revolutions rise,

To blacken thy unclouded skies,

When passions wildly glare;

What mutilated visions stream,

What hope and burning tinsel gleam,

And die while in thy care!

Thou hast a Source behind my sense,

To know it I make no pretence:

I'm waiting for the light;

The chain of ignorance may break,

When I that longer journey take,

And fly from human sight.

The morning haze may fly away,

Before the breaking of the day,

When I that Land shall see;

When Souls a wider zone behold,

And deeper powers of thought unfold,

More skilled in mystery.

If I myself can never know

(Yet wisdom in me ever grow)

This enigma, the man;

How can I find that greater Thought,

That in all Nature is outwrought,

And dominates the plan?

Almighty God! all things I see,

Proclaim the mystery lies in Thee!

The Spirit and the Thought.

Then let me plunge within Thy Breast,

And find that longed-for, hoped-for, rest,

Mankind so long have sought!

Liverpool, July 11th, 1882.

J. C. WRIGHT.

MR. J. C. WRIGHT'S ILLNESS.

Dear Mr. Burns,—You have hit the key-note in your comments upon Mr. Wright's illness, in this week's issue of the MEDIUM. There are not many of your readers whose personal acquaintance with Mr. Wright has been closer, or shall I say dearer, than my own. His unassuming nature is to a degree detrimental to his success; and his desire to earn with honest labour all he receives is manifestly marked on his character. He has a large brain, a full sympathy, a little family and a formidable spirit of independence, which will "suffer long" ere he allows his friends to perceive it. I know he will be somewhat averse to our bringing these facts before the public, but, sir, he is prostrated, and we cannot well afford to lose his services.

He called upon me the other day, and stayed a few hours at my house, apparently a wreck; evidently anxious to break away from control, whilst the outlook appeared cloudy. It is all nonsense to give advice when help is withheld. My friend is not now unknown, and though I know he would say "don't," yet I think we shall be wanting in sympathy, if we do not try in some measure to "grease the wheels" and help him whilst incapacitated from active work.

If our friends who know him, and who are willing to do some little towards making his home and himself happy whilst thus prevented from active platform effort, giving him an opportunity of comfortably taking a few week's rest and retirement from the turmoils of the platform and circle, they may conduce by that means in retaining his valuable services to our Movement, and shew a kindly appreciation also of their estimated value.

I should have no objection in becoming Secretary, willing to communicate with any friends in our Movement, and acknowledge through your columns the receipt of any subscriptions to the "J. C. Wright Fund."—I am, yours, very fraternally,
I. THOMPSON.

83 Chapel Street, Salford, Manchester, July 12, 1882.

MISS WOODS MEDIUMSHIP.

Charles Blackburn, Esq., Parkfield, Didsbury, near Manchester, writes from Brighton, dated, July 10th, 1882: "Your paper contains report by Mr. D. Richmond, of Darlington, of seance with Miss Wood, of Newcastle, which confirms what I have witnessed myself through her mediumship long ago; and I am astonished she is not permanently engaged twice a week; as no fixed society ought to exist without a medium, to show to their members and sceptics the truths they advocate, under honourable regulated conditions."

THE JUBILEE MEETING AND PRESENTATION AT KEIGHLEY.

To the Editor.—Dear Brother,—I am most happy to be now able to look back upon the proceedings just concluded here, and gather up a few items of them as a whole, which I will express to you.

I arrived here at 6 o'clock on Friday evening, in a drenching shower of rain, which I am now happy to say was truly indicative of the grand outpouring of the spirit of truth, light, and goodness, on the entire proceedings—celestial and terrestrial—which I came with joy and hope to realise with our dear Spiritualistic friends in this place.

As you have experienced aforetime yourself, the dear sister friends at once lavished upon me all that kindness and care most needful to one in such a plight. I remained at home for the night. In the morning I made a detour of the town—many friends, and of the intended business—and, withal, I had a sight of the most excellent life-sized oil paintings of the Keighley Pioneers of the Spiritual Movement, which were that day to be presented for their acceptance, in honour and respect, and undying gratitude of the donors, for their great self-sacrifice, unswerving fidelity and devotion, and their most generous support of the Cause, which has seemed (at least) to be their most holy vitality for more than a quarter of a century, since May 1853; and particularly for the most generous pecuniary support of the late Mr. David Wilkinson Weatherhead and family. I peeped into the Auction Mart of the son, Mr. W. Weatherhead, which, by the outflow of his generous kindness, and most grateful remembrance of the loves and the efforts of his dear Father, was being transformed into a commodious and decent (temporary) temple or tabernacle for the occasion. I now hastily retired home up the Mount to dinner, and to await the time (4 o'clock) of the approaching Festival and Jubilee Gathering of the 30th year of the advent of Spiritualism into Keighley.

I am now in the temple, nicely draped with crimson all around, and the floor comfortably carpeted. At the back of the platform on the crimson ground hang the three magnificent portraits; the chief in the centre, and the celestially chosen instruments, the mediums, on either side. To my right, upon the emblazoned platform, is a magnificent piano, with table in the centre, and seats for the guests and the choir. The tables with their most beautiful load of precious things fill the entire centre of the spacious hall—the people are gathered, numbering about one hundred, the hymn, "Be present at our table Lord," being sung—led by our good Brother Pickles, of the Jubilee Committee—the feast was next in order. The gathering now dispersed to return to the entertainment and Presentation meeting at 7 o'clock.

Our indefatigable brother, Mr. Clapham, took the chair; and in a short but very appropriate speech opened the meeting. This was followed by music, and the most exquisite renderings of the choir, which were interspersed with the Presentation Speeches, and at the close concluding with the national anthem—"God save the Queen." Mr. Scott, of Belfast, and Mr. J. J. Morse, of London, did their parts in the Presentation duty, most graciously and most appropriately; the recipients most graphically and tenderly, and sincerely responded thereto.

I did my part as well as I could, taking a retrospective view (very briefly) of my development, experience, and of my mission in Spiritualism; beginning with my inception in "Owenism," "Concordism," and "Shakerism," on June 6th, 1846, and of my visits from Shakerism to Spiritualism, the distinctive difference being, that the latter appealed to the outer senses and to the understanding, whilst the former appealed to you by the substantive influence of faith—conviction, and to Scripture History; and to the first appearing of Christ as the "Second or Spiritual Adam" of the New Creation, and the second manifestation or appearance of Christ, "The Second Eve."

I stated that I was sent forth, or had my mission from the Elders of the Shaker Society, and from the chief or First Ministry of the Society at Large;—I had its blessing and goodwill to preach the Gospel to mankind: I also visited the family of Mr. Fox (then deceased), the mother, the brother, and the three sisters, had most happy experience meetings with them; and in April, 1853, I and Brother Thomas Richmond, came forth from the Society on our mission—as "A LAW," or IN POWER, to work together with God and with those angels and spirits in God's service, who had begun to minister from the spiritual world in Shakerism and in Spiritualism. I viewed the two as much IN ONENESS, as Christ and the Holy Spirit are in oneness; and hence, in my meetings and conversations, I always spoke of them as such. My mission of preaching and spiritual telegraphy commenced on board the steamer "Glasgow," bound from New York to Glasgow, by the captain ordering the ship's bell to be rung, calling all on board together to listen to me whilst I preached the Sabbath Service about Shakerism and Spiritualism, after which, communion was opened with the spiritual world.

On our arrival at Glasgow, we dropped some "seed corn," and at Edinburgh; but on our arrival at Darlington, by invitation, four meetings were held in the Teetotal Hall, to preach the gospel and to manifest Spiritualism by a full light seance at the close of each sermon. The results were excellent and

the manifestations perfect, our orthodox chairman stating explicitly that all had been done that had been proposed to be done.

My next preaching was at Keighley. On informing the late Mr. D. W. Weatherhead that I had come to speak to the people about Shakerism and Spiritualism, he replied, "Don't you know we don't believe in these things?" Yea, that is the reason why I have come. You ought to know of that which now exists. After a pause—"THEN WE WILL HEAR YOU," was the most noble response. A bill was written out for three meetings, inviting everybody to come, and the results of the last thirty years, and the present proceedings, most forcibly give evidence that the seed must have fallen on good soil, because all the fowls of the air have not succeeded in plucking it up.

You will now pardon me, if I explain to you, that when your Secretary, Mr. Smith, wrote to me, inviting me to come and take part in the Presentation Service, I replied—that I would come, if Providence enabled me to do so. I subsequently learned that I could do so; but that a second little duty was required of me, viz., that I should PROCLAIM the coming and the presence of THE KINGDOM OF GOD, which is a development of the spiritual creation of Christ as the Second Adam to the Second Dispensation or Israel thereof,—for which Christ enjoined all his followers to pray, and at the Last Supper or Passover which he attended, he declared he would not henceforth partake of the fruit of the vine until the Kingdom of God shall come. And in another verse he declared that he would partake of the sacrament anew with them in his Father's Kingdom. The Kingdom of God came together with Spiritualism; and when Telegraphy was succeeded by the Auditor, and the Materialization—or the opening of the "door" from Heaven to Earth, the Kingdom of God was on Earth; and not until this had transpired, could Christ come to the earth the second time, according to the promise, and partake of the Sacrament or Passover anew with his followers in his Father's Kingdom.

The special creative power of the Kingdom of God is testified of to you by my report of a dozen witnesses—contained in the present number of THE MEDIUM, which has been distributed amongst you.

I turn my attention now to the Presentation of this most beautiful oil painting to our most worthy brother, Mr. John Wright, which I do on behalf of the Spiritualists of Keighley and others, as a feeble token of their undying esteem and gratitude, in view of his manly bearing, and of his unswerving devotion to truth and human progress.

After the usual vote of thanks to all workers and their responses—and more singing—the festive party separated at a late hour.

It seemed as though Sunday morning was set apart for the visiting of friends, and of the Lyceum or Sunday School. The latter is well attended and very nicely conducted. Of course I fell in as a scholar, but at the close, by request, I made a few remarks on the value of such schools to the pupils in this life, and in their preparation for the more exalted life beyond the firmament. And closed my remarks by making a suggestion and encouragement to persevere in their course.

In the afternoon I attended the temple to hear Mr. Morse's guide speak, "Concerning Devils," which was a good, kind, charitable, and useful discourse; to a very attentive company of about two hundred or more.

Again, in the evening I was in my place, to listen to a much more congenial and beautiful subject,—"Spiritualism a Messenger of Peace, and a Gospel of Joy and Hope." This address may be characterised truly, as one of the best efforts of the controlling spirit.

I was called to stand up, and I observed, that Christ said—"I am the true vine, ye are the branches," "My father is the husbandman." And now my friends, in the coming of THE HUSBANDMAN—by the outpouring of the spirit in Spiritualism; and upon all flesh, does the husbandman gather the fruit of the vine, or the leaves of the vine? Verily he gathereth the fruit, and the leaves of doctrine, and any foreign substance adhering thereto, are left; and as the season of progress rolls on, the leaves all mutilated, and all that is foreign to "the true vine," fall to the ground and to dust; and a New Dispensation in the Kingdom of God revealeth new life, in which to partake of the Sacrament anew with all who shall rise thereto in eternity or in time. And now, what I most delight in is, that Spiritualists shall all recognise the fruit of the Vine, and see eye to eye in the same with all Churches and Chapels:—Feast upon the fruit of the Vine yourselves, and minister the facts of special creative power, and the truth of the Holy Spirit, to all mankind.

This brought to conclusion one of the most beautiful and orderly meetings, that the committee, and all upon the platform, had ever had the pleasure of enjoying.

In an after private meeting, the power was so manifest, and the intensity of the address through a local medium so earnest and affectionate, from our risen Brother "D. W. W.," that it defies all description.

I am now about to retire from this beautiful mansion of peace, and from those dear friends; whose kind love and greeting must reach you in response to your own, which I have borne

to them privately and by the Chairman of the Presentation Meeting.—Farewell in Truth and Goodness. D. RICHMOND.
4, North Eastern Terrace, Parkgate, Darlington.
Keighley, July 10th, 1882.

The following official report which we have slightly abridged came to hand when the foregoing was in type :—

Dear Mr. Burns.—It is with pleasure that I now give you a brief outline of the proceedings as advertised to take place on Saturday last, in Mr. William Weatherhead's sale rooms, at Keighley.

Tea was provided, and on the table at 4 o'clock, when about a hundred partook thereof, after which the Entertainment and Presentation, chair taken at 7 o'clock. The proceedings opened with a glee by the choir and friends, followed by a song, after which Mr. John Scott, of Belfast, made a short speech on the matter in question, and commenting upon the work rendered to the Cause by Mr. Abraham Shackleton, after which he (Mr. S.) presented that gentleman with the portrait, to which Mr. Shackleton replied, thanking the Society and Spiritualists generally for the gift. Following this more songs, recitations, glees, etc., when Mr. D. Richmond, of Darlington, presented Mr. J. Wright with his portrait. This again followed by similar renderings by the choir, readings, etc., when Mr. J. J. Moré, of London, presented to the family of the late Mr. D. W. Weatherhead, the portrait of that honoured friend to the Cause of Truth and Progress, which was replied to in appreciative terms on behalf of Mrs. Weatherhead, by Mr. William Weatherhead, and was followed by further songs, readings, glees, etc.; concluding with the usual vote to the various parties engaged in the management of the proceedings. I may say that the portraits are all skilfully rendered, and give great credit to the artist, Mr. Manley, Brighouse, near Halifax.

On Sunday, the guides of Mr. Morse gave two addresses to large and attentive audiences. Thanking you for past favours in inserting the reports in connection with our Society, and trusting you will kindly report these proceedings in your next issue,—I remain, yours respectfully, JOSEPH SMITH, Sec.

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

NO. I.—THE MISER'S HOARD.

(Continued from last week.)

So long years went by; Marie and Jacques were getting old, their children were growing up, soon to be followed by little ones to call our Marie Grandemère, when, one night she dreamed this dream :—

She thought she saw her father bound fast and gagged, in his easy chair. She woke up screaming—"Save my father! save him!"

Jacques, roused by her loud cries, demanded what it was that alarmed her.

She told him of her dream, and he proposed that he should drive her over and see if aught were wrong with her old father.

When they reached the house they found the door unfastened, Marie ran up stairs, and Jacques, more slowly, followed her. When they reached the upper room, they found old Perin bound and gagged, just as, in her dream, Marie had seen him. Jacques soon released him, and Marie fetched some water from behind the house and bathed his hands and face, and moistened his dry lips; but for a very long time he seemed unconscious of their presence, rolling his eyes from side to side, as if seeking something, then he shrieked aloud,

"My gold! my gold! quick; after them; pursue them! Make them give it back; my gold! my gold!"

Jacques looked all amazed, and thought the old man wandered; but Marie at once divined all that had happened.

After some time they brought him to himself, and when they had given him food, which Jacques procured from a near neighbour, they at last made out that some weeks before, tempted by the large price they offered, the old man had let the lower rooms to a man and woman. These, it seemed, three nights before, had suddenly broken-in the door of the old attic, bound him in the way his daughter found him, taken all his gold, and left him there to die of rage and hunger.

Jacques and Marie did everything possible to save him, but the shock had been too great, and in less than a week he died, fervently blessing Marie and her husband.

They placed him in the grave beside his wife, who, to the last, and through all his neglectful unkindness to her, had loved him fondly. Indeed, what will a woman not forgive, to the man who wins her first and holiest affections.

When Perin first awoke from the state of spiritual insensibility in which he was wrapped during the final separation of his soul from the body, he found himself surrounded by a group of men, clad in sombre but decent suits of brownish-grey cloth, but with sweet and gentle faces. After regarding them for a short time in silence, he said :—

"Where am I? what has happened? I thought I was dying. Oh, yes! starved to death, and oh, my money! my money! all gone!" his voice growing louder with each word, until with the last it reached a frantic howl.

"Poor wretch," said one of the men; "how terrible! the ruling passion evidently."

"Yes, indeed," said one of them, turning to Perin; "are you not thirsty? would you not like something to drink? I will get you some milk."

"Milk is dear," said Perin, doubtfully, "and I have no money. It was all stolen, every one of my beautiful gold pieces, many hundreds of them. I toiled so hard for them, and lived so sparingly, that I might watch them grow and multiply."

"Drink this milk," said a new-comer, dressed in an olive green robe, handing Perin a large vessel filled with milk, who, after taking a very deep draught, held it in his hand looking wistfully in the face of him who had given it to him.

"And now tell me," said he, "what were you saving all this money for? Doubtless you had some noble object in view, which made all your sufferings and privations light to you? Nay, never blush man;" (for Perin had coloured painfully) "tell us what it was; we love to hear of noble aspirations."

"I had none," replied Perin, beginning to feel rather ashamed of his miserly habits.

"Do you really mean us to understand that you had no higher motive than the sordid one of piling piece upon piece?" said the man.

"They looked so bright, and chinked so merrily when I counted them; they were far more than meat and drink to me, they were my very life."

"Truly," replied his new friends all together, "and you lost your life for them. And what have you left? Your very soul is dwarfed and stunted; there is no flesh on your poor shrunken bones: because goodness of heart is typified here by a well fleshed and comely form, and by decent and even beautiful raiment. Your clothes are nothing but dirty rags. Oh! my poor unhappy friend, be advised, in the new life now opening before you."

"I cannot at all make it out," said Perin, dubiously, "and I don't like it."

"Well, what should you like?" said one of the men, "I will willingly assist you if I can."

"You are kind," said Perin. "Well, then, help me to find those people who stole my gold, and punish them."

"I cannot do that," replied the spirit, "and you should not desire it."

"Revenge is sweet," replied Perin.

"Mercy is still more so," replied the other; "Oh! my friend, remember your own need of mercy, and do not be so hard upon your fellow-man."

"I never stole anyone's gold. It was all my own, I earned it hardly and saved it carefully. It was my very own."

"Yes," replied the spirit; "your own to spend usefully, for your own comfort and for the happiness of those you were bound to protect and cherish."

An uneasy light shone in Perin's eyes.

"Ah! my friend," said the spirit, in a tone of transcendent love and pity; "what happiness you have missed! what pleasure lost! Your earnings were ample, without working nearly as hard as you did; enough for you all to have lived in comfort and happiness. But what has been the outcome of your miserly lust for gold? You murdered your wife."

"I did not!" screamed Perin; "she died of consumption."

"Apparently so," replied the spirit, "but really because you would not let her have the common necessities of life, and your daughter's loving heart alienated from you, and your own soul reduced to the miserable object which we see before us. And for what? To pile up a miserable heap of dross, which the first thief who had the chance deprived you of. Ah! believe me, God did not give you a portion of His own Divine Essence for such vile purposes as these."

"No one ever talked like that to me before," said Perin.

"It is not too late, even now," replied the spirit kindly. "Stay with us, and we will instruct you, and help you."

"I should like to stay," said Perin, musingly; "for there is plenty to eat and drink and nothing to pay for it, and a tremendous lot of preaching; but I can bear that, I am sure. The priest at home gave me enough of it. I shall go to sleep when they begin."

"Alas!" said the kind hearted men, who stood about him, to each other; "it will be a long time before he will be able to overcome the wretched habit he has so long cultivated." And they walked silently away.

After waiting for a long time for them to return, Perin lay down on some dry grass and fell asleep. It was long before he awoke, and when he did he felt faint and hungry. Vainly he looked round for the men who had been so kind to him. There was no human creature to be seen, and he noticed great numbers of mice running about. Ravens by dozens perched upon the naked branches of the trees, and seemed to eye him curiously with their bright little eyes. This made Perin feel so very uncomfortable, that he determined to get away as fast as he could, so he set off as briskly as his feeble frame would let him.

After travelling for a long distance, he sat down on some loose stones to rest, and fell into a kind of stupor, from which he was aroused by men's voices speaking close by him.

"What a miserable object he looks. Speak to him; he looks like one of us, and since Luke took himself off, the old Count is getting quite tender hearted. He actually gave some pence to a beggar yesterday; I never knew him do such a thing before for years. And, then, to give that spendthrift son of his three hundred pieces of gold!"

These words completely roused Perin, who sat up and looked hard at the men.

"Who are you?" said one of them. "We see you are a miser, and so are we."

"But," said Perin, "some people, whom I recently left, told me I was now a spirit, and that there was no gold here for me to save."

"Ah!" chuckled his new companions, "no more there is, but come with us, and swear to do as we tell you, and you shall see plenty of gold, and handle it, too, if you like."

"But will it be mine?" asked Perin, eagerly.

"Well, not exactly," replied the man. "It actually belongs to an old man still living in the world. He is a very careful man, and spends as little as possible, but he is noble, and must, of course, keep up a certain state, and the servants will eat and drink; and when they feed, we flow in and enjoy their food with them. Besides, the Count often attends grand festivals, and, then, don't he feed! and oh, it is good." And they both smacked their lips with evident enjoyment. "Come along; we will soon show you how to enjoy his food and drink, as we do; the only thing we want you to do, is to keep ever near him, and constantly tell him he will be ruined when you see him inclined to be soft and generous. For it is dreadful to think of: if he ceases to keep his gold hoarded up, we could not have the happiness of counting up the bright coins we love so well."

"Then there are the crisp white notes," said the other man. "I like them best."

"I don't," cried Perin; "the bright gold pieces for me!" and he rubbed his hands and smacked his lips rapturously. And so Perin went with them, and was soon initiated into all the arts and wiles by which these demons of avarice (for such they were) intensified the old Count's lust of gold, and often unjust greed of gain.

Thus very many years passed, and it was noticed by those upon the earth that the old Count's love of gold grew greater and stronger with every passing year; and it was said he had become so ever since he had so unexpectedly given his son three hundred pieces of gold. But we know; it was from the time old Perin joined the evil spirits, who were obsessing him.

(To be continued.)

CAMP MEETING OF THE MANCHESTER AND SALFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS.

The above Society held their camp meeting as advertised, which proved to be a thorough success. The weather being fine, it gave the friends an opportunity of mustering in good force, to the extent of eighty or ninety people leaving Victoria Station at ten minutes past 2. We arrived at Farnworth about 2.30. Forming into a procession, we marched from the station up to the Market Place, singing all the way, thereby attracting the people and drawing them on with us. We arrived at our destination with the hundred increased to three hundred.

We commenced our meeting by singing, followed by a very suitable and impressive invocation by Mr. Lithgow, of Hayfield; after which short addresses were given by Messrs. Lithgow, Shaw, Ross, and R. A. Brown, each address producing a very good impression upon the assembly, which was one of the most intelligent and well behaved I have seen. Each and all seemed interested in what was being said, and especially in the discourse of Mr. Lithgow (to whom we are deeply indebted from his presence), which was beautifully interspersed with his own personal experience.

Finishing the afternoon service we adjourned to the large room in Lever Street, to partake of a good tea provided by our esteemed co-worker Mr. Cross, at his own expense. Over a hundred sat down, many of the friends expressing a desire to pay for it, as they seemed to feel it was imposing upon the good nature of our friend; but such an idea would be entirely removed from their minds when they heard the reply of Mr. Cross to the vote of thanks that was passed for his kindness. Mr. Cross, in reply, stated that it was the happiest day of his life, and from the pleasure it gave him to meet with the friends, he could safely say it was indeed more blessed to give than to receive.

We then left the hall, and missioned the streets, singing and inviting the people to the meeting. Pausing for a short time in the Market Place, we had again the pleasure of hearing a short discourse from Mr. Lithgow, prior to his leaving, having to catch an early train home. Proceeding to the hall again, we listened to a discourse from the guides of Mr. R. A. Brown; subject, "Spiritualism, the Saviour of the Nineteenth Century." After which various questions were submitted by the audience and satisfactorily answered by the guides. Singing

the doxology brought the day's proceedings to a close, which will long live in the memory of the Farnworth people, and the Spiritualists generally: who, we may add, came from the surrounding districts of Bolton, Bury, Rochdale, Oldham, Westhoughton, and Wigan, to whom, together with the Manchester and Salford friends, thanks are due for their aid, influence and presence. Never before have Spiritualists better faced their opponents, or presented so strong and respectable an appearance in Lancashire, as they did on Sunday last.

We trust that it is only the beginning of a series of like demonstrations, feeling convinced that the visit will set the people thinking. Our next Camp meeting may possibly be to New Mills, in Derbyshire, about the second or third Sunday in August.

ONE OF THE PARTY.

OBITUARY.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson's family, Northampton, have just suffered a painful bereavement. One of the boys, Jabez, apprenticed to a carpenter, fell through a building on Monday week, and so injured his spine and internal organs that he passed away on Sunday morning at half past seven. His last outlook on existence, ere he left earth-life, was a bright hope of a blissful future. Afterwards, the liberated spirit spoke to his father, through his entranced mother, as she lay prostrate with watching and the sad termination of all her care. The spirit entreated his mother not to weep, as it all was for the best. So, indeed, are all the ways of life, if we could only perceive their deeper meaning.

HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

THE LION AND THE LAMB.

That Yankee (I use the term generically, not in any complimentary sense, for I think the genus "Yankee" has much in it that deserves the most brotherly recognition from its European relatives)—that Yankee, I was saying, who said, somewhat sarcastically, that when the Lion and the Lamb shall lie down together, it must necessarily be with "the Lamb inside," spoke just a little more wisely than he meant to. That is to say, I think so, though of course I may be wrong.

I will attempt to state, as unenigmatically as possible, my reasons for thinking so. In the first place the Lion, however admirable for its resistless strength, and for its unerring accuracy of execution, is, by itself, a mere brute.

In the second place, the Lamb, however admirable for its gentleness, and harmless, frisky, frolicsomeness, is, by itself, an inefficient thing when work has to be done.

Yet when the Lamb is "inside," when the spirit of gentleness and patience dwells in the heart of that fiercely accurate brute, what is the result? Need I say? Well, you get the fulfilment of that prophecy. When you happen to meet with a man answering to that description, don't forget to thank God!

It is also said that "the Leopard shall lie down with the Kid." This prophecy, I should think, was intended for more remote fulfilment, but I don't know much about it.

The Leopard, we know, finds it proverbially difficult to change its spots, and I fear that a kid will, for a long time, be a great temptation to it.

GAMMA.

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

We regret to observe the slowness of our old friend's helpers in this matter. Surely some kind neighbour in each place will invite the friends to a Happy Evening, and hand the proceeds to the Emigration Fund. Such local secretaries should report their intentions to the Hon. Sec., Mr. Joseph Gibson, 3, Clyde Terrace, Bishop Auckland. We want to print a long list of such appointments.

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

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THE OSOPHY.

We have expressed our cordial admiration of Col. Ingersoll: but in imitation of his kind offices to the clergy, we venture to point out where we think he is in error. If he object to the style,—why, then, he will be able to realize a fellow feeling for his opponents:—

COL. INGERSOLL'S DEATH-BED ARRANGEMENTS.

Col. Ingersoll has reached, in his own estimation, the highest apex of human wisdom. His views are, in his sight, unalterably perfect. Henceforth it is folly to seek truth—we must try to squint through the speeches of R. G. Ingersoll. He is determined that not even the approach of that grand experience, Death, will open his eyes to a clearer glimpse of the mysteries of existence. To know nothing of the great problem of Being except his animal sensations—extensive though they be—and his egotistical babble about them, is all the philosophy he cares to aspire to. That there may be “no opportunity for anyone to put utterance, into his mouth, contradicting the expression of his entire life,” he has employed a secretary to attend his death-bed and take note of the smallest nonsense spoken with his latest breath.

The distinguished American tall-talker has missed the grandest opportunity which his earth-life has presented for being sublimely authoritative. If the very first words which his baby-mouth lisped had been recorded, they would, to fools who swallow bunkum instead of thinking for themselves, have been quite as binding and enlightening; and though not more childish than his death-bed resolve, they would have possessed the grand merit of being unworped by the prejudices of a life, the successes and emoluments of which are bound up in foregone conclusions. For a man like Ingersoll to become a Free-thinker, indeed, and confess himself in need of further light and truth, would require more self-denial and honesty than he seems to be possessed of. Such a course would be as ruinous to his mushroom reputation as it would be to that of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the President of the Wesleyan Conference, or Mr. Spurgeon. Thus it is apparent that the so-called “Free-thinkers” are as much the slaves of a creed, or a non-creed, as the other sectarians, deceiving themselves most cruelly, and leading by the ears the vulgar throng, whose empty skulls resound with the echo of vapid oratory.

Perhaps when Mr. Ingersoll comes to that time when he can make no more money by his “infidelity,” he will listen to the voice of higher teaching.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

To the Editor.—Sir,—Now that the revision of the New Testament has been accomplished, it seems matter for regret that the so-called Lord's Prayer has not received a revision also. The Bible is the most unsatisfactory of all books for criticism, because when we ask a question about one part of it the clergy tell us we must not take that part literally, but as meaning so and so; and when, applying that rule, we ask about another part, we are told in that case the words mean just what they say. Remembering this, and remembering, also, that few writers of any note but have expressed their admiration of this Prayer, which, they say, contains such words of wisdom as were never before spoken; superhuman, at least, if not divine; it seems strange the part I wish to draw attention to has been so long overlooked. The words to which I allude are those italicised in the sentence: “Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.” The creature telling its Creator to take example by it, and as it forgives trespasses, so, also, should He forgive it!!! This is so monstrous that had the words been spoken by any other they would have been dubbed blatant arrogance, if not rank blasphemy, and would probably have long since been expunged, as without them the Prayer is reverent and beautiful, but with them its whole symmetry and beauty are marred. The Quakers, I am told, alter another sentence, i.e., “Lead us not into temptation” they render: “LEAVE us not in temptation,” as they say it is contrary to the attributes of God to suppose that he leads us into temptation.

With these alterations, the prayer would be one of majesty and beauty: “Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses. Leave us not in temptation but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.” S.

PLYMOUTH.—RICHMOND HALL, RICHMOND STREET.

[We regret that we have been unable to get the portion referring to Plymouth and Birmingham into type this week.]

SOWERBY BRIDGE.

Proceeding on Saturday, via Manchester, I reached the Yorkshire town to which I had been invited to conduct services

in connection with the Anniversary of the Lyceum. I am no hand at describing scenery, but Sowerby Bridge is situated in one of the most pretty and attractive localities I have ever seen, being situated in valleys running at right angles on either hand, and surrounded by hills gradually rising, and sloping away to an immense distance, and yet reaching to a great height, so that with the gradual slope, and great elevation combined, it is literally a case of “distance leading enchantment to the view.” If the view here presented, be a specimen of the characteristic physical features of Yorkshire, then this, which is the largest, must also be one of the prettiest counties in England.

And the Yorkshire folks? Well, to express an opinion on a few hours acquaintance would be premature. I was told by a gentleman, well known to the Editor of the MEDIUM, that the Yorkshire people are blunt, but very hearty, and were I to describe my first impressions, I should express them in one word, “heartiness.” The Spiritualists of the North have received and welcomed me as an old friend; their familiarity, through the MEDIUM, with any name will partly account for this; and I have, during my brief stay, experienced so much generous feeling, broad and hearty humour, and overflowing spiritual enthusiasm, as will afford me very pleasing impressions and reminiscences of my visit.

The Spiritualists have very fine premises at Sowerby Bridge—a Lecture Hall, or Lyceum, as they call it, to accommodate some two hundred people, with accommodation below for tea meetings, etc., and three dwelling houses adjoining, all erected by themselves, and standing in a prominent position near the Board Schools. It is exceedingly pleasing, being somewhat novel, to see a place like this in connection with Spiritualism.

Three services were held on Sunday, July 9th. In the morning Mr. Wilson, an esteemed and able speaker, both normally and in trance, presided, and for the morning there was a good audience. In the afternoon the place was well filled, there being visitors from many places in the district. The chair was occupied both afternoon and evening by Mrs. Rothwell, widow of a late congregational minister. She gave a beautiful testimony of the truth and blessedness of Spiritualism. In the evening the place was crowded. The commodious platform which occupies the entire breadth of the Hall was occupied by an harmonium and an excellent choir, and the singing was exceedingly good, the hymns used being taken from the “Spiritual Harp” and printed on leaflets. I am informed that the collections were considerably in advance of former occasions. I felt very happy in speaking, and regarded it as a great privilege to proclaim the truth about Spiritualism to so many people. After the service, in a home circle spirit-friends spoke many kind and encouraging words to those present, through the mediumship of a lady.

On Monday, July 10th, a tea was held, supplied with the best provisions, after which a lecture was delivered by the writer, on “How I became a Spiritualist.” This was one of the most cheerful and spiritual meetings I have ever attended, and the people were so appreciative, that they asked me to continue the theme on the following evenings. OMEGA.

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A BABY THAT SEES SPIRITS.

A family by the name of Mack, residing in the north side of town, lost a daughter but a short time ago. She was between 6 and 7 years of age. A baby sister, two and half years old, was the only remaining child. "When Myrtle died," said the mother, "I thought the greatest trial would be when baby should miss her sister, for she was very much attached to her. On returning from the grave, I seated her in the arm chair, and was preparing for my domestic duties, when a clapping of little hands arrested my attention, and an exclamation from baby, 'That's Myrtle!' fell upon my ear; and not a day has passed, but she has seen and told us of the presence of our darling. One day she said: 'Myrtle and grandma!' She had never seen her grandmother, who is now in spirit life. One day I was out in the garden with her, and she said, 'There comes Myrtle,' and ran from me as though she was going to meet some one, and returned again with no sign of disappointment. All her movements were as natural as though she had met her sister, and accompanied her to my side. Again she said, holding out her little hands as if to receive something, 'Myrtle brings flowers.' Again she said: 'Johnnie is coming with his baby.' Johnny is a neighbour's little boy. No one knew that this family had lost a babe, and it was so strange that a neighbour went to Johnnie's mother to inquire if it was so, and received an affirmative answer."—"Colorado Republic."—"Religio Philosophical Journal."

PROGRESS OF SPIRITUAL WORK.

MIDDLESBOROUGH SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.

Last Sunday our services were conducted by Rev. W. Stoddart, B.A., morning and evening. In the evening he gave a lecture to a good audience on "Is there a God?"; and to any thoughtful mind the arguments he used must have gone far to satisfy them as to the existence of a Supreme Ruler of the Universe. It was a splendid lecture, full of trenchant denunciations of the creed of Atheism, and also of the degrading ideas about God propagated by the Orthodoxy of to-day. He shewed how Spiritualism with its demonstration of spirit was a grand revelation of God, and how by cultivating our spiritual faculties we could get the clearest conception of God, as "spiritual things can only be spiritually discerned."

Next Sunday, the Rev. W. Stoddart will conduct the services, and will lecture in the evening on "The Character and Will of God." In the afternoon we hope to hold an Open Air Meeting, when Mr. Stoddart will deliver an Address.

We have started a circle on Thursday evenings and on Sunday evenings after the services, for members of the Association, and hope soon to have some first class mediums to bring before the public.—Yours truly, CHAS. COATES, SEC.
July 10, 1882.

GOSWELL HALL SUNDAY SERVICES.

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

On Sunday last, Mr. E. W. Wallis lectured here both morning and evening. In the morning his subject had reference to mediums and mediumship, and his guides, speaking of some of the dangers which mediums run, drew a graphic and painful picture of the reaction which takes place after a séance or a trance lecture, when nature asserts herself, and the overstrung nerves of the medium break down temporarily and leave him to his lower instincts and natural viciousness. They advised that a medium should have kind and sympathetic friends round him during those moments, to read or talk to him, and keep his mind lightly occupied until his strength be restored and he becomes himself.

In the evening the lecture was no less delightful and instructive, treating life as a question of profit and loss, and showing how it might become all profit and no loss from a spiritual point of view, to those who lived their best.

With reference to the pic-nic next Sunday, the idea of a brake has given place to a special carriage on the G.E. Ry., from Liverpool Street to Loughton; tickets 1s. each will be obtainable at the station. Train starts, 10.35; leaving Loughton to return at 8.10 p.m. Mr. Brown or myself will supply tickets.

R. W. LISHMAN, Corres. Sec.

LEICESTER—SILVER STREET LECTURE HALL.

On Sunday, the 9th, Mr. Mahony, of Gateshead-upon-Tyne, delivered two normal addresses. The morning subject was, "From the Cradle to the Grave." The evening service was well attended, the subject being, "Civilization, Religion, and Spiritualism," which was well received and very much appreciated by the audience. At the close of the service a vote of thanks was given to the lecturer.

Sunday next, July 16th, the Annual Pic-nic and Camp Meeting will take place at Garendon Park, Longcliffe, near Loughborough, by kind permission of A. P. De Lisle Esq. Mrs. Groom, of Birmingham, will be with us, and give a lecture under control of her spirit-guides, in the open air. Other mediums and normal speakers will take part. We hope all friends from Nottingham, Derby, Loughborough,

Mountsorrell and Quorndon, will meet us Loughborough Station is the nearest for Garendon Park, Longcliffe. All members and friends are requested to meet at the Lecture Hall from half past eight to nine o'clock, and then proceed by conveyance; and are also further requested to provide themselves with Luncheon only, as Tea will be provided on the grounds.

The Hall will be closed on that day.

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July 2—Mr. Place, of Macclesfield.
„ 9—Camp Meeting at Farnworth.
„ 16—Rev. C. Ware, Plymouth.
„ 23—Mr. Lithgow of Hayfield.
„ 30—Mr. Johnson, of Hyde.

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

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