



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

SPIRITUALISM.

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SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION LECTURES.

A. T. T. P.'s SPIRIT PORTRAITS.

A LECTURE ON BEHALF OF INSTITUTION WEEK.

By J. BURNS, O.S.T., DECEMBER 11, 1882.

The subject may be most fitly introduced by stating, that it is impossible for one man to commit his spiritual experiences, or indeed, experiences of any kind, to another: unless that other person has had similar experiences he is unable to comprehend the nature or importance of that which is related to him. The true method of spirit teaching is, therefore, to induce personal experience, and by oral precept adapted to the needs of the novitiate, aid him in his onward progress.

The "Word of God" was never written. God never makes books: he speaks to his children, face to face, as a kind parent does to a trusting receptive child. In the Psalms great delight is manifested in the Word, and how precious that is to the soul. Now this "Word" was not a printed book or written roll; it was the living Voice of the Ever Present addressing the soul of man. This is the very highest privilege of man or angel, and it is a privilege that all may enjoy. O Truth, Thou Voice of Eternal Wisdom! How sweet and satisfying are Thy accents! No doubt, darkness nor despair can exist where Thy vibrations are felt. For this treasure all of us are in eternal and ceaseless quest.

The true Spiritual Church, in all ages, had no written Word. The Brethren of the Voice were in need of no book. They had the Light and the Truth within, and they knew each other as possessors of these inestimable gifts. They alone could enjoy spiritual fellowship with one another and with the Soul of All.

But there were those around them whose spiritual faculties were dormant, and who could only grope into a dim sense of things through the intellect. To these, written forms of belief and practices were given; just as a blind man has a dog or child to lead him. The true Israelite, typified in Moses, had no need of a Bible or written Commandment; for, not only was the spiritual ear open to the language of the higher heavens, but he also had the light of the Divine State burning within his own soul; for the two conditions are one

and the same. But the Levites, a bastard breed of hangers-on, required written commandments, sacrifices, purifications, ceremonies, instructions, and priests to enforce them. The churches of this day are the lineal descendants of these spiritually blind ones.

In India, to this day, there are schools of spiritual people who will on no account commit their most sacred literature to writing. It is handed down from teacher to pupil orally, and thus may be committed to memory. In this manner some prepared minds devote their whole life to the memorizing of immense treatises, perhaps as large as our Bible, and their holiness is supposed to be coincident with the tenacity of their memory. This is, however, a form of literalism, and in no way better than a written or printed book, for masses of words may be committed to memory without any spiritual light attending the process.

Whenever a man sets up a dogma, a series of rules, a declaration of principles, a creed, or a book, he confesses his spiritual impotence, for he places the external intellect in the position of the spiritual perceptions. No man with his senses about him lays down a series of resolutions as to how he shall walk along the road. He uses his eyes as he goes along, and steps over this, avoids that, or passes to the right or left of the other thing, as he sees it fit and prudent to do so. It is the same with the man who is spiritually enlightened: he sees, spiritually, that which is good and true as he passes along through life, and he needs to remember no hard and fast rules and "principles" as to what he must think and how he must act.

While it must be conceded that the publication of spiritual writings has done good, yet it has not been an unmixed good. Spiritual things are liable to be abused by those who are not fit to receive them. They may be put to a wrong use by the selfish, misapprehended and superstitiously regarded by some, and denied as falsehood by another class. The last state is perhaps as bad as any, for he who vehemently denies truth, is worse than if he had never heard of it. This fact has in all ages influenced men to keep from the crude mind, those pearls above all price, which might be treated worse than dirt, thereby placing the lowly mind in antagonism to truth, and wounding the fine sensibilities of the friends of truth, with the ribbald denials of the lower grade.

In stating the facts of phenomenal Spiritualism we do not enter the sacred circle; our work is outside and upon a basis which affords demonstration to all worthy and patient seekers. Our phenomena, like the written Word, are of little spiritual use, except as a challenge to the intellect to release the spiritual faculties from its materialistic grasp, and let them go free towards the upper realms of spiritual glory; yet, even as in the inner circle, our facts are such that he who participates in them cannot communicate them in their fulness of meaning to him who is a stranger to that kind of knowledge. Your present Lecturer is in the very difficult position of attempting to explain that which he has not been a party to, and it is hoped any error he commits may be easily rectified by A. T. T. P. himself, who is the only one capable to occupy the position assumed here this evening.

And yet he is only a receiver! The controlling Spirits have an experience which they cannot communicate to the Medium; the Medium has an experience which he cannot bestow on the Recorder; and the Recorder's experience cannot be made a part of the common consciousness of others, except in degree. Thus, there is a spiritual law in operation of the strictest justice, throwing every man back on his own resources, and forcing him, if he would ascend to higher spheres, to do so by his own exertions. There is no longer any fugitive mounting on the shoulders of others, and being carried into heaven pick-a-back! We can, indeed, help one another, but only in so far as we show them how to help themselves.

A. T. T. P. informs us that he has a gallery of about 100 of these pictures, mostly portraits, as you see. His Medium commenced this work some years ago; then there was a cessation for want of conditions, and more recently the work has been resumed. The Medium now lives and does his work in a house in which his patron has kindly placed him, and in that house there is an upper room devoted to this form of mediumistic art. I am told that these drawings can be obtained only a little before or a little after a visit to A. T. T. P., so that that gentleman's influence is a necessary part of the process. The Medium will frequently bring one with him to A. T. T. P.'s chambers—one just done, and then a control will come, claim the picture as his portrait, and enter into details.

It may be asked: What guarantee has A. T. T. P. that his Medium is not a clever artist, and imposes upon him as to the manner of production? And, it may be asked in return—What benefit would it be to him to tell lies? This is the abuse which comes from exhibiting facts to those who are entirely outside the pale of practical spiritual experience, and have so much of the scoundrel in their own composition that they see nothing else in others. And yet A. T. T. P. has his assurances, an instance of which he communicated.

These pictures are produced while the Medium is entranced: he has no power to do such work when in his normal state. Up in the little room, while at work, his wife is sometimes greatly disconcerted by the din and racket she hears. If I mistake not, she has entered, and tried to bring the Medium to his senses, but only to make him feel ill by her kindly efforts. This confusion alarms her greatly. As to the exact nature of it I am not quite clear, but if it arise from contention among spirits as to who shall control, then, it resembles the experience of Mr. Wright, the modelling medium, who is often disturbed by the spiritual contentions that take place around him. This is a subject of great interest, and it would do good to have it investigated. Well, one morning the Medium had been to A. T. T. P.'s chambers and left, carrying with him five sheets of drawing paper, as required by the controls, for the purpose of doing work. A few minutes after he left, A. T. T. P. had an irresistible impulse to follow him to his home. Accordingly, he dressed hurriedly and went out, arriving at the medium's house not more

than thirty-five minutes later than the Medium did. When the wife opened the door she looked pale and troubled, and expressed her pleasure at the opportune arrival of A. T. T. P., as there was such a noise in the room above, to which the Medium had retired as soon as he got home. A. T. T. P. went up, and, to his astonishment, two portraits were sketched out, and the beginnings of others made, and there was no model, copy, or any other aid to be seen to help the Medium to get up likenesses, even if he had desired to impose. This was satisfactory proof that the portraits were genuine mediumistic productions, and done in an incredibly short space of time. It would be rather a gratuitous supposition to think that A. T. T. P. is the man to be so easily gulled: and those who know much of the facts of mediumship, are well aware that such efforts are quite within the bounds of possibility, to which, in spiritual matters, there is, indeed, no limit.

Then as to the artists in spirit-life, who work through the Medium's organism,—we have before heard of "Freeholder," in controls published in past years, and "Alonso Cano," whose signature was given, with sketches of faces and other matter, on a plate of facsimiles in the MEDIUM, No. 468, March 21, 1879. The greater number of the works on exhibition this evening are by "Cano," on earth a Spanish sculptor, who, with other controlling spirits, is described in MEDIUM, February 28, 1879. We will just take the specimens before us in turn, and see what we have got to observe in connection with them:—

1. "Ada Byron, Countess of Lovelace," daughter of Lord Byron. This is a striking likeness of a beautiful and remarkable woman. A friend who has often seen original portraits of her at Horsley, Lord Lovelace's seat, at once recognised her, without requiring to be told who it was. In connection with the drawing, a communication is given, with which we intend to grace our Christmas Number next week. In that control the spirit analyses the characters of her father and mother. To the former she was deeply attached. It is one of the most strikingly individualized controls that has yet been published, and it will be read with pleasure by the most cultivated minds. At the lower end of the portrait are Byron's lines:—

"Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Still, for ever, fare thee well!"

2. As a companion picture, also by "Cano," we have "The Countess of Malmesbury, daughter of the Earl of Tankerville."

3. "Baron Alexander von Humboldt," by "Freeholder." This is accompanied by a long control, by the distinguished savant. The Medium brought the picture with him, and he was soon controlled by the spirit. The communication is in our possession, and we hope to give it early in 1883. All who have seen good portraits of Humboldt will at once recognise this likeness.

4. "Rt. Hon. James Wilson," ("Cano,") the Hawick Hatter, who became Chancellor of the Exchequer of Her Majesty's possessions in India, and founded the "Economist" newspaper. A. T. T. P. knew Mr. Wilson in London, and, afterwards, in India. A control accompanies the portrait, which acknowledges these facts. That control we also hope to publish.

5. "Sir John F. W. Herschell," ("Cano"). This spirit has controlled frequently. It is a fine portrait of this celebrated man.

6. "Abraham Lincoln," ("Cano") when a young man: tall, stately, and of placid countenance. He stands by a table, with his left hand leaning on a book. "Not dead, but passed on before," is added to the artist's signature.

7. "Sir Christopher Wren," ("Cano") a bust. The others are nearly full length—from the knees if standing or sitting. Over him are floating six females, to represent the Mahomedan heaven. It is said to be a portion from a picture by Cano, still in Spain.

8. "Archimedes," ("Cano"). A full-length portrait, like the sketch of a statue.

Four heads on one sheet, by "Freeholder":—

9. "Alaric, Gothic King." A man with firm, small features, wearing a helmet.

10. "Julian Majorian, betrayed by Ricimer." Another helmeted head, but of different racial type.

11. "Constantinus Chlorus, (Cæsar, A.D. 304)," wearing the laurel.

12. "Odoacer, King of Italy, A.D. 476." A curiously shaped head, in a peculiar position, with small compressed features and piercing eyes.

13 & 14. A sheet with two figures by "Freeholder." At the foot is written: "Library, Count de Arn——m, Spiritualist." Possibly the "Spiritualist" indicated will see this, and kindly respond. The left hand figure is a man, with the word "Kalo" written before his face. He has a short broad pointed sword in the right hand, which is extended behind him till the sword's point is opposite his thigh. His left hand is extended towards the shoulder of a woman, who extends her right hand towards him and parallel with his arm. The man wears boots with a feather from the top of each, pointing backwards. He seems to be scantily dressed, but a triangular cloak hangs down from his breast and extended arm. A helmet or shield hangs on his shoulders, his hair has a band round it. The features are Grecian, with beard. The woman has bare feet, with a flowing robe to her ankles. She is walking away from the man, who is taking a long step towards her. She turns her face back towards him, holding out the left hand open, as is the right, as if beseechingly. The word "Kales" is written opposite to her head, which has a loose hood covered with stars or little crosses. This description will enable the drawing to be identified.

15. A full-length figure of the "Amazon Queen," lately exhibiting at the Alhambra Theatre, and just as her portrait appeared on the advertising stations about the London streets. It is a strikingly correct reproduction. At one side is written: "A modern woman of measure; one of the descendants of the daughters of Gath. Freeholder, spirit artist." The spirits also gave much information respecting this freak of nature.

Such is the catalogue of drawings before us: drawings done with crayons of various colours, apparently tinted with water-colour, and varnished. We do not attempt the task of the art critic. No doubt, there would be much to desiderate in technical details, and, at the same time, much to admire in the boldness and grace of the work as a whole. There is evidently the practised hand and refined taste of the true artist here—not the rude scrawl of the uncultivated boor. The power to convey character, expression, attitude, is undoubtedly great, and all that is done with a few strokes of the chalk, without any model or copy, and in a very short space of time.

There is some little scope for art criticism in the respective styles of "Alonzo Cano" and "Freeholder," through the same medium. Can the difference of style be readily perceived? The works of both spirits are with the same materials, and in the same sketchy manner, yet there is a difference,— "Freeholder's" lines are firm and decided, conveying an impression of great firmness of purpose and solidity of character on the part of the artist. His work is bold in conception, decided in execution, and unmistakable in purpose. It is grand rather than pretty. "Cano" is, to our eye, somewhat more effeminate and conventionally ornate. He is somewhat faltering in his touch, and reaches his conclusion by a series of approximate stages. Your Lecturer does not affect the ability to treat these matters competently, but he throws out such indications of subject matter as might prove valuable in the hands of those who are equal to the task.

Yet, there is a higher form of criticism than art criticism, than literary criticism, but it is akin thereto:

that is, spiritual criticism, a discerning of the lineaments of the spirit-author through any mediunistic production. We have much rubbish talked under the guise of spirit criticism. Some there be, who suppose that all of these controls are the work of one spirit, who plays a part: but what proof is there of such a gratuitous supposition? If that one spirit can control, and play an infinite number of parts—What is there to hinder an infinite number of spirits to perform their own parts? If we admit the control of one spirit, we open the door to any number of spirits; and if we assume that one spirit could act a thousand parts, we thereby prove that it would be a much more likely thing for a thousand spirits, each to act its own part.

There is, on the part of some observers, a chronic tendency towards supposing that everything that comes from the spirit-world is false and misleading. This notion run to seed leads man's mind into Pyrrhonism of the worst form. It is surely better to believe in truthfulness, and be humbugged by deceitful spirits, than it is to believe in falsehood and remain the victim of that belief. Both parties are humbugged, but the former has a belief which greatly adds to his happiness and spiritual healthiness. Do not let us be untrue to our own moral sense, in our eagerness to serve out "lying spirits."

No sweetening treatment can be the true one. There are many things to be taken into consideration in such a question, and in the absence of a special spiritual faculty to probe such subjects, we may derive valuable lessons from the occurrences that come before our notice.

In the story of these drawings two points urge themselves upon our consideration. First, we have the fact, that in the control of the Medium there is often a conflict on the threshold which indicates the line of demarcation between the physical and the spiritual worlds; or, between corporals and es, as "Oahspe" would term it. This is more particularly pointed out in the narrative of a disorderly control reported in the MEDIUM, February 28, 1879. Imperfect conditions lead to these interblendings of good and evil in the controls, and it is only reasonable to hold that the same takes place in the everyday life of humanity. How often do we feel that an influence comes across the mind and blights the fair thought or mars the gracious act? The lives of all of us are checkered and shadowed by the current of contrary influences that are continually playing upon the sensitive surface of our spiritual consciousness. Here then is a fine point for spiritual criticism: to separate the good grain from the chaff, and trace the Divine tendency that may run through a mass which on the surface looks extremely questionable.

The second point is the influence of the Recorder. It is in connection with his sphere that these results are obtained. Though he does not will or purpose it, yet his mental characteristics crop up continually in the manner more than the matter of the controls. This is what affords the basis for supposing that it is one spirit that does it all. It is one spirit in so far as it is the one and the same A. T. L. P., who is the collateral agency in the evolution of these controls. Just as water percolating through a calcareous soil becomes affected thereby, so all spiritual influences reaching the verbal stage, through the Recorder's mind-sphere, must partake of its available furnishings. This is not the time, or we might collate many controls, and find in them coincidences of manner; all to be traced to the powerful sphere through which they express themselves in language, by the aid of the medium's vocal organs.

But the Medium and his personal surroundings must not be over-looked. A man may be a working man non-educated, and yet be one of the most marked of geniuses. For what is a genius but a medium, a normal medium, whereas in this case it is a trance medium, and therefore more affected by spiritual and mundane surroundings.

We must all the time remember that we get nothing from the spirit world just as it exists in the spirit world, we get nothing from the mind of a friend just as it exists in his mind. In the act of transmission in either case the subject matter has to be translated into our form of conception, and we endeavour to understand it in our own peculiar manner. Thus it is quite true that we actually manufacture out of our own mental resources all that we receive from others. We cannot put one man's head on another's shoulders. Men misunderstand one another at every point. Have you not heard a deaf man, only partly hearing what was said, twisting it into the most opposite meanings? Have you not seen the morbidly sensitive man fancy that everybody was talking about him; the cautious man, that he was being opposed or thwarted; the suspicious man that he was being taken in; the benevolent man that his kindly assistance was needed; the fop, that all the ladies were in love with him, and so on, through all the shades of character. If we transpose the scene of action to communion with spirits instead of mortals, we shall see that these idiosyncracies of ours are often much more powerful than the spirits, controlling them instead of the spirits controlling us. If we cannot understand one another, how are we to understand spirits?

In conclusion: the great work of the Spiritualist is self-culture and examination. He requires to know himself, and, from that as a basis, ascend to an understanding of the spiritual. He requires to be able to control himself, and then the spirits will have a better chance to control. He should be eager to add to his knowledge rather than give expression too rashly to dogmatic finalities.

THE STAGE AS A FIELD FOR SPIRIT MANIFESTATION.

A CONTROL BY "CHARLES MATTHEWS," COMEDIAN.
Recorded by A. T. T. P., November 25, 1882.

As the Sensitive has generally some conversation with the spirits, in or out of the body, on his way too and fro, I try, previous to his going into trance, to get all the information I can. He said that both in the railway and in his own room he had heard the name of Charles Matthews, and asked whether I knew any one of the name. I said, yes, he was a celebrated actor, and the last time I saw him was when the Prince of Wales was in Calcutta, and he was acting there.

He went under control and spoke as follows:—

Yes; there are good hearts amongst us, sir, and God, who permits our return, has also graciously accorded to us the facility of making our presence known.

I remember the occasions to which you were referring; I perfectly remember the glories that awaited me in that part of her Most Gracious Majesty's Empire. I like the time now. I like the feeling that is displayed towards those of our profession, who are going down the hill; whose infirmities are increasing with age, and who have had to give place to younger and more able men in the profession.

I remember him who has been helped so generously this week (Creswick) the co-lessee with Shepherd, in the management of the Surrey Theatre; but years long past I had noticed the changes that time makes. Then, no better tragedian trod the London boards, and now his name has become a name nearly forgotten. But those, who are still at the top of the tide of popularity, have not forgotten the chief of the past. The generous student-actor of the present has cheered the heart of the actor of the past, by handing to him the proceeds of the afternoon performance of the great Playwright's comedy, "Much Ado about Nothing," a handsome cheque bordering towards six hundred pounds; a gift that will be remembered, even after living's honours have been forgotten. It is such noble hearts, that deserve the success they meet with; well may English Royalty be proud of the foremost delineator of character that the world can produce.

Last night I heard "Gai. Brooke" endeavouring at "a position," through this Sensitive, and the experiment was strangely interesting to me; and I assure you, that it raises the profession greatly in my estimation. It will be something, if, through our former knowledge, we are enabled to get at the consciences of the Upper Ten; if, through our endeavour, we are enabled to open out new truths and to place prominently before them the unbleared picture of futurity. He has enlisted me, and has obtained a promise, that I would essay an attempt at wit through the same means that he has so often used, and before the same witnesses with many additions.

On my honour, the scheme is a good one. It is proposed, on his part, to get the aid of friends on our side, and to prevent a principal character from performing his part during Christmas festivities. You must be well aware that in country houses, as well as in the town mansions, in the Season, there is a great rage for theatrical performances, conducted purely by amateur performers, a species of amusement which will never lose its charm. The most favourite of these amateur performances are farces and comedies; in either of which it is needless to tell you I could, when I was amongst you, easily play my part. Now I think, that after a few attempts, I can be equally as facetious as when in the body, and if this is so, I propose before I go to give you the benefit, which, for the present, need not be recorded. I do not wish you to report until I get at perfection. I shall try an amateur's play called "Difficulty." It opens with a retiring tradesman, and an unmarried son. I played in it at Old Drury.

I may here say, I was forbidden to record, and even if I had not been so, I should have been unable to have written down fast enough the words as they fell from the lips of the Sensitive. But I had a scene or two from the play, and witnessed a consummate piece of acting, well worthy of Charles Matthews in his best days.

After this was over I resumed recording: the control said:—

Yes; I fancy I shall be able. I fancy that I shall be once imitable in those particular parts which I profess, and if so, Mr. Recorder, I shall give such abundant proofs of individuality that it must be an idiot that will deny my personality. Believe me, dear sir, I look forward for this trial with earnest anxiety; for, you know, and the world can easily be assured, the Sensitive was a labouring man with no trade, and with but a poor education when you first knew him; that for months he stood before you in the cord trowsers and white jacket of a labouring man. But the day will come when thousands will rise, en masse, to honour my efforts, in which it will not be veiled as to what is the conscious power and how obtained. This is not a far-away possibility. I can through him speak as a scholar and a gentleman, and I shall soon be as equally able to speak to him with facial accompaniment, as to do the low and illiterate character; at present I have not much power of facial control, but that is but a mere atom of a difficulty which practice will overcome.

In respect to this power, it is not by any means the highest that I entertain. The means are but poor and insignificant in comparison with the result which we expect. We must exercise versatile power, first to secure the appreciative enjoyment of the people, so that we may more effectually bring about the establishment of the great fact of Spiritualism. Call it Spiritism, call it by whatever name people may choose, Spiritualism or Spiritism, it means the same truth: That we come back, and our coming back is recognised, and that our coming back has but one purpose—the happiness of man.

In my opinion you are, dear Sir, a chosen builder in the Temple of Truth, doing the will of our God. You have not the pride or tinsel regalia of the priesthood. You are working in comparative obscurity, although publicity, like a flood, is at your door. You are dealing with the whole part of a man's being, through the small fraction of the real man, which is his body. Bear through every clime this lamp of truth, which you have received far in advance of many more cultured minds. You have discovered that which will enable you to lead on mankind. The day is passing when our return will be scientifically questioned. The increased light of Science may throw its glare on our assertions but the march of truth is irresistible, and lying doctrines and dogmatic inventions are doomed. I know that believers in our return must abandon sectarianism; must simply live doing the will of God, believing they cannot be saved by tradition; yet it is a great revolution, a belief that a man can only save himself by and through an useful life, a complete new self-hood, which is the highest form of Deity on earth. "Know thyself," is God's greatest command; know the particular function of each of your powers, and make them subservient to your God. God has said, I have given to man plenty of elbow-room in the world which I have created. It is all the property of man, that he may prove manifest his self-hood. It will be a matter of surprise to many, that I can

moralise, that the gay humorous versatile Charles Matthews so earnestly advocates service to God.

Well, I have my particular views about my profession; views that will not be realized by many others. I believe that all theatrical performances are founded on, and spring from, the deepest feeling in the nature of man, and that there is but one duty to be derived from them, and that is, the drawing out in harmonious intensity, the whole emotional nature and intellectual power of God's children on earth. What makes such men as the leading actor of to-day, and those of the past, so passionately fond of their profession? Because they know that through the stage they can give to the faculties of men stimulating and satisfying food. That they can afford them intense delight; moral lessons without immoral alloy all tending to soul alimant and profit. The frigid Sectarian has cried in all times, "What good can come out of a theatre?" and I answer—That where a good man is at the helm, it is a mighty school leading towards the worship and serving of God.

I do not say but what some pieces that are played are mighty agents for evil, subtle, and seducing. There is a tendency for the burlesquely horrible having its brief run at the present time: falling houses, railway collisions, man-monkeys, but such pieces cannot last; but if there are such pieces played, to every one such piece there are twenty that act as a means of good. True, there is a need for supervision, when morality is forgotten and nonsense usurps the place of common sense. It appeals, does a good moral piece, to the love of self. It promotes energy and perseverance, and raises men above the level of mediocrity. I never could judge a man's self-hood; perhaps I never studied physiognomy or phrenology; I could only judge of self-hood the same way as God judges through the life of a man.

It is drummed into the children of the present generation, that they are born in sin and iniquity. Neither the soul nor the body bears out any evidence of this; rather man bears the stamp of God in his upright carriage, and wonderful construction. There are many humble, conscientious, God-fearing men in the Profession, and many loving mothers and good daughters, that could no more aid to promote sin, because they believe in that which you are working to make known, having a belief of a future conscious life. And my experience of the Profession is this: that, as a body, they are innately good, charmingly vigorous, participating in every human joy to the full, possessed of a redundancy of life, overflowing with love. This may be an entirely different idea from that of the theologian, but it is a belief of common sense; for all my life was spent among them. All violation of common sense is sin, as you were told yesterday.

Your surroundings are not dealing in idle speculations when they declare, that there is commanded a war against sectarianism. Your surroundings use only the weapons of common sense with a single eye to truth, but these weapons are the Spiritualist's blades, which they will plunge in to the hilt. Give sectarianism no rest: Do not parley with them, but, with resistless might, harry all misleading teachers, en masse, out of the places they have usurped. Learned and grave men, who are called "Reverend," "Very Reverend," and "Right Reverend," have written folio after folio on sectarian questions, which have as much to do with the welfare of the soul as the unimportant question of "Who is your Barber?" and these puerile contentions drag their weary length along, until the written record becomes the laughing stock of mankind with common sense. Questions such as these: Whether these regalia shall be worn? Whether the "real presence" is at the sacrament of the last supper? Whether infant baptism is right or whether adult baptism is correct? Whether sprinkling is proper or whether dipping is the more preferable. Your chambers would not hold the tomes that have been written on these unimportant soul questions,—and all this is called sectarian sense and differences. Why, it is lunacy.

Such unimportant matters as these prove that they are quite gone in respect of common sense, and I say, most unhesitatingly, that the weakest* amongst men are to be found amongst the Clergy. If a man lacks bodily energy, and the Army refuses him, the Church will accept him, and men think they are pleasing God by giving to us men the right of Churches, Temples or Tabernacles: they think that their souls will derive, by doing this, more importance in the eye of their God. Fools,—God only looks for the living temple, which is the body of man on earth and which is sanctified their souls. There is no merit in a thousand churches or chapels, be they built by whatever body of thinkers, unless God is honoured therein, and the dignity of self-hood proclaimed. I look on your chambers as a temple as holy as any within the vast area of this vast Metropolis, for from this temple has proceeded throughout this country, and even to foreign lands, a revolution of thought.

The Rights of Man have been declared by your Guide. He has prophesied an Age of Reason, and every step he takes is giving freedom to man. He does not forget that for which he struggled when on earth—Common Sense. I want you fairly to realize the wonderful harmony that exists in his work on earth, and the position in which God has placed him amongst

us:—unhospitably bold and forward when on earth; proclaiming the dignity of individual thought and individual self-hood; too courteous to assail by abuse his many enemies, yet mercilessly unravelling their pretensions, and warning by teaching mankind the effect of immoral usurpation; exposing the fallacy of that book from which they derived their power, and boldly and unhesitatingly telling the world that a great portion of that infallible work of God was unfit to be placed before the eye of the modest maiden or brought before the attention of growing children; and proof of this he brought before his fellow creatures in his "Age of Reason," and then appealed to their common sense, and then again perseveringly bade them remember their own individual rights, so that they might become individualized, and not massed together like an immense herd of senseless cattle: that they might realize that God did not dwell in churches, tabernacles or chapels: that He was not with this sect or that sect: that He was an Universal God, caring for all races of men alike, and that he, however humble, however illiterate, however uncultivated, who followed in obedience his innate sense of right and wrong, then according to God's word and promise, he that so serves Me, I will manifest myself through him, and he shall live in the glory of eternity for ever. Here in this chamber your Guide once said, that on one occasion, when standing in the virgin forest, "Here is a Tabernacle (pointing to the interweaving branches over his head) built by the hand of God: consecrated by Him with life, which so many tabernacles built by men so sadly need. Here will I worship the Author of my being, He who has destined me to live in time, and has promised to me eternity."

And now, dear Recorder, before I say "good bye" to you: Before this event comes off I will notify to you whom you may invite, a select audience for my essay at individual characteristics with the peculiarities publicly recognised in my different parts. This promise will be fulfilled. Before this I will duly notify to you a week before, and whom you may ask. Before this series is over, I wish to fulfil my promise of my part. Do not fail to tell the Sensitive to give me an opportunity when he returns this morning.

Here he began acting again. It was, according to my recollection, "Charles Matthews" to the life.

THE OSOPHY.

SPIRIT AND MATTER.

By JAMES McDOWALL.

TO THE EDITOR.—Dear sir,—I am sorry you did not see your way to give in full the critical remarks of your correspondent "Veritas;" as I infer from the quotation in your Editorial remarks, that "Veritas" understands me to mean that Matter and Spirit are intertransmutable, and that all is "transformation of the one and the same dear old Substance of which we and all things are made;" when the meaning I intended to convey was—that the "dear old substance" is continually renewing its youth, by the addition of *new* substance,—the infinite Void being a fount that can never be run dry, and the infinite Plenum a capacity that can never be filled to overflowing. Further, that Matter, though it might become spiritualized to any degree of spirituality, could only be so by drawing its spiritual equivalent downward, to the extent that it (matter) is lifted upwards; so that the respective values, before and after the spiritualization, would be equal—taking into account the spiritual and material sides; but no amount of spiritualization could transmute Matter into Spirit (by "matter" I mean the Substance, on any plane of spirituality, in which Spirit embodies itself)—for the reason, that the first principle, SPIRIT, is Substance beginning to Be, originating in the impossibility of a vacuum. It commences existence as the infinitely thin and attenuated—in a condition of instantaneous transition to the infinitely centralized; thus beginning to be, it ends in Absolute Being. Its first condition is in Pressure infinitesimal, and its Magnitude without limits; its second condition, as the Ego of the individual, is the infinite in Pressure and the infinitesimal in Magnitude; its third condition is without limits in either magnitude or pressure—because it has become one with the Absolute in Magnitude and Pressure—which condition is a condition of perfect equilibrium.

This is the summit of the first principle, Spirit; its power is spent in equilibrium, stillness—Absolute Being—which as the base of the second and the summit of the first principle—is that condition of power, which may be spent in opposite order to that by which it was accumulated,—

* The cleverest also. —A.T.T.P.

We must all the time remember that we get nothing from the spirit world just as it exists in the spirit world, we get nothing from the mind of a friend just as it exists in his mind. In the act of transmission in either case the subject matter has to be translated into our form of conception, and we endeavour to understand it in our own peculiar manner. Thus it is quite true that we actually manufacture out of our own mental resources all that we receive from others. We cannot put one man's head on another's shoulders. Men misunderstand one another at every point. Have you not heard a deaf man, only partly hearing what was said, twisting it into the most opposite meanings? Have you not seen the morbidly sensitive man fancy that everybody was talking about him; the cautious man, that he was being opposed or thwarted; the suspicious man that he was being taken in; the benevolent man that his kindly assistance was needed; the fop, that all the ladies were in love with him, and so on, through all the shades of character. If we transpose the scene of action to communion with spirits instead of mortals, we shall see that these idiosyncracies of ours are often much more powerful than the spirits, controlling them instead of the spirits controlling us. If we cannot understand one another, how are we to understand spirits?

In conclusion: the great work of the Spiritualist is self-culture and examination. He requires to know himself, and, from that as a basis, ascend to an understanding of the spiritual. He requires to be able to control himself, and then the spirits will have a better chance to control. He should be eager to add to his knowledge rather than give expression too rashly to dogmatic finalities.

THE STAGE AS A FIELD FOR SPIRIT MANIFESTATION.

A CONTROL BY "CHARLES MATTHEWS," COMEDIAN.

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

As the Sensitive has generally some conversation with the spirits, in or out of the body, on his way too and fro, I try, previous to his going into trance, to get all the information I can. He said that both in the railway and in his own room he had heard the name of Charles Matthews, and asked whether I knew any one of the name. I said, yes, he was a celebrated actor, and the last time I saw him was when the Prince of Wales was in Calcutta, and he was acting there.

He went under control and spoke as follows:—

Yes; there are good hearts amongst us, sir, and God, who permits our return, has also graciously accorded to us the facility of making our presence known.

I remember the occasions to which you were referring; I perfectly remember the glories that awaited me in that part of her Most Gracious Majesty's Empire. I like the time now. I like the feeling that is displayed towards those of our profession, who are going down the hill; whose infirmities are increasing with age, and who have had to give place to younger and more able men in the profession.

I remember him who has been helped so generously this week (Creswick) the co-lessee with Shepherd, in the management of the Surrey Theatre; but years long past I had noticed the changes that time makes. Then, no better tragedian trod the London boards, and now his name has become a name nearly forgotten. But those, who are still at the top of the tide of popularity, have not forgotten the chief of the past. The generous student-actor of the present has cheered the heart of the actor of the past, by handing to him the proceeds of the afternoon performance of the great Playwright's comedy, "Much Ado about Nothing," a handsome cheque bordering towards six hundred pounds; a gift that will be remembered, even after Irving's honours have been forgotten. It is such noble hearts, that deserve the success they meet with; well may English Royalty be proud of the foremost delineator of character that the world can produce.

Last night I heard "Gus. Brooke" endeavouring at "composition," through this Sensitive, and the experiment was strangely interesting to me; and I assure you, that it raises the profession greatly in my estimation. It will be something, if, through our former knowledge, we are enabled to get at the consciences of the Upper Ten; if, through our endeavour, we are enabled to open out new truths and to place prominently before them the unbleared picture of futurity. He has enlisted me, and has obtained a promise, that I would essay an attempt at wit through the same means that he has so often used, and before the same witnesses with many additions.

On my honour, the scheme is a good one. It is proposed, on his part, to get the aid of friends on our side, and to prevent a principal character from performing his part during Christmas festivities. You must be well aware that in country houses, as well as in the town mansions, in the Season, there is a great rage for theatrical performances, conducted purely by amateur performers, a species of amusement which will never lose its charm. The most favourite of these amateur performances are farces and comedies; in either of which it is needless to tell you I could, when I was amongst you, easily play my part. Now I think, that after a few attempts, I can be equally as facetious as when in the body, and if this is so, I propose before I go to give you the benefit, which, for the present, need not be recorded. I do not wish you to report until I get at perfection. I shall try an amateur's play called "Difficently." It opens with a retiring tradesman, and an unmarried son. I played in it at Old Drury.

I may here say, I was forbidden to record, and even if I had not been so, I should have been unable to have written down fast enough the words as they fell from the lips of the Sensitive. But I had a scene or two from the play, and witnessed a consummate piece of acting, well worthy of Charles Matthews in his best days.

After this was over I resumed recording: the control said:—

Yes; I fancy I shall be able. I fancy that I shall be once inimitable in those particular parts which I profess, and if so, Mr. Recorder, I shall give such abundant proofs of individuality that it must be an idiot that will deny my personality. Believe me, dear sir, I look forward for this trial with earnest anxiety; for, you know, and the world can easily be assured, the Sensitive was a labouring man with no trade, and with but a poor education when you first knew him; that for months he stood before you in the cord trousers and white jacket of a labouring man. But the day will come when thousands will rise, en masse, to honour my efforts, in which it will not be veiled as to what is the conscious power and how obtained. This is not a far-away possibility. I can through him speak as a scholar and a gentleman, and I shall soon be as equally able to speak to him with facial accompaniment, as to do the low and illiterate character; at present I have not much power of facial control, but that is but a mere atom of a difficulty which practice will overcome.

In respect to this power, it is not by any means the highest that I entertain. The means are but poor and insignificant in comparison with the result which we expect. We must exercise versatile power, first to secure the appreciative enjoyment of the people, so that we may more effectually bring about the establishment of the great fact of Spiritualism. Call it Spiritism, call it by whatever name people may choose, Spiritualism or Spiritism, it means the same truth: That we come back, and our coming back is recognised, and that our coming back has but one purpose—the happiness of man.

In my opinion you are, dear Sir, a chosen builder in the Temple of Truth, doing the will of our God. You have not the pride or tinsel regalia of the priesthood. You are working in comparative obscurity, although publicity, like a flood, is at your door. You are dealing with the whole part of a man's being, through the small fraction of the real man, which is his body. Bear through every clime this lamp of truth, which you have received far in advance of many more cultured minds. You have discovered that which will enable you to lead on mankind. The day is passing when our return will be scientifically questioned. The increased light of Science may throw its glare on our assertions but the march of truth is irresistible, and lying doctrines and dogmatic inventions are doomed. I know that believers in our return must abandon sectarianism; must simply live doing the will of God, believing they cannot be saved by tradition; yet it is a great revolution, a belief that a man can only save himself by and through an useful life, a complete new self-hood, which is the highest form of Deity on earth. "Know thyself," is God's greatest command; know the particular function of each of your powers, and make them subservient to your God. God has said, I have given to man plenty of elbow-room in the world which I have created. It is all the property of man, that he may prove manifest his self-hood. It will be a matter of surprise to many, that I can

moralise, that the gay humorous versatile Charles Matthews so earnestly advocates service to God.

Well, I have my particular views about my profession; views that will not be realized by many others. I believe that all theatrical performances are founded on, and spring from, the deepest feeling in the nature of man, and that there is but one duty to be derived from them, and that is, the drawing out in harmonious intensity, the whole emotional nature and intellectual power of God's children on earth. What makes such men as the leading actor of to-day, and those of the past, so passionately fond of their profession? Because they know that through the stage they can give to the faculties of men stimulating and satisfying food. That they can afford them intense delight; moral lessons without immoral alloy all tending to soul aliment and profit. The frigid Sectarian has cried in all times, "What good can come out of a theatre?" and I answer—That where a good man is at the helm, it is a mighty school leading towards the worship and serving of God.

I do not say but what some pieces that are played are mighty agents for evil, subtle, and seducing. There is a tendency for the burlesquely horrible having its brief run at the present time: falling houses, railway collisions, man-monkeys, but such pieces cannot last; but if there are such pieces played, to every one such piece there are twenty that act as a means of good. True, there is a need for supervision, when morality is forgotten and nonsense usurps the place of common sense. It appeals, does a good moral piece, to the love of self. It promotes energy and perseverance, and raises men above the level of mediocrity. I never could judge a man's self-hood; perhaps I never studied physiognomy or phrenology; I could only judge of self-hood the same way as God judges through the life of a man.

It is drummed into the children of the present generation, that they are born in sin and iniquity. Neither the soul nor the body bears out any evidence of this; rather man bears the stamp of God in his upright carriage, and wonderful construction. There are many humble, conscientious, God-fearing men in the Profession, and many loving mothers and good daughters, that could no more aid to promote sin, because they believe in that which you are working to make known, having a belief of a future conscious life. And my experience of the Profession is this: that, as a body, they are innately good, charmingly vigorous, participating in every human joy to the full, possessed of a redundancy of life, overflowing with love. This may be an entirely different idea from that of the theologian, but it is a belief of common sense; for all my life was spent among them. All violation of common sense is sin, as you were told yesterday.

Your surroundings are not dealing in idle speculations when they declare, that there is commanded a war against sectarianism. Your surroundings use only the weapons of common sense with a single eye to truth, but these weapons are the Spiritualist's blades, which they will plunge in to the hilt. Give sectarianism no rest: Do not parley with them, but, with resistless might, harry all misleading teachers, en masse, out of the places they have usurped. Learned and grave men, who are called "Reverend," "Very Reverend," and "Right Reverend," have written folio after folio on sectarian questions, which have as much to do with the welfare of the soul as the unimportant question of "Who is your Barber?" and these puerile contentions drag their weary length along, until the written record becomes the laughing stock of mankind with common sense. Questions such as these: Whether these regalia shall be worn? Whether the "real presence" is at the sacrament of the last supper? Whether infant baptism is right or whether adult baptism is correct? Whether sprinkling is proper or whether dipping is the more preferable. Your chambers would not hold the tomes that have been written on these unimportant soul questions,—and all this is called sectarian sense and differences. Why, it is lunacy.

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the first principle from its origination, is the thin and attenuated; until it becomes one with the Absolute it is the principle of a less pressure becoming a greater,—firstly, by growing less in bulk, and secondly, by coalescing into oneness with a greater in bulk and magnitude: it is thus a mode of addition. The second principle, being in every respect the antithesis of the first, begins to be as the absolute Plenum, which being an infinity of infinitesimal differences, or degrees of Pressure, by drawing these degrees—less one or more—into more absolute union, the one or more is left without the base of support, by means of which they existed as a part of the Absolute; they, consequently, as their base of Pressure and Magnitude is withdrawn, *expand toward a point*, that is, become less in Bulk, and less in Pressure.

This process carried to the extreme, would eventually result in the complete materialization of a portion—but only a portion,—of the one or more degrees: for the line of demarcation between the Plenum and the one or more degrees—as a part of the Plenum—being an almost perfect blending, as the one or more degrees pass matterward, their spirituality still cleaves to the Plenum—as a base of attachment—and their material qualities inrolls along an imaginary line, called the line of direction, that is, expands towards this line as a point. This inrolling results from the necessity of the *centre* of every body or condition being the most spiritual portion thereof, so that the material germ in process of formation—being the most spiritual at the centre—that centre is therefore the point of attachment to the Plenum as a base, so that, as the germ or seed in process of formation passes toward the material condition, it, is held to the Plenum by the spirituality of the centre graduated to the Infinite Magnitude and spirituality of the Plenum; so that, the subtraction of this central condition of spirituality, through the graduated attachment as a conductor, ultimates the seed or germ on lower and lower planes, until the possibility of its farther expansion is spent, and it has passed from life to death, from a condition of Stillness to a condition of Motion.

Thus the one or more degrees of the Plenum, thus ultimated in the material germ—on the material plane—reaches that plane, by a process of subtraction from the centre, so that, in the passage downward—represented by the imaginary line of direction—the germ in process of formation, on the spiritual side, was a process of unfolding to the Infinite, and on the material side, was a process of expansion to a point. Thus, in every respect, the second principle is the first inverted.

Perhaps some will ask—If the second principle is the first inverted—why does it not cease to be as the first began?

This is a momentous question, second to none in importance, for if the second principle could cease to be, as the first began, Nature would be one continuous stream from Nothingness to Being—and back to Nothingness again, and Immortality would be a myth. True! Nature would no doubt stream on as before “when you, and I, like streaks of morning light, had melted into the infinite azure of the past.” Yet nevertheless, the question is a little short-sighted, for it is because it is the first principle inverted, that it cannot cease to be. The first principle, Spirit—from its origin in the impossibility of a vacuum, until its culmination as the Infinite in every positive quality—was the principle of addition; the second principle—from its origin as the infinite Plenum, until its culmination as the material germ or seed—is the principle of subtraction.

Now, Spirit—the first principle—begins as the infinitely attenuated and extended, in instantaneous transition to a point of Pressure, so that, to invert this principle, or mode of transition—having the infinite magnitude and pressure of the Plenum for a base—is instantaneous expansion to a point, that is, instantaneous graduation of spiritual qualities to a point of less quality, at which point it resists its further extinction: and, as we have seen, by its reduced quality creates the infinite Void or vacuum—which being an impossibility—at the same instant of its creation becomes pregnant with the first principle in its first condition of attenuatedness, which centralizing in the point of expansion a point of pressure—which continually subtracted by the Absolute to the spiritual side—keeps the germ in process of formation, in a condition of infolding to the material side, and unfolding to the spiritual. The infolding of the material germ along its polar axis, or line

of direction, continually infolds the spiritual germ or point of pressure, which, being of an equal but opposite tendency, the material germ is held in a condition of equipoise, on any plane of spiritual altitude, and is thus saved from death.

The first principle is the active, culminating in the still and positive; the second principle is the still and positive, culminating in the passive, or negatively active, the extreme of which is the material atom—the unit of inorganic substance—and a less extreme result is the cell, the unit of organic structure, as also, the ovum in the ovary of the female personality, which, though—as in the case of the human seed—may be infinitely complicated in design, is nevertheless, simple in principle, and easy to understand.

The ovum within the genital organs of the coming mother, is the negative result of the subtraction of the positive spiritual qualities of the coming mother, by the more positive attraction of an innumerable host of Angelic Beings—existing in the inner Heavens—and to whom she is spiritually related, and of whom she is the outward expression, yet not the most outward. The ovum, or human seed, being thus the result of the subtraction of specific Quality, by specific Quality is the antithetical opposite of its cause; that is, every angel of the innumerable host is—so to speak—*negatively photographed in the constitution of the human seed*. Consequently, from the conclusions submitted to the Reader's consideration, in the paper on “Spirit and Matter,” this material seed—when placed in suitable conditions—because of its negative material qualities, generates, of necessity, a spirit of specific ratios of centralization, which culminating as a point of light—in the centre of the material seed—is the opposite equivalent of the seed, and a *positive photograph*—so to speak—of the innumerable host of angels, whose positive attractive power projected the seed into material conditions. Thus the “angels” of the “little ones,” do always behold the face of the Father in the Heavens.

This minute representative of the Heavenly Host, continuously—because of the attraction of its Heavenly Father—flashes upward through the graduated qualities of its earthly and Heavenly Mother, who, by its positive addition to Her base of power, inrolls along the graduated attachment the material equivalent, that is, expands toward the seed as a point; and, as the generated spiritual qualities increase the base, the expansion of the base to the seed increases its bulk and individuality, which generating a more personal Ego, flashes upward with greater energy. Thus building up the form by a principle analogous to photography, only, that the light is within, which, flashing to the light everywhere (the Divine Father) penetrates the intermediate substance (the Divine Mother), who instantly responds by the projection of the material seed—the Virgin Daughter—who becomes the Virgin Mother of the Human Ego—the Son of God—who is the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, and the *express image* of His Father in Heaven.

124, West Street, Calton, Glasgow.

MEDIUMSHIP.

EXETER.—ODDFELLOW'S HALL, BAMFYLDE STREET

During the past week, meetings were held as follows:—

Monday evening, twelve present. Our mediums being absent, the proceedings were rather quiet. A circle was, however, formed to give the spirits an opportunity to work, and the sitters spent the time in conversation upon the principles and teachings of Spiritualism.

Tuesday evening, Mr. H. being present, the spirits were able to give marvellous manifestations of their power, the whole being under a superintendence that gave proof of large experience, and great precision in the working of this Movement. Were “Judge Edmonds,” with his unequalled interest and experience, himself present in “propria persona,” as we believe he was in spirit, I do not see how his characteristics and bearing could be more truly and strikingly portrayed. For myself, I have never felt to pay so much humble and respectful deference to the guiding powers of this Cause, as I do to the intelligence who controls this medium, whoever it may be. In the short space of an hour and a half, we had answers and spelling with great precision through the table; sheets covered with important messages; eloquent and dignified speaking; all these phases giving us minute directions and instructions for the next item in the programme, which the spirits desired us to commence that evening, viz., materialization. In the course of his address “Judge Edmonds” insisted that a great reformation was needed in this Cause. In emphatic terms he denounced the “merchandise” which

had been made of mediumship; and the curiosity and superficiality which had characterised investigation; and assured us that the spirit-world was determined, upon a different basis, to show what it could do. To illustrate their power of control over this medium even at this early stage, whilst the "Judge" was speaking, a late-comer knocked at the door, and a friend rising to admit him, he was gently replaced in his chair; then, quick as thought, the medium was made to open the door, and introduce the friend. Taking the latter by the hand the control said, "Have you any knowledge of Judge Edmonds?" The friend replied, "I have heard of him." "His spirit," said the control, "is now speaking to you; take your seat"—then resumed his address. Whilst we were consulting how we should arrange for the materialization, the "Judge" took the whole matter into his own hands—ourselves looking on. Placing a chair for the medium in the corner, he put another upside down upon a little table, and covering it with a coat, thus extemporised a "cabinet." The control then sat the medium at the table, and wrote, "If you will put the musical box going, put out the lamp, and remain perfectly passive we will work."

They then placed their medium in the corner, the room was darkened, and we (five in number besides the medium) were sitting for materialization. The whole proceeding was a striking illustration of the power of spirits to manage their own affairs without any interference from us; and there has been through this medium throughout, as if with an express purpose, something like a stern protest against any dictation to the spirits as to their methods and conditions of working.

The result of the sitting was that the medium, behind his coat-covered chair, saw and conversed with "a form clothed in white, the face bending over him; a hand sweeping around the corner where he sat, and beautiful lights streaming from the walls on either side of him."

Wednesday evening, developing circle; present five. Mr. P. and Mr. H. advanced a stage in their development.

Thursday circle (at Newton St. Cyres); present nine. Mrs. C. controlled by many spirits to give addresses and tests. I have never seen such power manifested through this lady's mediumship. A new and valuable phase of her mediumship was illustrated in her describing under control, the ailments of the sitters, as if she felt them in her own person. One had a pain in the finger; another in the knee; and a third in the shoulder and body.

Friday evening, materialization seance; arrangements as on Tuesday. Mr. H. was controlled by a great variety, all of whom are, we believe, preparing to stand forth visibly in their respective characters. Among the controls was an Italian who passed away in Exeter; he gave his name, residence and profession, and was recognised; "David Livingstone," the celebrated African Explorer; two gentlemen employed by the Baptist Missionary Society, and who stated that they passed away on the banks of the Congo. A friend present stated that he remembered reading an account of their recent decease, in a publication of the Royal Geographical Society. "Mrs. Wright," wife of a missionary, passed away in Japan; she spoke pathetically of her "motherless babes." The control said, "there is a spirit here calling herself Mrs. Norman, she resided in Paragon Place, in Exeter, she drowned herself in the canal. The following day I went to Paragon Place, in South Street, and all those particulars were confirmed. The control then said, "Mr. Ware, mark this, there is a house in the Mint, opposite the Roman Catholic Church; it is closed, there is an earth-bound spirit there. It was formerly occupied by persons of the name of Haussen, they left the house because of the noise, and because the daughter said she saw the spirit of a relative." On Saturday I visited the Mint, saw the closed house; learnt that it had been unoccupied for three years. I called on Miss H. who informed me that she lived there fifteen years, but the lady was reticent about other particulars. I intend to call on the proprietor on Monday, possibly here is another haunted house to be investigated.

At the close of this seance the "Judge" assured us that good work had been done, as we should see if we would wait. I would like to mention that from the beginning of this young man's mediumship, he has at every sitting been controlled to write the date, DECEMBER 12TH, with the indication that something remarkable would transpire at that time. At the close of Friday's sitting the "Judge" controlled the medium, and said with great impressiveness, "December 12th; only next Tuesday, something of importance will take place, what it is I cannot say. I have thought it to be something in the heavens, some astronomical phenomena, but it is not that. Wait! Oh, ye of little faith, ye know not what is in store, yet the date given is not an infallible calculation." It remains to be seen (at the time I write) what this signifies.

On Sunday evening, in the private circle, the manifestations of spirit-power were deeply interesting. The medium who, at his own desire, commences these meetings with prayer in his normal state, was controlled by a great variety, including "Garibaldi," who traced his name upon the table, and, in his own language, reproduced some characteristic scenes of his life; "Archbishop Cranmer," who came holding out his right

hand, saying, "This hand shall first fall, which signed the paper against conscience": "Abraham Lincoln," who came with earnest plea and appeal for those "innocent souls"—the slaves whom he emancipated; "John Bradford," the martyr; and "Emily Stone," who passed away from a bed of straw, in a garret in St. Giles's. She wept bitterly for her mother to come, and entreated her to give up that "dreadful draught of drink." A number of names were written out through the medium's hand, among them that of "George Eliot," the great novelist. "Judge Edmonds" spoke much, and reminded us of what he had promised on Friday—that he intended to write a letter to be published in the MEDIUM, appealing to the Spiritualists of the country.

He again impressively reminded us of DECEMBER 12TH, saw a spirit handing a letter to some one, and gave other significant particulars.

PRESENTS OF LITERATURE.

Mr. Bickfield, of Exmouth, has kindly presented us with three years' Nos. of the "Banner of Light," and Mr. S. C. Hall has sent a valuable parcel of books, and, in addition, splendid cabinet portraits of himself and Mrs. Hall, which will be duly framed and hung up in our room. OMEGA.

HEALING AT A DISTANCE.—Mr. Robert Harper,—Dear Sir,—I return you my sincere thanks for the Magnetised Flannel you kindly sent me. I was then suffering dreadfully; my lower limbs were completely paralyzed. I had a continual headache. The family doctor did me no good, in fact, he said there was little hope. But, thank God, the flannel you sent has cured all that, and I am now quite well. Hoping that all the afflicted will apply for, and receive your extraordinary method of cure, I remain yours, Mrs. Cleland, Ballymacreevy, Co. Down, Ireland.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A REMARKABLE ALMANAC.

The "Jubilee Temperance Almanac, 1883," twice one penny, is without doubt, the largest of the species of illustrated broad sides to which it belongs. It being just fifty years on the 1st of September last since Mr. J. Livesey and his co-workers signed the total abstinence pledge at Preston, the epoch has been marked in a fitting manner by this crowded sheet. It gives fine portraits of Dr. Grindrod, Dr. Lees, Mr. Joseph Livesey, Mr. Edward Grub, Dick Turner, author of the word "teetotal," Mr. H. Anderton, Mr. T. A. Smith, Mr. J. Teare, and Mr. J. Dearden. In addition, an illustration is given of the Cockpit, Preston, the occasion represented being Mr. J. Livesey delivering his celebrated "Malt Lecture." A calendar is given of events in the first ten years of Teetotalism, which conveys a grand idea of the devotion and inspiration of those intrepid reformers of fifty years ago. Biographies are given of all the persons represented, and in other respects the Jubilee Almanac is crowded with matter of the most gratifying kind. We wish this effort all success. It is a timely protest against that mercenary professionalism that has done so much to make the work of temperance a little game of £ s. d. amongst those possessed of a slight gift of the gab. Truly these pioneer temperance men illustrate a power of inspiration which our Spiritualism has not yet surpassed, and the hand of the beneficent angels of the Ail-Light is seen in it all. We hope every reader of the MEDIUM will do what is practicable to help on the sale of this Almanac, for which end we will be glad to fulfil all orders entrusted to us, price 1½d. post free, or 1s. per dozen. It is published at 15, Russell Street, Covent Garden, and by John Heywood, Manchester.

Under the head of "Seasonable Gift-Books," the "Morning Post" of December 13th, thus writes:—

A most pleasant and lively record of travel is "My Visit to Styria" by Caroline Corner (J. Buras). It is a graphic account of a visit paid by the author to some friends, the Baron and Baroness Von Vay, and if Miss Corner's letters to her acquaintances in this country were written in the same style, she must have been a correspondent who would have justified De Quincey's suggestion as to robbing the mail. The sketches of scenery are well done, as are the picturesque descriptions of national custom; and some local legends interspersed in the general matter are reverently told—that of the Madonna of Gili will be recognised as a world-old tradition.

NERRUNE criticises the "Seering Mirror" advertised, describing it as the round glass face of an ordinary Dutch clock, japped at back and placed in a circular tin box, got up for 1s. 6d. He says they may be "consecrated" by reading the Doxology backwards over them. "Neptune" would be glad to see the Automatic Insulator and Photo, that he may pass his opinion on them. Of course there must be a margin for advertisements and other expenses. Fancy articles are never supposed to be intrinsically worth the money. After all, these things are of no use spiritually, and fools may as well pay for their folly.

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

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

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|--|-----|--------|-----------|--------|
| One copy, post free, weekly | 0 2 | ... | per annum | 0 8 8 |
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THE "MEDIUM" FOR 1882 POST FREE ABROAD.

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

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

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

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

The MEDIUM is sold by all news-vendors, and supplied by the wholesale trade generally.

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

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

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

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

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

THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1882.

TO OUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN SPIRITUALISM.

The good feeling and kindly effort being made on behalf of this Work, we are truly grateful for; though, be it said, the advantage accrues to those who, when necessary, make use of the Spiritual Institution, or, weekly refresh their minds with the contents of the MEDIUM. Those who do most, ask for least in return, and those who make greatest use of the agencies, do nothing to support them.

We treat all alike: our work is not for caste, clique, society, or sect; but firstly, for the unfoldment of Spiritual Truth on Earth, and, secondly, for the enlightenment of mankind at large, whether in return they bless us or do the opposite.

This simple Basis we are rejoiced to see more clearly recognised, for it is the true basis of Spiritual Work. If all could be so much developed as to be capable of working on that foundation, there would no longer be bickerings and antagonism in Spiritualism.

We hope many more will do something for the Institution Week Fund, though their kind help may come slightly behind date. If any desire to share the blessings of Spiritualism let them do something to promote it. Till disciples learn to aspire for the Truth, and not Self alone, they will never know what Truth is. As an incentive, we may remark, that what has been done thus far, will only slightly reduce the Liabilities under which we labour.

One matter has been almost completely overlooked, as yet, and that is—the effort to obtain agents for the MEDIUM all over the country, and ask every person interested in the Cause to take in the MEDIUM weekly. We would earnestly impress on all who undertake this work, to conduct their operations in a legitimate manner—that is:—

In soliciting subscribers for the "Medium," do not run down any other paper, but ask friends to take in the "Medium" on its own merits, and for the sake of Truth. Also, in promoting the circulation of the "Medium," do not defend us personally, if attacked, but hold exclusively to the Spiritual Basis, allowing us to stand or fall on our own personal merits,

which can neither be added to nor taken from by commendation or detracting.

In everything we do let us feel that we are labouring for the Divine purposes of the Great Spirit, and assuredly our task will never return unto us empty.

Wishing all pleasant relaxation and happy reunions during the coming holidays, we are, faithfully yours,

AMy IVY BURNS.
J. BURNS.
15, Southampton Row, London, Dec. 14, 1882.

INSTITUTION WEEK RESPONSES.

"Mrs. Burns.—With heart's best wishes, I enclose Postal Order for 5s. May God prosper you and yours, and elevate humanity, is the sincere desire of a SOLITARY SPIRITUALIST."

"Dear Mrs. Burns.—I enclose 3s. 9d., towards the Spiritual Institution, as a thank-offering for Spiritual benefits received from the blessed immortals. I wish it had been in my power to send more, but it is not, therefore, accept the will for the deed. Wishing you every success in your defence of Truth, I remain, yours in sympathy and love,

High Grange, Dec. 9. SIMON DE MAIN."

Mr. J. Dunn, Shildon, writes:—"I hope that Institution Week will be a success, and assist you out of your difficulties." We regret to learn that Mr. Dunn has to excuse himself from effort, because of the fact that a little son of his is at the point of death. Mr. Dunn's constant services are of greater value than any subscription he could give. May he be comforted.

Mr. E. Young, Llanelly, writes very kindly of our personal work, pitying those stupid people who think we toil for self. He would be glad to see us again at Llanelly. We lectured there some sixteen years ago. Mr. Young says:—"I know Spiritualism takes better with the people. Quickly and surely has the seed taken root that you planted here. I have read every MEDIUM since it had its birth, for well I remember when you received, through the post, the infant MEDIUM (DAYBREAK), when you were at Carmarthen Town. We were just starting to see the Fasting Girl. That infant has grown a man since then, and true Spiritualists could not do without the existence of the MEDIUM and its Editor at present. It is now the season of gifts: as the Wise Men of old brought their presents to the unconscious babe, even so ought we to send our gifts to the Cause that has been so fruitful of good." Mr. Young's kind letter starts afresh the springs of gratitude in our heart for much generous help in days when helpers were few. The "Wise Men" were those who helped the "infant."

Dear Friends,—It is only a small offering we can send you from our Family Circle, yet we are desirous of helping, if only feebly, all that is true in the mighty work of Spiritualism. For six years I have been a reader of the MEDIUM, and an earnest investigator, and I humbly thank my Heavenly Father for the golden grains of truth I have been permitted to reap from the abundance of straw and chaff. It is with pleasure I have often read the forgiving spirit in which you speak of your enemies; it reminds me of the words of our great spiritual leader and guide, Jesus Christ: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." Our earnest prayer is, that the Father of all Spirits may bless you, and all that are truly his servants, with the signs that follow those who believe: that the world may see that Spiritualists possess the power of Godliness and not merely the form. I have witnessed such powerful manifestations of the Spirit the last two years, it is with pleasure I subscribe myself a CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—As the Institution Week is here again, I cannot let the opportunity pass without sending you my mite, the sum of 3s. towards the Liability Fund. Trusting that by general response from all Spiritualists the load of Liabilities will be removed from your shoulders. To begin the New Year a free man without having your mind daily tortured how to make ends meet, in a matter that concerns every sincere Spiritualist in this country.

It has often been a wonder to me how you have borne up so long under such difficulties and trials. The abuse, misrepresentation, you have had to endure, has many times made me feel sorry and my heart sad on your account. Oh how true it is that "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn": Ay, and Angel friends to weep as well. I have often thought and felt that by our unthankfulness and our neglect to appreciate and apply to our own spiritual growth, we fall short of our spiritual privileges. How many would have been glad to have heard what we have heard, and seen what we have seen? Then let us be thankful and manifest our sincerity in such a way as to show we are willing to do our share in this great and grand Movement, made manifest upon the servants and handmaids of those days. I give you my sincere thanks for your noble outspoken defence at this time in support of Materialization and Mediums. How cheering to read such Lectures as you have given, and the Discourse by Joseph Cartwright, in MEDIUM of Dec. 1st, and his previous reports of Seances. They are firm unmovable evidence. And

now, may God our Father and his holy Angela bless both you and Mrs. I. Burns, and support both in your labours, the same also to Mr. Joseph Cartwright, wishing you all Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, from WILLIAM LOBLEY.
High Hope Street, Crook, Dec. 10th, 1882.

Mrs. Burns.—Dear Madam,—I enclose you a P.O.O. for £2 8s., collected at our circle on Sunday, the 10th, for the Institution Week. We had a pretty good gathering, as you will see by the enclosed card. One of my husband's guides gave a splendid address. The subject was "Star of Bethlehem," which was handled in a masterly style, drawing a comparison between the treatment accorded to the great Nazarene and Mr. Burns. He beautifully illustrated their trials and persecutions, and the enemies of the two seemed to correspond most wonderfully. I trust the Institution Week will be a thorough success. In conclusion, we wish you God's blessing on your future work.—I remain, yours very truly,
SARAH BROWN.

50, Standish Street, Burnley.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|----|----|
| Collected by Mr. De Main:—S. De Main, 2s.; Mary De Main, 1s.; Pratt De Main, 6d.; John Thomas De Main, 3d. | 0 | 3 | 9 |
| Mrs. Jones, Peckham: E. and D. Jones, 10s.; Eleanor Jones, 1s.; Mary Jones, 1s. | 0 | 12 | 0 |
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| Scotia | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| My Share of Institution | 0 | 5 | 0 |

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| Collected by Mrs. Jones, 15, Montague Street:—J. Jones, 1s. 3d.; Mary Jones, 6d.; Elizabeth Jones, 6d.; Mary Anne Jones, 6d.; Henrietta Jones, 6d.; Henry Jones, 6d.; Rose Jones, 6d.; John Jones, 3d.; Florence Jones, 3d.; Edwin Jones, 3d. | 0 | 5 | 0 |
|--|---|---|---|

Should like to make it double, but family is large and cannot do more.

| | | | |
|--|---|---|---|
| Collected by Mrs. Brown, 50, Standish Street, Burnley, at Dr. Brown's Circle:—Mr. William Brown, 5s.; Mrs. Brown, 5s.; Mrs. Crawshaw, 5s.; Mr. Briggs, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Briggs, 2s. 6d.; Miss Jane Briggs, 1s.; Mr. Hargreave, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Hargreave, 2s. 6d.; Lady Friend, 5s.; Mr. and Mrs. Crossley, 2s. 6d.; Miss Sykes, 1s.; Miss Stutard, 1s.; Mrs. Walton, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Burrell, 5s.; Mr. Burrell, 5s. | 2 | 8 | 0 |
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| Collected by Mr. H. A. Kersey, Newcastle:—H. A. Kay, 2s. 6d.; C. H., 6d.; J. H., 2s. 6d.; J. Coltman, 2s. 6d.; H. A. Kersey, 2s. 6d.; W. R. C., 2s. 6d.; W. H. R., 6d.; J. W. R., 2s.; N. Martin, 2s.; T. Dawson, 6d.; Miss Bell, 6d.; Mrs. Shield, 6d.; Wm. Bruce, 6d.; J. Shield, 6d.; J. G. Gray, 6d.; Bainbridge, 1s. | 1 | 1 | 6 |
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| | | | |
|--|---|----|---|
| Collected by Mr. J. Gower, Maidstone:—Mr. Hayes, 9s.; Mr. and Mrs. Gower, £1; Gerty Gower, 10½d.; Mabel Gower, 7½d. | 1 | 10 | 6 |
| Southport Post Mark | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Mr. Thomas Dewsberry | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Mr. Geo. Read | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| From a Private Circle | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. Robert Hardy's sons | 0 | 0 | 9 |

| | | | |
|---|---|----|---|
| Mrs. Eastaway, 6s. 6d.; Mr. Jones, 2s. 6d.; Miss Foster, 1s. | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. Ed. Farndon, 5s.; Mr. and Mrs. Barber, 1s. | 0 | 6 | 0 |
| Lily | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. Hennings | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. R. Glendinning | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Mrs. Showers | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. Towns's Seance | 0 | 17 | 0 |
| Mrs. Abbott | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. C. Blackburn | 0 | 11 | 4 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. C. Avison | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Nobody | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| A. J. C. | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Mr. James Owen | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. E. R. Young | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Miss E. Becker | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Volvox | 0 | 3 | 6 |
| A Solitary Spiritualist | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Mr. H. F. Spearing | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Miss Ware, 2s.; A Friend, 6d. | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| From a well-wisher to Institution Week | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Mrs. Wilson | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| T. F. | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| G. H. | 0 | 1 | 6 |
| Dr. F. | 0 | 7 | 6 |
| Dr. B. | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Mrs. W. | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| A Friend in Scotland | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Hippisley | 0 | 2 | 9 |
| J. R. | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| M. A. B. | 0 | 10 | 0 |

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| A Reader of Medium | ... | ... | ... | ... | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Miss B. | ... | ... | ... | ... | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| A Friend | ... | ... | ... | ... | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. R. Harper | ... | ... | ... | ... | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Mrs. Richter | ... | ... | ... | ... | 0 | 2 | 6 |

Kindly excuse any errors. A further List will be given on December 29.

Will our kind friends be so good as accept acknowledgment in the MEDIUM as a receipt for Institution Week remittances? It will save us considerable labour and expense.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The lecture with which the MEDIUM opens this week, on account of the dense fog, was delivered to an audience of two, and the sum of one shilling was realized from the collection. If we make allowance for fire, light, and cleaning, there is not much for lecturer and reporter. However, a spiritual purpose is being served, and we thank A.T.T.P. for the opportunity. We hope to see the day when the whole collection may be on view permanently, or for a few weeks, with occasional descriptions by a competent lecturer.

A spiritual purpose and a commercial speculation should be kept clear and distinct, the one from the other. The great spiritual Teacher is always born in an obscure place, and without display. As it is written in "Oshope":—"Chise said: One man waiteth till he is rich, before helping the poor; another man waiteth for the angels to inspire him, and give him wonders, before he teacheth the unlearned; another waiteth for the multitude to join in first; and yet another waiteth for something else. Beware of such men; or put them in scales where straw is weighed. The sons and daughters of Jehovah go right on. They say: It is the highest, best! I will go in! Though I do not accomplish it, yet I will not fail (my part)."

The history of spiritual work illustrates the wisdom of China's words: All societies and efforts founded on money subscriptions and mundane considerations, at persecute the true Spiritualists, then fail themselves. The faithful spiritual worker that "goes on," though with empty pockets and no "committee," does his little part. Yet, fresh speculations are entered into. Those who retail talk, attend to customers, and keep the accounts, are most honourably mentioned in the programme, but the Name of the Great Spirit is forgotten!

Mors(e), mortis—death, a substantive familiarly declined in our school-boy days. There is something appropriate in the appointment in reference to the obsequies of the Sunday meetings at Goswell Hall, on Sunday evening, December 24.

To close the year, a spiritual meeting will be held at the Spiritual Institution, 15, Southampton Row, on Sunday evening, December 31, on which occasion Mr. Burns will deliver a discourse on "Spiritualism, an Aristocratic Religion." To commence at 7 o'clock. A free invitation to all.

In making Christmas Presents and New Year's Gifts, we hope our friends will not overlook the spiritual literature. Many of the works are very appropriate for that purpose, particularly "Golden Thoughts in Quiet Moments." It is an artistic volume.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE "MEDIUM."

Next week we will publish a mass of important matter, constituting our Christmas Number. The contents are approximately given on the last page this week. We trust every one of our true friends will do all that is possible to give a wide spread to the Christmas Number, and make it introductory to a vastly increased list of subscribers for 1883.

BURNLEY.—As we go to press, a report has arrived from Mr. B. Crossley, describing Dr. Brown's Institution Week seance. It accords with that stated by Mrs. Brown in another column, with the addition that Dr. Brown has a new chief guide whose language and attitude are beautiful. This spirit spoke for an hour, closing with an appeal on behalf of the burdens borne by those at the Spiritual Institution. Then "Willie the Rhymer," came with an exquisite poem, followed by "Ben Jonson" with another poem. These poems were full of sublimity and pathos impossible to describe. The different controls presented striking contrasts. It was one of the best seances I have attended. A collection was made at the close for the Spiritual Institution. If this was done at every circle it would help materially to get rid of the liabilities.

MRS. HARDINGE-BRITTEN WILL LECTURE AT.
Halifax, Dec. 17th, Belper, Dec. 31st,
Address—The Lines, Humphrey Street, Cheetham Hill, Manchester.

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

NO. 2.—ANGEL'S WORK.

(Commenced in No. 655.)

One day as Randolph was digging vigorously, while Ralph and Adelaide were listening to something Claude, who had just come up with Hester, was telling them,—he suddenly came upon some thick bars of gold, and shouted so loudly in his surprise that they all ran forward to see what had happened.

"Oh, look!" he said, "what is buried here."

"And only see!" cried Adelaide. "Here are some precious stones also, all buried in the earth."

"I knew," said Hester, "what a full rich nature lay hidden under all that mass of tangled weeds, stones, and rubbish."

"What do you mean?" said Randolph, in bewilderment; "these things cannot have anything to do with me!"

"Yes, indeed, dear friend," replied Claude, "all these things, and many more which you will yet find, represent latent qualities in your nature, and will soon come to light, now you have once begun to lay bare the place where they were hidden."

"Oh, it cannot be true, or, if it is, what an ingrate I have been to the good God, who has so richly endowed me with goods and truths! You, Hester," he said, "I have remembered what you taught me about the significance of all things here."

"Yes," said Hester, smiling kindly upon him: "and now dig away: you might as well turn them all up, while you are about it, then you can begin to build the house."

So the digging was continued for several days, and many beautiful things were unearthed.

When the place for the house had been cleared, Ralph, who had been looking sad and preoccupied for some days, said to Randolph—

"I am much troubled in my mind lately, as I dare say you have seen."

"I have," replied Randolph, "and much wished to ask you about it. Adelaide and I feared you were getting restless, and wanted to leave us."

"No, indeed, I do not," replied Ralph. "I should like to stay here for ever, but you may remember when we were in the cave, where we first met, I had a brother there also. We were the only children of our parents, whose hearts we broke by our vicious courses. We loved each other dearly when we were innocent children. We became vile and reckless together, and I should like to find him if I could, and tell him of all the good things I have learned here, and seek to make him long for a pure existence, as much as I now do myself. I have had several bad dreams about him lately, and I think he must be in some danger."

"I had hoped never to go near the place again," replied Randolph, with a shudder: "but I will willingly accompany you thither, if, by so doing, I could help to rescue your brother. I will speak to Claude, and ask him about it. I am sure if anything is to be done he will know, and will help us to do it."

When Randolph spoke to Claude, he highly approved of the affection displayed by Ralph for his brother, as it showed love not to be quite extinct within him: and love," he added, "is the true regenerating principle."

"Yes, indeed," replied Randolph. "What has not the pure unselfish love of our angel, Hester, done for me and Adelaide?"

So the next day, Ralph, Randolph, and Claude, accompanied by an armed band of spirits, went forth to see what they could do for Ralph's brother.

When they arrived near the entrance of the cave, they found themselves in the midst of a scene of the wildest confusion; men and women were shouting, laughing, jeering, yelling and cursing in a fearful manner. Claude boldly walked forward into the midst of them, demanding, as he did so, the meaning of the tumult; and soon learned that it had arisen from one of their number having found Peter, Ralph's brother, on his knees, weeping and praying for release.

"And," said Claude, sternly, "Are you not ashamed to behave like this, on an occasion which should have rather driven you, one and all, to you knees, with a similar prayer on your lips, and a like desire in your hearts?"

"Oh! listen to the preacher," cried many of them derisively. "Hear him! hear him!"

"In the mean time, Ralph had embraced his brother, and explained the reason of their being there, and who his companions were."

"And do you mean you are living with Randolph Kerne and Adelaide, and that they are loving and gentle to each other, and have been good and kind to you! Why you thrashed him worse than I did, as well as luring away more than one of his lady lovers from him."

"It is quite true, come and see for yourself. He has a nice

place which we are fast getting into order. All the materials for building a house are nearly ready, and we shall be glad of more help in the doing of it."

"You speak as if you meant to stay with them," said Peter, in a tone of surprise.

"I certainly do," replied Ralph, earnestly: "that is, if they will keep me. You cannot think how delightful it is, and there is a beautiful angel, who was Kerne's first wife, who comes constantly, and plays the harp, and sings to us, when we are resting from our labours."

"How delightful!" said Peter.

Randolph now approached, and shaking Peter by the hand, said,

"I hope you will come with us. We have not yet all the some day hope to have, to offer to our friends, but such as we have, you shall be most welcome to."

"Thanks! a thousand thanks!" said Peter. "I have not deserved this kindness at your hands!"

"Never mind that now," replied Randolph, with a smile. "Come and be as contented as your brother is, and Adelaide and I shall feel ourselves more than repaid."

So they all left the cave: the reunited brothers walking hand in hand, Claude and Randolph next, and their guard bringing up the rear: followed by the jeers and execrations of the wretched creatures who preferred to live in darkness and misery, to a life of purity and peace.

On approaching the tent, Adelaide and Hester came forward, and welcomed the new comer warmly, while the lad who carried the harp slipped his hand into Randolph's, and looking up into his face, with a loving smile, said,

"Kiss me! I shall never be afraid of you again."

"Why not?" asked Randolph.

"Because you are kind now."

Randolph felt a strange thrill of delight, as his lips met those so confidently held up to receive the caress; while Hester sank upon her knees, murmuring, "Thank God! at last! at last!"

"What is it?" enquired Randolph, in surprise. "Why do you thank God so fervently, Hester?" while the rest looked on in evident astonishment.

"Because, Randolph,—this dear boy is ours, your own little Allen who died a tiny infant."

"Why did you not tell me so before?" asked Randolph.

"Because, he so evidently avoided and shrank from you, and I feared lest you should think I had taught him to dislike you."

"I could never have thought that, of you," said Randolph: "you are too just, and kind for that. but tell me, why he has so shrank from me. I was never cross to him?"

"No," said Hester, "but, fear of you was born in him, it was all my fault," she added regretfully.

"I was so terrified at you for months before he came into existence, but since, I have prayed so constantly that he might get over it."

"I will also thank God," said Randolph, bending over her, and pressing a kiss of reverential love upon her forehead: "but, do tell me, what has wrought this apparently sudden change in the boy?"

"His perception of the change in you, wrought out by your so suddenly giving up the self-absorbed life you were leading here:—busying yourself for the good of others, and striving to do them service, even though they were your enemies."

"I never thought of that," replied Randolph, simply.

"Come Adelaide! come and rejoice with me, that we have a son at last; you have so often regretted that we had no children!"

"He is not mine, he is Hester's," replied Adelaide, while a throb of jealousy rent her heart.

"No! he shall be yours and Randolph's, if it will make you happy, dear sister!" whispered Hester, and she wound her arms round Adelaide, and kissed her fondly.

"I think," said Claude, "you are all sadly neglecting your guest. Come; our meal is spread under those olive trees, which you planted the other day."

"How they have grown!" cried the astonished Randolph. "Why! they were only tiny twigs when I put them in the ground!"

"Things grow fast here," remarked Claude, "when they are in accordance with the spiritual condition of the planter."

When they reached the spot where the repast was spread, they found it consist of fresh white bread, grapes, plums, figs, honey, and milk.

"What a delicious feast!" exclaimed Peter. "You said your fare was very plain, but I call this grand."

"There are many things here," said Randolph, "that we never had before. Where did they come from, Hester?"

"I found them in my basket, but I did not put them there," she exclaimed.

Just then, Allen came running towards them carrying a large leaf, piled up with fine delicious strawberries.

"Look what I have found," he cried excitedly. "There is a big patch of them down there: hundreds of them growing."

"That is delightful!" exclaimed Randolph, joyously.

"Adelaide dear, you used to be so fond of them on the earth, and I have often looked about in the woods in hopes of dis-

covering a plant or two, that I might bring them home, and cultivate them for you, and now they are found. We can make a special bed for them, in your new garden."

"When you plant it out," remarked Claude, smiling.

"And it shall ever remind me," whispered Adelaide, in Randolph's ear, "that while I was cherishing unkind suspicions that my husband's love might be taken from me by this now-found son, that dear husband, remembering my tastes, was seeking the means of gratifying them, and that that very child, whose love I grudged him, was made in the hands of a Loving God, the instrument of giving both of us such pleasure! Oh! dear husband! pray God to tear up entirely this root of jealousy, which has taken such hold upon my heart."

"Yes, dear wife," responded Randolph, warmly; "and do you also pray Him to tear it out of mine, for I am fain to confess, that when I saw you welcome Peter so warmly this afternoon, my mind misgave me, as I remembered how he had admired you when we were in the cave."

"Oh! dear Randolph," said Adelaide, fervently, "how much there is still for us to do, before the evil weeds can be all plucked up from our souls, and the waters of bitterness drained from our lives!"

"There is but one way of doing it effectually," said Claude, who had overheard this last part of the conversation; "and that is, by constant prayer and watching, and uprooting them out as they appear. Believe me, dear friend, you have now arrived at a very crucial part in your upward progress, one in which the soul recognises its own helplessness and powerlessness, and feels out towards the Divine, for aid and sympathy."

"That is true," said both Adelaide and Randolph, simultaneously. "We feel just like little children who fear to let go their mother's hand, lest they should fall, and so we are continually calling upon God for help, and yet are continually tripping and stumbling."

It was wonderful to see how Allen's love for Randolph grew and strengthened, now that he no longer feared him. He would go with him wherever he went, fetch and carry for him, and strive to give him pleasure in many ways, until the two became almost inseparable companions. Poor Adelaide! her jealous heart was much tried by this, and she more and more regretted that she had borne her husband no child, seeing how fond he was of this one; but she strove bravely to crush out the envious feeling, and often did fierce battle with the impulses of spite and anger, which warred within her bosom; the more so, when she perceived how rapidly Randolph improved, under the sweet and gentle influence of his boy. But, the struggle told upon her, her step became slow and languid, her face, pale and thin, and her looks, dejected. At last, Randolph noticed it, and one day, he found her weeping in the tent, whither he had returned to seek something.

"Adelaide, dear wife," he said, throwing himself on the ground beside her: "What is the matter? how pale and ill you look! tell me dearest, do you no longer care to stay in this dreary place? Is the life too dull for you? I will let you go if you wish, dear, until it is all quite clear and nice."

"Would you like me to go?" asked Adelaide, faintly.

"No! indeed, no!" replied Randolph, clasping her to his breast. "But I am, I hope, beginning to learn to forego my own inclinations when they interfere with the happiness or the comfort of others. I will ask Hester to take you to one of those beautiful cities she was telling us about, and she and Allen will go with you."

"And leave you here all alone? never! I could not do it! Oh! Randolph, you can never understand how wicked I have been!"

"What is it Adelaide?" said Randolph, turning pale, at the thought that perhaps Ralph had been trying to lure her away from him, as he had endeavoured to do when they were in the cave, presented itself to his mind. But he only kissed Adelaide's tear-stained face, and said,

"Tell me all dearest, do not be afraid. I need too much forgiveness myself, to be very hard upon you; besides, I love you so."

"Do you, do you indeed care for me so much? It makes it the harder to tell you all; for, oh! Randolph, I have been so jealous and have fretted myself ill about it."

"I don't understand," said Randolph, quite bewildered. "There is not a woman near the place, but Hester, and she is too much wrapped up in Claude to pay much attention to me."

"Oh dear! how stupid you are!" said Adelaide, smiling through her tears. "It was of Allen I was jealous. You have been so absorbed in him of late, he is always with you, and you go everywhere together; but forgive me dearest, I will root up that, for ever, this deadly jealousy, for it poisons all our lives and destroys our happiness."

"And I also must tear it out of my heart," replied Randolph, kissing her. "Do you know, love, I have had many qualms of jealous pain lately, when I have caught sight of the looks of adoring love with which those two, Ralph and Peter, follow you about."

"Indeed," said Adelaide, seriously; "it is high time this awful jealous demon was crushed to death; here have I been

making myself ill, by fancying you did not care so much for me, now that you had Allen to love and be with you; and you, making yourself quite miserable, because those two stupid men chose to worship me as a sort of saint, for being so different from what I was when we were in the cave."

"Oh," said Randolph, with a merry laugh, "they are quite welcome to worship you in that way, as much as they like, and I think I must soon follow their example, for you are fast anticipating me in goodness."

"Then I will not get good any more, until you overtake me," said Adelaide, "for I only want to keep pace with you in everything."

So, with a fond embrace, they went forth from the tent; Allen coming in search of them.

"Oh, papa! mamma Adelaide!" for so he always quaintly called her. "Come and look at the root of the tree you have been so long cutting down; it is all on fire, and there are such a number of horrid things crawling out of it! Claude and the others are trying to push them back, but mother says no one can do it effectually but you."

So they went with him, and, truly, a curious sight awaited them. There was the old stump hissing and crackling away, while scores of venomous reptiles lay, half stupefied and burnt, upon the ground.

Just as they reached the spot, a large snake uncoiled itself, and darted its hideous head towards them. Randolph seized a flaming branch from the burning heap, and struck it on the head, while Adelaide snatched an axe from Peter, and smote the thing in two, and then sank nearly fainting into Randolph's arms, who, panting and excited, turned to Hester, demanding what it all meant.

"First kill these crawling creatures, and then sit down, and I will tell you."

So Randolph, still holding Adelaide clasped to his heart, took a spade from Ralph, who was vainly trying to kill them, and soon dispatched them all. Then seating himself upon a stone,—which he had fashioned as a threshold for the house— with Adelaide still clasped to him, (as though he feared to let her go, lest something terrible might befall her) prepared to listen to Hester's explanation.

"All those horrid creatures you have just destroyed were correspondences of the evil passions inherent in your natures."

"Why do you say 'natures'?" asked Randolph.

"Because Adelaide had them as well as you."

Adelaide shuddered, but Randolph pressed her close, and kissed her fondly, while Hester continued—

"The serpent was representative of the terrible jealous furies which used to possess you both: now happily subdued for ever."

A fervent "Thank God!" broke at once from both Adelaide's and Randolph's lips.

"Yes, indeed!" said the gentle Hester, fervently. "See, dear ones, how much more beautiful everything around appears? and, look! there is a lovely star twinkling over our heads, and a bright rainbow spanning the horizon, truly the star of hope and the bow of promise, of a heavenly peace to come to your poor passion-tossed hearts!"

"Come," said Claude, giving Hester her harp: "let us have some music, Hester. I have my flute, and Allen his, so we will discourse sweet sounds until all jarring chords have ceased to vibrate, and yon smouldering heap is quite extinguished."

Adelaide and Randolph did not speak, but looked their grateful thanks, and soon the mellow notes of flutes and harp were blended in soft accord, and a bright band of angels passing through the air, stayed their flight to listen, and then raised their voices in glad hosannas to their Lord and King. A sweet peacefulness stole into all their hearts, and after a little, Randolph and Adelaide slept tranquilly, clasped in each other's arms, their heads pillowed on Hester's knees.

When they awoke, many hours afterwards, the sun was shining brightly, and birds singing merrily in the sweet clear air all about them. At first they could not think what had happened, but, by degrees, as the full remembrance of it all returned to them, a flood of happy tears streamed from their eyes, and sinking on their knees with uplifted hands, they returned thanks to their Heavenly Father for their deliverance from the chains of their besetting sins.

"What do you think would have happened if we had not killed that terrible serpent?" said Adelaide, a little later, as they sat, calm and happy, talking over the recent events.

"I dare not imagine," replied Randolph, with a shudder. "It is too horrible to contemplate, that for so many years I have been nursing and cherishing so deadly a thing, until it had grown large and strong enough to destroy us both."

"But half of it must have been mine; did you not notice that it would not die until I chopped it in halves with the axe? And then those crawling things. I was so glad, dear, you held me up from the ground while you killed them, I don't think I could have touched one of them."

"No," said Randolph. "Thank God, you could not: they were all mine, and corresponded to the many vile and impure acts and thoughts of my life, but from which you were mercifully preserved."

"Oh, I am so glad, dearest. I think it must have been the

real love I had in my heart of hearts, which, unknown to myself, kept me pure amidst all temptations."

Talking thus, Claude and Hester found them a little later. They came to see how they were, after their prolonged sleep.

"Where is Allen?" asked Adelaide. "You must not keep him away from me, Hessie dear!" she added, a little wistfully; "I shall never be jealous of him again, but only recognise in him my husband's better self, such as he might have been if he had had a better training, and I shall love him accordingly."

"That is right," responded Hester, with a bright smile; "for Allen loves you, and told me the other day he did not know what he should do if you were to go away now, and not be able to tell him the stories of wonderful dogs and horses, with which you so often amuse him."

"Dear boy," said Adelaide, with a gratified smile; "I am so pleased he loves me; but tell me, dear Hessie, how is it you never feel vexed that both husband and child take so to me: do you really never feel the least bit jealous?"

"No," replied Hester, with a pleasant smile; "I think it must be because I never loved Randolph," ("While I love him better than myself," interrupted Adelaide) "that I seem not to care so much for the child. Allen always seems more to belong to Randolph than to me; besides, I have Claude," she added, with a rosy blush; "he never cared for anyone but me, —he is all my own, my very own!"

"Did he not have anyone he loved upon the earth?" asked Adelaide.

"No, indeed," said Claude, who, with Randolph, had come up in time to hear the last few sentences.

"I am so glad to hear this," said Randolph, "it takes away a great feeling of remorse, which has often troubled me of late, Hessie, when I have remembered how I spoiled your life, and made it wretched."

"Never mind that now," said Claude, kindly. "I am only glad that I had been here long enough before Hester's arrival, to acquire sufficient wisdom to enable me to assist her in the angel's task which she so unselfishly set herself, and which has so far succeeded."

"I am glad to hear you say 'so far,'" remarked Randolph, "for I am painfully conscious that there is a terrible amount of work before us."

"Yes, undoubtedly there is enough to do, but I think you will find the task a comparatively easy one, now that the root of self-love has been burnt up, and all the loathsome creatures it harboured destroyed. What will you do with the ashes? it will never do to let them stay there."

"Certainly not," replied Randolph. "I have an idea in my head in regard to them, which I hope to carry out by and bye. In the meantime, I will collect them all together, and put them into that old iron chest which we found in the forest."

So he set to work, and very soon accomplished the task.

(To be concluded.)

K I S M E T.

He knelt—his pale young brow
Bowed o'er the paler bed,
And o'er his tender head
The moon her radiance shed
In silv'ry flow.

How guileless he looked and fair!
With his snow-white robe and clustering hair,
As his earnest, trustful prayer
He whisper'd low.

Alas! Alas! for those accents wild,
That weirdly rang through the night-air mild,
And pierced the ear of the startled child:—
"Blank and bitter thy Life shall be,
And thy Joys but the root of thy Misery!"

He stood—the rippling tide
Mirrored his happy face—
Rip'ning to manhood grace—
As he watched the wavelets chase
Down by his side.

And she, with her smiling eyes,
Nestling, clung close, 'neath the starry skies,
There, bound by tenderest ties,
His chosen bride.

Alas! Alas! o'er the sparkling stream,
Dread dealing as the dire digger's gloam,
The echoes rang of that boding scream:—
"Blank and bitter thy Life must be,
And thy Joys but the root of thy Misery!"

Years passed—he stood once more
Happy, though weary now,
Kissing the same fair brow,
Whispering the self-same vow,
Long vowed before.

"Think not of the struggling past,
Thou art mine, my beloved one, at last!"
But cold was the look she cast—
Her love was o'er.

Then, once again, through the chilly air,
Thrilling it came, as he lingered there,
That fearsome shriek o'er his mute despair:—
"Blank and bitter thy Life must be,
And thy Joys but the root of thy Misery!"

Alone—frail and alone,
He wandered far away,
Nor marked the waning day,
Nor the sun's receding ray—
The night-wind's moan.

Feebler still his footsteps grew,
Dimmer and dimmer became the view,
Chill fell the gathering dew,

And, with a groan,
He forward sank on the cold damp ground,
And as darker grew the night around,
His ears were smote by the mocking sound:—
"Blank and bitter is Life to thee,
For thy Joys have but wrought out thy Destiny!"

He lay—the silent night
Darkened beneath the storm,
And o'er the prostrate form,
Now food for the foulsome worm,—
A mantle white,

Drifting from the vault above,
Its feathery flakes in stillness wove,
As the angels in their love,

Winging their flight.
Heralded to Heav'n his soul's entrance,
For a smile lit up his countenance,
As sweetly rang through the broad expanse:—
"Bitter, indeed, though thy sorrows be,
They but root the great Joys of Eternity!"

November 26, 1882.

HANS EDWARDS.

CLAIRVOYANCE AND INSPIRATION.

Mrs. Cox, Folkestone, writes on December 6th:—

Last Sunday, one of my children told me he saw an old man lying down; he had just been to sleep. Soon after, I put the little girl, about one year younger to bed, and she immediately woke up crying, declaring she saw "an old man sitting by her bed." I heard that the Archbishop of Canterbury had died that morning! The following verses passed through my mind in a few minutes:

CHRIST.

It is the Face I long to see!
The Beauty that I love!
'Tis he will solve the mystery
Of spirit-worlds above!

'Tis he will draw me to the rest,
Beneath his spear-pierced side,
And ever, in his loving breast,
My sins and sorrows hide.

At the same time Mrs. Cox drew, in colours, a beautiful sketch of a man's head, in the prime of life, which she saw.

PROGRESS OF SPIRITUAL WORK.

GOSWELL HALL SUNDAY SERVICES.

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

We had a pleasant séance last Sunday morning, in spite of the fog. The evening service was also very pleasant, for like the morning one, it was held in a well-warmed and comfortable room. A.T.T.P. gave us an account of some very interesting Controls. In the course of his comments on the Controls he said, referring to Mr. Burns' lecture in last week's Medium, that "a series of lectures like those would do more good than anything else which has appeared," at the same time expressing a hope that it would be supplemented by others.

It is with great regret that I have to announce that circumstances will not allow the services at Goswell Hall to be carried on after Christmas Sunday, 24th inst. There are two things which, in spite of all the labours of the executive here, are insuperable, and those are, firstly, the want of interest displayed on the part of the public, and secondly, the want of funds to pay expenses of rent, etc.

Next Sunday morning Mr. Wilson will read a paper, and in the evening Mr. Voitch will lecture on "Historical Spiritualism."

On the 24th inst. Mr. Morso will occupy the platform with an address, which must unhappily constitute the epilogue of a work which has been carried on in this Hall for upwards of three years.

R. W. LISHMAN, Hon. Sec.

135, Leighton Road, Camden Town, N. W.

OLDHAM Spiritualist Society, 176, Union-street.—Meetings, Sunday at 2-30 p.m., and 6 p.m. Mr. J. T. Owen, Secretary, 12, Waterloo St.

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

Sunday, Dec. 17th, at 7 p.m. prompt, Mr. MacDonnell, "The Birth of Jesus."

Monday, at 8.30, Mr. Wilson will lecture, "The Prayer Book, and Exodus Commandments Compared."

Tuesday, 8.30, Mr. Wilson will recite Dickens's "Christmas Carol."

Wednesday, 8.30, a meeting for the discussion of Political and Social Questions.

Saturday, at 8, a seance. Mr. Hancock is present half an hour previous to speak with strangers. A good clairvoyant and medium attends.

J. M. Dale, Hon. Sec.

4, TALBOT GR., LADBROKE GR. RD., NOTTING HILL.

Meetings Sunday mornings, at 11 o'clock prompt; evening, at 7 o'clock prompt.

Tuesday evenings, developing circle for members and friends

Thursday evenings, Mrs. Treadwell, trance and test. At 8.

Subscriptions, sixpence per week, admits to all meetings, Spirit-mediums and friends are invited to assist in the work.

On Sunday, Dec. 10th, Mr. Wilson will give a discourse on "Comprehensionism."

All information may be obtained of

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

PLYMOUTH, RICHMOND HALL, RICHMOND STREET.

Last Sunday evening, the writer again took the rostrum, and delivered a trance address. There was a fair congregation present considering the weather, which was very cold and wintry.

Sunday next, December 17th, usual service at 6.30. p.m.

ROBERT S. CLARKE, Hon. Sec.

4, Athenæum Terrace, Plymouth.

LEICESTER—SILVER STREET LECTURE HALL.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. Bent delivered a trance address to a large congregation. The Subject was, "The Truth shall make ye free." It was handled in a masterly style. During the discourse, and whilst the last hymn was being given out, our spirit friends manifested their approval by loud raps, so that they could be heard all over the Hall.

Sunday, Dec. 17th, Mr. Bailey will give a second discourse upon the same subject as the last one he gave. Thursday, December 28th, a Tea Meeting and Entertainment will be held: Tickets for Tea and Entertainment Sixpence; after Tea, Threepence.

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

CRAMLINGTON.—Mr. G. Stephens writes in grateful terms of the services of Mr. Robinson, Newcastle, on Sunday. The afternoon discourse was on the "Benefits of Spirit Communion." In the evening, a number of controls spoke on different subjects, giving much information and producing satisfaction in the minds of hearers. Any friend who will give an address on a Sunday, will be well received and be paid expenses.

MANCHESTER.—Sunday Services, Dec. 10th, Mechanics' Institute, Major Street. On Sunday last, our platform was occupied by Mr. W. Pell, of Manchester (late of the Yorkshire District,) from whose spirit guides we had two excellent addresses. The morning subject was "Shall we be gathered at the River?" and in the evening, "In my Father's House are many Mansions." Both these subjects were ably delivered, and were attentively listened to by the audience.—G. E. LIGHTBOWN, Sec. M.S.S.S.

LONDON SOCIETY for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination, 114, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.—The next Monthly Conference will be held on Monday Evening, Dec. 18th, at 7.30. in the Society's Room, 114, Victoria Street, near the St. James's Park Station, District Railway, when a Discussion on the "Norwich Vaccination Enquiry," will take place, introduced by W. J. Collins, Esq., M.B., B.Sc. The Committee hope that Members will endeavour to secure the attendance of their Medical friends, Members of Boards of Guardians, and others. WILLIAM YOUNG, Secretary.

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MR. J. J. MORSE'S APPOINTMENTS.

CARDIFF, Sunday, December 17th, Assembly Rooms, Angel Street. At 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.

LONDON, Goswell Hall, Sunday, December 24th. Sunday, January 7th, St. Andrew's Hall, Newman Street, W.

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

MANCHESTER AND SALFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS

Mechanics' Institute, Princess Street, Manchester.

(Major Street Entrance.)

President: Mr. I. Thompson, 83, Chapel Street, Salford;

Secretary: Mr. J. E. Lightbown, 19, Bridgewater Avenue, Cross Lane, Salford.

SPEAKERS FOR DECEMBER.

December 10th.—Mr. Pell, of Manchester, (late of the Yorkshire District.)

" 17th.—" W. Johnson, Hyde.

" 24th.—" R. A. Brown, Manchester.

" 31th.—" W. Garner, Oldham

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

WEEKLY CIRCLES.

Monday and Friday: Healing Circles at 83, Chapel Street Salford.

Thursday: Open Circle at Mr. Taylor's, 44, Harrison Street, Pendleton.

MR. R. A. BROWN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Manchester Society every Sunday morning.

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

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TESTIMONIALS.

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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,

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