



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

SPIRITUALISM.

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THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED TO THE FREE SPIRITUAL
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By MR. C. W. DYMOND.

“Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord, thy God, led thee through that great and terrible wilderness, wherein were fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought: and, when there was no water, He brought thee forth water out of the rock: and He fed thee with manna, which thy fathers knew not; that He might humble thee, and prove thee, to do thee good at thy latter end.”—DEUT., viii., 2, 15, 16.

Though an obvious truth, it may become a very impressive one, if we reflect, that every fleeting moment of time marks the contact of two eternities,—the Past, and the Future. As the heir of the former, it bears, condensed into its narrow compass, the total result of the vast experience of countless departed ages,—the earnest of yet greater developments of light and life hereafter. Unresting, unceasing, resistless, Time and Change are ceaselessly at work, ever destroying, ever renewing; and, in spite of many appearances to the contrary, the course of events is for ever forward and upward. What more natural then, than that man, the microcosm—the individual embodiment and representative of the universe—should sympathize with this impulse; and, while working out his destiny in the Present, should watchfully await, and even passionately yearn for, the advent of fruition. But it is well, sometimes, for a little space, to pause in the onward march, and, with backward glance, to remember the days of old, trying to trace therein the foot-prints of God; that, if so be, we may rise from the retrospect with renewed wisdom, strength, and confidence.

Our deepest intuitions, and scientific inductions, alike reveal to us the fundamental unity which interlinks all the departments of Creation and of Providence. In comparing an individual career with the development of a society, or with the vicissitudes of a nation, or with the history of a world, the observant eye may ever trace, beneath a superficial play of endless variations, the underworking of the self-same regnant Power, modifying, assisting, and supplementing, if not supremely controlling and guiding, those active ele-

ments of personality which are recognised as the immediate agents in human affairs. Hence, the story of the least of these units—the *typical* individual life—should characteristically repeat that of the greatest—the world:—and a study of the one cannot fail to reflect light on a study of the other. But the wider and more complex the sphere of its manifestation, the more comprehensively will the presence and drift of this Divine Spirit be revealed; and thus, the signs of its working in the history of our race will be the best confirmation of our faith in its providential provision for our own lives. Not that in either case can its interposition be absolutely proved. The evidence is intuitive, not demonstrative; and logical processes, applied to the most ample materials, can do no more than clear the way for the freer play of enlightened faith. Yet, even in the few minutes at our disposal, it may be possible so to focus the chief ruling events in human history—the most prominent indications of the beneficent sway of Divine Providence—that they may illustrate and exemplify in the larger sphere the kindred evolutions which (if we will reverently watch) may be traced through our own personal experience.

But we shall be very liable to err in this matter, if we lose sight of certain sound, leading maxims,—almost ranking as axioms,—which it is essential that we should carefully bear in mind.

First, and most general, is the discovery that *Truth seldom lies on the surface; and the apparent is as seldom the real.*¹

Second, we should endeavour to realize that “*God hath made of one blood all nations of men that dwell on the face of the earth.*”² Thus, there is community of character, not only between contemporary races, but between us who live here now, and all who have gone before—even the most ancient of the world’s inhabitants. Separated from their times, as we may be, by a vast interval, their personality, and their modes of life and thought, too often loom upon our imaginations in exaggerated proportions, and coloured with unnatural hues. But a careful study of their relics proves that ancient races, in all essentials, and even in many trifling particulars, were just like ourselves. Why the very Egyptian children in the days of old used to play with

¹ This will be unfolded in a future Discourse.

² Acts, xvii., 26.

jointed wooden dolls, just like those you may purchase to-morrow in the toy-shops of Plymouth. It seems to be one of the most difficult things we have to learn,—for we are so slow in learning it,—the reality of this brotherhood of man, which, in a broad sense, involves the whole human family, past, present, and future, and makes it the more easy to compare the history of the race with that of the individual.

Third, the assertion that “*there is no new thing under the sun*,”³ approximates nearer to the truth than we are apt to imagine. The seeds of future developments are sown, and are sprouting, long before there is much appearance of growth: the young plant bears the prophecy of its maturity: “the child is the father of the man,” and the key-notes of later harmonies are struck early; and, from time to time, are repeated, to keep the various passages in tune. Thus, there was Christianity in the world before the birth of Jesus; Quakerism before George Fox; nearly all the doctrines of Swedenborg had been propounded long before his appearance; the steam-engine, in a rude form, was known to the Egyptians more than two thousand years ago; and occult phenomena, of which our generation has witnessed a remarkable outburst, have, in their protean forms, been familiar to every race in every age.

Fourth, it is especially important to remember that *nothing is, or can be isolated*. The acts, as well as the sufferings of individuals, not only influence their future destinies, but affect all other individuals in any way connected with them. Nothing is to be judged merely by its temporal results: and the eternal ones, who can estimate? Many a present failure may be big with future blessings: many apparent successes may sow seeds of painful expiations.

Fifth, it must not be forgotten that *health and growth can only be promoted by exercise*: and (at least in our present state of being) activity needs to be stimulated by opposition: and opposition involves conflict. Good and Evil—Ormuzd and Ahriman—are still pitted against each other; that the former—the destined victor—strengthened by battle, and purified by suffering, may learn the art, and gain the power of conquest. This is the greatest lesson taught by the troubled tale of individual life, as well as by that of national development: and they who would charm the world into a state of universal peace and plenty, happiness and contentment, and uninterrupted prosperity, must first be assured that human character has risen to such a level of enduring excellence, that its energies no longer need to be fired by painful provocations from within or from without.

Sixth, it is incidental to this state of perpetual warfare, that *life, in every form, has its tides*; and the higher and more complex the life, the more notable are the evidences of its flux and reflux. Regarded in another aspect, life is also subject to changes analogous to those which are generally spoken of as controlling the operations of Nature. Thus, as in the natural plane, so in the spiritual plane, there are alternations of sunshine and shade, of heat and cold, of calm and storm, of moisture and drought. Some of these alternations suggest stagnation, if not retrogression: but it is often only the couching of the lion before he launches himself on his prey; the coiling of the spring to obtain resilience; the interval of repose needed to recuperate spent forces. By all these is the human spirit disciplined, whether we know it, or not: and it is the fact of this discipline that I desire we should bear in mind, alike when we find ourselves sailing on sunny seas, amid islands of spices; and when we stand cowering in the pitiless storm, blinded by its lightning, and deafened by the voice of its thunder. Even so we may be assured (though our eyes may be holden, so that they see not) that the beneficent Father is sleeplessly working, by means of every agency, to accomplish His own purposes in His

own good time. Let us then have faith to believe in it, wisdom to promote it, and patience to wait for it.

Seventh, and kindred to the last, is the assurance that *life, like the fabled Phoenix, rises out of the ashes of death*. Strictly, this is not so. Life can be propagated only by life: but, to our common apprehensions, which are concerned with the aspects of things, the saying is true, and is of general application. With respect to everything whose constitution is capable of change, it may be said that the “old man” must die before the “new man” can be born. The human body is always undergoing a process of this kind: so is the human spirit: so are societies, nations,—everything, in fact, which has not the attributes of eternity.

Eighth, when our ideas become sufficiently widened, we shall perceive that *there is no real distinction between sacred and secular things*. The difference is only nominal; and the believing otherwise has been one of the most injurious fallacies that has afflicted the Christian church. How often do we hear men of the world—aye, and men, too, who are members of religious bodies, and make great professions—say, “Business is one thing: religion is another.” So it is, in the strict meaning of the terms: but not at all as these gentlemen understand it. They who say so, clearly know little of what religion *is*; and equally little of what business *ought to be*. Religion is that mode of Divine life in the soul which binds us consciously and intelligently to God: and when this life animates us (as it should perpetually do), it sanctifies all business, whether it be the business of ministering, or being ministered unto, in that which is called “the sanctuary;” or whether it be the humblest and most repulsive form of useful occupation. *Religion is a life*: and the poor girl had, in her simple way, found out what religion was, who gave as an evidence of her conversion, that, whereas she used to neglect those things which escaped the scrutiny of her mistress, she had begun to sweep the dust from under the door-mats.

It will be most convenient to trace the following suggestive sketch in two separate streams, the one commonly denominated *social and political*, referring to men in masses; the other, commonly called *religious*, referring to man as an individual. In this rapid review, the Literalist will see nothing but a mere catalogue of events. The Positivist will recognise the fact that they are interlinked by a chain of cause and effect; but will view the successive occurrences as instances of natural development: while the Spiritualist alone, regarding the whole field, will detect the inner, and hidden causes of these outer and visible results.

At what time, and under what circumstances, our race first appeared upon the earth, we know not. Nor is it of much importance, for our present purpose, to settle (even if could) whether man is derived, by an inconceivably long process of evolution, through every intermediate grade of being, from the lowest form of life; or whether he first appeared upon the scene by a distinct act of Divine creation. Whatever his origin, there are clear indications that man lived upon this globe for almost countless ages before the dawn of history. The little that we know of his primitive condition points to the conclusion that it was one of the greatest simplicity; and, in happy climes, perhaps, of comparative ease: but otherwise, and generally, primeval man led a life of nakedness, exposure, and hardship; dwelling in caves; subsisting on the coarsest food; and waging incessant war with gigantic and ferocious beasts, of species that have long ago become extinct. In these early ages the foundations of society were laid by the establishment, in a rude and simple form, of the family-relationship,—the domestic chief combining in himself the offices of father, provider, defender, and priest. This state of things probably continued for a long period before it began to be modified by the union of several families into a tribe. When these tribes became numerous, they often broke up into clans, animated, perhaps, by mutual rivalries and

³ Ecclesiastes, i., 9.

jealousies which, as wealth accumulated, and numbers and power increased, induced them to segregate themselves in cities for common convenience and security: and this was the origin of political life. From the very first, the law of this life was the will of the strongest, which, happily, was also, not unfrequently, associated with what was wisest and best. As an example, we find one of the early Egyptian kings recording, with a beautiful earnestness that cannot be excelled, his solemn sense of the duties which devolved upon him as a ruler and a man.

There were nations and cities long before historic times; but the first with which we have any real acquaintance were located in and about the plains of Mesopotamia, and in the valley of the Nile. As these grew, they became consolidated, by conquests, into the Assyrian, Babylonian, and Egyptian empires, during whose formation, and, doubtless, through long anterior periods, other great movements, of which we still know next to nothing, were on foot. Tribes—the forefathers of mighty peoples—were wandering over the face of the earth, seeking the conditions of life they required;—migrating, ever and anon, as their numbers and substance increased; or successively settling, and being expelled, till the world was peopled to its farthest edges.

Hitherto, mankind had undergone a long training in such political elements as were suited to the childhood of the race, characterized chiefly by the command of the strong and select few, and the obedience of the masses. But a time came when civilization had to take another departure; and this mission was confided to the Greeks—in many respects, the most wonderful people of history. With an admirably fine and flexible organization, they gave an impulse to the arts—poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture—the remaining results of which are still the marvel of the world. It was also among this free, enterprising, and versatile people, that the first grand experiments were made in republican institutions, such as are only now (nearly three thousand years later) working their way to the front, as those destined to prevail in the future.

At this period (with the exception of Greece, and a few early settlements in Italy, probably of Greek origin) almost the whole of the continent, now called Europe, was, comparatively, in a state of barbarism. But a Power arose which, from the smallest beginnings, grew, until it overspread the greater portion of the known world, stretching its mighty arms from Persia on the east to Portugal on the west, and from Britain and Germany on the north to the African deserts on the south. The dreams of Rome were of universal empire; but it was mainly one of force and policy, and not of love; and by its fate was exemplified the truth of the saying that “they who take the sword shall perish by the sword.”⁴ But as good ever springs up by the side of evil, and even grows out of it, so, in these ages of material power, and iron rule, were laid some solid foundations upon which the prosperity of succeeding centuries was established. Among many other valuable legacies left to us by Rome, it is not a little thing that the polished nations of Western Europe derive from her the basis of their codes of civil law.

As the settlement of the Greeks signalled the passing away of the ancient world, and heralded the advent of the classic æra,—so the dissolution of the Roman Empire, two thousand years later, ushered in the period of modern history. As the poet has it,

“The old order changeth, giving place to the new.”⁵

Out of the ruins of that colossal fabric arose a number of young nationalities which, cradled in an already advanced civilization, have grown into the great kingdoms and empires of our time. Each of these has had to pass through the inevitable stages of development; and it is chiefly among them that the activities of the

forces of progress have been felt,—civil liberty slowly emerging step by step from its rude cradle: the people painfully, and inch by inch, conquering their rights from those in power who, too often, had usurped them.

When all this amelioration had been well assured, a fresh departure was taken, in the good ordering of Providence. Vast tracts of the habitable earth were still unknown, save to the people who occupied them: the time was ripe for their discovery, and for planting the banner of civilization, and sowing its seeds, in every quarter of the globe. This was done between three and four centuries ago, during a period the greatest glory of which was the addition of a new hemisphere to the known world. At the same time came the invention of printing,—that priceless boon to mankind,—and, soon after, Sir Francis Bacon laid the basis of that experimental science which, ever since, has advanced on its conquering career. We have but to name steam-locomotion, and the electric telegraph, to bring up to the present time our review of the most striking features in the Divine government of the world in secular matters. And yet I must not pass on without noticing the great popular upheaval, called the French Revolution, which, nearly a century ago, amid blood and flame, marked the commencement of that severe and prolonged crisis in the social condition of Europe which is still progressing; and the duration of which no one can forecast: for all the hoary abuses of thousands of years will have to be uprooted, before the advent of the reign of Love, Truth, and Justice shall usher in an æra of peace and prosperity in “a new earth, wherein shall dwell Righteousness.”⁶

We will now trace those specially religious movements which have prepared the way for our present bright and intelligent outlook.

The earliest cult of which we know anything seems to have been a simple nature-worship. Man perceived, with abiding awe, that he was surrounded and affected at every moment of his life by agencies which to him appeared to be endued with mysterious life; and from whose influence he could not escape. The glorious sun awaking and going to rest; the inconstant moon; the fixed and the wandering stars, with their eyes of light; the warming, yet consuming flame; the breeze, and the tempest; the restless ocean, and the flowing stream; the gloomy and haunted forest; the powers of production and of dissolution;—these, and others, had their varying moods, which he naturally sought to propitiate in his favour. Hence, the secrets that were in them became to him objects of worship: and who shall say that even “the times of that ignorance”⁷ were unblest with glimpses of Divine beauty? For there was an element of truth in the early beliefs which might put to shame a great deal of the theology of modern times. These simple intuitions of the infancy of the world (as is commonly the case in the individual childhood) foreshadowed the higher teachings of a then far-distant future. They were the first glimmerings of a perception of the immanence in all things of the great Fountain of Life, who has never left himself without witness in the hearts of his children. In the expressive phrase of the apostolic historian, “God winked at”⁸ these rudimentary shortcomings, so long as man remained a child in Divine things. But as he began to question the mysteries of existence, the vague consciousness of the unseen gradually gave place to conceptions of personality attached to the animating presences who were supposed to preside over the operations of the chief natural phenomena; and who thus became deities claiming human adoration. Subsequently, by gradual processes of thought, was evolved the conception of a supreme, universal Spirit, or self-existent Soul, *Brahm*, who, while time was yet young, was the first, and still almost unsurpassed, embodiment of the monotheistic idea. This, coupled with belief in the immortality of the soul, is the

⁴ Matthew, xxvi, 52.

⁵ Passing of Arthur.

⁶ 2 Peter, iii, 13. ⁷ Acts, xvii, 30. ⁸ Ibid., xvii, 30.

theology of the *Rig Veda*—one of the earliest collections of writings, if not the very earliest, now extant. Out of this *speculative* system, the sages of India slowly elaborated its later developments, in which may be discerned the first steps in the evolution of some of the cardinal doctrines of Christian theology.⁹ But, in process of time, inevitable corruptions crept in; and these divinities were represented by, and adored under, symbolic art-forms,—thus introducing a formal and degrading idolatry, some of whose characteristic symbols still survive,—unsuspected, save by a few,—in the arts and customs of the most polished peoples of our time.

There is no reason for thinking that, in any of these earlier stages of man's career, he was, on the whole, one whit behind the average standard of our day in moral perceptions, and in obedience thereto. The race has indeed progressed in knowledge; but how little in goodness, let the diligent student of the life of the Present, and that of the remote Past, say!

In Chaldaea, the rudiments of science developed very early from the primitive knowledge of the simplest facts. Natural phenomena were systematically observed, recorded, and grouped into great classes. The courses of the heavenly bodies controlling the regular recurrence of the seasons; and the influence of the latter on the operations of husbandry:—such were the grand subjects of religion, assuming a *scientific* aspect, when it was first formulated and crystallized. These, and the earlier instinctive cults, took those various form of Solar, Serpent, and Sex-worship which prevailed in the most ancient world. At different times, and among different nations, one or another of these had predominance; but they were usually so much involved together as not to be entirely separated. The "host of heaven"¹⁰ was very early divided into groups, or constellations, whose names, courses, and influences were made elements in mythologic systems which, essentially, are still in force—sometimes under only a thin disguise—in modern faiths. This state of things lasted far into the time when somewhat powerful nations, with even a literature, had arisen and set, introducing the æra of authentic history, whose first original records have only recently been unearthed among the ruins of the forgotten cities of the cradle of the world.¹¹

From this time, the personal element plays a striking part in the drama of progress; and certain individual characters loom large through the haze of antiquity. The earliest of these, after the mythic age,—Abraham, "the Friend of God,"¹²—affords a striking instance of the greatest results being begotten by the most insignificant causes. The migration of a Chaldaean herdsman, with his immediate family and retainers; and their settlement in the land of the Canaanite; was, as we all know, the first incident in a religious movement whose influence, propagated through nearly forty centuries, is at this moment felt in every part of the world.

Four hundred years later saw the advent of Moses, the first recorded great national teacher and law-giver. His work is too well known to need farther comment here; unless it be to note that much of his theology, ethics, and institutes appears to have been adapted from the already very advanced religious system of the Egyptians.

But men, with their endlessly varied hereditary character, cannot be led by only one personality, or by the example and experience of only one race. Every great division of the human family, as well as every

æra, must have its own teacher—the embodiment of its own inherent spirit.

Hence, in Persia, where the originally pure religion of the Magians had long flourished, but had gradually become corrupted, arose (probably about either 485 or 585 B.C.) the reformer Zoroaster [Zerdusht] who gave it a new lease of life; and has left his mark upon all succeeding times.

At about the same time (550 or 551—478 B.C.) Confucius [K'ung Fu-tze, "philosopher or master K'ung"] in China—though not, in the ordinary sense, a religious teacher—was scattering abroad those secular maxims of life which, collected by his friends, raised him to a place of immortal memory among his countrymen.

But, measured by the influence he has exercised, a mightier than either of these two was soon to come,—a reformer, like the rest; and, withal, a man of the deepest intensity and steadiness of purpose, spiritual insight, and humility. Gotama, the Buddha, ["enlightened"] in Northern India, (probably born between 500 and 480 B.C., and died between 420 and 400 B.C.), concentrating his teaching on what he regarded as the essentials of personal salvation; and weaving into it a part of the theosophy which flourished in those regions, established a form of faith, full of beauty, and fascinating to the Eastern mind, which now dominates more than one third of the human race.

A pause for a few more centuries;—and then, heralded by prophecy, was born that wondrous babe in a mean hill-village, in a district of low reputation, in the country of Palestine. Jesus, the Christ, came, as all had come before him, and as all have come since, not to promulgate an entirely new religion, ("I came not to destroy, but to fulfil"),¹³ but to gather up, and give fresh life and connexion to the truths that were in the old faiths,—thereby inaugurating a new departure.

It was not until six centuries later, that the Arabians, steeped in superstition and idolatry, arose to a new and higher life under the leadership of their great prophet, Mohammed, whose creed (though mixed up with strange crudities) was eminently simple and practical,—its central doctrine being a re-assertion of the unity of God. Mohammed was the last of the great religious chiefs to whom was confided the spiritual tuition of the nations, whose guides—seers, prophets, and philosophers—had thus revealed or elaborated forms of doctrine and thought, partly, indeed, moulded and restricted by the temper of the times, but providing many elements which will enter into, and assimilate with, the wisdom of ages to come.

As Christianity, during this last period, had become the faith of the Roman Empire; which led to it being planted among races who afterward developed into the most active and progressive nations of the world; our attention will now be confined to its developments. Soon after the death of its founder, it began to be corrupted; and, in the course of centuries, the Church had become so full of evil, that reformation could no longer be delayed. When the need arose, so did the men,—Luther, Calvin, and others; and, though they did good work in sweeping away the rampant abuses which afflicted the Church in their day, yet, in the violence of their zeal, they tore up much good wheat with the tares; and sowed the seeds of fresh religious heresy and discord, by denouncing the utility of works, and emphasizing the doctrine of salvation by faith alone. The Reformed Church itself soon stood in need of reformation in doctrine; and the spirit of priestcraft was not yet dead.

So George Fox was raised up to revive, and give prominence to, some of the grand verities of religion; and to enforce the doctrine that all mankind are children of God; possessors of that spark of Divine

⁹ To wit, the notion of the Trinity, and His various attributes; the Divine Incarnation; the Serpent-legend; and so forth.

¹⁰ Deut., xvii., 3; 2 Kings, xvii., 16; Acts, vii., 42.

¹¹ We may, perhaps, with some reservation, venture to say this of the semi-mythical "Deluge-tablets," and of the large uninjured library of supposed pre-deluge-tablets, still more recently found.

¹² James, ii., 23.

¹³ Matthew v., 17.

light, and that seed of Divine life which, if followed and obeyed, would secure salvation. It was a creed of universal brotherhood: of a spiritual and social republic, in which enlightened conscience was to reign supreme, under the immediate guidance of God. The Bible contained a revelation of Him; and was a book to be used, not worshipped. It fell short of being a perfect practical religion, chiefly by one thing,—but that a thing of great moment,—a recognition of the true nature of the spiritual realm, and of the extent and manner of its influence upon human affairs; and, in particular, of the active ministry of intermediary intelligent agents of inter-communication between God and man. The time had not quite come for that: and so, Quakerism, having exercised no small influence in its time,—an influence so marked that it has claimed notice here,—at last subsided into the quietude of a dwindling sect.

But a time of sifting was to come. The age of science had commenced; and everything, old and new, was to be searched to the bottom by modern thought. Speculative theology, with much else, had become antiquated, and encrusted with unsound growths; and those things which God had ordained to be parts of one grand harmony, had become insulated by the perversity of man. There was needed the refiner and reconciler who should justify the ways of God in all the departments of His universe, and link together theology, life, science, philosophy and art. So, in the last century, appeared the wonderful seer, Emanuel Swedenborg, the forerunner (though in a different sense to that which was understood by himself) of a new dispensation. The Old Church was to pass away; and a New Church, built upon the foundations of Primitive Christianity, but with developments in harmony with modern progress, was to supplant it, as the final expression of the Divine Mind. Swedenborg's vast and harmonious system was coherent and beautiful; but whatever truth may be in its characteristic principles,—enforced, as they were, with the intellectual power of a giant, and the reverence of a saint,—it is not free from serious errors of application; and thus has to yield to yet larger and freer developments of truth.

Can we not see that this better time is at hand? When has there been so keen and general an appetite for knowledge as that which now urges men to question all things, and, when necessary, to overturn some venerable opinions in its pursuit? If the hunger were for facts alone, but little good would accrue from their accumulation: but the Spirit of God is passing again over the world, arousing men from their lethargy; clearing their inner vision, and giving them fresh insight into truth; widening their sympathies; stimulating mutual charity; softening distinctions of class and creed; and in innumerable ways preparing for the advent of that glorious Future toward which the eyes of the watchers on the mountain-tops have, in every age, been turned.

Let me now, for a few moments, recall your attention to the practical bearing upon our lives of the histories I have so faintly attempted to sketch. If we regard the facts merely as facts, we shall be able to "suck [no] honey out of the rock,"¹⁴ and shall go away little wiser than we came. But if we strive, with reverent earnestness of gaze to look through and beyond the veil, we shall see the finger of a **beneficent Providence** directing every movement; and the vision will sustain our faith, and fortify our courage. For when we see how the education of the world has been carried on through unnumbered ages, filled with vicissitudes of every kind,—and yet with a total advance toward higher and better things,—let none of us doubt that our individual well-being is likewise in the hands of a wise and kind Father, without whom "not even a sparrow falls to the ground."¹⁵ As the poet has it,—¹⁶

"There is no great, and no small,
To the God who made all.
Where He cometh, all things are:
And He cometh everywhere."

We have each been conscious of moments in which light and warmth have radiated into our souls:—let us cherish the memory of these, and crave that they may be multiplied. Perhaps we have had our seasons of darkness and doubt, when we have been tempted to cry out, "My God! my God! Why hast thou forsaken me?"¹⁷—let us not forget how the darkness vanished, and faith and patience were strengthened. We have all had sorrow:—let us realize the fact that "out of the cloud comes the refreshing rain."¹⁸ And we all have made mistakes:—yea, more than this, we have consciously done wrong:—"God knoweth our frame: He remembereth that we are dust;"¹⁹ and He maketh even the wrath of man to praise Him.²⁰

And now, dear friends, in conclusion, I will invite you to carry home with you these beautiful words of the Psalmist.—²¹

"Whoso is wise, and will observe these things,—even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord."

THEOSOPHY.

SPIRIT AND MATTER.

By JAMES McDOWALL.

(Continued from last week.)

We have seen that Matter, or the lower, results from the subtraction of the Higher; becoming thereby the medium of connection between the infinite sphere of absolute Pressure, and the infinite Void, which, before matter was, existed only in the possibility of matter being; and how matter draws to a focus within itself the substance generated by the Void—matter itself being a void to the central condition of Pressure, because each is void of the qualities of the other, and, therefore, have no affinity for each other. The Matter does not attract the point of Fire: it is the indulytely diffused Substance, generated by the Void, that the matter attracts, because, in their nature being nearly similar, each being a near approach to Nothingness. The Substance generated by the Void is Substance beginning to be—and Matter is Substance reduced by subtraction to the last degree of being, hence both are a near approach to Nothingness. Hence, the Substance generated by the Void draws matter by its centralization, and, at the same time, is continually drawn into existence, by the motion imparted.

Thus matter, by being the mean between the infinite sphere of absolute Pressure and absolute Nothingness, graduates Substance to the least degree of being—the infinitely Attenuated, thus banishing *nothing* from being.

This is one side of the dual mediumship: the other is the central condition of Pressure, caused by the sudden contraction of the Substance generated by the Void, occupying a central position within the body, and in every respect its contrast,—that is, has qualities of an inverse nature to the body. This attracts and is attracted by the infinite sphere of absolute Pressure, whose natural outcome on that particular plane is the material quality of the body. But here, on that plane, and in that body, caused by an opposite condition to its own, is a little sphere of its own Absolute Quality—infinite Pressure. Let the Reader bear in mind, that this little sphere of Absolute Quality is the spiritual form of the body whose proportions and material quality, was, along with the infinite Void which has no quality, the cause of the generation and centralization of its Substance, with all its ratios of centralization, that ultimated in its infinity of infinitesimal differences. Hence, that it is, in an absolute though opposite sense, the qualities of the body, existing in that body on a plane far below the spiritual level of its own qualities. In consequence thereof there exists for the time being, between it and the infinite sphere of absolute Pressure, a gap or gulf, separating each from the other. This not a gap or gulf separating a higher from a lower, but separating a greater from a less of the same quality, or nearly so,—this being an impossibility, the result

¹⁴ Deut., xxxii., 13.

¹⁵ Matthew, x., 29.

¹⁶ R. W. Emerson.

¹⁷ Matthew, xxvii., 46.

¹⁸ Job, xxxvii., 27, 28.

¹⁹ Psalm, ciii., 14. ²⁰ Ibid., lxxvi., 10. ²¹ Ibid., ciii., 43.

is an instantaneous flash of the less to the greater—which is everywhere; consequently, the flash is from the body outward in every direction, but least at the north pole, and greatest at the south,—its egress being in opposite order to its entrance; and its ratio of expansion in bulk, as it coalesces and becomes one with the Infinite, is the ratio of its centralization inverted, which was caused by the form and its material qualities. Hence, though spread out to infinity, it has every quality of the form that drew it into existence; not now in an inverted order, as when it existed in the form, but in the direct order of the body; so that if it could be as suddenly contracted as it was expanded, it would result not in the central condition of Pressure, but in the body itself, with all its organs, extensions and proportions. This arises from the simple fact, that the most spiritual portions of the central condition of Pressure are first to act, and coalesce more perfectly with the Infinite, and spread outward to the greater extent, while the less spiritual portions are not so quick to act, and coalesce less perfectly, and spread out to the less extent, in this way building up a cone of Quality between the form and the Infinite, and, as it were, pushing the body farther outward into space or materiality.

Now, if this cone was to any extent bereft of the support of the Absolute that is in and through it, it would to that extent become within the form a material seed or germ; and this is exactly what does take place. This cone of graduated qualities, bridging the gulf between the Infinite and Finite, existed before the particular flash outward, of the central condition of Pressure that we are at present considering. This cone with its degrees of quality being the nearest way to the Infinite, when the central condition of Pressure flashes outward to the Infinite, it is through this cone of Quality as a conductor, and in its passage upward it subtracts to some extent the spiritual qualities of the cone, which, because of this subtraction, and to that extent, contracts in bulk, and expands in quality, until arrested in its materialistic tendency by the centralization of the thinly attenuated substance of the Void, which penetrates, fuses, and expands its materiality into the substance and form of the body, and again subtracts the spiritual a degree higher.

124, West Street, Calton, Glasgow.

(To be continued.)

THE USE AND ABUSE OF HOSPITALITY.

A CONTROL BY "JOSEPH STURGE."

Recorded by A. T. T. P., October 25, 1882.

[The Medium, who in the trance dictates these communications, is a working man, and has not received a classical education.]

I have been having a series of controls by the same spirit, the well-known "Joseph Sturge," whose life was a life spent in the endeavour to do good. I now send you one, a strange mixture of past with the present, I may say.

Just as the Sensitive came, the friends of Her Majesty's Royal Blues were giving them a feast in Holborn Town Hall, opposite to my Chambers. The Sensitive, under control, spoke as follows:—

Yes; their hour of fighting is over and past, and their hour of feasting has come. They deserve this hour; they deserve the public reception they met with on last Sunday morning. These gallant Household Guards have long smarted under satirical repartee on the part of the line regiments. Too long they have borne the name of the "Piccadilly feather-bed soldiers." But who, that looked on them on their march through London on Sunday, but what would have acknowledged that they were, indeed, the Heroes of Kassassin's charge: soldiers still, under every difficulty. True, they are the finest among the finest of Englishmen: noble in physical proportions; uncontaminated by hereditary disease. All England longed expectantly for their deeds in Egypt. They have returned. They missed, undoubtedly, the former days of pampered comparative freedom, in the days that they have passed under the command of Sir Garnet Wolseley.

Royalty has good need to be proud of her returning soldiers; soldiers still, under every difficulty. Comrades have passed from time during the passage home, before the disembarkation, when they mounted on sorry horses, horses unfit even to

bear the burthen of their riders to Knightsbridge. Some of the riders were as sorry as their horses: haggard faces, shrunken forms, far different, indeed, in physical proportions than when they left our shores: too tired, too jaded, even, to stop to return the courtesy of London's Lord Mayor, who stood uncovered, whilst these gallant warriors passed the place where he, during his term of office, dispenses justice. They have merited this hour of festivity; they have merited the honours accorded by London's millions, who, despite the inclemency of the weather, were resolved to give their warriors a cordial reception. Perhaps, Sir, on no other occasion has your Town Hall opposite been better graced, than by the hearty reception which your parochial authorities will give to-night, under municipal guidance, to the warriors of Her Majesty's Household Troops.

You will, perhaps, excuse these few remarks, preliminary to this control; but seeing your Town Hall lighted up, I entered, and was pleased to see the preparations in honour of those worthy few who have returned. Perhaps you can hardly realize how much this reception is under spiritual guidance. The very spirit of hospitality should rule over such receptions.

Modern fighting with modern arms is a trial of nerve. In the years that have passed, personal prowess was the theme of minstrel's song and tale; but individual prowess has no chance now. Unswerving courage and implicit obedience are all that are required from the modern soldier. No punishment that the law allows, no limited scale of diet, could have robbed them of their fair proportions half as much as this short campaign in Egypt; therefore, as England's position depends on the fearlessness of her gentry as officers, and the implicit obedience on the part of the rank and file of England, it is well that a nation does not forget her returning soldiers.

I stood in spirit, also, by the side of that Gallant Officer commanding those brave Marines, who stood the brunt of all Alexandria's opening troubles, and could re-echo in my heart every word that fell from his lips, when he said the "Commanding Officers of the Marines, and the men, have tried to do their duty, and, however arduous may have been their respective tasks, they have always felt cheered by the idea of what their countrymen will think of them when they return home; but never, in their wildest dreams of imagination, did they ever conceive that all Portsmouth would turn out to do them honour." Her Gracious Majesty, whom God protect, is not the least amongst those who are hospitable. Her command is laid on her officers commanding, that they should attend at her Court; there to receive their Sovereign's thanks and the honour that is their due.

I entered your Town Hall, and there spoke to several who were presiding unseen and unknown. Foremost amongst these, and the first to welcome me, was Clitus, one of Alexander the Great's best friends; one who loved the son, Alexander, as dearly as he loved the father, Philip. He said to me,—

"Great as were my deeds in the body, there are invited here as guests to-day, men greater than Rome or Greece's greatest heroes. I, by a fortunate stroke, saved the life of Alexander, by severing the arm from the body of Rosaces, who, aiming at my Emperor's bare head would have cleaved it from crown to chin. It was a great blow prevented; it was a ready blow that prevented it; but passes into insignificance in comparison to one, who, with one blow, cleaved through ribs, backbone, and ribs on the other side, and laid his foe fairly seared in half."

Clitus further continued, "I am here to-night to check unlimited drinking; to bid them beware of that which steals away the brain; for it was whilst I was under drink that Alexander forgot how often he owed his life to my valour. He bore with me whilst I chided his acts, and praised the acts of Philip, his father. Out of my heated brain I wove a robe of cowardice for him; I impugned his courage, until he forgot, and rightfully forgot, in his resentment, all that I had done for him. He said,

"'Clitus! you will withdraw and rest;' and he further said, 'I need not state the reason.'

"I said, 'I will state it for you, most noble Alexander. I am a free-born man; I am not a slave nor bondsman; I cannot bend the knee and worship the robe which you wear, nor the sceptre which you wield. You should be served as all great men are served; but it should only be by bondsmen and slaves. Seize your javelin! withhold not his arm; let him fling and welcome. Lay not your hands on him, fellow-free-men, let him work his will on me; if you force me from his presence, you will rue it.'

"It was whilst I was in drink, they forced me away from the door. At the end of that hall a corridor ran the whole length towards the dais, on which Alexander was seated. Who of his body-guards that would have dared to stop his bosom-friend, Clitus? To the surprise of all I opened the door, and stood beside his seat, and then, under the fumes of wine, I sang some satirical verses, composed by the lower orders against his honour.

"'Beware,' he muttered, 'beware, General Clitus! you are trying me.'

"The second line of the second verse had passed my lips, his javelin had pierced me through the heart, and my body

fell at his feet, and my spirit-form, my soul, released from the body, stood by his side. Wonderingly I saw him rise from his throne and descend the four steps towards my body, and, flinging himself on it, I heard him say,

"Forgive me, spirit of Clitus; forgive me. I should have borne with your drunken humour; I have murdered you; I have outraged the laws of hospitality; I have raised my hands against my guest. There is none living so great that dare complain against me; therefore, I must remain my own accuser, and, therefore, my own judge. I must judge myself, because there is none other can judge Alexander the Great. I must add, such is my judgment, that the same javelin that has made me forget self shall destroy self."

"But his guards would not allow self-immolation, and they laid their hands on his sacred person, and bore him home to his chamber, fiercely wrestling in opposition, and there his tears continued throughout that long night, and I saw him the whole of the next day writhing in all the agony of remorse."

"Can you, then, wonder, that I love hospitality, yet dread its abuse? A man can best avoid intemperance by looking back on the loathsome, indecent behaviour of the past, when intoxicated."

From Clitus I passed through the Hall until I met those of more modern days, the guardian spirits of the feast, who firmly believe in that saying, "Quod noctu furentur facias cras appone hospitalit;"* and so jealous are they of the laws of hospitality, that they permitted the landlords to thieve from their tenants to welcome the coming stranger. Hospitality to strangers, in these modern times, has become part of the commerce of the nation, and it is well that it is so; what was once a pleasure is to-day a profit; but rightful hospitality will never lose its claim with the inhabitants of this Island.

Then I spoke to one of them, whom they named "Thomas, Lord Cromwell," and I said,

"Your mission is a hospitable bond; why have you answered the call? I mean, that a spirit commanded from God is not through the loud voice of command, but by the still small voice of spiritual prompting."

"And he answered, 'Of all the virtues that a man can exercise in favour of souls on earth, there is no work that goes further towards soul-advancement than hospitality. Can I ever forget the time when I was in poverty, in a strange land; for I was then in Florence without means, with a tattered suit of clothes, and scarcely a shoe to my foot, that I stopped in the street one of the merchants of that city, and, for the first time in my life, asked for assistance at his hands: for I was starving with hunger. What soul can fight against the body's greatest craving, hunger? He, whom I solicited, turned towards me, and said,

"Who are you, and from whence are you?"

"And I answered, 'I am a stranger to your city; I am a native of England, a poor man born in wedlock, of a father nearly as poor; a shepherd, and occasional shearer, earning a trifle more than common in harvest and shearing time. I followed in the French army as a page-boy, carrying the pike and burgoonet† of a footman, my master.'

"This merchant took me home, and shielded my fainting soul. He seated me on a good horse, with sixteen golden ducats, and parted with me, bestowing his blessing on me."

"It is a matter of history, how I entered afterwards into the service of Cardinal Wolsey, and how a grateful Monarch heaped honour upon honour on me. He made me a Baron, then a Viscount, afterwards he made me Lord High Chancellor of all England. Afterwards I saw, in this city of London, him who had relieved me when I was starving in Florence. He had come to claim his own from English merchants. Reverses had fallen on him. He did not know me, until I had embraced him before all my followers. He said,

"You have the advantage of your Lordship's humble servant."

"And I said, 'Not servant, but friend; a dear friend; one who contributed more than any other to my advancement. Sorrow and misfortune had to be borne in those days by me. It has pleased God that these trials of my past life should be the trial of your present. I owe you a debt: as Lord Chancellor, in justice I should pay you. In this collar is the money you lent me, which I now return. For the clothes with which you clothed me, there is their worth; for the horse with which you furnished me, here is its price. I will not offer you a gift, for that would savour of charity; but I have had your ducats, the worth of your clothes, and the horse, for a great number of years: there is the interest, and compound interest, due to you, if not legally, morally. Take these six hundred ducats, and look on them as morally your own. I would not return by a gift your boon of hospitality, and, in the meantime, I have heard of your business in London, and have despatched my secretary to your debtors, and have given them fifteen days to pay the sums which are due to you. If they fail they merit my displeasure. In the meantime, you are my guest, and, if at the expiration of the time, when all that is due to

you is paid, I, as a capitalist, knowing your probity and honour, will advance you one hundred thousand ducats to trade with, at an acknowledged rate of interest.'" And he ended,

"And I am here, and why? Because with that act of hospitality my soul was formed, and who knows but what to-night will form the soul of many of the guests that will be here; many of whom have had but a half-hearted interest in their calling; but who will, from to-night, realize that they not only fight, first for their Queen, but also fight for, and are honoured by, their countrymen."

If England can hospitably entertain strangers; if her almsgiving reach the famine-stricken ones of India, or if those that are rendered homeless by avalanches, or the falling of landslips, or by the sufferings in the Franco-German and Turkish wars, receive our alms-givings, surely our country will not be backward in welcoming her sons back again, and we will not forget those who have still to return: I mean the 79th Cameronian Highlanders, and also the courageous and gallant 18th Royal Irish, whose ardour was enhanced by the fact that Scotland was competing with Ireland, as to who should be within the enemy's trenches first. Let it be a moot question between them: at all events, it must have been but a few seconds of interval as to which regiment of Her Majesty's Service was the first to bayonet the Egyptians in their trenches. All those that are at the Banquet Hall to-night in spirit, will be at the reception to be accorded to those two gallant regiments; welcoming back again those who are, indeed, the heroes of modern times.

I came, dear Friend, prepared with quite another theme; but cavillers think that the Sensitive's individual consciousness governs the subject-matter of the controls; therefore, seeing your Town Hall lighted up, I entered, hence the alteration of my intended theme. You have been promised my portrait. I am "Joseph Sturge," but, by one of those strange inconsistencies, you have received others that have not been promised, and were you to ask me why this is, I could not answer you. It is a matter that rests only with those that have the work in hand. I am desired to ask you, that you will make arrangements for a fresh supply of paper, there being but three sheets, and these already are being used. They ask you to be prepared with a fresh supply on Friday, and they further solicit, that at the end of the sitting, that you should not keep the Sensitive. Part of this order is not new to you, although it is new to me.

This is a strange mixture of facts and ideas, and whether the words and ideas came from "Joseph Sturge," repeating what he heard from other spirits, through the lips of the Sensitive, as I believe they did, one thing I am sure of, that they came neither from the selfhood of the Sensitive, nor could they be drawn from me by any process of mind-reading, in as much as (if not all) nearly all the matter was new to me.

OBITUARY.

MRS. BROOMFIELD, BIRMINGHAM.

Passed to the Higher Life, on October 7. She was one of the Bloomsbury friends who joined our Cause some few years ago, and being mediumistic at times, saw many friends who had passed away, and gave some messages from the spirit world. During her sufferings she always spoke with a perfect confidence of our truths and the beautiful hope and knowledge she had attained. She longed to be free from the bonds of matter, saying: "I am only waiting." It was our mission, as promised, to perform the ceremony over the earthly casket at the Old General Cemetery, where many friends met, who had known her, and with sweet white flowers and many loving remembrances, upon earth's altar we placed the poor frame; but the beautiful spirit of the one we loved returns often, inspiring us with the joy and lightness of her being; and we often say,—Gone, yet she seems here:—

Gone from the earth and its chilly breath;
Gone from the sorrow and trial of death;
Gone where the blossoms will ceaseless blow;
Gone where the spirit will radiant grow.

Gone: yet we know thou art still near;
Gone to that Life that none should fear;
Gone, now to sing in that upper Land,
Gone, yet still with us to strengthen our hand.

Dedicated to LAURA BROOMFIELD. By CAROLINE GROOM.

The London Food Reform Society has published a penny Cook-book, entitled—"Health-giving Dishes; containing upwards of ninety Recipes, suited to all styles and tastes; compiled for the Food Reform Society." It is a very useful collection of instructions for the production of vegetarian fare. Copies may be obtained at this Office.

* I do not know the quotation; I suppose the literal translation would be, "What you may over-night do madly; in the morn put it down to the hospitality."—A.T.T.P.

† A sort of helmet.

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

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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, NOVEMBER 10, 1882.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A broad principle of Spiritual operation in the affairs of earth-life is set forth in the MEDIUM this week.

Mr. Dymond's paper takes the most extended range. The control narrows the application, while the Institution Lecture takes yet another view of spiritual action.

The Control is one of the best we have seen for a long time. Apart from its intrinsic interest, there is the evidence of a foreign mentality largely infused. But it is, perhaps, the case that no two sittings can lead to the same results, spiritually. The earth sphere must take its place.

The commendation of the Blues, sounds scarcely like the opinion of a philanthropic peace-loving Quaker; but, possibly, "Joseph Sturge" now takes a wider view of the necessities of human progress. However, it is all in the sentiment of former expressions on the same subject, through the same channel; a consideration which has weight in nearly all such forms of manifestation. After the preliminary, the more spiritual part is noticeable.

HARROW ROAD.—On Sunday evening, Mrs. Treadwell gave a tea at 5, Rundell Road, St. Peter's Park, at which about 40 guests sat down. After tea, Mr. Burns was called to the chair. Several hymns were beautifully sung, when Mrs. Treadwell was controlled by her guide, "John Foreman," to give an address, in which pious enthusiasm was set forth as the best condition for Spiritual Manifestation. Then there was clairvoyance by Mrs. Treadwell and Mrs. Cannon, and remarks from the chair. It was then stated that Mrs. Treadwell intends holding a series of meetings weekly: Sunday service at 7 o'clock: Monday, Star Circle, for clairvoyance, at 8 o'clock: and Wednesday, Physical Development, at 8 o'clock. For particulars apply as above. The controlling spirits hope to be able to introduce useful forms of manifestation in the future. The proceedings were of an harmonious, spiritual and enjoyable description.

Those of our readers who desire to be supplied with the prospectus of Miss Chandos Leigh Hunt's Book on Mesmerism, should apply to her direct, as per advertisement on another page.

The Society of Spiritualists at Cramlington Colliery, Northumberland, are forming a library. Any gentleman having duplicate volumes, or spiritual literature that he would like to put to a wider use, if sent will be thankfully received for the library by Mr. G. Stephens.

CIRCLE & PERSONAL MEMORANDA.

Mr. Hawkins has altered the hours of his attendance at home from 12 till 4. His engagements in the suburbs necessitate this arrangement.

WANTED a copy of "Art Magic," by Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britton. If any readers of the MEDIUM are in possession of a copy which they could part with, kindly forward lowest price to Mr. John Bree, 7, Upper Montague Street, St. James's, Bristol.

There has been published a "Form for taking particulars of cases of Injury or Death, following Vaccination." Copies may be obtained on application, to Mr. W. Young, 114, Victoria Street, Westminster. The friends of humanity should be on the alert, to report all such cases to Mr. Young, taking care to inscribe the correct particulars on this form.

MANCHESTER.—Sunday meetings, 29th Oct., Mechanical Institute, Major Street. In the morning, we had an interesting discussion on "The God Idea," opened by Mr. Clarke, who showed the importance of having a clear and concise definition of what was meant by the word "God." In the evening our platform was occupied by Mr. J. Garner, of Oldham, who gave us a trance address from his spirit-guides on "Spiritualism as a Philosophy and Religion." After treating the subject from a philosophical standpoint, the control went on to show that in time, Spiritualism would come to supersede Christianity as a religion, by the superior knowledge which it unfolded of the condition of the spirit after leaving the earth.—J. E. LIGHTBOWN, Sec., M.S.S.S.

B. SHORT.—Physical conditions are expressive of spiritual states, and it is only when thus read that they present any guidance in the practice of spirit communion. But to read them thus requires a deeper insight than man's normal senses furnish, hence spirits alone can deal with the matter in a successful way. Where suitable mediumship exists, it is well to take the directions of the spirits on this matter, and by a study of results, endeavour to follow the spirits in the course they are pursuing. All men are spirits, and the grand object of spiritual investigation and communion is to develop man's spiritual nature. As that work progresses, man is prepared in so far to act the part of a spirit; and deal with the occult conditions of mediumship as a spirit would. We know some who are in this advanced state, but in such cases spirits are their immediate friends and counsellors, and greatly assist in the work. The spiritual scientist looks at the physical world as a plane of spiritual manifestation.

MIDDLESBOROUGH.—On Sunday last, we had Mr. Scott, of Darlington. We held an open circle in the morning, and in the evening his discourse was on "Man's free Agency." We had a full house, and the subject was listened to with wrapt attention. Afterwards we had another open circle, when thirty-six members and strangers stayed behind. On the 12th inst., we have Mr. De Main; 19th, Mr. Grey, of Newcastle; 26th, Mr. Dunn, of Shildon; and on December 3rd, we expect Mr. Pigford. Friends will be kind enough to accept this notice. We hope the next four Sundays will be as good as the last, and then I am sure no one will have anything to complain of.—H. GOODCHILD, Sec., M.A.S.

F. WILSON.—The scientific gentleman from Australia that we took to your meeting the other evening, had heard of your Comprehensionism from the MEDIUM, and desired to see you and your pictures, as he is an enthusiast in art matters. Hence it was a privation that the drawings were not alluded to. These communistic notions, that made our heads ache, are common property, and have been threshed out long ago. The benefits of an improved social state, all good men admit. The question is—What bearing have these diagrams on suggesting means for bringing about improved conditions? If they have no bearing, their presence is an intrusion; if Comprehensionism has no original ideas, and no definite plan of action, then it is a myth; a kind of Cuckoo, that appropriates the nest and displaces the original occupants. This is not suggestive of social amelioration.

QUEBEC HALL, MARYLEBONE ROAD.—On Sunday evening Mr. Wilson occupied the platform, and gave an address on "Self Respect"—which he said was the main object of the "Violet Ribbon Army," of which we may presume he is Commander-in-Chief. This army was enlisting recruits in the ranks of "Comprehensionism"—a subject into which he fully entered; to form any idea of which the Arch-Apostle of it alone should be heard. He viewed the Benedictions on the Mount as more likely to be the doctrines of the Essenes put forth as the utterances of Jesus, than as his actual words, for the faithful record of which there was not a particle of reliable evidence. A materialist replied expressing his incredulity of the philosophy put forth, and against the impractical character of the science. Another gentleman, a frequent visitor to the

hall, turned the entire address into a most amusing speech, full of the most comical illustrations, which kept the room in a state of continuous laughter, but concluding with some very serious remarks on moral duty as our best preparation for whatever may befall us hereafter. To those two speakers the lecturer replied at length, and invited his hearers to come on Monday evenings and learn more fully the principles of his science, and their application to the present degraded state of the world.—Cor.

EXETER: ODDFELLOWS HALL, BAMPFYLDE STREET.

It is now nearly two years since we first formed the circle at Newton St. Cyres, from which the present work in this city has originated. As soon as our spirit friends could control their medium and speak to us, we were assured by them that "Spiritualism would spread very rapidly in the city of Exeter, when once introduced there," and their prediction is being strikingly verified. We only began our work here on the 1st of October, and we have already what we may truly call a strong and influential cause. It is not without fear and trembling that we say this, knowing from painful experience how mysterious are the invisible forces with which we have to deal; how strange and perplexing are many of the phenomena which take place; what difficulties and dangers are associated with promiscuous gatherings; what necessity there is for checking and controlling eagerness, rashness, enthusiasm, and curiosity, on the part of new and inexperienced inquirers, and what caution, humility, and wisdom are needed on our part in the promotion of the Movement.

Notwithstanding this, we go boldly and fearlessly forward, knowing that success in this work means the enlightenment, elevation, and happiness of humanity. The circles held during last week were very fruitful in results. At the Monday evening circle, there were twelve present, and some striking communications were given both by writing and speaking, through the mediumship of Mr. H. One written communication gave the name of "George Fox, founder of the Quakers;" and a brief but very philosophical and suggestive address was given concerning the change that took place in the various departments of Nature, including human life; and the spiritual blessings which, though lost by the church, Spiritualism was restoring to the world.

On Sunday, a number of new inquirers were forthcoming. In the morning, a young man visiting the hall, for the first time, was powerfully influenced; and it is our opinion that with care, he will become a useful medium, being himself a young man of an excellent spirit.

There was, as usual, a good congregation at the evening service. The subject was, "The open door, which no man can shut"—based upon a message originally communicated from the spirit world, through the mediumship of John—and repeated from the same source through many channels to-day. At the circle which followed, there were some thirty-five persons present; nearly all of whom had been previously introduced to circles. The spirits were in communication with us through four mediums, and the proceedings were deeply interesting.

OMEGA.

PROSELYTISM AT MACCLESFIELD.

A correspondent writes from Macclesfield, enclosing the following paragraph, cut from the "Christian Herald," and which has also appeared in the "Macclesfield Chronicle," and other newspapers:—"A Spiritualist Trance Medium, at Macclesfield, has lately been led to accept Christ through the instrumentality of the Rev. B. Roe, at the Newtown Primitive Methodist Chapel. Up to the time of his conversion he went about lecturing on the subject of Spiritualism, and being a man of considerable culture and ability, he was the means, according to his own admission, of 'leading many souls into the darkness' of the delusion of which he was both an exponent and a victim. Mr. Roe proved Spiritualism to be condemned by the Word of God, and the medium being convinced that he was in error, sought Christ, and is now rejoicing in His salvation. He says: 'As I have been up and down lecturing for the devil I want the world to know that now I intend to labour for my God and my Saviour, and to bring men to His feet.'"

Our correspondent in the course of his letter, says:—"As to the culture of the convert, his friends here never discovered a particle of it, while the only ability he ever displayed was as a trance medium; which ability, according to his own showing, was conferred upon him by the devil. In a few weeks after his reputed conversion he began again to visit his Spiritualist friends, and told them he had found the Primitive Methodists to be a lot of hypocrites, and would have nothing more to do with them. He has now, it seems, undergone a second conversion, and professes to be labouring for God, but parties here think he has only changed the name of his master, and that he is working for the devil still.

"Concerning certain ancient hypocrites, Jesus Christ said, 'For ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him two-fold more the child of hell than yourselves,' and the same kind of operation is carried on, it seems, by modern hypocrites at the present time."

The Ethiopian cannot change the colour of his skin, whether he become trance medium or Methodist. The Spirit grows in

man slowly and in accordance with laws of its own. It cannot run to seed to order. Trance mediumship is a matter that belongs to a man as a natural gift; it may be used or abused, and the man who possesses it is alone responsible for its operation. Spiritualists have no control over such matters, hence the reproach, if any, attending the medium, must be borne by himself; thus Spiritualism is not answerable for that misleading piece of quackery—Proselytism.

TO MY SISTERS IN SPIRITUALISM.

I take pleasure in acknowledging the kind remarks that have been made in reference to the painful position in which we are placed in this work. Offers of substantial help have been received, and proposals have been made to hold Seances during Institution Week, from December 3rd till December 10.

But the mere collecting of money is not what I am aiming at. If it be wrong to bring people together on the money principle for one purpose, it cannot be right to do so for another. By all means hold meetings and seances on Institution Week, but let these seances be truly spiritual; and if friends desire to help us with a small offering, let them do so from the heart, as a service to the spirit world, and not as a fee to sit with a medium.

My distinct purpose is to originate a systematic form of work amongst the women of Spiritualism. If we were all so rich that we did not need to strive for the Cause, it would be a great misfortune. If the Liabilities set us all to work to clear them off, then they are the best thing that could have happened.

Over two years ago a few ladies met at this Institution several times, and threw out suggestions and performed work, which like seeds have been germinating and bearing fruit these many months. Now it is time to sow a larger extent of ground from the seed that has been raised.

My suggestion for Institution Week is, that all Spiritualists who work in the same sphere as this Centre, hold meetings and circles during the first week in December, to inaugurate a uniform method of work over the whole country. Those who intend to join in this Week of Spiritual Work should begin at once to mature their arrangements. Something like this might be suggested:—

Sunday December 5th: A devotional spiritual meeting or circle, at which all present would obediently devote themselves to the work of uplifting humanity by the circulation of spiritual knowledge. The Spirit friends would impress all with useful ideas. And if mediums were present, the guides could speak audibly. But such meetings should be held whether there be mediums or not.

Tuesday December 5th: A general business meeting for practical work. A list of all Spiritualists in the town or district could be prepared; an agent for the Medium looked out amongst the newsagents, and then all persons favourable to the Cause could be asked to take the Medium and join in the Movement to extend its circulation amongst others.

Sunday, December 10: Another spiritual meeting. At this meeting the offerings collected during the week could be handed to one lady, who would forward the amount to the Spiritual Institution. If every man, woman and child who love Spiritualism, will only give one penny—the little ones a farthing—from their heart, and with the earnest desire to bring light to human souls, it will be one of the grandest testimonies to Spiritualism yet offered.

Next week I will say a little more—there is not time this week, and Mr. Burns cannot spare more space. I would be glad to hear from volunteers, who will become centres in their neighbourhoods. I am anxious that this work should be led on by women, at the same time, availing themselves of the services of men to carry out the work in the fullest manner.

Spiritual Institution, AMY IVY BURNS.
15, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION LECTURES.

THE GOSPEL OF "DIRT" SELF-CONFUTED.

A LECTURE BY J. BURNS, O.S.T.

At 15, Southampton Row, Monday evening, Nov. 6, 1882.

On Sunday afternoon, E. B. Aveling, Esq., J.Sc., Lond. delivered a Lecture on "The Borderland between Living and Non-Living Things," under the auspices of the Sunday Lecture Society, at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, London. The Hall was well filled by one of those hard-headed, hard-bodied audiences, with whom it is rather exhausting to come into near contact. Every form of thought has its plane of organic development.

Mr. Aveling is a somewhat slender young man, with poor blood, weak digestion, and inferior lung capacity. The brain is well developed in the anterior portion; the length and breadth being, however, greater in proportion than the height. This over-worked, earnest Lecturer, began somewhat nervously

but was cheered loudly by the Hall of Science gods in the western gallery, and as he warmed up to his subject his sympathies centred in the "mineral matter," to which he hoped he in common with all "living things" would one day return. "Thing" indeed! A very proper term for one with such a pessimistic "hope."

In our review of the organic conditions and teachings of Col. Ingersoll, we quoted his illustration of "dust" as being all potent in the production of living things. Every apostle must acknowledge a "God" of some sort, even though it be "clean dirt," as the north country saw has it, and Mr. Aveling is one with the American orator in those views; only, the gauglionic Ingersoll gushes over it, whereas the cerebro-spinal Aveling gives the lowly subject the dignity of scientific demonstration. How he falls about it, we will briefly indicate.

Beginning with Aristotle, he pointed out that two schools of thought have always existed as to the origin of life. The Ancients, particularly the materialistic Lucretius and the sensuous Ovid, of course followed Aristotle in the dogma of spontaneous generation; but it was admitted that their notions, if particularised, would be exploded by the researches of modern science. Redi, Harvey, and Spallanzani gave form to the theory of germs, founding the school of Panspermists, who teach that every living thing proceeds from an egg, or germ in the air, it may be invisible, but which if intercepted, no form of life can take place in any substance purely inorganic. Tyndall and Huxley are active disciples of this school at the present day, and the Lecturer scarcely gave due import to the experiments of Dr. Tyndall in this matter. In short, the leanings of the Lecturer were so palpably towards that side of the question which favours Materialism, that it was a case of special pleading throughout, rather than a dispassionate scientific statement.

His demonstration rested on the basis that it is impossible to define those things that have life and those that are non-living, and that the line of demarcation between the various forms of life—plant and animal life—is equally difficult, and we agree with him in the charm which such a fact gives to investigation. For the truth is—"There is no death in God's wide world;" but all is change—the change of life in its endless metamorphoses. Every point of matter is alive, the difference being in degree or quality. But this is a phase of the subject that the Lecturer did not touch on.

At the opening of his lecture, Mr. Aveling maintained great modesty of style, deprecating the assumption of sweeping conclusions based on defective knowledge. As he reached the critical stage of his argument, he cast all these intellectual safeguards to the winds, and rushed madly to the goal he had prepared for himself. Once having, like the ostrich, buried his head in the sand of materialistic enthusiasm, he deemed himself secure against all prudential considerations.

The superstructure of his demonstration was built up of those experiments in which chemists have assumed to have manufactured organic substances; and, in such cases it is, no doubt, true, that the difference between organic and inorganic matter is inappreciable. But it is as well to observe that chemistry has not, at its present stage of progress, the means of detecting the difference impressed upon a chemical compound by being produced by an organic body—a living thing.

Wöhler converted ammonium cyanate into urea, the distinctive ingredient of the excretion of the kidneys, and containing the four primary elements. Others had produced alcohol, tartaric acid, and such things. Thus he implied that as a chemist could produce what are technically regarded as organic substances, that, therefore, the doctrine of organic substance requiring an outside agency for its production, was untenable. Here, he said, were pure chemicals transformed into organic forms, through the agency of forces inherent in themselves, and without the intervention of any pre-existing seed or creative principle whatever, except that which resides in matter.

Thence he drew the moral, or rather the immoral of his "talk." All things originated in the mineral kingdom, and all are hastening to that point again, to start afresh on the round of the "great food-cycle." Mind, he said, was simply an ephemeral property of "food" in its perihelion passage from dirt to dirt; and with a grim joy, re-echoed by the gods in the gallery, he contemplated the climax of existence, ahead of himself and all mankind, as being a disintegration into "mineral matter." If so, why all that talk about it? which is a sheer waste of time. Why not perform the "happy dispatch" at once, and hasten on to that nirvana—mineral matter. Or, why was it ever thought desirable to disturb that original order of things? Life is truly a great puzzle to these men, and plaintively may they whine: "Is life worth having?"

Now, Mr. Aveling in his blind haste to "bite the dust," left the chemist, who performed the experiments he quoted, altogether out of consideration. Was not Wöhler, who with so much "labour"—a word that the Lecturer emphasised—produced the urea from the ammonium cyanate, an outside agency in the production of the result? If the forces which led to the production of this urea were in the ammonium cyanate, of what use was the protracted labour, great skill, purpose, and patience of Wöhler? Mr. Aveling not only begs the question, but he stultifies himself. He leaves what was

the real factor, according to his own showing, entirely out of all consideration. It was, indeed, according to his own testimony, the MIND of the chemist that was the efficient "force" in effecting the change from inorganic to organic substance. Well might Mr. Aveling say that these experiments are still in their infancy, and that much greater things will be done in the future; but he is not quite so sanguine as to anticipate the formation of human beings by artificial means.

As Spiritualists, our philosophy is just the antipodes of that of Mr. Aveling, yet his facts support us, but confound himself.

Had the Lecturer been so consistent as to have been cautious of drawing conclusions based upon defective knowledge, he would have asked himself whether all of the agencies employed in the phenomena of nature are visible to the eye, even with the most powerful microscope. He will be prepared to make reply that effects alone are visible, causes are not. Conditions are not causes. The human organism is a condition for the expression of mental phenomena, but it is not the cause of mental phenomena. Mental phenomena and the organic structure are alike effects, and though they may and do condition one another, they cannot be the cause of one another. If Mr. Aveling thinks otherwise, it will be his privilege to show it.

What do we see, then, in this matter? We see that bodies are expressive of various degrees, or qualities of phenomena. This observation enables a more intelligent definition of life to be given than the five quoted by the Lecturer. Herbert Spencer's is taken from the point of view of effect. A marble slab is equally at war with its environment as is a slug, a rabbit, or a human being, the difference is in degree of activity and complexity of action. The definition of life cannot be gathered from the observation of effects, but from the consideration of causes.

Why is the human brain expressive of such complex phenomena, and why is the marble slab so far inferior, seeing that the same efficient cause, according to Mr. Aveling, is within each? He lauded the doctrine of Evolution, but took good care not to define it. What is this Evolution, and why is it that from the "mineral" all these higher forms originate and keep on continually assuming a higher degree of development?

This great question cannot be answered by assuming that things as we see them represent the acme of development. This world is only a part of a system, and its career is interdependent upon the influences of other states of existence. The human organization is not the highest point of mundane excellence. Mr. Aveling has no right to set the limit he does to the career of Evolution. He does so in ignorance. He laughs at Redi, with his notions on the origin of "maggots;" but is there not a "maggot" in his own brain, eating away all the little bit of common sense he has, and turning it into worm-casts? It is foolhardy of any man to limit the career of Evolution to that silly "food-cycle," as if the object in making a cart was simply to see the wheel go round! Surely the cart is loaded with something; it is going somewhere with its load—or why should there have been a cart at all?

Mr. McDewall would now step in and lecture us on degrees of Quality. He would show that as the microscopic forms blend into one another, so that definition and lines of demarcation are impossible, so does the vegetative blend into the sensitive, the sensitive into the instinctive, the instinctive into the intelligent, the intelligent into the intuitive, and so on, substance keeping pace with function throughout the endless series of developments. Thus we may pull the telescope out, and gain increased extent of view through the same material envelope. The psychical qualities gradually blend with the physical, the ethereal with the solid, and glimpses are caught of world on world in altitude of quality above the physical plane: even as the microscope reveals the initial stages of life beneath us.

Returning to Mr. Aveling's urea maker, let us pause and contemplate the powers of Mind. A higher evolution than Mr. Aveling possesses brings man into acquaintance with the properties of mind in the objective form, and a thought can be analysed like a piece of "matter." This is not the time for the discussion of this phase. Men ordinarily know of mind subjectively, and by its palpable effects. Some of these are worth recounting just here.

A few weeks ago Archdeacon Colley reported experiences in the MEDIUM to the effect that a gentleman had by his will-power caused the needle of a mariner's compass to move to any degree, and even to reverse the poles, and remain fixed in these positions while he willed it to be so. Your Lecturer has seen a strong iron bracket broken by intense mental emotion. In Mr. Cartwright's letter, is given an instance of the solid wooden bow of a chair back passing on to gentlemen's arms while their hands were linked. These experiments necessitated the opening of the solid matter of the chair, that it might pass on to the arm. Solid iron rings are oftentimes placed on arms in the same way. Mr. Cartwright proceeds further to describe that a solid human being was made out of "nothing" in the room where the company sat. That rather beats Mr. Aveling's alcohol and urea manufactures; and it is all done by the power of MIND.

Again, look at the power of mind as exercised by the mesmerist. He wills it, and certain persons are irresistibly controlled by the will. A man fifteen stones in weight is made to bound over all obstacles as if he were dragged by a locomotive engine. But almost everything we possess and enjoy is the product of man's will-power, and the essences it throws off. The varieties of sheep, cattle, dogs, pigs, horses, vegetables, fruits, flowers, etc., etc., are all the product of man's mental desires. Men of certain temperament are good improvers and breeders of certain natural products. But why call them natural? Are they not as much the result of man's enlightenment and skill as his loaf of bread, his coat, or hat?

In India there are human beings who can cause plants to grow right under the observation of the spectators; and in this country human beings previously invisible have become embodied without any appreciable means, and have made plants grow out of nothing visible, before the eyes of spectators. We can well agree with Mr. Aveling that there is no end to the results that may arise from the exercise of human enenuity in those directions.

Thus supplied with basic facts and illustrations by the Lecturer, we now approach our application of the whole matter. We have made the discovery that man, as he is known to such as Dr. Aveling, is not the last round of the ladder of Evolution. Evolution is not fool enough to knock all its work to wreck and do it all over again to reach the same aimless consummation. Evolution continually uses the same materials for similar processes, but when the process proceeds to a higher stage, the lower nidus is relinquished, and a fresh one evolved from within the condition then existing. But how does this act of Evolution become a possibility? Why is it that such radical changes take place in the products of nature? We have our answer, in the power of mind over material and living things; the more mental the quality of a living creature, the more marked the influence of mind on it. It is a higher operating on a lower, through the agency of intermediaries, that carries on the grand work of Evolution. This is the doctrine and philosophy thereof. The mineral has no power to become a living thing, nor the merely sensitive an intelligent thing. It necessitates the operation of mind power, acting through efficient intermediaries, to produce these ascending changes.

But let us look upward. Who can set limits to the endless evolution of mind? May there not be minds in the universe to whom earth and its processes are of no more account than are the familiar apparatus in Mr. Aveling's laboratory? The chemist, groping his way in the formation of substances, is a prophecy of what Mind can do; for all creation is, indeed, the product of Mind, and without such government and control all things would return to that state signified by the body of man, when the Mind leaves it at the change called Death.

We beg Mr. Aveling's pardon if we have arrived at conclusions in opposition to his own; for he has furnished us with the materials from which we have made inevitable deductions. Certainly he will permit us the liberty we have taken, and we truly hope he may be induced to look at nature as it is in reality, and not as it seems to appear, when the beholder's perceptions are obstructed with the mud of a dogmatic Materialism.

The logical conclusion now before us is, that the idea of a Great Mind, called God, or Creator, is inevitable.

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

No. 2.—ANGEL'S WORK.

(Commenced in No. 655.)

Poor Adelaide! When the first shock of Randolph's death was over, she began rather to rejoice in the possession of the vast wealth, now all her own, than to grieve for the man who had left it to her, and was already forming plans for spending it as soon as it should be absolutely in her own possession. But the wily Carlos determined, not long before she came into possession of her wealth she should be his wife. So he soothed and flattered her, patiently submitted to every whim, humoured all her caprices, and, in a very short time, made himself so necessary to her comfort, that when, at the end of three months, he begged her to marry him, she consented, and the tears which Randolph saw her shedding, were caused by an old friend of Randolph's speaking his mind rather too plainly, at the unseemly haste she was showing. In this state of feeling Carlos found her, and so artfully did he work upon her that she consented to marry him in three or four days from that time, and go abroad with him at once, thus giving no time for marriage settlements. Accordingly, this plan was carried out, and all Randolph's vast wealth was at the mercy of the man he hated.

For the first months of her marriage, Adelaide was tolerably content. Carlos was kind and flattering, and they lived such a gay dissipated life, that she had no time for reflection. But

Carlos was a gambler, as well as a racing and a betting man, and the wealth of Adelaide was fast disappearing.

When Adelaide became aware of this she remonstrated with him, but he only laughed, and asked her what was the good of money if you did not enjoy it.

"Enjoying is one thing, and wasting and squandering it in the manner you do is another, and I will not allow it," cried Adelaide, now fairly roused.

Carlos only laughed sardonically, and reminded her that, by her hasty marriage, she had forfeited all control over her fortune, so that all her money was his, to do absolutely what he pleased with. Adelaide became furious, for she perceived at once the trap into which she had fallen; but Carlos remained cool and collected. And so things went on for several years, Adelaide growing more and more afraid of Carlos as the time passed on. He never struck her, but shook and pinched her, and whenever he was particularly enraged with her, something dreadful would happen. Sometimes Adelaide fell, down stairs, and hurt herself severely once. Several times a picture fell from the walls, cutting and bruising her badly, and although she could not prove it, Adelaide felt certain Carlos was the cause of these mishaps. Then money began to get scarce, which did not improve either of their tempers, and the scenes which took place between them defy description.

At last, a dreadful disease developed itself in Adelaide,—a cancer of a most virulent kind, caused by one of the falling pictures. When Carlos heard this, he realized all the money that yet remained, and departed, leaving a note for Adelaide, telling her she need not seek for him, as she really had no claim upon him, he having been married to another woman, still living, years before he first met Adelaide.

The shock thus given to her, and the state of absolute poverty into which she was plunged, tended to develop her disease at an alarming rate, and the once gay and admired Adelaide died in the Cancer Hospital, dependent on strangers for the little attentions her dying state required, and was buried in a pauper's grave, unvisited and unknown. Carlos had so estranged her from all her former friends, that none knew where she was, and her spirit, though much subdued by pain and anguish of mind, was yet all too proud and haughty to ask for sympathy or help.

Randolph remained for some days in the place where Hester had left him, in the hope she would return; but, as the time went on, and she did not come, he grew restless, and determined to go and seek for her, or someone who might tell him about her; for, he argued, "Since both Hester and myself still live, others must do so also, and if I can only find a path out of this wilderness, I may, at least, find some companion, for this solitude is horrible to me." So, after waiting two or three days longer in the vain hope of Hester's return, he set forth, travelling very many miles and meeting no human creature, feeding on berries and roots which he found in the ground.

What a change for the wealthy and luxurious Randolph!

At last, towards the close of a hot sultry day, he found himself, footsore and hungry, at the entrance of a huge cavern, from which issued the sounds of loud laughter and boisterous mirth. After listening for a few moments he called aloud, and was answered from within, by a coarse voice, saying, with an oath—

"Come in, can't you! don't stand there bawling, we have waited long enough for you!"

"Waited for me!" said Randolph, gazing around him with astonishment.

On entering, he found himself in a large vaulted cavern, lighted up by flaming torches of resinous pine wood. Down the centre was a long table, covered with cups and bottles, while huge loaves of coarse, hard, black-looking bread, were placed at each end. Some thirty or forty persons of both sexes were scattered about, in little knots of three or four, talking and laughing.

As Randolph entered, a man whom he remembered upon the earth, as a frightfully debauched and vicious young fellow, came forward, and greeted him warmly.

"So you have come at last," he said, "I thought you would soon tire of playing the saint, while tied to a woman's girdle. We saw you, but could not approach while that little angel was with you."

"Where is she gone?" asked Randolph, eagerly. "Do you know?"

"Not I," replied the other. "To her own kind, I expect. She was too good for you, Kerne, Number Two was more your sort. By Jove! she was a woman if you like."

"Curse her!" growled Randolph, between his teeth.

"Oh, certainly, if you like," replied the other, laughing; "but I would not if I were you. It's too like cursing yourself; for, I must say, you were always remarkably alike, both in mind and body. But come along, and be introduced to the rest, and eat and drink, and make yourself jolly. You see, we have plenty of handsome women here, take to one of them, and forget the saintly Hester, and the fiery Adelaide, both."

And Randolph took the advice of this vile counsellor, and, for a very long time, remained immersed in all the enjoyments of his lower and more sensuous nature, sinking deeper and

deeper into the pit, until anyone, seeing him, would have said he was eternally lost. But God's ways are not as man's ways, nor His thoughts as man's thoughts. He knew it was best to let the poor sinful soul sink to its very lowest state of degradation, that it might recognise how vile a thing it was, in order that it should better comprehend the loving kindness of the Father, who loved it through it all, and mercifully rescued it from itself whenever He was called upon to do so.

In the meantime, let us see what became of Hester. When the white cloud so mercifully wrapped her from Randolph's sight, she felt herself borne swiftly along for some time, and when once more placed upon her feet, found herself in a beautiful garden which she well knew, and surrounded by the same angelic beings with whom she had dwelt after first leaving the earth, until she took upon herself the task of receiving Randolph, at his death, and trying to comfort him.

"Welcome back, dear child," said one of the elder angels. "Do not be cast down at your failure, it was too soon to do him any permanent good. But we will all pray for him, and, by-and-bye, you can try again. Come, now, and see how beautiful your boy has grown."

Hester smiled joyously, as the thought of her dear child recurred to her mind; and with light steps and a happy fluttering heart, she accompanied the kind angel to a beautiful green meadow, in which many lovely children were disporting themselves. Soon the mother's eye singled out the little Allen, for so Hester had called him, and he, at the same moment, perceived her, and ran forward with a glad cry to welcome her. A long period was now passed by Hester in tranquil enjoyment. With thankful heart and grateful soul, did she watch her boy's growth in love and wisdom, while she herself was gradually developing to a more perfect fullness, the angelic nature with which God had endowed her. To her great content, she often saw her father, who, having lived a good and useful life while upon the earth, was now reaping the fruits thereof in a bright and peaceful condition.

Verily,—“Blessed are they who” live and “die in the Lord, for their deeds do follow them.”

(To be continued.)

MEDIUMSHIP.

EVENINGS WITH MR. HUSK AT PECKHAM.—No. 3.

To the Editor.—Sir.—I see and hear so much of discontented minds and disordered livers at Peckham, that it becomes really refreshing to come in contact with life of a jovial and happy kind. I thank God I am placed beyond the anxieties of bread-getting, and, moreover, I am not and never was a believer in thought of a sallow complexion, so, somehow or other, I move along, altogether regardless of those who would involve me with discontent and grumbling. I have at most but a few years to live; and for that time I hope to have as much sunshine as I possibly can, without robbing my neighbours of their share. It is this spirit that has influenced my letters. I have through my investigation in Spiritualism lost some old and dear friends; this is a great sacrifice, but, I can smile at the loss. I can, therefore, if I can do that, also smile at the mortification of a disappointed designer. As I attach my name and address to every thing I write, I expect those who find fault with me to do the same. But now for the Spiritual Séance.

Our Spiritual Visitors, in some things, bear a resemblance to our earthly visitors, who, when they call to see us, do not call to be lectured; and like most of us, when we are lectured, never call again. The art of a kind reception lies in an easy and affable manner, and the skill to humour and tolerate, or at least to treat the little weaknesses of our visitors with caution and tenderness: in so doing, and by such practice, things go on smoothly, and life gathers a little more sunshine; a sunshine that fosters and cheers the most humble attempts of the smallest of children to cultivate a few solitary flowers. We are to the spirits as children are to matured intellects who disdain not to talk nonsense to please a child. I will quote a spiritual instance of this.

“John King”—who by the bye is most exceedingly ridiculed by some people—is a gentle, manly, and dignified Spirit; and his deportment with us at Peckham is of a kind to make us love him. His condescension is gentle and amiable. I will digress here a little to say: at our sitting on the 1st of this month (November), while we were complimenting him on the depth of the tone of his voice, he showed us the power of voice he could command. It fell upon our senses more like a clap of thunder; it was so powerful, that the wires of the “fairy bells” became exceedingly agitated, and responded as loudly as though they had been struck by fingers. I shall never forget that voice, as long as I live.

To return, on the night of the 28th of last week, we held a seance which turned out to be of a most elevating kind. All objectionable fluids had been carefully removed by Mr. Lane from the cupboards of the room of the seance; so there was no chance for any of the sitters to become elevated. Now, one spirit visitor of our seances is a very kind and faithful attend-

ant, somewhat loquacious, and decidedly uncomfortable, if we are not lively and cheerful. He calls himself, as I have before stated, “Irresistible.” He is a playful and sportive spirit; and whatever elevation belongs to him, it is the elevation of good humour; an elevation which many people have not yet attained to, and perhaps never will; much to the disadvantage of many who have to submit to their rule and dictation. It was this spirit who brought out the objectionable bottles, and who elevated the drinking glass to my almost teetotal lips. I was sitting at the spiritual table enjoying his prattle, and had taken off my spectacles, and was holding them in my hand, when “Irresistible” took them from me; and, at the same time said, “Mr. Cartwright let me have your glasses and I will get ‘John King’ to put them on.” I let them pass from my fingers as the spirit took them away; when, directly afterwards, “John King,” with that fine voice of his, said “come! come! come!” in a manner that showed that he was checking “Irresistible” for too much familiarity. “Irresistible” then exclaimed “He’s got them on!” “John King” then came to the table, laid his head on the table, and, by the aid of the illuminated slate, showed us his face wearing the spectacles.

It is not in the dark only that this “Irresistible” makes himself known. In the light, when the gas is at its brightest, this facetious and happy spirit will sometimes join audibly in the conversation. He appears to follow Mr. Husk from place to place, and take many opportunities to make his presence known, not only by his voice, but by a variety of physical means. At one of our meetings, after the seance was over, and the gas was in full force, Mr. Husk, who is a smoker, inquired for his pipe which had been removed from the place where he had laid it before the seance had commenced. It could be seen nowhere; suddenly to our surprise it was dropped from the ceiling on to the table before our eyes. While we were sitting talking, one of the screws that fastened the top of the table to its pillar was quietly unscrewed, and thrown across the room. Mr. Lane picked it up and returned it, screwing it tightly into its place. Some time after this, while the party were enjoying a little conversation around the fireplace at another residence, some little distance away, the same screw was dropped into the lap of a lady who sat before the fire. On one occasion when we were about to close the seance “John King” requested the two gentlemen, Mr. Lane and Mr. Hudson, to be very particular and not let go their hold of the medium's hand. This request was responded to by both gentlemen, who were wondering what was about to ensue. The chairs of the medium and the other two gentlemen were then moved by some force outside the circle till their backs were at right angles, nearly, with the table; leaving the occupants but a small portion of the chairs to sit on. Directly this was done, the spirits gave a knock for light, which discovered the bows of the chair-backs on the arms of the three persons mentioned. Here transpired an unmistakable test of something that puts the bottle trick nowhere. The bows of the chairs must have been disintegrated, or if not, how came the unlocked arms of the three gentlemen to have been passed through them. I believe the phenomenon to have been a fact, and, therefore, I know it to be possible.

On the night of November 1st we had the fulfilment of “John King's” promise, and that was a full manifestation—or exhibition of his entire form. Mr. Lane on this evening produced a large illuminated slate, measuring 33 inches by 22 inches on its outside lines. This slate was hung up, at one end of the room, with its illuminated side towards the wall. After “John King” had, as he said, drawn sufficiently from the medium who sat behind a curtain loosely hung across one corner of the room, he raised the lower part of the slate, and in the light that flooded down, he stretched out the full length of his bare arm, full formed with all its muscular and veined developments. He then told us that as he became somewhat inured to this new form of light he would show more of himself. None of our little party are impatient Spiritualists, or pick-thanks, so we quietly waited, with the singing of two sweetly worded hymns, which were beautifully accompanied on the simple strings of the “fairy bells” by the spirit “Irresistible,” who frequently cheered us by moralizing on the occasion. After the hymns were sung and a few bright jokes, and touches of the hands were passed round by “Irresistible,” “John King” took down the illuminated slate, and, with the dark side towards him, threw it on the table, with the illuminated side upwards, the reflections of which were so strong that we saw the face of every sitter round the table. An open space having been made, “John King” advanced to the table and stood there, and over the table, in the full light that was reflecting upwards; all this time the heavy breathing of the medium could be heard behind the curtain. It would take up too much of your space were I to describe all the details of this beautiful scene, and the anxiety that was evinced by the spirit that we should all see him as plainly as possible. To myself he was particularly attentive and polite, and warned us not at the present time to admit one person in particular, who had made application to be admitted to the circle. Since this event we have discovered by chance the name of “John King” written in large letters on the ceiling of our seance room.

And now by way of finish I beg leave to state, on the part

of myself and my fellow members of our circle, that we are a party who, while we despise vulgarity, we also despise gentility with all its quack conditions and sham pretensions. We do not shrink from contact with the ideas of everyday life and its innocent raillery, at a seance. And while gentility strives hard, by the turning and stitching of its garments, to get the best side on the outside, and get no admiration for its pains, we are content to receive the visits of the spirits in any form they like, and get all that we desire.

Atwell House, Peckham.

JOSEPH CARTWRIGHT.

PROGRESS OF SPIRITUAL WORK.

GOSWELL HALL SUNDAY SERVICES.

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

Last Sunday morning, Mr. Wilson read a very interesting paper, dealing with the subject of an ideal community living in perfect harmony, without money and its concomitant evils. The subject will probably be continued on Sunday week, when Mr. Wilson will again be at the Hall. In the evening Mr. Goss lectured on "The Light that lighteth every man." This was a very interesting address, showing how great a gift the light of reason is to man, and urging that it be kept burning pure and clear, that its possessor might thread his way successfully through the fogs and mists of ignorance and prejudice that beset his path.

Next Sunday morning the usual members' seance will be held. Our last was most successful and enjoyable. In the evening Mr. Morse will deliver a trance address.

On Thursday week, 16th inst. our third annual Soirée, will take place. Tickets, 1s. each, may be obtained at the Hall.

R. W. LISHMAN, Hon. Sec.

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

Sunday morning, Nov. 12th, at 11.15, doors closed 11.30 prompt, Seance; no charge.

Sunday, Nov. 12th, at 7 p.m. prompt, Mr. MacDonnell: "Duties of Parentage." An interesting and important discussion may be expected.

Monday, at 8.30, Violet Volunteers of Comprehensionism meet to discuss "Doctrine of Original Sin"—and petition for its expulsion from the teaching of the People.

Tuesday, at 8.30, a lecture by Mr. Wilson—"Man in relation to the universe." Illustrated.

Wednesday, 8.15. a Developing Circle. Doors closed at 8.30.

Thursday, at 8 to 10 p.m., the Sec. attends to supply literature, lend and exchange Books of Library, and impart what Information he can.

Friday, at 8, a Seance.

Saturday, a seance at 8 p.m., a good clairvoyant medium attends. Mr. Hancock is present half an hour earlier to speak with strangers.

J. M. Dale, Hon. Sec.

4, TALBOT GR., LADBROKE GR. RD., NOTTING HILL. Meetings Sunday mornings, at 11 o'clock prompt; evening at 7 o'clock prompt.

Tuesday evenings, developing circle for members and friends

Thursday evenings, Mrs. Treadwell, trance and test. At 8. Subscriptions, sixpence per week, admits to all meetings, Spirit-mediums and friends are invited to assist in the work.

On Sunday, Nov. 12th, an Experience Meeting will be held, when all friends of the Cause are invited to come forward and give their testimony. On Sunday, Nov. 19th, Mr. Joseph Cartwright, of Peckham, will give a discourse on "Spiritual Riches." Speakers are invited to take part in these meetings.

All information may be obtained of

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

LEICESTER—SILVER STREET LECTURE HALL.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. Holmes delivered a normal address to a large audience. The subject was "Is it reasonable to worship God." It was one of the most interesting and instructive addresses that Mr. Holmes has given. It is hoped that we may hear many from him on our platform during the winter season.

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

PLYMOUTH, RICHMOND HALL, RICHMOND STREET.

On Sunday evening last 5th inst., Mr. Pine took the rostrum and delivered an effective address which was much appreciated. At the conclusion Mr. H. was controlled to speak.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Friday in each week, at 7.45 for 8 o'clock, Circles are held at the Hall. Permission to attend must in all cases be obtained from the Chairman for the evening.

The Secretary will attend the Hall on Friday evenings from 7.30 to 8, for the distribution of MEDIUMS.

Mr. E. W. Wallis will lecture on Wednesday, Nov. 22nd, at 7.30 p.m. Friends will oblige by keeping themselves free for this evening.

Next Sunday, 12th Nov., service as usual at 6.30 p.m.

ROBERT S. CLARKE, Hon. Sec.

MRS. HARDINGE-BRITTEN'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS.

Sunday, Nov. 12th, Halifax.
Monday, " 13th, "
Sunday, " 19th, Bradford.

" 26th, Sowerby Bridge.
Address—The Limes, Humphrey Street, Cheetham Hill, Manchester.

IMPORTANT NOTICE! Before you sow your farm or garden crops, plant, prune, bake, brew, set fowls, hire servants kill pigs, travel, remove, deal with others, ask favours, speculate, or do anything else, get **RAPHAEL'S ALMANAC** for 1883, and it will save you pounds.

A large Farmer writes:—"The crops sown according to your Almanac have all done remarkably well, for instance, no one here has a good crop of peas except me; Vetches again are failures as regards seed but mine are very good, and my wheat is the best in the parish." Another writes:—"I sowed my celery seed according to your Almanac and never had it as good." A large gardener writes:—"I pruned my vines at time stated in Almanac, and have double the weight of grapes I had last year."

It also contains Birthday Information for every day of the year, a weather guide, numerous tables, and predictions of the chief events that will happen in 1883.

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London: J. BURNS, 15, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

MR. J. J. MORSE'S APPOINTMENTS.

CARDIFF, Sundays, November 5th, Assembly Rooms, morning at 11; evening at 6.30. Also Sunday, Nov. 18th.

LONDON, Goswell Hall, Sunday, November 12th and 26th.

Mr Morse accepts engagements for Sunday Lectures in London, or the provinces. For terms and dates, direct him at 53, Sigdon Road, Dalston, London, E.

SUNDAY LECTURE SOCIETY.—Wm. Lant Carpenter, Esq., B.A., B.Sc., F.C.S., on "The Sun." (With Oxy-hydrogen Lantern Illustrations), at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 12th, at 4 o'clock. Admission 1s., 6d., 1d.

SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION LECTURES.

Lecture on Monday evening, at 8.15, at 15, Southampton Row.

Wanted a person as servant, between the age of 16 and 40 Spiritualist and abstainer preferred. Wages. £10. Address, M. S. 21, London Road, Brentford.

MANCHESTER AND SALFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS
Mechanics' Institute, Princess Street, Manchester.
(Major Street Entrance.)

President: Mr. I. Thompson, 83, Chapel Street, Salford.
Secretary: Mr. J. E. Lightbown, 19, Bridgewater Avenue, Cross Lane, Salford.

SPEAKERS FOR NOVEMBER.

November 12—Mr. A. R. Brown, Manchester.

" 19—Mr. W. Johnson, Hyde.

" 26—Mrs. Groom, Birmingham.

Service at 10.30 in the Morning, and 6.30 in the Ev Strangers invited.

WEEKLY CIRCLES.

Monday and Friday: Healing Circles at 83, Chapel Street Salford
Thursday: Open Circle at Mr. Taylor's, 44, Harrison Street, Pendleton.

MR. R. A. BROWN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Manchester Society every Sunday morning.

BARROW-IN-FURNESS Spiritual Association, 75, Buccleuch Street.—Sunday Services at 6.30 p.m.; Thursday, at 7.30 p.m.; all Seats Free. Healing the sick by laying on of hands, gratis on Monday and Friday evenings, at 7 p.m. Admission to Healing Room 2d.
President: Mr. J. Walmsley, 28, Dumfries Street; Secretary: Mr. J. Kellett, 59, Cheltenham Street.

OLDHAM Spiritualist Society, 176, Union-street.—Meetings, Sunday at 2.30 p.m., and 6 p.m. Mr. J. T. Owen, secretary, 124, Waterloo St

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ACTS. Accents of At evening Balm bearers "Birdie's" song Cheering thoughts Drawing near Dreaming of Greeting us Homeward bound Hovering near Mission of Minstrelsy of Presence of Rejoicing Shadowy wing Something balm Thorns to flowers Water of Life Welcome of Wife's hand	DEATH. Emancipation Meeting after No death Triumph over DEDICATION. In nature Temple of God ENTRANCEMENT. Fairly glimpses. DEVOTION. Infantile. DISCIPLINE. Blessings of Blossoms Crown of Thorns Trials DREAMS. [of Angels, dreaming Isle of the blest Mother's Verified EQUALITY. Equal rights ENDURANCE. Live them down Strike away EVENING. Meditative musing FAITH. Filial Divine FELLOWSHIP. Of love Spiritual FIDELITY. Punctual Untailing FIRMNESS. In trial FLOWERS. Celestial Lily Worship FORGIVENESS. Deal gently. Magdalene. FRATERNITY. Doing good FREEDOM. Morn of Spiritual FRIENDS. Memento of Transient Angel FUNERAL. Aged sire Born anew Brother Budding life Come unto me Dust to dust Gate opened Little child Martyrs No mourning Not lost Passing away Released Ring softly	Silently weep Sister Spiritual affection Spirit sister Thou art gone FUTURE. Ratios of life Waiting the day Gon. Better view Divine guide Eternity of Goodness of Gratitude to Life in nature Life of all Omniscience Omnipresence Praise of Providence Soul of things Temple of Watchfulness Wisdom and love GOODNESS. Divine Holy peace GREETING. Joyous HAPPINESS. Be happy How found HARVEST. Song of. HEART. Blessed Dead Garden Keep young Purity Solace for HEAVEN. Affection for Beautiful Better land Departure for Dream of Eden of Entering into Evergreen shore Family there Glory of Hereafter Hills of Home in Land of Loved there Meeting there Portal Rest in Sighing for Singing of Travelling to True life of HOME. Affection of Heart and hearth Made pleasant Make beautiful Welcome World of love	HOME, HEAVENLY. Beautiful above For all Going toward Heavenly Home we build Looking for Sailing toward HOPE. Foregleams of Star of IMMORTALITY. Natural Purer joys Undying things INDIANS. Departure of Fortitude of Lament of Trespass against INSPIRATION. Speaking by Perpetual Words of love INVOCATION. Child's Father God Divine aid Heart seeking Of spirits Nearness to God To angels JOY. Come at last Reward of duty Triumphant KINDNESS. Words and acts LABOUR. Reward of Punctual LIBERTY. Anthem of Flag of Rock of Spiritual LIFE. Brevity of Close of Golden side Sacredness of Sowing seed Stream of Wisdom divine LIGHT. Primeval "Silver lining" LOVE. Angelic Constant Heavenly God is Maternal Undying LYCEUM. Amid mountains Balm Be happy Better Land Beyond the river	Beautiful home Conference Charity Child's song Days going by Devotion Do good Dreaming to night Evergreen shore Forsake not right Gentle words Glory Good-by Guide thy bark Hereafter Home for all Ho, hilly, ho! How to be happy Indian echo Joy Joy for you Kindness Loved in heaven Lyceum band Marching song Mother Mother's care Rag-picker Rest for weary Sail on Sing to me Song of the poor Summer days Temperance Think gently Undying things Visions of joy Water to drink Welcome Woods MARRIAGE. Heavenly union Heart life Sweetness of heart Love MARINERS. Ocean life Trust in God MARTYRS. Living still MILLENNIUM. Glory of MEMORY. Days gone by Of childhood Pensive MORNING (Heavenly) Light of MOTHER. Bird-child Cradle song Love of Welcome child MUSIC. Falling waters Loving song Spiritual Spirit bugle Spiritual harp NATURE. Bible of	Inner life Order of Praise of Soul of NIGHT. Retiring Vigil PATRIOTISM. Universal PEACE. Angel of Brothers all Good will Only defence Prince of Waiting for War conquered PERSEVERANCE. Never say fail. Overcoming PRINCIPLE. Nature's nobility PROMISE. Rainbow of PROPHET. Joy revealed Of to-day PROGRESS. Faith, Hope, Charity Future Onward Press on Steps Voice of RECOGNITION. By law of love Shall we know REFORM. Agitation RELIGION. Do good In soul New RESIGNATION. Child-like Filial Divine In adversity REVELATION. Nature's RIGHT. Action of Forsake not Stand for SEASONS. Lessons of SERENADE. Angel watchers Nature's music Spiritual SCIENCE. Benefits of Social SLEEP. Good night SOUL. God in Its prophecy SPIRITS. In prison	SPIRITUALISM. Artistic Healing Inspired speaker Magnetic spheres Mediums Minstrelsy Poetical Rappings Spirit picture Transfiguration SPIRIT LAND. Longing for Song-bird of SPRING. Eternal STARS. Influence of SUMMER. Merry days SUMMER LAND. Relation with Silence of TEMPERANCE. Ball is rolling Cold water Springs Pledge Water TRUTH. Light of Sun of Victorious UNION. Call for UNFORTUNATE. Blind Insane Rag-picker Speak softly Welcome back VOYAGE. Crystal sea Floating out Guide with can Life-boat Of life Passage home Sail on Sunny scenes WISDOM. In nature WORLD. Room for all The other World WORSHIP. Heart incense In nature WOMAN. Architect of love Equality of Golden Age Social life YEAR. New Old and New YOUTH. Early virtues Memory of
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CONTENTS OF THE "SPIRITUAL LYRE." (Sold separately: Paper, 6d.; Cloth, 1s.) INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

All men are equal in their birth Angels, bright angels, are ever around Angels bright are drawing near Arrayed in clouds of golden light Assembled at the closing hour As we part our prayer ascendeth Author of good, we rest on Thee [right Be firm and be faithful: desert not the Calm on the bosom of thy God Clay to clay, and dust to dust Come they, when the shades of evening Cherish faith in one another Death is the fading of a cloud Earth is waking, day is breaking Eternal Source of light and life Far from mortal cares retreating Father, breathe an evening blessing Father of all, in every age Floating on the breath of evening For all thy gifts we praise Thee, Lord Forever wakefully the air is turning Forward! the day is breaking Friends never leave us, those who call From realms supernal, fair and bright From the recesses of a lowly spirit God is Love: his mercy brightens God that madest earth and heaven Gracious Source of every blessing Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah Hail! the heavenly scenes of peace Hand in hand with angels Hark! hark! from grove and fountain Hark! the songs of angels swell Hath not thy heart within thee burned? Heaven is here; its hymns of gladness He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower Here at thy grave we stand	Here we meet with joy together How cheering the thought How pure in heart and sound in head How sweet, how heavenly is the sight Holy Spirit, kindly bless us How shall I know Thee in the sphere If 'tis sweet to mingle where Immortal praise to God be given In the broad fields of heaven In the lone and silent midnight In the sky that is above us Is it not sweet to think, hereafter Is heaven a place where pearly streams It is a faith sublime and sure Joy and pain to all are given Let monumental pillars rise Let one loud song of praise arise Life is onward,—use it Life is the hour that lies between Lo, in the golden sky Lo! the day of rest declineth Lord! subdue our selfish will Lord! what a fleeting breath Love all! there is no living thing Love never sleeps! the mother's eye May the grace of guardian angels Mortal, the Angels say My God, my Father, while I stray Nearer, my God, to thee No bitter tears for thee be shed No human eye thy face may see Now the shades of night are gone Now to heaven our prayer ascending Ocean and land the globe divide O give thanks to him who made O God of ages, by whose hand O land of bliss, my heart now turns	One sweet flower has dropped and faded Our blest Exemplar, ere he breathed Our God is love: and would he doom O Thou unknown, almighty Cause O Thou, to whom in ancient time O Thou who driest the mourner's tear Part in peace! is day before us? Peace be thine, and angels greet thee Praise for the glorious light Praise God, from whom all blessings flow Praise to thee, though great Creator Prayer is the soul's sincere desire Sai its above held sweet communion Shall we gather at the river She passed in beauty! like a rose Should sorrow o'er thy brow Sleep on your pillow Slowly by God's hand unfurled Soon shall the trump of freedom Sow in the morn thy seed Speak gently, it is better far Spirits bright are ever nigh Star of Progress, guide us onward Supreme o'er all Jehovah reigns Sweet are the ties that bind in one Tell me not in mournful numbers The Lord is my Shepherd; nowant shall The mourners came, at break of day The morning light is breaking The morn of peace is beaming The dead are like the stars by day The mystery of the Spirit's birth The outward world is dark and drear The perfect world by Adam trod The Sabbath sun was setting slow The Sage his cup of hemlock quaffed The spacious firmament on high	The voice of an angel The world has much of beautiful The world may change from old to new There is a calm for those who weep There is a land my eye hath seen There is a land of pure delight There is a pure, a peaceful wave, There is a state, unknown, unseen There is no death—'tis but a shade They are passing, upward passing They are winging, they are winging Thou art, O God, the light and life Thou art the first and thou the last Thou who art enthroned above Though wandering in a stranger-land Thy name be hallowed evermore To thee the Lord Almighty To the father's love we trust To the world of spirit gladness True prayer is not th' imposing sound Your souls, like shadows on the ground We come at morn and dewy eve We gladly come to-day We do not die—we cannot die We will not fear the beauteous angel Welcome angels, pure and bright: Whatever clouds may dim the day When fortune beams around you When I survey life's varied scene When in the busy haunts of men With silence only as their benediction When sorrow on the spirit teeds When the hours of day are numbered When the evening star is stealing When troubles overflow the soul Wilt thou not visit me With sunshine always on his face
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London: J. BURNS, 15, Southampton Row, Holborn W.C.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

Mysterious every-day Kidney Malady which is Increasing at an Alarming Rate—The Only Method of Cure.

Not many years ago a celebrated physician of London discovered what is known by the name of the discoverer, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. This disease is much commoner than is supposed. It consists of such a degeneration of the tissues of the kidney that it loses its full power to separate the urea, or urine, from the blood. The flow of blood through the kidneys is retarded in the minute vessels, congestion follows, and instead of the urine only passing through the walls of these minute cells, the albumen and fibrine, THE LIFE PROPERTIES OF THE BLOOD, escape, the poisons remaining; and eventually the entire blood becomes thoroughly corrupted and ruins every organ in the system. There are many names given to the condition of the kidneys, such as albuminuria, uræmia, nephritis, fatty degeneration of the kidney, inflammation of the kidneys, etc., etc., but they are all allied to the dreaded Bright's Disease, and will eventually terminate in that fearful malady.

Dr. Thompson says kidney disease is probably next to consumption the commonest cause of death among adults in this climate. You have had a recent and mysterious attack of asthma, pains in the back and around the loins, severe headaches, dizziness, inflamed eyes, a coated tongue and a dry mouth, loss of appetite, chilly sensations, indigestion (the stomach never is in order when the kidneys or liver are deranged), a dryness of the skin, nervousness, night sweats, muscular debility, despondency, a tired feeling, especially at night, puffing or bloating under the eyes, and your muscular system seems utterly helpless. Dr. Roberts of England, Prof. Thompson of New York, and other celebrated authorities, tell us that ALL THESE SYMPTOMS ARE SURE INDICATIONS OF BRIGHT'S DISEASE! With some patients the disease runs slowly and for years. With others it comes as a thief in the night. This fact is an alarming one, and startles the inquiry: WHAT CAN BE DONE? WARNER'S SAFE KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE IS THE ONLY SAFE REMEDY IN THE WORLD THAT HAS EVER CURED THIS GREAT DISEASE.

TESTIMONIALS.

TAFF VALE RAILWAY, NAVIGATION STATION, July 31, 1882.

DEAR SIR,—I should be doing Messrs. Warner & Co. an injustice, if I withheld from the world the benefit I received from their Medicines; having for years suffered from Kidney trouble, which ended in abscess of that organ, resulting from inflammation, with a copious flow of pus.

I purchased about fifteen bottles of the Kidney and Liver Cure, the contents of thirteen only of which I have taken. It brought away about *two ounces of stone*; the pus has ceased to appear, the pain has vanished, the urine is now clear, and I believe it has effected a complete cure. I have long and fairly tried some of the ablest medical men in South Wales, but they failed to treat the case successfully, one of them remarking that medical science had failed to find a remedy for confirmed Kidney Disease. But I believe your Medicines to be a thorough specific for derangement of those organs, and I have every reason to conclude that they will do all that is claimed for them.

You are at liberty to make free use of my testimony. Being a Public Servant, and living in the district for a quarter of a century, I am known for miles around, and shall be happy to answer any enquiries on the subject.—Yours faithfully,

B. F. LARRABEE ESQ., 94, Southampton Row, London.

J. HISCOCK, STATION MASTER.

NEW DELAVAL, August 1st, 1882.

DEAR SIR,—I am very thankful to you for what you have done for me, and it is with the greatest of pleasure I give you a statement of case, for the benefit of others who might be afflicted in the same way; for I have received great benefit by Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. I had Inflammation of Bladder. I had to urinate about every *five or ten minutes* with great pain and suffering; and my water was nothing but one mass of matter and hemorrhage. Both of my Kidneys were affected, and the right one was the worst, and very painful, which affected my Liver. I had a very bad cough, also, which made matters worse; and I had very bad palpitation of heart; but the cough and palpitation are quite gone. The only thing that troubles me now is weakness in the back, and the right haunch bone. And, Dear Sir, I am very thankful to you for what you have done for me, and you can make what use of this letter you think proper. I remain, your humble servant,

MR. LARRABEE.

ROBERT PATTEN.

Instead of Testimonials the following Names are selected from hundreds of others:—

- MRS. D. H. ALLATT, 64, Grosvenor Road, London, S.W.
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- MRS. S. K. BOLTON, 45, Torrington Square, London, W.C.
- MR. WILLIAM CARR, Wylam-on-Tyne.
- MR. GEORGE CARLIDGE, 183, Kiveton Park, Nr. Sheffield.
- MR. ST. COLLINGWOOD, Bollyhope Shield, Frosterly, Durham.
- MISS E. CRANSTONE, 14, Sibthorpe Road, Upper Mitcham.
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