

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

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SPIRITUAL RICHES.

A DISCOURSE DELIVERED AT 4, TALBOT GROVE, NOTTING
HILL, ON SUNDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 19, 1882.

BY JOSEPH CARTWRIGHT.

THE PRAYER.

We implore Thee, O Father of Heaven! to look down upon us, and to bless us, Thy waiting children; for we are Thine, and Thou fillest us with the blessing of Thy Divine Spirit; for we are Thine, and to Thy divine presence we are for ever progressing. We bless Thee for that divine light that shows us that all impediments to our approach to Thee are of men's make and appointment; and that there is no dress, or uniform, other than a loving heart, to fit men to stand in Thy divine presence.

Indue us, O Lord, with courage to repel the suggestions of mischievous and depraved spirits, that so we may conduct ourselves blameless while we are endeavouring to fulfill our duties as social members and citizens of the land wherein it is our lot to dwell.

Make clean our hearts within us, and so enable us to decorate our inner chamber of the thoughts and the understanding, that pure and happy spirits may delight to dwell with us, to pray with us, to sing with us, and fill the whole dwelling of soul with heavenly light.

And oh! in these dark moments when our spiritual visitors are not seen and heard, and appear to be far from us, may we with teachable and tractable minds wait, as waits the housewife for the return of the one mind that bringeth happiness with the sound of his footsteps.

We pray Thee to extend the mission of all that is good in Spiritual belief, that that great black cloud and plague spot—the fear of death—may be removed from all hearts

It is in obedience to Thy divine will that we implore Thee to have mercy on the dear children whose lot it is to be educated in the fear of that dreadful faith of eternal torments. O, heavenly Father! hasten the time when the world shall be cleansed of all slavish fear; when all the dear little ones shall grow in the

love of Thee, and that grand confidence and abiding truth, that Thy Fatherly care and watchfulness watereth the tender plants.

Fulfill, O Lord! in our hearts this night, the prophecies and promises of our return to that higher life that is to be found in that grand city the New Jerusalem, from whose glorious foundations we have been too prone to wander and exile ourselves; for it is Thy divine will that we should be free in the liberty of that grand and glorious city, a city that is above, a city that cannot be found by digging and grovelling among the ruins that are a refuge for the crawling and prowling things of superstition and monkish slavery. Thy word hath said that this Jerusalem is free and is the mother of us all. To such a glorious governance may we ever be making our pilgrimage.—AMEN.

DISCOURSE.

“And these signs shall follow those who believe.”

Where are the signs and evidences of the Spirit of the Promise? Where are the tokens of Christian Prophecy, if they are not to be found coming again to us in the developments of that intellectual and intelligent power to which we have applied the term Spiritualism? For a time we will throw aside all consideration of this word, Spiritualism, as though it were not known, and ask the Christian beliefs and creeds of these days the question with which we have opened this discourse: Where are the evidences that redeem the pledge given to us by Jesus Christ, that certain signs should follow, to chase away all doubts and misgivings from the hearts of those who would believe?

For long years, for decades piled upon decades, for ages, although in silence, this question has been engraved, cut deeply, upon every stone of every Christian fane, and temple, throughout the world. We have waited, we have gazed, we have looked up to the clouds, we have listened to the most expensive and fashionable eloquence, we have hearkened to the most educated and conceited forms of fanaticism, we have prayed, till we have been knee-sore, on the cold marble slabs in the shadows of the highest creations of medieval architecture, and a silence as of death has been the only reply that has ever answered the ques-

tion: Where are the signs that should follow those who believe?

We have believed; but, where are the signs? If a praying and prostrating priesthood, if a whining hierocracy, made magnificent with the tortuous and intricate decorations of high art, could catch for us but one flash of the light of the Spirit, we need not ask them to show to us the signs that should follow belief. But, in the absence of any pretence, save the pretence of words, to show us the signs of belief, we tell them, and all those who follow them, that their unbelieving excuse that the age of miracles has ceased proves too much; inasmuch as this, that it proves that they are unworthy the miracles, and that if one part of the promise is taken from them, the other is also taken; as the signs and the belief are so linked together that they cannot be separated. If one departs, the other departs with it.

It is very strange that the Christian Church should, for so many years, have read the promise of Spiritual Gifts, and yet that they should have remained content with its non-fulfilment, without a single inquiry as to the cause of the loss of this their greatest and grandest inheritance; without ever saying to the priests: How can you be the successors of the Apostles, and yet remain so poverty-stricken with regard to the Spiritual Gifts?

There must be much of spiritual blindness on the part of those who so bitterly denounce Spiritualism; because it promotes and promulgates a belief in the resurrection, or resuscitation of the Spiritual Gifts, and the physical evidences of a state of consciousness, other and apart from that state that begins and ends with the existence of the body. We should have thought that a consciousness of their own deserted condition would have led them, at least, to have said: "Well, we ought to shut our mouths when we think over our own forlorn condition; for with all our boasted triumph of the march of Christianity, it does not carry in its mission one single letter of the credentials promised to be a sign, or evidence, of the truthfulness of its call to the unbelievers." Now, the Spiritualists have not so learned Christ as to disbelieve his words, and so, to accommodate their unbelief, to trump an excuse for the disappearance of the signs that should be seen at the time of believing; and by saying, that the signs were only for a particular age, and that, now the age has passed, the signs have passed with it. The Spiritualists do believe that the signs do follow where our natures and dispositions are of the true gospel type. We Spiritualists do not believe in the departure of the age of the signs. We are the departed; we who have too much believed in our own selfishness; we who have too much materialized religion, and made it a thing of money, and decoration; we who have turned the temples of the living God into emporiums for the sale of doves, and competitive displays of fine clothes. But such is human pride; the great antagonism to all spiritual communications.

All the grand action of God's will in the simplicity of his world of mortal life and consciousness, has been overlaid with man's patchwork of self-righteousness, and his love of his own works, instead of the works of the Spirit; and his own faith in the religion of the purse, and the scrip, instead of a belief in the poverty of Jesus Christ. Our inclination to doubt the truth of anything that would lead us away from our own selfishness, has always been the disaster that has lent its agency to lead us into the outer darkness of a land where the Spirit never comes, and a foul atmosphere where the dove that hovered over Jesus Christ will never open its wings. Oh, pray for more light! never cease imploring for more Spiritual Truth!

One of the stock objections of the enemies of Spiritualism to its manifestations is, that, in those manifestations, there is manifested, at the same time, to their minds, a dreary absence of what the world calls dignity,

and worth, or value, or, in other words,—more explicit, perhaps—the meanness of the means, or vehicles, by which we obtain access to the spirit world. These objections are not new. They are as ancient as the earliest evidences of the desire of the spirits of God to hold intercourse with the sons of men. They were the objections of those who understood not or would not understand God's dealings with the Jews under the leadership of his servant Moses, and they were the objections of those who could not or would not understand the manifestations through the power of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and they are the objections everywhere among those who are living in forgetfulness of the visitations of God's most Holy Spirit. These objections have deeply intrenched the human family; they have dug a deep gulf and thrown up high earth-works between heaven and earth, and have hidden away that New Jerusalem of God's love, that Holy City not made with hands; that City that will not suit those who love brickwork, and are ever walking about in lime-burnt shoes, with large rolled-up plans and specifications of quantities stuck under their arms, for the erection of most wonderful Babel towers; where the shareholders will have the advantage of a short cut to heaven, including a liberal percentage on their investments.

The first Scriptural evidence of the separation of man from spiritual intercourse with God, was the assertion of the argument of meanness, when man became ashamed of his God-made garments, and desired to stand in the presence of his maker, clad with his own tailoring. And so has he been ever since, with his fidgetty, middlesome fingers, needling, stitching, patching, darning, fine drawing, scratching, brushing, coaxing, and clobbering, in all manner of fashions, that so he might please his own ideas of what he ought to be, to cut a respectable figure in the presence of his Heavenly Father which is in heaven, when he walks in the cool of the day on the paths of his own earth-garden; and to whom the weak child of earth prays and propitiates, with his self-righteous dandyisms, and priestly-cut liveries of orthodox pattern, which will not cover on a fat body, and will not meet on a lean one.

What is there of the Spirit that man has not dressed up in his fineries? Even his heaven he has plastered up with gold, with silver, with glass, with rubies, with sapphires, with diamonds, with crystals, with opals, with every kind of tinsel of stage decorations, until his paradise has glistened and gleamed, in all manner of books, like the transformation scene of a pantomime, and not only has he done this, but he has fallen down and worshipped his deceptions, and invoked maledictions upon the light that is waiting to show him the vanity of his trumperies, and he has called the Light "meanness."

In all my communications and conversations with the enemies of Spiritualism, I have ever found this to be their common cry against its teachings: "What! do you think to make us believe that the spirits will communicate with us by the letters of the alphabet or by the knocks and raps on a table?" Now this cry is raised by people through a false idea about respectability; just as though the spirits are influenced by our shifty and miserable notions about poverty, and respectable affluence. According to the Scriptures, when God created man, all the riches he gave him were the trees of the Garden; and all the toil he asked of him was to dress and to keep that garden. But man's attention has been diverted into what he considers more noble occupations. He don't altogether like digging, and pruning, and living a dependent on his God and his garden. But because man has forgotten his Maker, and sought out for himself many inventions, has a corresponding change taken place in the riches of God? No! the slab of pine, or beech, or oak, remains just as marvellous now, as a God production, as they did when they waved their branches over the

unoffending Adam. That man must be far short of being a believer, and must be one in whom no Spirit of God has made a dwelling place, if he can take up even no more than a single chip from a carpenter's axe, and not feel, while he gazes on it, the spirit within him moving in unison with God's Spirit, to cry out with such tears of joy in his eyes as only God's spirit can distil: "All thy works praise thee, O Lord." Well then, if the slab of wood is a God production, how can the spirits bemean themselves by communicating to us through the medium of a vehicle that God has made? If ever I blest Spiritualism—if my experience is to be allowed to be introduced in judgment in this matter—it was when the spirits directed my thoughts in this way as an initiatory step towards the enjoyment of that land where the diamond will lose its glow, and the ruby turn cloudy, before that greater light, the glory of the unfading Godliness of our higher and better spiritual destination. The table, in the hands of the Spiritualist, occupies an antithetical point, or expression of opposition to those things that are consecrated and made holy for the use of certain forms of public worship. It is as though the spirits, flying from the Materialism of Papal and Ritualistic misappropriation of God's goods and manufactures, had alighted on the domestic table as a utensil, acting by its appropriateness more in harmony with the intentions of the Creator. Be cautious, then, lest you fall into the error of consecrating anything but your own hearts to the spiritual intercourse; for the moment that you put one single stamp of holiness, other than the holiness of a simple and confiding appropriateness, upon your tables, be assured that you stain them with an idolatry that no washing, rubbing, or scrubbing, will ever eradicate, and from which the spirits will fly as health flies from a foul distemper.

Having found, then, to our own satisfaction if to no other,—which, after all, is every one's guide in these matters; for all men, in all things, appeal to the tribunal of their own hearts for what they consider the best evidence of eternal things;—I say, having proved to our own satisfaction, that there is a real and substantial value about the table and its indications, let us now proceed to examine what there is about the letters of the alphabet, that should prohibit their use by the spirits as a medium of communication to the children of this world. Now the evidence that I am about to produce in support of the assertion that the spirits do not undignify themselves by speaking to us through the medium of the letters of the alphabet, has always been considered by all Christian's books, magazines, tracts, pulpits, and other out-speakings of evangelism, as vital. That evidence is the death-bed of a Christian and a non-Spiritualist, who died the death of the righteous; and may our death be like his.

The person, of whose death I am about to notice, was a Mr. Cook, of Park Road, Peckham. He was an excellent man; one of those whom the Spirit of God had dignified with kind and gentle manners. I became acquainted with him through employing him as a builder. I had not known him for more than a few weeks, when consumption came upon him, and overwhelmed him, and he rapidly passed away. Some little time after his departure, I, being near the residence of his loved one whom he had left here with us, I thought I would call upon her to see how she bore her affliction, and, if possible, to speak a few words to her of sympathy for her in her desolation. When I saw her, I was not a little surprised at her equanimity and self-possession; but this apparent want of feeling she accounted for by saying, that her husband's illness and death-bed so abounded with scenes of soul happiness, that she could not, with the recollection of them influencing her mind, give way to the ordinary methods of grief and sorrow; and, moreover, she had pledged herself to her dying husband to

keep herself cheerful, and that she felt herself bound, by the sacredness of her husband's dying wish, to carry out her pledge; and now comes the remarkable part of this little history of a death chamber.

The widow stated to me that her husband, seeing her weeping, said to her: "My dear, if you knew how happy I am, you would not weep. I am always surrounded by such beautiful spirits, and, although they do not speak to me, they lay down letters on the bed, and they lay them down so that they form beautiful words. They laid them down just now, and they spelt out these words, 'He leadeth me by the side of still waters;' and it filled my heart with such joy when I read them."

I was so struck with what I had listened to, that I thought that I had got into the house of a Spiritualist; so I made an inquiry that way, as to whether her husband was a Spiritualist; but she appeared to be quite ignorant of what I meant; and when I explained to her what I did mean, she declared to me that neither herself, nor her husband, had ever been familiar with anything of the kind, neither had they ever been acquainted with any one who was a Spiritualist.

Now, here, in this death chamber, we find all that we have in our spiritual seances. The spirits laid the letters on the counterpane, and spread them out as you would a pack of cards, and all for the comfort of this poor dying man. And the dying man "was in the spirit on the Lord's day," and he saw the letters and read them. Are we to receive this dying testimony? Or are we to yield to a fastidious Materialism, and say that the spirits could not bemean themselves by laying down letters on the counterpane of a bed? No; we say that whatever the spirit touches it dignifies; be it a table, or a counterpane, whatever it is that is touched by the spirit it becomes grand. Grand was the ladder; grand was the wayside bush; grand was the raven's beak; grand was the meal barrel, and grand was the oil cruse; grand was the carpenter's axe; grand was the clay, and the spittle. Oh, there is nothing in this world of ours, however mean, despicable it may be, under the estimation of man, that does not become grand under the touch of the Spirit!

From the beginning to the end of the Scriptures, we have before us, if we like to study them, an uninterrupted flow of "mean things," all of which were used by the spirits of God, as the best means through which they could display their love and regard for men of a humble and lowly class; some of whom only lost the divine companionship of the Spirit when they became enamoured of costly things; and yet modern religion appears to forget all these things and regard them only as so much old pottery, or painting, somewhat altered in tone by the wear and tear of age and atmosphere; rare for their antiquity; costly for the market; but useless and not adapted for the present improved modes of life and thought. So did they of the Desert forget the Rod and the Rock, before the Calf, because it was moulded after their own hearts which loved gew-gaw and glitter, no matter how stupid and silly was the life that it represented.

Is not all this running away and deserting the simple machinery that the Spirit loves to use for its manifestations, the sin against the Holy Ghost? This is a question that suggests itself here, and I think it will bear reflecting upon. At any rate, we have trodden a road that has led us away from those scenes where the spirits of God love to dwell, and where, only, they turn our pillars of stone into Bethels. And we have occupied other places where the spirits, the heaven-sent messengers, never enter.

If a humble spirit is required of us, if we would wish to walk with God, surely all the surroundings of that spirit must be humble too. If our dispositions and inclinations are required to be of a lowly kind, to prepare us for intercourse with the messengers of peace, the temple of our devotions must be lowly too. As

much machinery and costly fabrications as you please to destroy life : as much of fine art as you please for the produce of those esthetic embellishments which mark the separation of the poor from the rich : as much academic knowledge as can be found to raise a shepherd to be a king, or a hedger and ditcher into a pope, but do not attempt the sin of pleasing and coaxing the Spirit of God, by all kinds of rare fabrics and showy upholsteries.

The process by which all superstitious use of costly and medieval ornamentation, dedicated to the worship of a living God, is defended, is as thoroughly anti-Spiritual as it is possible for any deceitful inclination to be ; and leads only one way—to the exaltation of a proud, imperious and extravagant priesthood ; while, at the same time, it lowers and debases the atmosphere where the spirits love to breathe.

All the teachings of the Christian Churches, their prayers, and their hymnology, have been directed and pointed to this end ; that everything belonging to them, save and except the adornments of the Holy Spirit, are filthy rags. Now to this idea I strongly object, all things are not filthy rags ; they only become so when they are used as substitutes in the place and room of, and a make-up to fill the place of the departed Spirit. By the departed Spirit I mean the genuine Spirit ; against whose sorrow the children of the Father have already been warned. It is for the destruction of these filthy rags, and the proclaiming of no other power but the Spirit, that Spiritualism now stands forth, and, in these days, cries aloud as a restored power, directing men's minds to the best of all riches, the greatness and the glory of the life for evermore.

THEOSOPHY.

SPIRIT AND MATTER.

By JAMES McDOWALL.

(Concluded from last week.)

Now, give to this wonderful mode of action, I have so indifferently described, a rapidity of action a thousand times quicker than the lightning's flash, making one continuous stream from the Infinite Void to the Infinite Sphere of Absolute Pressure—through the narrow and contracted central condition of Pressure, whose material side is the negation of the condition from which it sprang. For every spiritual quality of that condition, it possesses a corresponding material quality, and for every semi-spiritual, a semi-material, and whose spiritual side is also a negation of the condition from which it sprang. Its first condition was the Infinite Void, with its degrees of vacuity ; its second condition is the infinitesimal point of Absolute Pressure, with its infinity of infinitesimal differences ; the penetration of the material side by the spiritual—which sides are also a negation of each other, for each is *minus* what the other is *plus*, and only at their mean condition is the point of union whereby their fusion into oneness becomes possible.

Thus, spirituality on the one side is balanced by materiality on the other, and the (semi-spiritual by the semi-material : these are the same points on the two opposite cones of Quality, the spiritual—by subtraction of the spiritual—passing to the material, and the thinly attenuated substance generated by the Void passing to the spiritual or condition of Pressure, each of which are correspondences of the body, the one materialized and the other spiritualized, from the Infinite on both sides, by absolute mathematical ratios, that have their origin in the relation of the body—the finite in quality and magnitude, to the infinite in quality and magnitude, and also the relation of the body as the finite in quality and magnitude, to the infinite *void of quality*, caused by the body's finite magnitude—the material caused by *subtraction* and the spiritual caused by *addition*—bearing in mind their opposite oneness so to speak, and their point of union through the mean in both.

Let the Reader try to consider the fusion of their infinity of equal and opposite mathematical ratios, as a base and

condition on which—and from which—mathematical intuitions, as the conception of mathematical truth, or intelligence rests ; and remember, there is no possibility of any truth being, that is not mathematical in its nature ; and I submit, you have a reasonable and adequate cause of the phenomena of mind. And further, let the Reader consider the fusion of these two equal but opposite conditions, as the momentary resting place of two equal but opposite tendencies in which, for a brief period, they coalesce into oneness. When the selective powers of the Infinite, through the cone of Quality as a conductor, subtracts their higher and rejects their lower, and the body acting in an opposite direction assimilates the lower and rejects the higher, this process of subtraction being a means whereby the extremes are augmented, so that through every moment of time a continual stream of the equal but opposite qualities of every body, be it sun, planet, atom, or man, is poured into the Infinite—becoming thereby a portion of its infinity. It is the continuous and perfect subtraction of these equal but opposites qualities, that gives to matter its solidity, durability, and motion. The cohesion of the particles of a body results from the instantaneous subtraction of the fire generated between the particle and the Void, that the existence of that particle causes.

This, dear Reader, is an important truth,—that from the moment of conception until the moment when the kindly hand of Death separates the gem from its casquet of clay, there is poured through the central condition of Pressure, a continual stream of equal but opposite Qualities to the body that was the cause of their generation. This being true of the earth as a whole, or of every tree, shrub, flower, or blade of grass, their inverse qualities continually becoming one with the Infinite and Universal, the subtraction of which deposits the material germ—the necessary means of their propagation and farther subtraction. *This continually increasing sum of spiritual qualities generated by our bodies, and supported at every point by the Infinite, is our heavenly home, and is ourselves existing everywhere, because a part of everywhere, ready at every point of that infinity, by the coalescing of our higher qualities with a still higher degree of the Infinite, to project, by contraction in Bulk and consequent extension in Quality, a material or semi-material germ,* into the soul fire of every being, capable by their sameness of quality of drawing our infinity to a finite point. This projection as it passes matterwards is met and penetrated by the centralization of the Void—being at every point of its ascent the equal but opposite qualities of the other's descent,—drawing, by that descent, into existence, becomes—in the central fire of the being, with whom our infinity affinities—a conception of the form of which we, as a spirit, are the Infinite and Uniform.*

That is, form graduated by mathematical ratios peculiar to ourselves, to the Infinite and Uniform, so that instead of—as a spirit—having only one form, *we may have myriads*. Wherever a kindred soul throughout God's universe, beats in harmony with our own, there we are present in form, proportioned to the degree of harmony. Consequently, the more God-like have been our aims and actions,—the more we have striven to live the good and true, the more we have made ourselves beloved for our kindness of heart and unrightness of purpose—the more will our power as a spirit find means of expression.

After much thought, trying to discover a figure that would with a degree of truth illustrate the nature of existence—material or semi-material (substance in any degree of motion)—my mind struck on the following figure. The perpendicular line, A A, stands in the figure for Infinite Magnitude ; to the left of which, represented by plain lines, is the cone of extension in Quality, with its infinite base on the line, A A, and its apex in the body, B. To the right of the line, A A, is the Infinite Void—having its base of equal magnitude and in the same position as the base of the cone of Quality. The thinly drawn out point penetrating the body, B, is the centralization of the Substance generated by the Void, and the smaller body, D, within the larger body, B, is the semi-material germ deposited by the cone of Quality, through which the Substance generated by the Void, when centralized to the point, C, coalesces into oneness with the base of Pressure. The

* The reader is not to suppose that the material germ, here referred to, is a piece of matter, like a seed,—but that it is a material tendency, and if carried to its ultimate would result in a material seed,—but is arrested in its downward path by the spiritual germ in its passage to the Infinite.

much machinery and costly fabrications as you please to destroy life : as much of fine art as you please for the produce of those esthetic embellishments which mark the separation of the poor from the rich : as much academic knowledge as can be found to raise a shepherd to be a king, or a hedger and ditcher into a pope, but do not attempt the sin of pleasing and coaxing the Spirit of God, by all kinds of rare fabrics and showy upholsteries.

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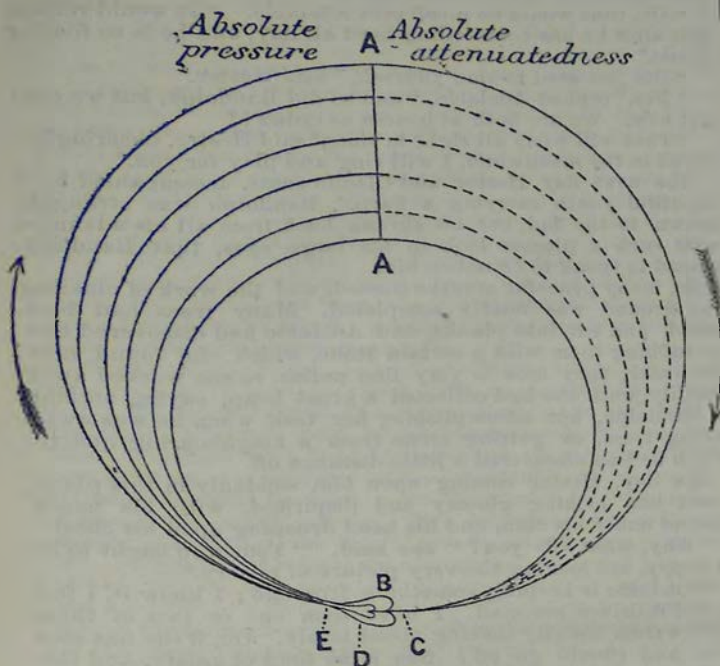
This, dear Reader, is an important truth,—that from the moment of conception until the moment when the kindly hand of Death separates the gem from its casquet of clay, there is poured through the central condition of Pressure, a continual stream of equal but opposite Qualities to the body that was the cause of their generation. This being true of the earth as a whole, or of every tree, shrub, flower, or blade of grass, their inverse qualities continually becoming one with the Infinite and Universal, the subtraction of which deposits the material germ—the necessary means of their propagation and farther subtraction. *This continually increasing sum of spiritual qualities generated by our bodies, and supported at every point by the Infinite, is our heavenly home, and is ourselves existing everywhere, because a part of everywhere, ready at every point of that infinity, by the coalescing of our higher qualities with a still higher degree of the Infinite, to project, by contraction in Bulk and consequent extension in Quality, a material or semi-material germ,* into the soul fire of every being, capable by their sameness of quality of drawing our infinity to a finite point. This projection as it passes matterwards is met and penetrated by the centralization of the Void—being at every point of its ascent the equal but opposite qualities of the other's descent,—drawing, by that descent, into existence, becomes—in the central fire of the being, with whom our infinity affinities—a conception of the form of which we, as a spirit, are the Infinite and Uniform.*

That is, form graduated by mathematical ratios peculiar to ourselves, to the Infinite and Uniform, so that instead of—as a spirit—having only one form, *we may have myriads*. Wherever a kindred soul throughout God's universe, beats in harmony with our own, there we are present in form, proportioned to the degree of harmony. Consequently, the more God-like have been our aims and actions,—the more we have striven to live the good and true, the more we have made ourselves beloved for our kindness of heart and unrightness of purpose—the more will our power as a spirit find means of expression.

After much thought, trying to discover a figure that would with a degree of truth illustrate the nature of existence—material or semi-material (substance in any degree of motion)—my mind struck on the following figure. The perpendicular line, A A, stands in the figure for Infinite Magnitude ; to the left of which, represented by plain lines, is the cone of extension in Quality, with its infinite base on the line, A A, and its apex in the body, B. To the right of the line, A A, is the Infinite Void—having its base of equal magnitude and in the same position as the base of the cone of Quality. The thinly drawn out point penetrating the body, B, is the centralization of the Substance generated by the Void, and the smaller body, D, within the larger body, B, is the semi-material germ deposited by the cone of Quality, through which the Substance generated by the Void, when centralized to the point, C, coalesces into oneness with the base of Pressure. The

* The reader is not to suppose that the material germ, here referred to, is a piece of matter, like a seed,—but that it is a material tendency, and if carried to its ultimate would result in a material seed,—but is arrested in its downward path by the spiritual germ in its passage to the Infinite.

arrows show the direction. The narrow neck, E, is the point of egress, and the south pole, and, also the point of ingress, of the material germ enfolding the point of Fire, C, which is the north pole, and the point of ingress of the Spiritual.



Still, I would warn the Reader not to consider this a literal representation though it is so, only that its form is exaggerated so as to make its mode of direction from the infinite Void to the point of Pressure, and thence to the infinite sphere of absolute Pressure visible. For there is no trick of the draughtsman's art, that I know of, that could illustrate the condition in a true light that I have tried to describe; for though the cone of Quality is in every sense a cone of the form of the illustration, still the base of the cone being the Infinite in Magnitude in every direction—the apex of the cone is within, not without, that base, so that the cone is like an infinite sphere with a material centre (the body),—graduated through the eccentric spheres of greater magnitude than the body, to the Infinite Base; the expansion of these eccentric spheres causing the body's motion—that is, expanding in the direction of the body. For though it could not be illustrated by the drawing of a cone, it is a cone nevertheless. This is equally true of the opposite side—for the same reason, only, that instead of expansion in the direction or increased length of cone between the apex and base, it is a shortening of the cone, and a drawing the body towards the Void, which is everywhere. Yet, because of the cone being an actual cone, and the medium or means between that body and the void, the Void has a particular direction, which is that of the direction of the motion.

It may strike the Reader's attention as it did mine, that this figure, illustrating the nature of existence, resembles the Egyptian symbol of Eternity: the serpent with its tail in its mouth. This was not intended, and I only perceived it after the figure was drawn. Is not this the true meaning of the symbol?

JAMES McDOWALL.

124, West Street, Calton, Glasgow.

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

No. 2.—ANGEL'S WORK.

(Commenced in No. 655.)

After some time, they came to a wide swiftly flowing river, and entering a ship which appeared to be waiting for them, were swiftly borne along. Some hours seemed to pass, while they continued their progress. For awhile they were all silent; then, Hester came and sat down by Randolph and Adelaide, and looking at them for some time, with a world of

loving tenderness irradiating her beautiful countenance, she said,—

"Dear, dear friends, how thankful we should all be, for God's mercy in setting you free from the power of those demons, whom your own follies and sin had given control over you!"

"I do not understand," said Adelaide; "I did not want to go there."

"And I was trapped into the cave, I do not see how we could have helped it," said Randolph, moodily.

"Perhaps not, just then," replied Hester, soothingly; "but you had been giving way for so long to the evil passions inherent in your nature, that the demons, who rule those who indulge in them, had you very fast. If you, Adelaide, had once succumbed to the demon who tempted you, it might have been centuries before you could have escaped. It was your real love for Randolph which, spite of your love of flattery and admiration, kept you pure."

Randolph groaned and covered his face with his hands, which action seemed to give Adelaide courage, for she pressed closely to his side, and tried to pull his hand from his face; saying, tearfully,—

"Never mind, now. In the future we will be faithful to each other, and Hester shall tell us what to do, and we will try our best: will we not?"

"Yes, indeed, we will. Oh, Hester! bright, beautiful angel! I always knew you could save me. Do it now, and my dear Adelaide also, for, indeed, I love her, and we will both try our very best to profit by your instructions."

"Dear brother and sister," said Hester, gently, taking a hand of each, and pressing them warmly; "for, from henceforth you shall be such to me,—let your hearts be brave and strong, and your wills firm, and if you would but remember to call upon God for help in the hour of temptation, He would always hear and answer you."

In converse such as this the time was passed, until they reached their destination, a rather populous town, on the banks of a river.

"Are we to stay here?" said Randolph, with a shudder; for he recognised, amongst the crowd of eager faces, several whom he had known in the days when indulging in all the vilest instincts of his nature.

"No, not here," replied the spirit whom Hester had called Claude. "We are taking you to your real internal state. No doubt you will be terribly shocked by its appearance, but it is what you yourselves have made it, or allowed it to become."

"Is it very dreadful?" asked Adelaide.

"It is a perfect picture of desolation," replied Claude.

Both Adelaide and Randolph shuddered, and looked ruefully at each other, for they both loved beautiful and luxurious surroundings.

Hester read their looks, and replied to them,

"Do not be daunted by the prospect before you, but rather rejoice that, as your neglect produced this state of desolation, so, patient perseverance and firm resolve, aided by prayer, will, in time, cause the wilderness to blossom like a rose."

A little comforted by these kind assurances, Adelaide and Randolph walked on, still hand in hand. They had by this time reached a very bleak and barren region, indeed. Marshy pools and sodden turf, with here and there a few stunted trees and bushes of strong prickly furze, and undergrowth of snake-like trailing plants, which emitted a most unpleasant odour, when crushed beneath the feet, as they passed over them. At last, as they came near a black pool of stagnant water, Randolph felt Adelaide's hand turn cold within his own, and, turning round, was only just in time to catch her insensible form in his strong arms, and prevent her falling.

"O Hester!" he cried, "what is it? is she dead?"

"No! she cannot die, she has fainted; she will soon recover; but, I fear, will be a long time ill. The shocks she has had lately have been too much for her. O Randolph, you must be kind and gentle with her when her wayward moods are upon her."

"I will try, indeed, I will," replied Randolph. "But what a fearful place it is, and what wretched miserable clothes we have on. I never noticed them when we were in the cave."

"You are now let into your own interiors, and permitted to see things as they really are, so that, if you will, you may turn from them, and set about amending them in real earnest. I will do all I can to help you, and so, I am sure, will Claude. He has been here much longer than I have, and is so wise and good."

"Who is he?" said Randolph, looking at her curiously. "He is wonderfully like you. Is he a relation?"

"No," replied Hester, adding evasively, "he is a great friend of papa's."

"In the meantime, Adelaide had revived, under the kindly ministrations of the angels, and was sitting up, looking round for Randolph. As he noticed her look, he went forward and took her in his arms, saying, sorrowfully, as he kissed her cold white cheek,

"This is, indeed, a wretched home to which I have brought you, you must hate me for it."

"Indeed, I will do nothing of the sort. I have learned enough since coming into this world, to know that some of it

is my fault, and so I will try to bear my share of the consequences."

In the meantime the angels put up a tent, which they had brought with them, in the driest and most sheltered spot they could find, and telling them to be of good cheer, departed.

"Oh," cried Adelaide to Hester, who was standing apart speaking to Claude; "surely you will not go and leave us alone in this dreadful place?"

"No," said Hester, "we were just saying I had better remain a little, until you were accustomed to it, and begin to clear away all these dreadful things which now cumber the ground. You must imagine yourselves settlers in a strange land, and begin cutting down these trees and bushes, and build a house, and plant grain. Claude and others will help you. See! Randolph has already an axe at his girdle, and pick and spade lying at his feet."

"So I have," cried Randolph, in amazement. "Where did they come from?"

"Were you not wondering how you were to begin? These things came in answer to your thought, showing you how, and supplying the means. Look! I have brought some food in this basket, let us eat and drink, and take some rest, then you will be better fitted to commence operations."

So they ate and drank of the food Hester had provided, and then lay down to sleep in the tent. Soon both Adelaide and Randolph were buried in a profound sleep, which lasted many hours. When they awoke they both looked round for Hester, and Randolph said, in a disappointed tone,—

"She is gone! I knew she would not stop in this horrid place!"

"Don't mind," said Adelaide, "I will not leave you. It is not much I can do, but if you will dig up some of these horrid prickly things, I will throw them into the pond out of sight."

"Dear Adelaide," said Randolph, kissing her tenderly, "I think we may be very happy here after all, but I have a better plan than throwing all this rubbish into the pond. We will put it in a heap and burn it, and, some day, drain all that dirty water away, and turn it into a lake, like the one we had at home; and build a nice house on that piece of rising ground, there, over on the other side, and ask Hester to give us some flowers to plant in it; you love flowers?"

"Oh, yes," said Adelaide, with a deep sigh; "I did when I was young and innocent."

"And so you do still," said Randolph, with a pleased smile, as he leant forward and pointed to a little cluster of tiny blue flowers at their feet.

"Where could they have come from? They were not there a few moments ago!"

"Never mind where they came from," said Adelaide, "we will take great care of them, and when we have a garden they shall have the place of honour in it, for blue is the colour of hope, you know, and these flowers inspire a hope of brighter days to come."

So these two sin-wearyed souls talked, and chattered, and even laughed, like playful children, and planned a house and lawn, lake and gardens, until, quite wearied out with pleasant excitement, they sat down to rest and refresh themselves with some of the food still in the basket. Then, when they had finished, Adelaide said timidly,

"Shall we ask God to bless and help us? Hester always did before she did anything, in the days I stayed with her, when I first came from the earth."

"Yes," said Randolph, "whatever she does must be right."

So they knelt down on the damp grass, and prayed God to bless them, and to help and teach them how to be good. Then they rose, and set vigorously to work, tearing up weeds and cutting down thorns and brambles, until they had a goodly heap. Then, when they were both tugging away at a deeply rooted shrub, which obstinately refused to be uprooted, they heard the voice of Hester, saying,—

"What a pile of weeds you have here! Let me pull; there! it is out now!"

"Why did you go away? Where have you been?" exclaimed Adelaide and Randolph in a breath.

"I went to get you some more food, and to seek help to clear this ground, but, if you work at this rate, you will soon clear it by yourselves."

"I would rather do that," said Randolph. "It strikes me I made it what it is, without assistance, and it is right I only should clear it."

"I must help," said Adelaide, "for I am certain I helped to produce the condition it is in."

"Well, good folks," said Claude, laughing pleasantly; "have your own way; we shall be glad to help you, whenever you need assistance."

Then Randolph told them of his idea of turning the stagnant pool of water into a lake, and building a house on the rising ground overlooking it.

"I have a design for the house in my mind: it is like the one I took you home to, when we were first married. Hester, you were surely my guardian angel, little one, and Adelaide and I have agreed we cannot do better than keep you always in our minds."

"Besides," added the smiling Adelaide, "it was also my first happy home with Randolph, and so I love to think of it."

"Well," said Claude, "you will want some help to build the house; in the meantime, you can vary your labours, by cutting down some trees and preparing them for use, and we will come and see you very often."

"And," added Hester, "I will bring my harp and sing to you sometimes, if you would like it."

"Oh, that would be nice," said Adelaide. "It would refresh him after he has been toiling hard all day, and he is so fond of music."

"But you used to sing yourself," said Hester.

"Yes," replied Adelaide, "and so did Randolph, but we cannot now. We are both as hoarse as crows!"

"That will come all right in time," said Hester, cheerfully; "and in the meanwhile, I will sing and play for you."

The next day Hester and Claude came, accompanied by a beautiful youth carrying a harp. Randolph was strangely drawn to the lad, but he shrank back from all his advances with such a piteous look in his large eyes, that Randolph ceased to speak to or notice him.

So, many peaceful months passed, and the work of clearing the ground was nearly completed. Many trees had been felled, and cut into planks, and Adelaide had discovered that by rubbing them with a certain stone, which she found near the water, they took a very fine polish, so she worked away sturdily, until she had collected a great heap, saying nothing to Randolph, but accomplishing her task when he was away felling trees, or getting stone from a neighbouring quarry, which he had discovered a little distance off.

One day, Hester coming upon him suddenly in this place, found him looking gloomy and dispirited, with his hands clasped under his chin, and his head drooping upon his chest.

"Why, what ails you?" she said. "You, who ought to be so happy, are looking the very picture of misery."

"Adelaide is keeping something from me; I know it, I feel it, and it drives me mad. I have seen one or two of those fellows from the city lurking about lately. Oh, if she has seen them and should go off! She is so fond of gaiety, and this life is very dull for her. Oh, Hester! what should I do if she were to desert me now, and we were getting on so nicely with our work? I could not get on at all without her;" he added, while tears of earnest feeling stood in his eyes.

"Do not be silly," said Hester, taking his hand and tapping it playfully. "Adelaide is keeping a secret from you, but it is a very innocent one, and you will be heartily ashamed of your suspicions, when you see what it is: come and surprise her!"

So, taking his hand, she led him to the spot where Adelaide was rubbing and polishing away, all unconscious of their approach.

When she at length perceived them, she started to her feet, confused and blushing, like some guilty creature.

"Oh, dear Adelaide," said Hester, "forgive my bringing him, but he was making himself so miserable, thinking all sorts of dreadful things about you! I told you not to keep it a secret from him, for you know he is so jealous, he has magnified these poor planks into a dozen rivals at least."

"I do not understand," said Randolph, looking from one to the other.

"Yet it is all very simple," replied Hester. "One day, Addie found that, by rubbing the planks with these stones, she could polish them as you see; and so she has been working away, intending to give you a surprise."

"Oh, Adelaide dearest, is that all? Pray forgive me! I will never doubt you again; and how hard you must have been working. How beautiful they look! I can quite see my face in them, and what a quantity you have done!"

(To be continued.)

MEDIUMSHIP.

THE SECRET OF TABLE-TURNING.

In reply to statements in a lecture by Dr. P. R. Wilde, delivered to the Ipswich Scientific Society, Mr. T. Dowsing, Framlingham, writes to the "Ipswich Journal" a letter from which we extract:—

"Some years ago I was an investigator of table-turning, etc., and the Doctor's explanation of 'expanding chest walls,' etc., would not account for the facts witnessed by me, such as the table (a large loo table) turning over upon its edge, two or three persons resting their hands upon the upper edge, the table in that position raising itself at my request a sufficient number of times in succession to tell my age correctly. This it did twice. When requested to make itself heavy, we had great difficulty in slightly raising it. It would then make itself light, and we could lift it with our fingers. The doctor's explanation would not account for the following fact, witnessed by myself in a circle of at least a dozen friends:—A large circle was formed, and there was no contact by hands or feet with the table, which stood in the centre of the circle, and moved when requested to do so. At my request the table walked (as well as it could with its three legs) from the opposite side of the circle across the room to me, and turned itself so that one edge rested on my knees, and by raising itself (no hands touching it), answered mental questions intelli-

gently, by its movements, that I put to it. It then turned itself (by request) upside down. I could give you many more 'facts.' Your paper might be filled with them. But few persons have the courage to make them known, as they would at once be considered 'touched in their upper stories,' however sane they might be upon other things. 'Expansion of the chest walls' and 'unconsciously acting muscles' will not show 'how it is done.' Had the learned doctor investigated the 'idea put forward from the earliest time under different thinkers, that there is some unknown force passing from the body and capable of affecting external objects,' he might have found facts to corroborate, and then, if he could have shown that this force was under the will power of the individual, he would have been nearer the truth in showing 'how it is done.' I have seen more than once this subtle force or power like a stream expanding and contracting just above the shoulders of a friend of mine. This force would extend itself the length of the room, and hands would be formed at the extreme, which could lift heavy weights. If, then, I say the doctor had witnessed such facts—and he might have done as well as myself—and that will power was the great controlling agent, he would have been in a better position to explain 'how it is done.' What a wonderful being is man!"

Elongations from the arms of mediums, whose hands have been held, have been observed. We once saw "John King" retire, the whole length of a dining-room table, and pass into Mr. Husk, who was held by the hands by the sitters next to him. The lady who held his left hand, saw the spirit form and light enter a certain part of the trunk of his body, the left side towards the back, over the region of the heart. At a seance the other evening, Mr. Johnstone, the well-known healer, stated that the spirit form frequently enters his chest. Mr. Johnstone is remarkable for giving off great power in a circle. We do not see proof, however, that the will power of the medium or sitters causes this elongation to operate. It seems to manifest a will power altogether different from that of the persons in the circle.

The scientific investigation of physical manifestations will yet confer on mankind important knowledge. The enemies of spiritualism are wise in their generation, in doing all they can to discredit this form of mediumship.

MR. HAGON'S SEANCES.

15, RED LION STREET, CLERKENWELL.

On Sunday morning last, we had a most interesting seance at Mr. Hagon's. "Tom Paine," one of his controls, gave us a very instructive address. He said that spirit-communication had existed as long as the existence of man, and will continue while men live, and it was only priestcraft that had kept man in ignorance of the fact. He looked upon the great God as an universal and everlasting life, because he had proved by practical experience that nothing ever dies. Then, why did men waste their valuable days in uttering loud prayers to a represented individual deity that no man knows. That was not Christianity. True Christianity was for man to know and understand himself, to understand more of natural conditions. His objection to the so-called Christianity had not placed him out of existence, it had not put him into that hole of everlasting torment, nor into that everlasting City where there is all singing and music. Man made his own heaven or his own hell while he was here on this earth. Man's soul never died, it simply passed through a change after it had fulfilled its term upon this material plane, after it had gathered up a material individuality which is necessary for every spirit atom, that it may improve it in the next existence for the benefit of mankind upon the material plane. This was little understood by so-called Christians. They did not dive into nature's laws so deeply. They were simply satisfied in believing that Jesus Christ died to save sinners; but he denied this. Jesus was a good medium, who died, like many other great reformers, because men would not let him live. Man would soon understand that he does not want saving, because he was never lost. He might live here in ignorance of his own innate faculties; he might live in darkness, without the knowledge of a future state, but still there are intermediate states, and man was born to progression and must steadily travel on, but his advice was that we should dive into natural laws whilst here, as progression is slow in the spirit-world.

After the address, Mr. Hagon magnetised those who desired it, and during this process, both the medium and one of the sitters were controlled by Africans, who kept up an animated conversation for some minutes. Of course, none of us could understand it. Another of the sitters was told by the medium to take out his pencil and paper, and he immediately received a communication written in the smallest possible caligraphy. Sunday mornings with Mr. Hagon are really very amusing and instructive.

In the evening there was a very good attendance of friends and investigators, and for an hour and a half we were very much edified by addresses from "Tom Paine" and "Paddy Miles," who controlled Mr. Hagon. After this, however, three young men who had entered late, contrived to disturb the harmony by raising a discussion. This is entirely contrary to the rules of our Sunday evening Seances, what we endeavour to

get, being development and aspirations. One of the young men admitted that he had received communications through the table, when sitting alone for that purpose, yet he declined to believe that the rappings were caused by anything but his own magnetism. This really seems the climax of unbelief, and it would be better for those who will not believe in spite of such practical and personal tests, to remain away from spirit-circles, for they bring a damping influence with them, and do much more harm than good.—Con.

MAGNETIC HEALING.

Too much cannot be said for the benefit my husband has received through the magnetic power of Mr. Hawkins.

Three highly respectable medical men pronounced his case of heart disease critical, keeping the family in a state of great excitement, through stating his life was so uncertain. Dropsy filled both legs from the thighs to the toes to an immense size. One doctor attended him daily for six weeks, besides a consultation with an eminent physician: in spite of the skill and attention thus bestowed, the patient got weaker.

Having a slight knowledge of the natural law of healing, I consulted a clairvoyant as to the most suitable compounds for the case, and Mr. Hawkins commenced treatment, August 6th, 1882. My husband is about seventy-five years of age, and is now quite well. If any sufferer should require further evidence, I enclose my card.

[This statement is strictly reliable.—Ed. M.]

PROGRESS OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

R. W. Sour, M.D., Prof. of Materia Medica and Therapeutics, American Eclectic Med. College, Cincinnati, O., and H. F. Bungardt, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, have established a Medical and Magnetic Institution, at No. 16, East Seventh Street, Kansas City, Mo. In their circular they state that they "scientifically apply Chromopathy, Electricity, Magnetism and the Electro-Magnetic, Ozone, Vapour and Warm Air Baths. Drs. Sour and Bungardt Cure Cancers, Tumours, Ulcers and Piles, without the knife. Dyspepsia, Constipation, Catarrh, Consumption and all Kindred Diseases yield to our Treatment. Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout and all Diseases of the Stomach, Liver Kidneys, Bladder, Skin and Blood are readily cured by our new and improved methods of Treatment. Special attention given to Female Irregularities and Diseases of Women and Children. Treatment in all cases upon the rational plan of helping Nature. We treat patients at any distance, and forward medicines to any part of the country, though we prefer to make a personal examination in every case where it is possible, as we can determine more accurately the condition of the system and act with absolute certainty."

Dr. Bungardt, Psychomist, gives the following directions for Healing at a distance:—"Patients may address me by a short letter giving age, sex, complexion and full description of the case. Such as are able to write themselves should do so, inclosing the letter without its being handled by any other person, in a separate envelope, and send two dollars for first treatment. The material will be so prepared to suit the needs of the patient for whom it is intended. It should be renewed at least once every nine days, and will be supplied at one dollar each treatment. The sick are the best judges as to frequency of renewals, and their susceptibility determines how soon a complete cure is effected. Some need but few treatments, others require renewals for months, but the most obstinate afflictions will yield to persistent efforts."

THE BARONESS ALDELMA VON VAY A HEALING MEDIUM.

Our daily programme, although always diversified, was made up of riding, driving, walking, paying visits, entertaining, and last, but not least, for the Baroness is a veritable humanitarian, comforting the afflicted and distressed.

The peasant population maintain an implacable faith in her power to alleviate pain. From far and near, they bring their sick for her tender ministrations; and, in her boudoir, I found many an offering in token of some great good she had done, some rich blessing she had wrought for those who, if poor in purse, were rich in gratitude towards their noble benefactress.

It was touching to see this beautiful, high-born lady, tending some poor unfortunate creature, bent and racked with pain. It was gratifying too, to remark the growing light come into the hollow, sunken eyes, as they followed each movement of their "Frau Gräfin," whilst busy preparing that which would bring relief to the sufferer. Besides this, the Baroness's bright face is ever a welcome sight in all the homesteads of the poorest and lowliest in the district, and many lips breathe blessings upon her for her goodness and generosity.—"My Visit to Styria," by Caroline Corner.

MAYORS WHO ARE SPIRITUALISTS.—Mr. R. Wightman, Leicester, writes:—"I see by a paragraph in the MEDIUM that the mayor of Falmouth is a Spiritualist. I am happy to say there is also a Spiritualist mayor not a hundred miles away from Leicester."

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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, DECEMBER 1, 1882.

TO OUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN SPIRITUALISM.

With this No. of the MEDIUM is issued a supplement containing the arrangements for Institution Week, attached to which is a Collecting Card, extra copies of which may be had on application, or the back page of the MEDIUM may be used to collect subscriptions.

And now we expect every Reader of the MEDIUM to do his or her duty. It is not the price paid for the MEDIUM that supports it: much more is required, and that comes from the gratuitous labour of those who earn their living independent of Spiritualism, and can devote nearly their whole time to the work, "without money and without price." We ask you, in return, for a few hours of one week in the year, and a small donation: a great many hearty little helps being by far preferable to large sums from a few.

But particularly do we urge the extension of our sphere of usefulness, by increasing the number of Readers, and thereby render it unnecessary to solicit further donations.

We hope to receive these Collecting Cards well filled up, by a host of earnest lovers of Spiritual Truth, who with their heart and soul and spirit will yield God's Cause the richest aspirations of their being, and thereby strengthen the hands of those who stand in the front and sustain the heat and burden of the day.

May the richest blessings of the Angel World pour down abundantly on the Institution Week efforts.

AMY IVY BURNS,
J. BURNS.

Spiritual Institution, 15, Southampton Row,
London, W.C., November 29, 1882.

INSTITUTION WEEK RESPONSES.

"Lily," author of "Golden Thoughts in Quiet Moments," writes: "I am greatly interested in the letters you are publishing to your Sisters in Spiritualism, and when I see their drift more clearly, I shall hope to send you a contribution towards the object you have in view. I greatly approve your idea of women holding spiritual circles in Institution Week,

and trust a greatly increased out-flow of spirituality may arise therefrom."

A lady in a midland county encloses 2s. 6d., hoping we may have a "happy Christmas and prosperous New Year," and get over your troubles in Heaven's good time."

Another lady writes: "I have been reading Mrs. Burns' letters in the MEDIUM with much interest, and wondering what I could do to help. In the meantime I can only think of giving a little shot at the Liability enemy, which I enclose in the form of a postal order for £1, from a friend in Scotland."

Mr. and Mrs. Hippisley, 2s. 6d.

A HINT AS TO AGENTS FOR THE "MEDIUM."

Where there is any difficulty in getting a suitable agent for the MEDIUM, we will gladly send down a parcel of copies weekly by rail, so as to be delivered on Friday morning. If a dozen ladies in a town get a dozen readers each, we will send on 150 copies weekly, at one penny each, carriage paid. Who will have the largest parcel?

NOTE BY THE PUBLISHERS OF "OAHSPZ."

The object of OAHSPZ is not to supplant the former Bibles, nor Vedas, nor other sacred books; nor is OAHSPZ a revision or compilation of any of them; but it is a New Bible. It is rather a Bible comprising the causes of all other Bibles, with revelations of the heavens also. Other Bibles have been for a tribe or race of people only: this one is for all the races and people on the earth, showing how the former sacred books were parts of one stupendous plan of our Father for bestowing light upon mortals. Through OAHSPZ we learn why the Chinese became Confucians, why the Hindus became Brahmins and Buddhists, and why the western migratory people became Jews and Christians. In OAHSPZ we find the necessity for this Revelation, which provides for the fellowship of all peoples. It is also the only Bible that reveals the affairs of the angels of heaven, what they do, how they live and travel, and the parts that many of them play with mortals; in fact it reveals to us a heaven worth living for. Send one stamp for an illustrated prospectus, to J. Burns, 15, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Our Notting Hill friends are doing good work in their little rooms, as our columns this week again testify. Mr. Cartwright's lesson is as pointed to Spiritualists as to Christians: material are all prone to stick amongst the externals, and overlook the priceless pearl.

Mr. McDowall's Paper concludes this week. We would be glad to see some such discussion on it as would popularize the views presented. Towards that end, Mr. McDowall has sent us a reply to the remark of "Veritas," printed a few weeks ago. Such a stupendous philosophy requires to be turned over a good few times to get it "right side up."

If Mr. Lishman, of Goswell Hall, would betake himself to reading, it would save him the necessity of writing such matter as he has favoured us with this week. The whole teaching of the MEDIUM, for the last seven years, as well as the events of experience during that time, ought to inform any intelligent man as to the right and wrong of phenomenal mediumship. Not to lead him too far back, we might refer him to Mr. Smart's paper on "Materialization," which appeared in successive MEDIUMS a few weeks ago; also the report of Mr. Spry's mediumship, recent Spiritual Institution Lectures, and the Plymouth report this week. If would-be Spiritualists would learn to think for themselves, instead of being led by the nose by a self-seeking officialism and professionalism, it would add much more lustre to the Cause.

Poor Walker! Kicked and buffeted from one to another, like an old shoe.—What is to become of him? Verily, "the way of the transgressor is hard," ultimately. Hate him, pity him, we cannot. Though he did his best to ruin us, aided and abetted by his "shut-eyed" friends and their employers, yet they are all to be pitied. The evil they sought to crush us with has passed swiftly upon themselves, and not a single organization that employed Walker remains as then. All are swept away, like a fungus, Walker with them. His tour was a failure, and his farewell at Dalston, when a few poor souls, filled with hatred, diffused their spleen against the Institution, was a sad, sad scene for those engaged in such bitter work. It is instructive to note that the host on that occasion was the very same person now sending out the circular, libelling all physical mediums. Walker's conduct and fate ought to be a warning to all true Spiritualists, to have nothing to do with the "leaven of the Pharisees."

Walker speaks of the credulity of Spiritualists, and thereby enforces one important lesson on the attention of the traffickers in inspirational talk. When a committee or a manager

takes up a speaker as a commercial speculation, there is a constant tendency to crack up the article, so as to command the highest market prices. It is, then, more a matter of self-interest than credulity. The whole thing ceases to be a spiritual affair; it is nothing but a worldly commodity, traded in for the purpose of making ends meet, with such margin for those concerned as may be possible. The money-changers truly require to be invited to retire from the Spiritual Temple.

And yet we lift not our hand against any medium or form of mediumship. All forms of mediumship are good: the abuse of any of them is bad. The traffic in any form of mediumship, so as to reduce it to a worldly self-aggrandizing speculation, is the most fatal abuse of it. The world does not profit, spiritually, by "Punch and Judy" shows, and trance-talk entertainments, but by pure enlightening spiritual influences.

A correspondent who inadvertently signed the circular libelling phenomenal mediums, explains, that having been pestered with circulars, he signed the one alluded to "without giving it the study I should have done; and this because my time through the week is so fully occupied with my work that I forgot for a day or two; and then, remembering, that it should have been away, I signed it. So you may know I was very sorry that I did so when I saw the light you viewed it in." The list of signatures will likely soon be published, so that those who do not desire their names to be handed down for the execration of an enlightened posterity, had better write at once and have them taken off.

CIRCLE & PERSONAL MEMORANDA.

LANGLEY MOOR.—Mr. George Lumsden, Boyne Colliery, writes on behalf of a few friends who have commenced the important work of Spiritual Investigation. They intend being able to help Institution Week.

SUNDAY LECTURE SOCIETY.—Professor H. N. Moseley, M.A., F.R.S., on "Life on the Ocean Surface." (With Oxy-hydrogen Lantern Illustrations). At St. George's Hall, Langham Place, on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 3, at 4 o'clock. Admission—1s., 6d., 1d.

NEWCASTLE.—On Sunday next Mr. J. C. Wright, of Liverpool, will occupy the platform here, Sunday morning and evening, time as usual. Also, he will deliver a lecture on Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, at the same place.

LIVERPOOL.—On Sunday last the guides of Mr. J. C. Wright occupied as usual the platform here. Mr. Shephard occupied the chair. The Hall was well filled. The subject chosen by the audience, was "The miracles of Jesus Christ. The lecturer handled the subject to the general satisfaction of the meeting, which was often shown by the repeated applause which greeted each telling point made by the speaker.

We have received a friendly letter, dated Nov. 10th, from Mrs. Greek, St. Petersburg, (formerly Mrs. Olive, whose marriage with Col. Greek we announced some months ago). She says: "We are quite well, and I am very happy. Seven months to-morrow we were married. My little girl speaks Russian like a native, and much better than her mother ever will. We have winter already; and since Monday much snow has fallen." Col. and Mrs. Greek have as much interest in Spiritualism as ever. Their presence is greatly missed in London. We hope they will visit this country next year.

"RESURRECTION OF THE BODY."—The spirit may be often with you, and guiding you, though you may not be aware of it. Do not trouble yourself with resurrecting bodies! resurrect souls—that is much more important. In all great spiritual achievements, such as bringing the apparently dead to life, there is always some grand spiritual reason for its accomplishment. It is not successful as a mere feat of prowess or to gratify some personal motive. Use your healing power in doing good to the world's sufferers, as you may have opportunity, and any further duties you may have to perform will open out to you as you go along in life.

QUEBEC HALL, MARYLEBONE ROAD.—On Sunday evening Mr. MacDonnell lectured on "Religious Cant" to a full room. The way in which this practice was expressed was exceedingly humorous, and no less severe; and the teachings of Jesus Christ, as to the mode of exercising the christian virtues of secret alms-giving, fasting and prayer, were presented in striking contrast to their shameless perversion, as seen universally practised by the religious folk and the churches. The cant associated with funeral obsequies was positively laughable, and not overdrawn; and the concluding remarks on the duty of sincerity and avoidance of display in religious matters, were much approved of by the room. Several addressed the room, who fully approved the ideas advanced; but the debate drifted a little now and again until directed aright by the lecturer. All seemed well pleased, and interested in the proceedings.—Cox.

ECHOES FROM AUSTRALIA.

The Bishop of Melbourne—Dr. Moorhouse—some months ago called down upon his head the anathemas of the "unco' guid," by expressing his opinion that it was simply impious for people to pray for rain during the drought of last summer, when they had made no effort to preserve for use the water which had fallen in such floods during the previous winter. He has now again offended their prejudices by permitting the play of "Jo" to be produced for one evening under his patronage, the proceeds to be applied to the Hospital Funds. This recognition of the Theatre is, of course, terrible, but the Bishop's liberality of mind (though, alas! exercised within far too narrow limits as yet) and his manifest ability, secure him a popularity and esteem which cannot be affected by adverse criticism.

The Sydney (N.S.W.) Museum was visited by 1,052 people during one Sunday afternoon. A petition for the opening also of the Art Gallery on the Sunday was recently signed by thousands of persons. Sydney is ahead of Melbourne in this respect. Its citizens are evidently alive to the elevating influences of knowledge, and of the beautiful, and do not acquiesce in the monstrous absurdity of accumulating specimens of nature and art, and then locking them up on the only day of the week when the majority of people can utilise them.

Mediumship appears to appertain to all classes of the community, and all races of mankind, its manifestations, as in the case of all other human attributes, corresponding in character with the type of humanity concerned, and their position in the scale of development. A friend of mine who has visited some of the Australian aborigines, at what is called a "Black Mission Station," and conversed with them, reports that their ancestors cultivated something akin to mediumship. The "Rarnai" tribes used to sit in a circle during the summer evenings towards dusk, and the "Mrarts" (i.e., spirits) used to talk with them from the air. Those who were specially qualified to act as spokesmen, the "Birrarks," (mediums) used to ask questions concerning absentees and so forth, to which the "Mrarts" replied in the direct voice, although they could not see them. On many occasions the "Birrarks" would be suddenly levitated to the tops of high trees, and there left. By incantations and passes, sickness and disease were cured.

Professor Denton, who is now lecturing to very large audiences in the Academy of Music, for the Victorian Association of Spiritualists, has puzzled some of the newspaper critics. After giving a series of "masterly lectures" (as they admit) on geological and archaeological subjects, he has returned to Melbourne to give addresses which are "disfigured by astonishing puerilities, so that a common-sense hearer can hardly believe his ears, by the repetition of the horrid absurdities of the 'Banner of Light,' clairvoyant descriptions of the death scene, and the like. He talks coolly of a medium to whom the ages of antiquity in Babylon or Egypt are made plain merely by laying a bit of brick from their ruins upon his forehead. We don't know what can inspire a venerable gentleman deeply versed in science to utter all this dismal trash. It is a pity the lecturer's abilities should be harnessed to any particular dogma."

It is a vastly greater pity that men should be so blinded by their prejudices as not to perceive the immense probability that one whom they can credit with such practical scientific knowledge has also some solid ground for what they call his "dogmas."

The Rev. Joseph Cook, the "Boston Monday Lecturer," has been haranguing large audiences in this city and in other parts of the colonies. He talked for two hours and a half on the subject of Spiritualism, and succeeded admirably in leaving his hearers pretty much where he found them, understanding clearly neither what they were expected to believe, nor what he believed himself, except that he struck a balance rather in favour of demonology, this being, of course, due to his cloth. To begin with, the attitude adopted by him towards Spiritualism was the "hypothetical," having first rejected the affirmative and the negative as both too early, and the "evasive" as unmanly. It was a peculiar position to assume. In one breath he would favour the idea that the phenomena were real, but attributable to "psychic force;" in the next he would insinuate fraud; anon they were the work of evil spirits. He left his audience to make their choice of these theories. In reference to the Cook-Sargent slate-writing experiments, he was careful to state that he used the term "psychography" as distinct from, and by no means implying "spirit" writing in the Spiritualistic sense. The point most often insisted upon was that even though the phenomena be of diabolical origin, they yet served as a potent counterblast to Materialism; for which very new idea even he is indebted to Spiritualists. However, he did some service by bringing before his hearers phenomenal facts of considerable force, which, but for him, they might not have heard of, and the following extract from a letter which he read, describing a singular occurrence in the experience of a friend, is a really valuable contribution to mental science. This friend, at a meeting of the religious

body to which he belonged, sat close to a fellow-student who had manifested great ability. The right arm of the latter "leant on the desk, and my right arm leant on the same desk, our heads almost touching. The topic of the evening was one on which I had thought but little, but while the elder was speaking, thoughts, arranged in an orderly manner and clothed in choice language, rushed into my mind. Surprised at the expressions and illustrations that occurred to me, having never heard of them before; gratified and amazed at the sudden illumination of my mind, and fearful that the departure of the thoughts, expressions, and illustrations might be as hasty as their coming, I rose to my feet. Noticing that my gifted neighbour had also risen, I yielded to him. Judge of my astonishment when, even to the use of the peculiar expressions and illustrations, he gave the speech which I was about to make. I found afterwards that he had been studying the subject discussed by the elder, and had promised to support him at the meeting. By some means I had read or taken on my thoughts—absorbed speech which had not been written or spoken."

Suicides, and attempts at suicides, have been sadly prevalent here of late. How great the need for the dissemination amongst the masses of exact knowledge respecting the nature of death, the after-life, and the consequences that result from so violent and unnatural an act, productive of misery to the spirit greater than any which untoward circumstances can bring about in this life, in order that such knowledge may exercise a steadying and restraining influence upon those irritable natures which are liable to be driven by the burden and pressure of sorrow or remorse into utter recklessness. Yet what do the churches do, even with the aid of their infallible book, to bring the reality of the spirit-world vividly before the people? Almost nothing; or, perhaps, worse than nothing, since their vague speculations and unnatural conceptions, so incongruous with reason, so ill-adapted to the real wants and aspirations of humanity, actually repel the thoughtful mind, and drive it into the opposite extreme of doubt. And as for Secularism, while I admire it in its aspect of a wholesome and energetic protest against the sickly pietism which strives to impress upon humanity the idea that this earth is such a vale of tears that speedy exit from it is the one thing to be desired, and that in the meantime our fittest course is to crawl about, calling ourselves "miserable sinners,"—yet Secularism fails to afford adequate support in the severest trials of life. Indeed, when I read from the pen of Mrs. Besant, passages like the following:—"As calmly as the tired child lies down to sleep in its mother's arms, and passes into dreamless unconsciousness, (?) so calmly does the Rationalist lie down in the arms of the Mighty Mother, and pass into dreamless unconsciousness on her bosom,"—I can scarcely forbear concluding that so glowing a picture may be, to any forlorn and trial-oppressed wretch who may believe it, a terrible temptation to fly to this "dreamless unconsciousness" as a sure remedy for his misery;—at least to all but the noblest minds. How immeasurably superior in rationality is the standpoint of Spiritualism which avoids both extremes, and teaches that this world must be made the most of, that every power and faculty, physical, mental, moral, and spiritual, should be developed to its highest tension and working power, every harmless enjoyment sought in due season, and, at the same time bringing conviction of a future life, or rather of a spiritual existence which is even now present and surrounding us, adopts the common-sense method of acquiring knowledge of the conditions of that existence, as the only rational preparation for the time when the cloud of the material disperses, and the eyes of the spirit are opened to the realities of the spirit-world itself. What cause that has ever dawned upon humanity is more worthy of the life-blood of a man than the work of bringing these truths to the people?

The manifold inconsistencies of pen, speech, and action exhibited by Mr. Thomas Walker since his arrival here in November last must have puzzled those who had not the key. So notorious did they become, that he earned for himself the sobriquet, "Lecturer for and against Spiritualism." He has of late shewn himself more in his true colours, having felt it useless, I presume, any longer to trust to his flimsy disguise. His colours are those of the most materialistic and atheistic species of Secularism. By his own statement, he has "advanced" far beyond even the most intellectual of the Spiritualists, who in comparison with himself are a poor benighted people, foolishly attributing the phenomena which they witness to "spirits," on account of the same ignorance which prompted their ancestors to attribute the phenomena of nature to the "Gods." His connection with the Victoria Association of Spiritualists, whose Cause he came to champion but betrayed, abruptly terminated, and he is now lecturing under the auspices of the Secularists, whose audiences he periodically treats to reiterated assurances of his honesty "now." At a recent lecture, entitled, "Why I left the Spiritualists," he "rose to explain" more at length. His reputed trance-mediumship he repudiates, avowing that he was "mistaken," ignorantly attributing his natural precocity, good memory, and

fluency of speech to spirit-control, a mistake engendered and fostered by the assurance of his Spiritualistic patrons. He felt an excited "influence" which he deemed spiritual, similar to that experienced at Methodist meetings and revivals. There is, perhaps, but one defect about this story, and that is, it will not hold water, in the face of the fact of the assumption of definite and distinct personalities, and the giving of names as those of his "guides." This is utterly irreconcilable with a vague "influence." Some of his recent utterances are a curious compound of the ludicrous, the conceited, the impertinent, and the pseudo-sentimental. From the lofty pedestal which he has assumed, it is sickening to hear him regaling his auditors with superficialities, which their want of correct information alone enables them to swallow, and worse than sickening to hear him lecturing those who in their unsuspecting goodness trusted and befriended him, on their "errors of judgment," "chiding and correcting" them, and the like, and worse still the cold-hearted effrontery with which he lays the blame upon their shoulders, maintaining "that the majority of my friends were just as much to blame as I was, they put on the gloss, and gave it out to the world,"—and exhorting them "not to yield themselves to belief in these mediums."—"Buckle says that society is responsible for its criminals, and so long as society insists on having mediums so long will the supply be kept up; the fault is as much with you as with the mediums who deceive you; you won't allow them to be truthful; mediums are as inevitable in a superstitious state of society as weeds in a garden."

When I was here a few years ago I took to reading more carefully; I discovered that I was not exactly right, that I was not in the position I believed myself. The difficulty was how to get out of it. There was I, a young man, knowing that I was in a false position; but if I announced this as my conviction prematurely, I would bring down upon myself the indignation and reproaches of my friends. How was I to get out of this position? Many a night in this city of Melbourne, my pillow was wet with tears. I went to England, and there from the force of habit I found it almost impossible to lecture with my eyes open. I purchased a pair of green spectacles in order that people might not see my eyes, and there I lectured, still giving out that I was *INSPIRED*, though I felt I was not controlled. Finally, I determined to take the position I am now in. I could not do so abruptly, but I had to lead my audience gradually with me, so as not to shock them too much. Very considerate indeed. "I might have continued to be as popular as ever as a Spiritualistic lecturer, lecturing as if I was under control; no one could have detected me; if I was a fraud, I have been found out only by own confession." The audacity and unscrupulousness which could make an assertion so utterly false as this, at the very time when he was avowing his honesty, and professing to open his inmost heart to his audience, is absolutely monstrous. He was oblivious of the fact that three years before, in the columns of the *MEDIUM*, the hollowness of his pretensions was fully exposed, not to speak of sundry occasions during his first visit here when suspicious circumstances cropped up. It is far from me to mock at true repentance, but in proportion as real heartfelt remorse for wrong-doing is solemn and affecting, so is its counterfeit disgusting. And when Mr. Walker, in the very act of saying "I am willing to have my life tested, not so much by the past as the future,"—is deceiving his audience by a important suppression. "I have been found out only by MY OWN CONFESSION." It is difficult to have faith in his sincerity. If whilst in England he held the theory of his inspiration with so loose a grip as to be on the point of giving it up, it is singular that he should have taken such pains to prove himself "inspired," first by writing a vehemently worded pamphlet of twenty-six pages, and again by inducing a number of gentlemen to propound to him a series of scientific questions to which he professed to reply impromptu, and to publish their satisfaction with the results in "Spiritual Notes," which must have been for the bolstering up a claim which he now states he desired to surrender. His ambition then was "to be able at all times to defend Spiritualism from the attacks of its enemies, that Cause which is growing great on the lovely islands of the southern seas, the glad tidings of immortality. Shall we who love our Cause more than individuals, suffer him (i.e. Mr. Burns), to inflict his wounds on such a fair breast?" All this but two short years ago, when in the lecture above referred to, he said: "We are all of us more or less inclined to fib throughout our lives,"—he must have spoken feelingly. It is needless to state that he has endeavoured to drag down all mediums in the mire with him, and that many of his hearers, already biassed by prejudice, greedily swallow his distortions and misrepresentations, and get fooled to the top of their bent. But the most painful side of the matter is the ingratitude which he has manifested towards those who formerly loaded him with obligations. It is remarkable with what faithfulness he has exhibited the identical qualities which he attributed to Mr. Burns, whom he termed "malignant," and "a snake poisoning the bosom that gave him warmth, and stinging the hand that gave him food." Anyone intimately acquainted with Mr. Walker's career will recognise how well the cap fits him now. The Editor of the "Harbinger," who has treated him with more tenderness than he deserved, has never-

theless become the object of his venom and scurrility. He has been an element of discord in the Lyceum, till means were taken which compelled his withdrawal. Having been refused admission to the Materialization Circle by its conductors, who failed to recognise in him the honourable and impartial investigator whom alone they can welcome, he endeavours to persuade others that the refusal arose from fear of his superior acuteness, and denounces all materialisation as fraud. I should not have troubled your readers with this subject, except as an act of simple justice to Mr. Burns, who incurred so much reproach for merely asserting what is now self-confessed. "Let us all," he concluded, "strive to be true; that is the great thing we ought to aim at." And to this very fine sentiment we may all say Amen. Only, as the Stoics used to say, fine words without actions to correspond, are like beautiful flowers without perfume. Let us, then, draw the curtain over this dark picture, with the hope that Mr. Walker may one day voluntarily lift it again, to display a brighter picture in its place. He claims to have "taught the Spiritualists of Melbourne a lesson, that they should never believe without evidence." It seems evident that he vainly hoped to be able to persuade the Spiritualists of Melbourne into believing whatever he chose. It is also clear that the phenomena of trance-speaking mediumship, per se, need to be placed upon the same precise and scientific basis as the other phenomena are gradually being placed upon, that the true may be discriminated from the false; or otherwise, that Spiritualists should cease to allow the claim of inspiration any weight, and fix their regards upon substance-matter alone, whether given in normal or abnormal states, judging of it on its own merits, by the depth it displays, and its applicability to the needs of humanity.

Melbourne, Sept. 25, 1882.

A. J. SMART.

Thomas Walker's recantation of Spiritualism and his declaration that his so-called "inspirational lectures" were the ordinary productions of his own mind without any adventitious super-human aid, recalls to our recollection one or two circumstances which occurred when Walker visited Auckland. He sent an invitation to the Press to attend a private seance, and amongst those present were Messrs. Luckie, Berry, Leys, and the writer. After a few introductory remarks, the "medium" became abstracted, closed his eyes, gave a convulsive shudder, and rising to his feet proceeded to orate on the mysteries of the Spiritualistic arcana. At the close of his discourse he, or rather the spirit of "Dr. Stewart," a friend of "Mungo Park," who was understood to be the "control," intimated that he was willing to answer questions. The newspaper men expressed the great pleasure they felt at meeting the distinguished doctor, who had been so long on the golden shore, and of whose exploits they had read. They then proceeded to put "Stewart" through his facings in a very crucial manner. He professed to be in close communication with the great African traveller, but "Mr. Park" was unfortunately suffering from an old sunstroke received in central Africa, and his memory was very bad. He could neither recollect the year in which he was born nor of his death, and he was in a complete fog about his travels. He could not even remember whether his own height was 5ft. 6in. or 6ft. The journalists departed under the conviction that Walker was a fraud, and denounced him as such in the newspapers.—"The Observer," Auckland, New Zealand, Sept. 25, 1882.

The fraudulency of Spiritism is no news to the world, and to learn, on the undeniable authority of the lecturer himself, that the once notorious trance lectures were fraudulent, can be a surprise to no human being; but it is sufficiently wonderful to witness the shameful but shameless effrontery of a man telling those whom he had duped, and whose money he had taken, that he had done so because they liked it. They had put a premium on dishonesty by their credulity, he coolly tells them, therefore, he had gulled them. Mr. Walker's appeal, "Judge me by the future," if it could be heard in Pentridge, would cause one long sardonic grin. That such an appeal, made personally to an audience which constituted at once the victims, the jury and the judge, should be responded to with thunders of applause, shows that there are fresh chances for every pick-pocket, thief, sharper, and forger as soon as he can get clear. "Kind friends judge me by the future, the past has been my youthful past. I have been unfortunate, and I am sorry!" But Mr. Walker's past is the sufficient index of his future. The Secularists, in inaugurating their new society, have made, seemingly, a successful start. They have stood by to applaud their president, whilst he told the story of the fraud and folly of the Spiritists; but now having accepted this self-confessed impostor as their guide and teacher, they need not be surprised if, after their opening concert and ball, and a few vapoury and would-be sarcastic lectures have been delivered, and their president has had another tour to England to secure a fresh supply of green spectacles, the public be summoned to hear him tell, to the cheers of new audiences, the story of the folly and gullibility of his present clientelle, the Secularists themselves.—"Southern Cross," Melbourne, Sept. 2, 1882.

LEICESTER.—Mr. Holmes lectured on Sunday—Mrs. Groom, of Birmingham, on Sunday next.

PROGRESS OF SPIRITUAL WORK.

EXETER—ODDFELLOWS' HALL, BAMPFYLDE STREET.

The grand object for which private circles are held, so far as Spiritualism is concerned, is, of course, the development of mediumship; but, to the persons who compose these circles, this is not the chief consideration. The matter of paramount importance to them is, their own personal cultivation; their own advancement in intelligence and wisdom; their own growth in purity, excellence, and goodness. The great interest of the individual is—that he might become wiser and better, and so prepare himself for spiritual society and spiritual work. Unless persons are concerned most of all for their own individual improvement, they should not seek development as mediums.

It is a serious, solemn thing to become a medium—an instrument in the hands of unseen intelligent powers; and the thought that those spirits who use mediums, are, in all cases, those who are attracted and attached to them by affinity, is, in my opinion, a sufficient incentive to every medium to raise himself to the highest conditions of mental cultivation, moral purity, and spiritual excellence. It is seriously to be feared, that too many who sit in our spirit-circles overlook entirely the importance and necessity of personal cultivation; but so long as they do this, they should not desire to be mediums. It should be a sufficient warning to such, to know that an ignorant, selfish, or immoral person can only be controlled by spirits of a similar character. The spirit-world is on the lookout for mediums of high intelligence, unselfish character, and sterling goodness; who shall become, through their inspiration, the prophets and teachers of the world. There cannot be too lofty an ideal of mediumship.

In our private circles, a medium is being developed, who, if circumstances permit him to continue in the work, will, in our opinion, realize to a great extent this lofty ideal. No one who witnessed the exercise of his mediumistic powers during last week, could scarcely have any other opinion; and, knowing him, I know that I am not only safe, but perfectly justified in saying this, where it will meet his eye.

The spirits wrote through his hand on Friday evening, that his guides were as high as they possibly could be, and no one will be surprised at this when they could also write, that the one great aspiration and ambition of his life had been, and was, to be a missionary of the Truth to mankind.

On Monday evening, this young friend was influenced by a spirit whom we could easily recognise as one of the honoured martyrs, of the days when men were committed to the flames for the truth's sake. The announcement of the name "John," led me to think it was "John Huss," but he ultimately gave his name as "John Bradford." This honoured martyr was born in Manchester in the reign of Henry VIII., he became Chaplain to Bishop Ridley in 1550, and was one of the first victims of Queen Mary's bloody reign. After languishing in prison a year and a half, defending to the last his cherished doctrines, he was burnt in 1555. It is impossible for me to describe the impressive thrilling effect upon us, as the control reproduced his thoughts, experiences, pleadings, protests, etc., in prison, before his judges, and at the stake. On Friday evening, the medium was controlled by a large number and wonderful variety of characters, from "Michael Angelo," "Oliver Goldsmith," and other eminent characters, down to a homely countryman, "Thomas Squires"; ending with a little girl, who announced herself as "Hatty Roberts," of Exeter, giving the name and number of the street where she lived, and the names of her brothers and sisters, all of which we have found correct; and a poor London newsboy, crying "Echo!" Will you buy the "Echo?" turning up his coat collar, shivering, and saying, "Oh, how cold it is!" beating his hands against his sides, then going to his "homeless" home; the medium falling on the floor and crying bitterly at his destitute and orphaned state.

We had an excellent meeting on Sunday morning, and, indeed, very good work was done throughout the day.

OMEGA.

MANCHESTER.—Sunday meetings, 26th November, Mechanics Institute, Major Street entrance. To-day our platform has been occupied by Mrs. Groom, of Birmingham. The subject being left to the audience in the morning, the following was selected by a large majority: "Reasons why the Soul should be Immortal, with a few facts proving the same." The subject was treated in an eloquent and impressive style, and was well received by the audience. The attendance in the evening was very large, the room being crowded, and several persons having to stand. The spirit-guides gave us a most admirable address on "Why ought mankind to hold communion with the spirit-world," in which the control showed the immense advantages to be gained, physically, morally, and intellectually by spirit-communion. At the close of the address Mrs. Groom gave several accurate and remarkable clairvoyant descriptions to persons in the audience, which were acknowledged as correct; thus bringing to a close a most harmonious and enjoyable meeting.—J. E. LIGHTBOWN, Secy. M.S.S.S.

PLYMOUTH, RICHMOND HALL, RICHMOND STREET.

Last Sunday evening, 26th November, Mr. C. W. Dymond, read a very interesting address on the "Quakers." The lecturer gave an account of the early history and subsequent work of George Fox, the foundation of the Society, and the distinctive opinions held; concluding with some general remarks upon the actions and probable future of the Friends. There was a good congregation present, who listened with great attention. The writer afterwards gave a trance address.

On Sunday next, December 3rd, service as usual at 6:30 p.m.

FURTHER SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

It was my pleasing duty, some little time since, to record satisfactory Materializations taking place here, and I am now very glad to report further progress. Seances are held every Tuesday and Saturday, at the home of the father of Spiritualism in Plymouth, Mr. H. Pine, for the development of this phase of spiritual phenomena, and with much success. The mediums (Messrs. Crocker and Brooks), are two young men possessing the entire confidence of the brethren generally, and who have up to the present, unselfishly placed their services at the disposal of the "spirit world." They have never been paid for their "share" of the labour, and for months have walked long distances from their own homes, twice a week, regularly, often in the most unpleasant weather, and after a heavy day's work, to the place where the "two or three were met together." Latterly, the "spirit friends" have taken to giving written messages in verse to the master of the house, and within the last few weeks have inaugurated "a new departure" in bringing various articles to the seance room from other places. Thus, on Saturday week (18th November), a flower was brought from the garden, and, covered, with rain, handed to a visitor from Tavistock. On Saturday last, 25th, I was present in virtue of an invitation from the spirits to "come at any time I pleased." Altogether the sitters numbered nine, six including myself being in the front, and three behind. The mediums having taken their places in the cabinet, the light was adjusted, sufficient being left to enable us to see each other clearly and everything in the room. Between the last sitter at one end and the wall, the harmonium was placed lengthways open, thus completely preventing egress and ingress to and from inside the circle, while between Mr. Pine (who sat at the other end, close to the wall), at the cabinet a vacant chair was put. I mention these minute details for the benefit of readers.

After the usual singing and prayer with which all seances are opened at my friend's, while we were engaged in another hymn, a form appeared at the opening and having stood a sufficient time to permit of a good view, disappeared and was succeeded by another, considerably taller. This in turn drew behind the curtain, and one of the entranced mediums after making some joking remarks about the morrow said, Mrs. Pine should have something to eat for her dinner. Presently the curtain was again drawn back, and a form held out its hand to the hostess, who on reaching forward received, somewhat to her surprise, a potato, which she stated must have been abstracted from her larder, a remark which was afterwards corroborated by the spirits themselves, who acknowledged that they had so procured it. Paper and pencil were then taken inside the cabinet, and then Mr. Pine was asked what he would like. He replied, anything, and in a short time, about five minutes or so, the curtains were once more drawn back and a full form was seen with its arm extended and holding in its hand the sheet of paper, which Mr. Pine took, and in obedience to the directions went outside, where with a light he read what was written, and stated that a drawing was also given. To quote all on the paper would occupy too great a space; suffice to say the lines were as usual appeals to do right and serve God, together with two verses of the well-known hymn on "Prayer." The daughter of our host then appeared with a beautiful light on the breast, and afterwards without it, on which occasion Mr. and Mrs. Pine and another gentleman present (a relative), kissed the materialized hand, their hands being in turn kissed by the spirit. It was intimated that the sitters would feel pleased if a flower could be brought, and presently after a pause in the manifestations, during which a hymn was sung, one of the mediums entranced said there was a present for myself, and in a few moments the curtains were pulled back and a form appeared holding a flower which I received. It bore traces of having been freshly broken off, and the green leaves brought with it were quite wet. It was stated to have been plucked in the garden at the rear of the house, an assertion we have since proved to be true. The sceptic is requested to explain these facts, if he can. That neither of the mediums had the potato or the flower in their possession on entering the room, I am prepared to prove. Nothing of the kind was lying about, and as I have before stated, the light was quite sufficient to enable us to detect any collusive movement. After this, sweets which had been lying on the chair inside were divided and handed to each of the sitters, this being followed by the appearance of three small forms, apparently those of children.

The signal was then given to remove the light which was done, and the usual results followed. Bells were rung both behind and before the sitters, in the cabinet, and back at the

door. Ponderous blows on the heavy table outside the circle were heard, followed immediately by light delicate tickings on the frame covering the window. Brilliant lights were seen sometimes, two and three at a time, while the harmonium was at the same time played upon. The lights, knocks, and bell-ringing, all occurred several times in unison, as if in refutation of the argument that it was all the work of the mediums. A small brush resting on the mantel-piece was taken off and passed over our faces, while once, when not paying particular attention to the passing light, I received a smart blow in the breast in order to attract my notice. All present received touches in various parts of the body.

On the signal to bring in the light it was found that the chair inside had been by some means conveyed outside the circle, and was standing in another corner of the room with one of the bells resting upon it.

This seance is one of the best I have attended, and most certainly a marvellous development of the power here, is taking place. Two rules are ever observed by the host, and probably have something to do with the results. The first is, that the gathering is held always in a prayerful and religious spirit, the great principle "That in all things may God be glorified" being observed; and the second, that no persons can attend without first obtaining the permission of the spirits themselves. The feeling of distrust and suspicion is therefore unknown. We are looking forward to even "greater things than these."

ROBERT S. CLARKE, Hon. Sec.

4, Athenæum Terrace, Plymouth.

GOSWELL HALL SUNDAY SERVICES.

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

Mr. Wilson read an interesting paper last Sunday morning. In the evening Mr. Morse lectured by special desire upon "Death, a divine providence." The guides reviewed the universal law of change, and the popular manner of regarding death as an event full of unknown terrors, and said that although death was rather to be looked forward to than dreaded, yet it was the chief duty of this life to live as long as possible. That death was not a universal curse but a universal blessing, and meant the putting off of all that which is sorrowful, wretched and unhappy, for all that which is glad and joyful, and in short the realization in full of a divine providence.

Next Sunday morning the usual members' seance will be held. In the evening Mr. Wilson will occupy the platform, and will recite "A Christmas Carol."

R. W. LISHMAN, Hon. Sec.

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

Sunday, Dec. 3rd, at 7 p.m. prompt, Mr. MacDonnell: "The Bible." After which a meeting to consider whether any means shall be adopted for continuing the Society here.

Monday, at 8.30, Comprehensionists: General Meeting for consideration of future proceedings.

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

Friday, at 8 to 10 p.m., the Sec. attends to supply literature and hold a short seance with those who can attend during the remaining week of his office.

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.

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BOVINE VIRUS.

Sir,—In view of the establishment and endowment by the State of a calf-lymph factory in Lamb's Conduit Street, it may not be irrelevant to direct attention to the fact that this latest phase of Jennerism is not free from risks and dangers. It is true that the officials of the Local Government Board do not view with favour the new project, which was yielded at the instigation of outside pressure, in the vain hope that it would act as a placebo to the noisy and clamorous anti-vaccinists, and to some extent silence their agitation by giving them the choice of a virus free from the taint of syphilis and other human diseases. But practically the response of these irrepressibles is, "A curse on both your lymphs! We want neither, bovine nor human." In proof that calf-lymph is not the harmless agent its advocates would have us believe, I refer to the testimony of Edwin M. Snow, M.D., Superintendent of Health, Providence, R.I., who stated at a meeting of the Rhode Island Medical Society, held in September, that he had seen very severe and even most serious local ulcers produced by its use. At a session of the American Public Health Association, Oct. 18, Dr. Foster, of Augusta, Ga., protested against its use as being unreliable; whilst Dr. Beckwith stated that he had found it to produce indolent ulcers and gangrenous sores. Still more recently, Dr. H. Böns has laid before the Belgian Academy of Medicine the history of several cases of confluent small-pox following animal vaccination, and of 129 subjects vaccinated with calf-lymph, many of whom, he says, have presented symptoms of having been poisoned by putrid matter.—Yours very truly, WM. YOUNG.

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 Monday, Dec. 4th, same place, evening, at 8.
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 CARDIFF, Sunday, December 17th.

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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.

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.
MR. C. ATKIN, Old Market, Wisbeach.
MR. D. S. BENNETT, 19, "A" St. Queen's Park, Harrow Road, London, W.
MRS. S. K. BOLTON, 45, Torrington Square, London, W.C.
MR. WILLIAM CARR, Wylam-on-Tyne.
MR. GEORGE CARTLIDGE, 183, Kiveton Park, Nr. Sheffield.
MR. ST. COLLINGWOOD, Bollyhope Shield, Frosterly, Durham.
MISS E. CRANSTONE, 14, Sibthorpe Road, Upper Mitcham.
MR. J. EDGAR, Seaforth, Havre des Pas, Jersey.
MISS SUSAN FULFORD, Higher Muddiford, Marwood, Nr. Barnstaple.
MR. C. F. GARDNER, 1, Worship Street, Finsbury, London, E.C.
MR. CHARLES GARNER, 82, Park Street, Derby.
MR. G. F. GIBBINGS, 34, Southernhay, Exeter.
MR. G. H. HAIGH, 47, Milton Street, Doncaster.
MR. GEORGE HOBSON, Hogsthorpe, Alford, Lincolnshire.
MR. J. G. HODSON, 116, Victoria Street, Great Grimsby.
MISS M. JONES, 51, Torrington Square, London, W.C.
HON. FREEMAN H. MORSE, 8, Park Villas East, Richmond.
MR. WILLIAM MUTTON, Parkfield, St. Ive, Nr. Liskeard, Cornwall.
CAPT. F. L. NORTON, Glingall Villa, Lee Road, Blackheath, Kent.
MR. WILLIAM OLDERSHAW, Hunt Street, Long Eaton, Derbyshire.
HON. S. B. PACKARD, 14, Alexandra Drive, Liverpool.
MR. ROWLAND A. POWELL, 21, Upper Somerset Terrace, Bedminster, Bristol.
MR. HERBERT PRINCE, 3, Thyme Street, West Bromwich, Staffordshire.
MISS I. SINGLETON, Quinville Abbey, Quin, Co. Clare, Ireland.
MR. S. J. SOUTHON, The Laurels, Spring Road, Bevois Hill, Southampton.
MR. JAMES STANSFIELD, Oak Cottage, Tunstead, Stacksteads, Nr. Manchester.
MR. JAMES STUART, 35, Ackerman Road, Brixton, S.W.
MR. W. P. THOMAS, West Kensington, London.
MRS. S. E. THOMPSON, 23, Torrington Square, London, W.C.
MRS. E. C. TRIM, Next to Savings Bank, Weymouth.
MR. J. S. WALTER, 12, Addle Street, Wood Street, London, E.C.
MISS REBECCA WARNER, 23, Torrington Square, W.C.
MR. JOHN W. WILLIAMSON, East Holme, Urnstone, Nr. Manchester.
MR. JAMES YOUNG, The Cottage, Springtown, Londonderry, Ireland.

B. F. LARRABEE. Office: 94, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.
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