



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

SPIRITUALISM.

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND ABROAD.]

No. 668.—VOL. XIV.]

LONDON, JANUARY 19, 1883.

[PRICE 1½]

TRANCE DISCOURSE.

IS THE IMAGINATION, AS A SOUL-
INSTINCT, CAPABLE OF BENEFITTING
THE INDIVIDUAL BY ITS CULTIVATION?

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

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

The imaginative faculty is an attribute of the human soul. It is more refined than material things; and, though men have striven to show that no faith or reliance can be placed on its deductions, we will endeavour to prove what a grand conception it affords of the possibilities of the power you will possess when you become freed from the trammels of earth.

You can by the exercise of this faculty transport yourselves into various places in a comparatively short space of time. The material by which the soul is enshrouded is like a mighty clog, and prevents the free expansion of the powers of the spiritual nature, but immediately the cultured soul becomes disenthralled from its grosser covering, freedom of action, which had hitherto been denied the aspiring nature, allows ample facility for activity and enjoyment, and in the lonely meditations of imagination you can enjoy the exquisite scenery of the spiritual world, independent of your material body's depressing influence.

He who has ascended the ladder of spiritual truth can soar away upon the pinions of imagination to lands unknown, and he can regale his fellow creatures with music and song, relating in pleasing language the sweetness of his experiences, which can enrapture the souls of his auditors. Look at such men of the past as a Bunyan, who, while incarcerated in a prison cell, while deprived of the pure sunlight of heaven, which is so powerful to infuse life and vigour into the human frame—while deprived of the sweet fellowship of those he loved most dearly on earth, and, above all, mercilessly refused the privilege of promulgating the truths which were dearer to him than life itself, yet there in that miserable abode he wrought out for his fellows a work grand, noble, and sublime. He brought out the imagination of his soul, and penned words that have burned in the souls of men; nay, thousands have felt the sweet

influence of that prisoner's imaginative thought. He begins by portraying the journey of the Spiritual Pilgrim from the time that he becomes aroused from his dreamy lethargy of indifference and wickedness, and never leaves his heavenward-bound traveller until he enters the beautiful gates of the New Jerusalem. This work, although purely imaginative, has benefitted not only the author, but thousands have had their faith strengthened, their doubts have been dispersed, and spiritual consolation has been imparted by this exercise; and we make bold to say, that no person can read this plain and simple narrative without being considerably benefitted thereby. He takes the town of Man's Soul for his subject, and he works out one of the grandest allegories, representing the pathway of the human soul through this life, that ever emanated from the finite mind of man.

What was it gave Bunyan this extraordinary power? Some say it was solely owing to his intellectual power, but we say—had it not been for his superior receptivity, and his imaginative mind, this excellent contribution to your literature would never have existed. Though untold numbers have been benefitted by this expression of imagination, yet, no single individual experienced such pleasure as did the author while compiling his great work, and all this happiness resulted from the exercise of a faculty which has ever been denounced by the orthodox body as misleading and unworthy of cultivation by the spiritually-minded man. Every individual will find himself considerably benefitted by allowing this attribute of the soul legitimate expression, because all minds that have exercised a pronounced effect upon humanity for their spiritual well-being, have been those possessed of a vivid imagination.

Where can you find anything in prose writing superior to the deep pathetic effusions of a Hannah More. How many stand up before you to-day, and assume to be God's chosen ministers, but who positively deprecate the waste of time and expatiate upon the pernicious influence which they suppose is manifested in works of an imaginative character; and yet one of the grandest exponents of their faith—one of the most valued works they recognise, is purely imaginative in its nature and compilation. Had Bunyan written in a different style, his work would not have been so favourably received, and had Hannah More followed a different course, the same fate would have unavoidably been hers; but, as

it is, they stand like lovely flowers in a vast desert. Man revels in delight, while perusing their thought, and more benefit is derived therefrom than in reading the dry works of theology.

Turning now to a more pleasing way of expressing spiritual thought, we shall find that those who excelled in this capacity were possessed of the greatest amount of imagination. Where can you find an individual who exercised a more profound impression upon the people than he who wrote the sublime imagery and awful grandeur as depicted in a "Paradise Lost?" If you examine the theology of to-day, compared with the writings of Milton, you will perceive that they are identical and strictly in harmony with each other. Thus on the one hand they are despising imaginative works, while on the other they even borrow their theological ideas from the speculations of an imaginative poet. Milton stands high in the estimation of the theological world, because he dresses up his thoughts in a garb difficult to understand. The poetry of Milton, like a great volume of music, will roll down the hill of time, and its echoes will reverberate therefrom ages yet to come, thus showing the mighty power of the imagination of the soul. In thought the sightless bard could ascend upward to those bright supernal regions of the celestial spheres, nay, with daring impunity, he boldly enters the very presence-chamber of the Great Creative Soul, and with what graphic force does he describe the deadly conflict between Michael and his angels and the Satan who rebelled against the authority of his superiors. Having portrayed the scene in language sublime and peculiarly adapted for the subject chosen, he closes the conflict by making the Supreme Good conquer the Evil.

No man can read "Paradise Lost" without feeling himself elevated, and he will return to the routine of his daily labours strengthened and invigorated thereby, for what superior pleasure can a man possess than the contemplation aroused by the vivid pictures described? Though he works sad havoc among the human race in his "Paradise Lost," Milton resumes his song and restores the happiness in his "Paradise Regained." Some say—what would this poet not have accomplished had he not been blind? but we tell you that it was simply the fact of his blindness which gave him this extraordinary power. It was because being shut out from his external surroundings, he was induced to open the inner vision of the soul, and bring out the possibilities of his imaginative nature. He is held up as a God-fearing man—an individual who could enter into the very presence-chamber of the highest angels, and converse with the Great Supreme God. While dictating these words, doubtless his spirit was soaring away into supernal regions of ineffable joy, drawing the nectar of spiritual sustenance from the flowers of a heavenly land, or plucking the ambrosial fruit in the angelic spheres on high.

Then to come to another instance in point—look at a Burns, who possessed an imagination pure and chaste to a certain degree, but obscured by the adverse circumstances surrounding him. Placed under conditions calculated to bind him to earth, yet out of the painful conflict and the fogs of adversity peculiar to material life, he rises bright and clear, and soars away and beyond the influence of material things. Like a lyre, the sweet silver strains of his delicious melody went forth, or musical as the woodland songster's trilling notes of joy, and that music, so inexpressibly lovely, received a response from the spiritual world. And yet the Orthodox body will not recognise the Scottish Minstrel as worthy of their esteem, because he was true to the imaginative principle within.

Then, again, there was a Byron, who, of all men has received the most severe criticism from the religious societies of Christendom, because he could not think as they thought. He soared away before and above them, and while the devotees of the popular faith were grovelling deep down in the valley, this inspired

bard stood upon the mountain-top, catching the divine radiance of light and love from on high. His great soul went forth in exquisite grandeur and beauty, and like a mighty torrent rushing down a hill-side, he was never calm and placid. He could not possibly coincide with the religious opinions of his day, for he always followed the bent of his imaginative soul. Though despised to-day, he will hereafter be looked upon as one of the brightest stars in the world of imagination, and the hearts of men will yet beat in responsive appreciation of his beautiful ideas. He will be raised on a pedestal of fame, of which the present age can but dimly take cognizance.

What superior spiritual enjoyment can man possess than to revel in the thought expressed by a Burns or a Byron? The sympathies of those who can appreciate such grandeur of conception blend in unison with these favoured souls, and wherever Byron is read, whether on the lofty mountains of the far East, or on the rolling billows of the mighty deep, enjoyment of a pure spiritual character will undoubtedly be experienced. How often do you sit down to think, and you cannot force or concentrate your mind on any particular theme, but your imagination is wayward, and goes forth into the scenes of loveliness, beauty, and exquisite delight, and eventually returns bearing with it the rich treasures of contemplation and joy which is a great relief to your care-burdened soul. You thus receive strength to fight the battle of life, by this apparently insignificant action of the spiritual being.

Of course this faculty can be, and is too often, subverted in being used to carry out the time-serving designs of the earthly-minded man. Some men plan out schemes with consummate skill to defraud their fellow-men, in order that they may obtain the glittering tinsel of earth. Thus, for mere worldly fame and position, they degrade and prostitute the divine faculties they possess, instead of directing their action into the channel adapted for the promotion of the general welfare of humanity.

All men are not possessed of the power of imagination alike. For instance, look at Bunyan. He sees his Pilgrim safely over the dark River of Death—he sees him taken in charge by the bright messengers from the Spiritual Kingdom, and taken to the gates of the Beautiful City; he sees his Pilgrim conveyed through triumphant, but he is unable to follow him into the supernal abode of bliss, repose, and peace. Not so with Milton. He ascends the starry firmament, and penetrates into the august presence of the King of kings. Thus, you see, there is a considerable difference in the powers of imagination of these two individuals. Milton seems more at home on the verdant plains of heaven than on the material world. You cannot judge one man's imagination by another's, for one is adapted for one kind of work and the other for another.

We say, if you want to enjoy true happiness cultivate the spiritual imagination, and make it serve the purpose of the spirit, and not the material, for when judiciously developed it becomes one of the grandest attributes of the human soul. Though men may say that imagination is liable to err, and though they may say that Bunyan's Pilgrim never really had an existence, yet still our position is maintained. Of course he never had an existence in fact, as recorded, except in the the imagination of the author, but is there one here who can positively say that Bunyan did not correctly portray the career, of an individual of earth, who sets out resolved to lead a pure and holy life? This character serves the purpose of the writer, and if all men who profess to feel the power of heavenly grace, would manifest the same disinterestedness and zeal of Bunyan's Pilgrim, they would be better Christians than they are to-day.

Though the visions presented by the exercise of this power may be supposed by you to have no real existence, do not judge rashly, for how far they may really have existence in the spiritual world, you cannot deter-

mine. Therefore, cultivate your imagination, and let it soar after spiritual things. When you return home after the toils of the day, and you desire some relaxation, you will find ample recreation in a Milton or a Byron. Though the power of the brain may be taxed to its utmost tension, and a corresponding exhaustion be experienced, yet by consulting the thought of these highly-gifted beings, you soar out of this world of monotony and weariness, and enter a happier and a more beautiful clime. Then the imagination returns, and brings strength and vigour to the intellect. Thus the wearied mind becomes refreshed, and is enabled to resume its usual labours. You will find that everything in connection with man is created for his benefit, and an intelligent exercise of these faculties must of necessity bring happiness to the individual possessor. He who should be destitute of the powers of imagination would be dull and monotonous, and anything but an enjoyable companion in society. This power gives an edge to wit and humour; it gives a zest to life, and makes that life tolerable and enjoyable. In the higher order of society of earth, it was customary in the past to have one particularly vivacious and imaginative individual, whom they all admired because of the peculiar entertaining faculties which were frequently brought into exercise for their benefit.

However, Imagination is not alone. She has a companion, who co-operates with her to make life enduring, and it is her attendant, Hope. Though man may be oppressed with the darkest trials—though his mental horizon may be overcast by affliction, disappointment, and bereavement, Imagination and Hope are ever at his side, pouring the sweet balm of comfort into his soul, if he will only accept their kindly attentions. Without these cheering, gentle, comforting influences, life would be unbearable, and the soul would succumb under the mighty load of grief which is usually experienced by the inhabitants of earth. What are those who have hope the least developed? They are generally those who are too cowardly to face the trials of life, and who, in grim despair, lay violent hands on themselves. They have not sufficient imagination and hope to enable their souls to pierce the gloom surrounding them, and perceive the streaks of brightness in the distant future. Infinite Wisdom has planned all things for man's ultimate benefit. These two faculties of the mind are more essential than either the eyesight or the hearing. They are more important than feeling, yea, more than material existence. Divest man of these attributes, and you take from him the power to overcome the difficulties of earth, for the mightiest minds of the past have been powerfully sustained and supported thereby.

What is it imparts such an indication of internal happiness, which is ever observed upon the countenance of the true Spiritualist? What makes the Spiritual Philosophy seem so transcendently lovely to the devoted student who revels in the delight which such revelation conveys? It is the sweet consolation which these attributes afford, for in imagination he can traverse the supernal regions of the Celestial Kingdom—he can enter the great Spiritual Temple on high, and contemplate among the rose-enamelled plains of the superior condition, and engage in delightful conversation with the bright angelic throng of purified souls. It is this power which enables him to stand the reproach of his fellow creatures, for while these petty annoyances are unscrupulously expressed, his imagination carries him away and beyond the atmosphere of earth to a more congenial clime. Those who are least developed in this direction will be the last to accept anything superior to the conception of ordinary minds, and, "For ever here my rest shall be," is their motto, because they cannot see away beyond. You here are more indebted to your imagination for accepting advanced ideas than you may perhaps suppose. You may have taken cognizance of scenes in the spirit world through the exercise of this attribute, which will appear quite familiar when you meet them there eventually.

What has been revealed to you by imagination despise it not, for all the greatest beacon lights on the mountain of fame, have been indebted to this power for their superiority and conspicuous position among their fellow beings. What was it caused Columbus to cross the vast and trackless deep in search of a land unknown? It was the spiritual power of imagination which carried him away to that mighty continent, and which anticipated the discovery previous to the actual accomplishment thereof. Take all the discoveries of the past, and you will find that imagination has revealed and elucidated the various abstruse problems which have occupied the mind of man from time to time. When you enter the higher life, freed from the trammels of earth, you will perceive that imagination is a powerful factor for good: for, what is it but the volition of the soul, which causes you to pass, like the lightning's flash, across the infinite domain of the great spiritual world?

SOCIAL PROGRESS.

IMPROVEMENT IN THE CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE.

At the Spiritual Institution on Sunday evening, the following chapter from OAHSE was read:—

BOOK OF THE ARC OF BON, VII.

CAPILYA'S SPEECH BEFORE THE KING AND COUNCIL.

1. Whoever is born into the world is in part possessor of the world by fact of his birth. All come into the world naked and helpless, and they deserve our assistance because of helplessness. To help the helpless is the highest virtue.
2. Two wise men are greater than one; a nation of wise men, what could be greater than this? Yet all men come into the world knowing nothing; to give them great wisdom is to make the nations wise and great. To open the avenues on every side to great learning, this is the foundation for a great kingdom.
3. To have the soil tilled, is this not greater than hunting and fishing? To throw the lands open in the east and west, and north and south, to the tiller of the soil, this is the foundation of plenty. When the poor and ignorant are supplied with what to eat and to wear, with a place to live, there is little crime, but great virtue; and such are great strength in that kingdom.
4. To hold more land than one can till is to sin against them that have none, who have not wherewith to live or to earn a living. Yea, such a one is an enemy to the nation.
5. There are two kinds of governments: one is government for the government; and the other is government for the people. The latter government the people will endorse, and by their wills make mighty. The former government seeketh to make itself mighty at the expense of the people. Such a government is in the throes of death.
6. To make government and people one, as to prosperity and peace; this is the highest government. For the government to render unto the people bountifully, as to land and water, and as to great learning, and to music,* this is the wisest, best government.
7. What man is there that loveth not liberty, the chief of all desires? Can a government abridge this without crippling itself or forfeiting the love and co-operation of its people? To bestow liberty, and maintain it unto all people, this is the greatest good thing a government can do.
8. But who shall say what is liberty, and the end thereof? A man shall not have liberty that offendeth his neighbour, or depriveth him of virtuous livelihood. No man should run naked; nor should a man have liberty to go into another's field and take his harvest. How, then, shall the government take a man's possession against his will? But he who hath received great learning will not offend by nakedness, nor by taking that which is another's.
9. What, then, is greater than for a government to bestow great learning on the people? It is not enough to say to the poor: Here is land; feed yourselves. But men of great learning shall be sent amongst them, showing them how to till the soil, and how to build, and to keep themselves pure in soul and body. For great learning is not in the books only; nay, there be men of great knowledge as to books, who are themselves gluttons and debauchees, and bigots, and tyrants, and base authority. Such men have not great learning; in fact, but great vanity.
10. Two kingdoms, lying side by side; in the one are great philosophers and colleges, but the multitude are in want; in the other kingdom there are no philosophers, as such, nor

* Under the head of music is reckoned in India the same as in ancient Greece: i.e., everything that contributes to harmony between individuals and between individuals and the state, is music.—[Ed.]

colleges; but the multitude have plenty: The latter is a kingdom of greater learning than the former. For of what consisteth great learning, but in knowing how to live wisely? A few philosophers are not a nation, to bestow such knowledge on the people as will enable them to live wisely and be happy to a good old age, this is the labour of the best, great government.

11. It is a common saying that such and such a king is a great king, because, forsooth, he hath founded colleges. And this is no small matter. But how much greater is the king who hath founded a thousand poor families, and taught them how to live wisely?

12. To make a law to prevent liberty; to bind slaves more rigidly, is to weaken the nation; to weaken the kingdom. For, see ye, a man had ten servants, and they were free; then he bound nine of them with chains, and complained because they served him not well. He was a fool.

13. To labour for one's self at the expense of the state, is to rob the state; to hoard up possessions is to rob the poor. What treasure hath any man that he can take out of the world? Better is it to give it whilst one may, for to-morrow we die, leaving it to them that earn it not.

14. The highest peace is the peace of the soul, which cometh of consciousness of having done the wisest and the best in all things according to one's own light. For after all, is not the earth-life but the beginning, wherein we are as in a womb, moulding our souls into that condition which will come upon us after death? In which case we should with alacrity seize upon the passing time and appropriate it to doing righteous works to one another.

Instead of the remarks which followed, we will give in this connection the letter below, which was received on Monday morning:—

A FRIENDLY CHAT.—Dear Mr. Editor,—As a Spiritualist, as a person believing that spiritual forces ought to govern mankind, I feel very much depressed when I look at the condition of mankind, physically and spiritually considered. Of all the millions of beings on God's earth, how few are there, comparatively considered, who follow the laws requisite to their physical health, or even attempt to so do. Temperance and proper kinds of food for just health, if spoken about, are treated with contempt and derision. Men cannot live on such a diet, by such methods; they must have strong, rich, delicate, high-seasoned food say they, or they can never perform the work required from them; forgetting that the abundance and nature of those food stuffs, may clog and hinder the functions of the body. The brave, noble, virtuous Spartans, strong in body and sound in mind, lived on coarse, rough diet. A manlier class of men, perhaps, has never existed. Are the modern men made of different constituents, that they cannot conform to the same dieting? I think not. These men were once effeminate, but a wise Law-giver ordained wiser methods than had previously existed. The people yielded obedience: strength, grace, and beauty of form grew therefrom. The moderns, by like obedience, may realize the same results.

Not only is our system of dieting wrong, but our clothing and householdry are also wrong. Why should men toil from morn till night, six out of the seven days of the week, to earn enough to fill bellies, clothe backs, and fill houses with costly furniture? We are growing too fastidious and delicate. We want to pay less attention to these things, and more to the imperishable. The mind has its demands as well as the body. The mind demands that the body shall not be overtaxed, that passion shall be in submission, that our actions shall grow from within us, and not according to other people's sayings, thinkings and doings. That we are to rely upon our own needs, not upon anybody's else. That as trees in the forest drink in such food from the earth, air, sky and sun, as they need, and disperse throughout their body according to their requirements, so man must absorb and assimilate such food into the mind, as shall suit its own law of development, from the circumstances that surround him.

When one looks at the nature of the surroundings of us who have to toil for our daily bread, there is much food for reflection. Speaking of my own employment: here I am, labouring in an atmosphere that is rarely changed, only by what can get in by broken windows

or crevices, a system of ventilation not at all. That atmosphere is filled with uncountable millions of small particles of fine dust, ever rising from the nature of our occupation. Add these to the vitiating power of scores of lungs, and you may have some conception of the unhealthy condition of hundreds of thousands of working people in this native Lancashire of mine. When and how can a sensitive develop the best gifts amidst surroundings of this character? Six days in the week he toils amid such filthy circumstances; on the seventh, if he be ever so willing to be used as an instrument for the blest to use, what stamina is there left for such usage? Yet I have willingly done so for three years. And now when my body has failed in strength, and nature demands rest, and I am trying to recoup the one, and obtain the other, I am stigmatized as a "Non-Spiritualist," and that I have turned my back upon it.

But when I cannot work I can live, and though my voice is not heard, I can preach by the stronger force of action. This thought suggests the practicability of all truth: What is a truth, unless it be act?—a nothing, a waste of power. If Spiritualism is to grow mighty to the pulling down of strongholds, it will be done, not by speech, but by toil. We have many strongholds of vice, distorted habits, foul leprous souls, grim surroundings: How long are they to stand? You, Brother,—look into your soul; go into your closet and shut to the door, and look down into that nature, that heart of thine, and see if thou art as straight as a plumb-line, or as pure as falling snow. If not, beware of criticising thy brother; sweep clean thine own house, then talk about thy neighbours'. If Spiritualism is to be great it will be built upon self-communings, and virtuous action; not upon critical eyes, scandal-mongering tongues, and credible souls. The only Ism that many Spiritualists seem to adore is Egotism;—not a spark of brotherly charity dwells in them. I want the man who dares to live his Spiritualism quietly, and not vaunt it loudly that men may know it. God does not recognise that kind. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted, and he that exalteth himself shall be abased." Spiritualists talk of Jesus being their "elder brother,"—it is only in name, not in action. There is a divinity in action that moulds harmony, beauty, blessedness. Let us be silent, but labour; teach spiritual truths wherever we may, though we do not designate them Spiritualism; for by the propagation of spiritual entities by speech, demonstrated by life, we alone can expect to convert the people to our faith, and make the heaven of our expectations.

Unity of action will come alone from the recognition of this fact. Those bickerings, strifes, scandals, impositions, dupes, will all fall away beneath the power of holy, just living. Virtue is the native element of the soul. Let us then be all natural, that we may be all virtuous.—Yours truly,

PERICLES.

Jan. 13th, 1883.

THE SPIRIT-MESSENGER.

STORY OF AN EARTH-BOUND SPIRIT, A WATERMAN.

A CONTROL BY "BILLY HONYWOOD."

Recorded by A. T. T. P., January 9, 1883.

The following is a control of a spirit, virtually still of earth, although no longer in the body. Coming, as it did, after a series of controls full of suggestive ideas of the life beyond the grave, and the connection between that life and the one in the body, I was much puzzled to know the object that my surrounding guides had in permitting such a control. I think I shall be able to give a sufficient explanation.

The Sensitive, under control, said :—

Billy Honeywood, at your service; one who had wices and virtues enough to make up a market bundle, Guv'ner,—they was confoundedly mixed. They was too like the children's ha'porth of all-sorts, like they get from the sweetstuff-shop. Well, wot of it, Guv'ner? You can take it there was many a better man than old Bill Honeywood, and many a worse. I aint very choice in a picking up my words, and never was; but a man aint none the worse for that. There warnt no School Board in my time, you know; and all the larning we could get hold of, we caught out of a Ragged School. My old dad had one ambition: he knew what a labouring man's life was—nobody better. Loafing about, day after day, with his hands in his pockets, and with his toes out on a wisit, and wearing invisible shirts; ordered about with as much kindness by the wharfingers as a Peckham Rye Gip gives to his donkey. Yet, poor as he was, he had ambition. There was Bill and Tom, us two boys; that is, myself and my brother Tom. He was a long slip of a chap, two year younger than myself. He took to larning at night, when he might have been turning over an honest penny on the river; for my dad's ambition was to make us independent,—and he 'prenticed us both to the water; but in consequence of Tom's going on with books, he drifted into a lawyer's office, at about a sov. a week, and, perhaps, a dollar over, if he worked overtime; whilst I have earned his week's wage afore breakfast, Guv'ner, and earned it honestly in them ere days; but it would not be called honest now.

Them were good times: I could go out, then, with silver buckles in my shoes, with the old woman's arm a-resting on this 'ere one of mine, every finger of 'er 'and covered with real kid—none of your dogskin in those days. It would have made your eyes water, as it did mine, when we went into a butter-shop, and she would say: "I wish to taste some of your freshest butter, shopkeeper." "One and eight pence a pound, Madam." "I warnt a-asking you the price;" and, then, to see her open her purse and take a bright new sov. out of it, and taste the butter with it. Oh, them were good days. My old woman had sovs. for eardrops.

Then, Guv'ner, what was it that did it all for us? It was not as Captain Marryat described; he knowed nothing about our craft. He tried to make out watermen got their pieces by rowing up and down the river young loyers, or fellows that wanted to do a quiet bit of spouting. Nothink of the kind: I never come across such fellows, all the time I was at it.

I asked what he was talking about, and how he knew about Captain Marryat, as he could not read; and he said—

That brother Tom of mine, as took to larning, used to read what Captain Marryat had said about a young waterman as was called "Jacob Faithful."

Now, Guv'ner, I tell you what I did do. You must know that with every tide there are steamers that is going foreign, and coming back from all parts of the Continent—Antwerp, Hamburg, Rotterdam. Now, you know, all of us fellows 'ated Frenchmen and furreners, cos we couldn't understand them, and they couldn't understand us, and if that aint reason enough, nothing is; for if you cannot understand or get to the bottom of a man, drop him. Well, sometimes I have had a boat load of them 'ere to bring ashore, for the steamers always hankered in mid-stream. "Vot is your fare;" but they didn't say it 'alf so plain as that. I have 'ad 'alf a dollar a-head from 'alf a dozen of 'em, and another five or six a waiting on the 'ard to be took aboard some other steamer. Ah! Guv'ner, them days is gone, never to come back again.

The last hawl I made, the proceeds of which hauled me off: wot I mean to say—there was plenty of money, and the lush soon carried me from this 'ere side another step further on. I don't know but what it aint a short one. That was the big fire at Cotton's wharf in Tooley Street; its 'ard on four-and-twenty years ago. It broke out one Saturday artemoon, about four o'clock, and then the River for the next four or five days was a regular Tom Tidlér's ground, for a man with his head on his shoulders. Rooshian tallow was floating about, asking people to pick it up; I had my full whack: take old Bill's word for that. I had been doing very badly afore, and when I came to see the bright sovereigns in my pocket, I played fast and loose with them; and the devil himself got a chance.

Well, I was going to say that I was hurried away, through making a fool of myself, into another world; but that would not have been altogether true, because I belong to this 'ere world as much as ever I did. Since I have passed I have took up with a young fellow, and I have not left him yet, although I am not with him now; what I mean is this—I am willing to do anything for him, but I can't share the bit that has fallen to his lot. I like liberty, and no gammon about it; and as he happens to have the key a-turned on him, I am sure to be able to find him where I left him, say, for a couple of months hence—for that is the term* he dropped into yesterday. He is a water; man like myself. He thought the old times had come back again. They tried him for what they called "extortion."

Now Governments have rum doings, big wags as they air. Years ago, in my day, it was a good time; then you could 'ate a furrener, and do him if you could; but then France had more sodgers than manners, and more arms than good feeling to this country. England did not know then whether she would not be called to cut France's comb, so they didn't mind a little lively 'atred. No, not they. Garmany saved England the trouble, lopping off a fair slice of the Empire, and so they have veered about, and to 'ate a Frenchman now is bad manners, and to be a little sharp on them in your charges is called "extortion." That is wot they call the philosophy of national civilization. Circumstances alter cases, and England can afford to do justice even to a Frenchman. Oh, if you had seen the old Mag—I means the old Beak,—a-nodding on his 'ead; if his 'air 'ad been powdered, there would have been a shower of dust. He said,—"Many and grievous complaints have been made, of the un'heard of and vile extortion like the one before me. First—we have the evidence on your own admission, that you demanded half-a-crown, when you know that, as a licensed waterman, the actual limit of your fare, from the Tower stairs to the steamboat, was sixpence; and we then have the evidence of the gentleman whom you so basely and cruelly tried to rob, and that directly he gave you this half-crown you up and asked him for another, and because he was anxious to get on board before the vessel steamed away, he paid you that other half-crown; and that you then left your sculls, according to the evidence of a Police Inspector, and sat down at the side of your passenger, demanding another half-crown before you would put him on board."

How the Inspector of Police did rub it into John James! That is the name of the young man I am talking about. He said: "Your Worship, my attention was called to them sitting down side by side. Then I heard the foreigner singing out as if he was frightened, and then I sent one of my men in the boat to take his name and number." When the policeman stepped into the prisoner's boat, Jack turned to the slop and said: "What do you want?" and, said Bobby: "Your name and number." Jack makes a drive at him with his sculls, hitting him, and tries, then, to chuck him overboard. The furrener was not up at the Court to give evidence, he had to skedaddle, 'cos of his boat going on Sunday artemoon.

Says the old Beak to the Inspector: "It is no use a-going into evidence about the extortion, 'cos 'earsay evidence is no evidence, for the furrener is gone." "Rut," says the Inspector, "The prisoner rowed him aboard, and the charge that he had made was interpreted to us and to the prisoner." "No matter," says the Beak; "what you 'eard is 'earsay to me, but the threatening a police constable in the execution of his duty, is a bell with a loud sound to it, and we will make him sing to another tune for that." And then you should have seen him; oh, such a look: if he 'ad popped 'is 'ead into a cowshed at milking time, there would have been some curds and whey. And, says the Beak, and even his voice was different: "John James, you are a waterman, and a licensed servant of the Waterman's Hall. You have doubtlessly been guilty of extortion, but on that charge, in the absence of the foreigner, we will not enter, there being no evidence. But there is evidence of a gross and cowardly assault and attempt to murder a man, who was but doing his duty in attempting to put down robbery, intimidation, and extortion."

The worse of these old Beaks is, they use such long-winded words as "robbery," "intimidation," and "extortion."

He then went on to say: "If it was practicable in the past with impunity, we will prove to other nations that there is protection in this country from us. Therefore I sentence you to two month's imprisonment, with hard labour." "Don't do that," cried poor Jack; "I 'ad 'ad a drop of booze. Let us off with a fine." But he has gone.

There is one thing, I daresay, they have the like of our people grabbing at their boxes after they go ashore there, and rushing them off to hotels they did not want to go to, and, when they get them there, a-milking them down rather freely; bleeding them, we should call it. Besides, they come over and go back to talk about something, so they may as well talk about being done out of 'alf a dollar, or a couple of them for that matter, as anything else. It is well if they can't be talking of nothing worse of what was done to them. They are a cut-throat lot. I never did like them myself; not but what I think we only get the loafers amongst them, such as the French and Italian organ grinders; in fact, I don't see the difference between any of them. When I look at the foreign girls a-walking the streets, a-seeing whom they may devour, who would knock a man down for the sake of his shoe-strings: look wot a hevill, dark, low-browed, wicked sort of beggars they are. They are not human like. They have got eyes like ferrets, and fingers like fish-hooks: the biggest thieves in all creation. Why, it is a pleasure to do them. You don't know them as I do. I don't like them, that is straight.

I am just as much to blame as poor Jack—poor young Jack. A stretch would not have done him much harm: I means a twelvemonth, and then they would have grubbed him a good deal better; but he has only got a couple of months. Jack is a big eater, and has got what I call an improving appetite: they will improve it awfully there. There is plenty of room for it; they do not give it much exercise. How he did wolf

* Police Report, "Daily Telegraph," January 9th.

the tea and bread and butter as his old woman carried in for him afore the van gave him a lift. Poor creature, she was a-fretting. You may well pity her: the lines in her forehead were a-playing at cat's cradle, and her mouth gave as many twists and turns as there are strands in a hawser. I ought, as you say, I suppose, to have 'sualed Jack against it, but for the life of me I did not care to do so. I always looks on the specimens we get here, as the worst socialists that furrin parts could send over here to us—Leicester Square lurchers. Of course, it can be argued, surely some furrin gentlemen come over here. Oh, yes, I have seen them; but for every one the likes of them, France shoots over of her low grovelling communists a hundred. As for Italy, I believe they have opened up a contract for exporting men and women and boys, the sweepings and lowest scrapings of furrin vagabondage; and I'll take my oath this 'ere chap was one on them. He was more frightened than Jack, when the slops [the police] came aboard, and did not show up at the Court.

As for me, although careless enough, I will not say wicked enough, to have died with my boots on, I am glad to tell you that, like other men, I had a good thinking spell, as a mercy, following my long drinking one, and, as I told you at first, I was old Billy Honywood, of below Bridge, whose wices and whose virtues would make a market bundle. I found that I was not shut out of sight, nor found in the scale light-weight. I found, Guv'nor, that I was neither passed as a sheep, nor condemned as a goat, and as I was then so I am now—neither better nor worse: as happy then as now, and now as then. I should not have been here, only I knew Jack was safe, hence I shall be able to drop on him. I rode with him in the van; there is as little 'arm in Jack as in a tittleback. There is plenty of the red rag, more 'specially when he's got the booze on board. Ask his old woman; women don't fret and carry on after a brute, do they? Jack had a lot of cheek about knocking the Bobby overboard, and waving the scull about like a sword, but it was but a bit of lip brag; he knew a better game than to try it; so the hasty word and the sky-larking in his action have placed him where he never was afore.

I told you afore, that I 'ad 'ad a good thinking spell as well as a drinking spell. I still likes to go and see a hand at cards where they are gambling within their means. I go sometimes to a friendly lead that is got up for the orphan and widder. I have 'ad it in mind a long time to come and see you. I have 'eard a precious sight about you, more than I believe; yet I have 'eard that shrimps as well as whales could come to you, and have a turn with you. I have come, I have had a turn. I believe I am satisfied, and, with no ill-feelings to none, Bill Honywood wishes you good-night.

Before he ceased controlling I told him, if he intended to stick to Jack James he had better give different advice, and keep from playing such tricks with foreigners, or anyone else, and told him that even if they were as bad as he made them out, he had no right to let Jack do as he did. My friend did not see it exactly in that light, but said he should like, if he could get a chance, to come again. I told him I should be happy to see him, and he shook my hand warmly and gave up the control.

He was succeeded by my friend in spirit, "C. H. L.," who commenced commenting on the control that had just taken place. I asked him what could be the object of this control, coming, as it did, in the midst of a number of very high-class ones which I had lately been having; and he said there was an object, and that was to afford a contrast between the one lately published of "Ada Byron," and the one of this earth-bound spirit, scarcely out of time, and to ask these investigators whether the same mind could have crammed both of them.

The old waterman's story was, to me, as good as a play. I could have fancied I was sitting alongside a sharp garrulous old waterman, proud of his having done the unfortunate "furriner," as he called him, and not alongside a man who, with me, is not given to vivacity. There was a profusion of cockneyisms throughout the tale, to which, I am afraid, I have done but scant justice.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE; OR, Leaves from a Clairvoyant's Note-Book.

3.—POOR JANET.

One day, as I was going with some angelic spirits on an errand of mercy to that part of the world of spirits nearest to the earth, we heard the sound of loud weeping, accompanied by cries and groans, as of some person in mortal agony, and presently coming to a sharp turning in the road down which we were traversing, we perceived the form of a woman lying at the foot of a high precipitous rock, from which she seemed to have fallen.

"It is the unhappy Janet again," said one of the spirits, sadly. "However did she get here? I thought she was safe with her cousins, Susan and Anne Alison."

"No," said a tall, stern-looking spirit, who stood with bent brows and folded arms while the angels tried to revive the almost inanimate creature.

"I wish you would go away. Send one of the angels to this man. Your presence will only distress her more when she comes to herself."

"I will not go," said the man, harshly; "until I have again cursed her. I had just begun to once more soften towards her; and her mother's tears, and, perhaps, some softer feelings in my own heart, made me try to find her out, when, lo! I came upon her and the accursed Kenneth once more in secret converse. I struck the cowardly seducer to the ground, and would have seized my lost, abandoned daughter, but she fled from me, hurling back upon me curse for curse. I followed as fast as I could, but only to see her throw herself over these rocks."

At this moment two kindly-looking women came hurrying towards us, and, running up to the poor creature on the ground, strove to raise her in their arms, while they spoke words of love and comfort in her ears. In a little time the poor thing was sufficiently restored to sit up, supported on either side by the two women. Presently, in looking round, her eyes met those of the stern man scowling so savagely upon her. Suddenly she hid her face in Susan's bosom, crying frantically:—

"Oh, hide me; hide me; I cannot, cannot bear it."

"But you shall bear it, vile, abandoned wretch. Was it not enough that, while upon the earth, you polluted our before-time unsullied name, broke your mother's heart, and covered my gray hairs with shame and confusion. And, rebellious wretch that you were, dared to rush unbidden into the presence of your God; but now, even here, you must stand away from those who were befriending you, and once more hold converse with the accursed cause of all our misery."

"I do not care," cried Janet, in response to something which Susan had whispered to her; "I will speak. It is not all Kenneth's fault. I was willing to go with him, and he would have married me as soon as we got to England, but father stopped us, and took me and locked me up. But ah! I escaped and drowned myself. I cheated him there: all the curses he heaped upon me could not reach me under the blue waters of the loch; and poor Kenneth, when I escaped, father wreaked the whole of his spite upon him, destroyed all his prospects, and drove him to destruction. He told me all just now: how he enlisted and was killed in battle, and has lived for a long time with some people who were good to him; and when he told them about me, they helped him to find me out; and I was going with him when father met us and cursed me once more. Then all my old terror of him and his curses returned, and I seemed to see the blue loch once more before me, and I plunged into it."

"Yes," growled the man; "I cursed you living and dead, and you are cursed and lost for evermore."

"I do not care," cried she, frantically. "You cursed us both, and we are lost together, and I will go to him, even to hell, and we will burn together. I have heard you read it from your book;" and she pointed derisively at her father: "that the joy of the saints is much enhanced by seeing the torments of the damned burning in hell."

"Hush, pray," said one of her cousins.

"Dear uncle," cried Susan; "do speak kindly to her."

"Never!" cried the man. "I cursed her, and she is cursed."

"Man!" said one of the angels, stepping forward. "How dare you, a sinful creature yourself, dare to curse your child? Go," he added, sternly; "first pluck the beam from your own eye, then thou mayest be able to help to clear the vision of thy child!"

"Oh, uncle," pleaded Susan; "say you forgive poor Janet. Think how unhappy she is, and say—God bless her!"

"No," said the man, doggedly. "I cursed her, and she is cursed."

"You see," said Janet to her cousins; "I told you I was lost. Let me go to Kenneth."

"Come with me now," said one of the angels, gently; "and we will see what can be done for Kenneth by-and-bye. In the meantime, we must see to your hurts;" and he led her away, followed by the two cousins.

The man stood looking after them, a dark frown upon his

face, his hands clenched, and muttering curses between his teeth.

"How shocking," I said to the angels.

"Yes," they replied; "it is very sad: the more so because the girl is not so very wicked after all. She was more sinned against than sinning. The man, Kenneth, had a real affection for her, and would have married her, but her father shut her up, and wanted to force her to marry an old man very wealthy, and still willing to make her his wife, although she and Kenneth had been together five or six weeks when her father brought her back. But, as you heard, she drowned herself."

"Oh, she must have been mad," I said.

"No," replied the angel; "but self-willed and violent, and so threw herself into the water rather than let her father come up with her. You see how obstinate he is: well, she is quite as bad."

"Will she be let go to Kenneth," I asked.

"Yes, I think so," he replied. "Now he has sought her out and wishes to atone for the past. It may be they can help each other. I fear he has not led a very good life, but perhaps he will repent, now he sees how terrible has been the consequences of his selfishness and his sin."

"I hope so," I replied.

"If only she would look upon the efforts to destroy herself as a sin instead of always extenuating it, some hope might be had that eventually they might be happy."

"Has she attempted to destroy herself before, since she has been here?" I asked of the angel.

"Alas, yes," he replied; "many times. That is the worst of it, when such ideas have been cherished in the body. The last idea was that of self-destruction. It is very hard to root it out from the mind, more especially when it is in order to escape from some impending evil. We thought we had succeeded with poor Janet at last, but the sight of Kenneth and her father has undone all our labours."

"It must be very discouraging," I remarked.

"It is," he replied; "sometimes we almost despair. Then we remember how patient and long-suffering our Father is with us, and we take heart and go on again."

I obtained permission from the angels to watch the progress of Janet, and a few weeks later visited the place where she had been put under the care of a more experienced angel, but still in the company of her cousins, of whom she was exceedingly fond. I found them living in a pretty cottage surrounded by a large garden, with fields and orchards on either side.

On entering the house they all greeted me kindly, and Janet said, partly raising herself from the couch upon which she was lying,

"I cannot get up; I have had a bad fall."

"I know," I said. "Are you very much hurt?"

"Yes," she answered. "I think all my bones are broken, I am so bruised and sore;" and she began to cry.

Susan and the angel comforted her, while my guide, in answer to the thoughts depicted on my face said,

"Yes; the spiritual body is quite as sensitive to pain or pleasure as the natural, and even more so; for, being of a more fine and delicate material, so to speak, it is more alive to every sensation of both mind and body."

"No wonder, then," I said; "that the angels say the pleasures of heaven are unutterable."

Turning towards Janet, I heard her say to the kind motherly-looking angel who had come to take care of her,

"Oh, do let me call you mother. I feel it would make me happy. My own mother never showed me any such tenderness as you have evinced towards me."

"Oh, poor child," ejaculated the angel, sadly; "that is another of your foolish fancies."

"Do not scold me," pleaded Janet.

"I will not scold," replied the angel; "and call me mother by all means, if it will make you happy; but, remember, I shall expect you to be a very obedient child, and never attempt to kill yourself again."

"No, indeed, I will not," replied Janet, meekly. Then she added, after a little pause: "When do you think Kenneth may come? I would, indeed, be good, and wait patiently, and strive hard to be good, and to overcome my selfishness, if I might see him sometimes and know that he is happy."

"That he cannot be for a long time yet," replied the angel, sadly; "but you shall see him," she added, quickly, on seeing Janet's tears beginning to fall; "only, remember, that every time you attempt to destroy yourself makes your state worse, and more difficult to cure."

(To be continued.)

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OBITUARY.

ROBERT BRUNSKILL.

Dear Mr. Burns,—It is my sad and painful duty to place on record the death of our respected friend and fellow-worker, Mr. Robert Brunskill. It will be remembered that, about fifteen months ago, Mr. Brunskill left England for America, actuated by sanguine hopes of brighter material prospects than he had hitherto experienced. His anticipations were partly realized, and his future seemed fair and inviting, but on the 19th of December last he was severely burnt in a Luzerne mine, and on the following day he expired. His loss will be keenly felt by many who are indebted to him, as a medium, for remarkable evidences of spirit-power, and the attendant beneficent consolations of spirit-communion.

His initiation to our philosophy was simultaneous with that of Mr. De Main, both passing through the various phases of development side by side. At that period, difficulties almost insurmountable were placed in the pathway of the investigator. Indeed, so ominous were the adverse conditions encountered by these two mediums, that individuals less assiduous in their devotion to the principles of truth, would have quailed before the experience these early workers were obliged to endure. However, the result of such indefatigable labour has subsequently been an expression of fervent gratitude from those who have participated in the benefits arising from their ministrations.

Personally, I possess many pleasant recollections of Mr. Brunskill's kindly disposition, and as for the objective manifestations of materialization through his instrumentality, I shall hold myself for ever indebted and obliged.

Mrs. Brunskill and her three fatherless children receive our profoundest sympathy, and we sincerely hope that such kindness and friendly regard may be displayed towards them in a distant land, as she was ever ready and desirous to bestow on those who now mourn because of a calamity which has deprived her of a husband and them of a devoted friend.—Faithfully yours,

C. G. OYSTON.

Hunwick, Willington, Co. Durham, January 15, 1883.

HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

MISS LOTTIE FOWLER'S TESTIMONIAL.

Miss Fowler's friends report that an Honorary Secretary has been appointed, and next week the arrangements will be ready for publication.

Some music has been received in competition for the prize offered, as stated in last two numbers. We hope to hear from other composers.

THE TESTIMONIAL TO MR. TOWNS.

Mr. Wootton, 33, Little Earl Street, Soho, W., has received the following, enclosing 5s.:—Dear sir,—The enclosed is for Mr. Towns. Though I have not the slightest personal acquaintance with him, I sympathise with him in his present (and but temporary, I trust) difficulties.—Yours sincerely,

A SPIRITUALIST.

Mr. Wootton will be glad to receive further contributions.

The January number of "The Olive Branch," Utica, New York, U. S. A., reprints two discourses from our columns; viz., Mr. Cartwright's "Spiritual Riches," and Mr. De Main's "What Constitutes the Individuality of the Human Soul?" Our Contemporary—a monthly—is chiefly occupied with communications from the spirit world, and takes little notice of the mundane conflict that figures so painfully in certain organs.

Indications of the progress of Human Brotherhood are not quite absent. In early times a wall was built by Roman civilization, from the Tyne to the Solway, to prevent warlike incursions of the northern inhabitants. Recently, in opposition to this repressive idea, a railway has been formed to facilitate communication. Now a ship-canal is proposed. Mr. T. P. Barkas recently read a paper on the subject, at Newcastle. In reading a "Life of George Stephenson," from the spirit world, through Mrs. Heel, Peterborough, we find that a canal of the ordinary kind was projected along the same route in the early days of his earth-life. The biography given through Mrs. Heel is very interesting.

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

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

THURSDAY.—School of Spiritual Teachers at 8 o'clock.
Tuesday.—Mr. Towns, Clairvoyance, at 8 o'clock.

THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 19, 1883.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The greater portion of this number, in various ways, illustrates a most important truth: that the condition of the departed spirit is governed by the state of the mind; in other words, that that which is subjective in earth-life becomes objective to the spirit. This is also, as an element of happiness, very much the case, even in earth-life. Mr. De Main's Discourse sets forth the educational advantages, in a spiritual sense, of receiving into the mind the most beautiful, expansive, and elevating impressions. In short, earth-life should be a school in which to continually receive higher impressions, to the obliteration of inferior ones. The next section, on Social Progress, shows how suitable conditions may be given to man in his earthly existence for the impression upon his mind of the most agreeable scenes, so that the imagination may have a fair field for its normal operations. In the control by A.T.T.P. we have an instance of evil impressions being carried into the spirit-world, and reflected back again on an unfortunate survivor. The tale—"Poor Janet"—takes us into the spirit-world, and illustrates the permanent injury sustained by the spirit in having carried with it, on leaving the body, impressions of the most obnoxious kind. All religions regard the state of the mind at the moment of death as most important. Such a series of articles is of great value to the public. They afford a lesson to us all—to bless and curse not, and, as far as we can, surround ourselves and others with all that is pure and beautiful in thought and act. It is only by such processes that we can work out our own salvation and that of others.

The contents of last week's number partook also of the nature of a sustained series of thoughts. Truth, the true religion, the One God, were the central questions propounded. There was harmony in the whole range, from Plymouth to London and on to Manchester, Mrs. Dobson apparently having been in sympathy with the ruling idea of last week.

It is with deep regret we hear of the painful death of Mr. Brunskill. In Mr. Oyston's Obituary Mr. De Main's name is bracketed with his. They are both representatives of a school of mediums who have conducted themselves as gentlemen and true apostles, and held aloof from the Rogue and Vagabond style of peddling mediumistic phenomena. We examined Mr. Brunskill's head at Crook many years ago, and before he heard of Spiritualism. Since then we have had a long period of sympathetic work with him in this Cause. His physical phenomena and materializations were of a high order, and many miles he has travelled to bestow them on truthseekers, after winning his bread down in the coal-seams. Mrs. Brunskill is a refined

and superior woman, and we hope she will have a path opened out for her. We would take pleasure in sending her a paper if we had her address.

In reading Mr. De Main's essay this week, it should be remembered that it is given through the organism of a man who toils for his living getting coals under ground, and his audience is composed of people of a like class. The style of criticism may not be that of the man of books, but the spiritual principles taught are of a high order. It is a grand characteristic of Spiritualism, thus to shed a light into the working man's cottage, which the institutions of earth at this time could not supply.

The demise of Gambetta and attendant circumstances, shew that ceremonies of the most hearty and imposing character can be carried out without the aid of kingcraft or priestcraft. Without discussion of his principles in any way, it may be observed that the deceased statesman performed the most magnificent services for his country, and yet escaped the infliction of an earthly reward. He died in an humble cottage, under a popular eclipse. No "religious symbols" were played with—like toys in children's hands—at his obsequies; but what lack was there, when the man's life displayed obedience to truth, self-sacrificing service for others, and adhesion to principle? These are the true "symbols" of religion.

A column of a new paper called "The West-End," is occupied with an account of "The Haunted House in Berkeley Square." The impressions to be gathered from reading the article are various. First, that there are no haunted houses; so that the title of the article is a misnomer. Secondly, that someone has been hired to write this article, to remove the impression from the public mind that the house is haunted. Thirdly, take "The West-End" as a whole, that its chief "principle" may be stated in one word—insincerity. This is, perhaps, as much as can be said of West-End-ism in general.

BRADFORD.—Mr. Nathan Wood, in writing for hymn books for the choir of the Spiritualist Church, Walton Street, Bradford, says: "We have a splendid little church in which we can seat 270 people. I may venture to say that we are crowded out almost every Sunday, and particularly since Mrs. Britten visited Bradford last November. Such a spirit of inquiry here I have never known before. We have engaged her again for next March. I enclose you 2s., towards the debt of the MEDIUM, hoping that all Spiritualists will contribute their mite according to their circumstances, towards the same object." Bradford is a grand place for Spiritualism. We remember the work nearly twenty years ago, and the faithful workers and mediums who then stood to the front. We are glad to see they have successors.

We understand A.T.T.P. will take part in the Meeting at the Spiritual Institution, 15, Southampton Row, on Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.

OLDHAM.—Mrs. Groom, of Birmingham, will occupy our platform on Sunday afternoon and evening, and give trance, clairvoyant, clairaudient, and other information. We hope there will be a large assembly to give her a welcome reception.—J. T. OWEN, Secretary.

QUEBEC HALL, 25, Great Quebec Street, Marylebone Road.—Sunday, January 14th, at 7 p.m. prompt, Mr. MacDonnell: "The God of nature, is the God of Christianity."

Mr. J. Hagon will give a series of seances on Friday evenings at Quebec Hall, 25, Great Quebec Street, commencing on Friday, January 26, 1883, at 8 o'clock prompt.

In response to numerous requests from those who attended the last entertainment at Quebec Hall, saying they enjoyed themselves so much, another will be held on January 29th, to commence punctually at 8 o'clock. Admission 6d. Concert will close at 9.30.; recreations for two hours after.

ANDOVER.—On Wednesday evening Professor Allwood, from London, gave a lecture in the Town Hall, under the auspices of the Andover Lodge of Good Templars, subject—"Phrenology, its bearing on social relations and pursuits in life." The chair was taken by the Rev. A. Smith. The attendance was small but select, and the lecturer gave good evidence of his mastery of his subject, especially when he came to the interesting performance of examining heads. The subjects for this operation were chosen by consent of the audience. The chairman was taken first. Mr. Tarrant was next examined. Mr. Allwood was frequently applauded in his remarks, the audience being quite satisfied that his thorough knowledge of Phrenology enabled him continually to hit the nail on the head. Miss Tarrant confessed at the close of the lecture that the description given of her father was most accurate.—"Andover Advertiser."

SPIRITUALISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

THE WORSHIP OF "JESUS" OR "CHRIST."

A number of correspondents, some of them anonymous, have honoured me with comments on that portion of my Lecture reported last week, treating of the New Religion.

I have been struck with the fact that my adverse critics, kindly withal, have implied that passion or party feeling is mixed up with my state of mind, and that I have dishonoured "Christ," and possibly may be offended at any intervention on the part of others.

Nothing could be farther from my thoughts, and no indications of these things can be gathered from my printed words. This shows how sensitive on personal points hero-worship renders the human mind, occupying, with these inferior considerations, ground that ought to be devoted to the contemplation of the Eternal, alone. Hence my conviction, that any form of anthropolatry is an evil of many forms, inducing states of thought inimical to spiritual serenity and divine progress.

I humbly submit that the worshippers of Jesus, or Christ, labour under a great mistake. Even the Almighty Father is not propitiated by our eloquence and adulation, but by our sincere devotion in thought, sentiment and act, to the Divine Light that regulates all things. The Great I AM enslaves no man to any enforced form of sentiment: He gives of His abundance to the just and the unjust; and the only return we can make is to imitate Him in doing so, as far as lies in our power, to others. Exacting, self-aggrandizing "gods" are devils, as all such men are wicked men.

Thus for the principle, then,—and does Jesus or any other noble soul demand reverence to his person or applause on account of his holiness? We can only in this respect as in all others—"Do as we would be done by." The worldly, egotistic, grovelling part of our nature makes this demand, of course, but the divine within us scorns such attentions: it does not even permit the one hand to comment on the good deeds of the other.

What is recorded of Jesus? Did he set himself up as an object of worship? Did he demand divine attentions? Did he not place a little child in the midst, and, instead of saying: Be like me! he said: Be even as that little child! Instead of saying: Pay homage to me! he said: Feed my lambs; feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit those who are in prison, and so on: whatsoever is done to the least of these is done unto me! Such is the worship he suggested.

Are you sure that you are not causing Jesus great pain by your worship? May it not be that his Spirit influences these words to dissuade you, and bid you do as he did?

And is not this a "new dispensation?" If so—those who cry, "Lord! Lord!" "Christ," "Christ," may be misguided in their quest. New wine is being poured out: the All-Father will give us new bottles.

Kindly excuse these hurried words; not a moment to say more.

J. BURNS, O.S.T.

QUEBEC HALL, 25, Quebec Street, Marylebone Road.—We are pleased to see that the Sunday evening Lectures by Mr. Mac-Donnell continue in this hall without interruption. On last occasion he seemed to be the Church Militant personified, having brought forward in his address no less than sixty rounds of his artillery on that number of church doctrines, not one of which, he contended, was taught by Christ, and many of which were in flagrant opposition to his precepts, and positively blasphemous. The charges made were most serious to the honesty of all ecclesiastics, and not very complimentary to the intelligence of the people. The speaker, however, entrenched himself carefully behind the Gospels, and quoted the words of Christ copiously. A very lively debate followed, in which Christ's self-sacrificing doctrines were considered. The speaker maintained, that only in a very high order of humanity would true Christianity be realized, and it was our duty to aim at the cultivation of our spiritual nature, though we even failed to attain it. The address throughout was highly interesting and much appreciated, but it contained rather much for an hour's meal, and thus damaged its digestion.

RUSHDEN.—J. Burns, O.S.T., will lecture on "Phrenology," on Saturday (to-morrow) evening, and on "Antivaccination," on Sunday evening.

THE COUNTESS OF CAITHNESS ON SPIRITUAL PROGRESS.

Dear Mr. Burns,—It is as you observe in your "Notes and Comments" of last week, a very curious circumstance that the very first issue of your paper, the MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK, in the New Year, should bear the number 666. If it is, as you say, the number of the Beast, we also know that it is the number of the Man—that is to say, of the being who, having attained to this number, is worthy of the name—being the new, or spiritual, and no longer the old or material man; the Man, in fact, who has outgrown the Beast.

I wrote so much on this subject at the close of the year 1881, proving it to be the epoch which had fulfilled that mystic number (not only on account of its numerals so clearly containing the number 666, but also on account of the signs of the times that accompanied it) that I will not again intrude upon your columns with more on this subject, although it certainly is the most important one that can occupy our minds, indicating as it does, nothing less than that the time has arrived for the perfectionment of the human race; or, for the manifestation of the Sons of God, on the attainment of the natural, or earth man, to the dignity of the Divine Sonship.

May this be equally true of the MEDIUM, and may we all find cause to congratulate you on this happy dawn for it of the New Day, as a birthday into a still higher and more spiritual phase, worthy of its glorious name of DAYBREAK.

Will you allow me to accompany this wish with a little Birthday Present, consisting of the same pregnant numbers, 6 6 6, which I hope will bring it God's blessing.

I am glad to take this opportunity of saying that the hopes and expectations with which I began the year just ended, of 1882 (the first of the New Dispensation, or ANNO LUCIS I.), have been fully realized as far as I am concerned, for it brought me more light than I had ever enjoyed before. The very first book I received as a New Year's Gift, was "Morgenröthe," by the inspired pen of Mr. John Pulsford, of Edinburgh, which most clearly proved that my announcement of the New Dispensation upon which we had entered with the New Year, was no false note, but a very true one, founded upon solemn fact. In the very following month (February), appeared that most remarkable book, "The Perfect Way or the finding of Christ," (that is to say, of the true Christ), and to those who have read it with the eyes of the understanding, I ask, what more precious evidence could we have that the old world has come to an end, and that we have indeed entered upon a new phase of the world's spiritual history;—a New Dispensation in fact, wherein all things are to be made new, when we thus see that all things, which had been kept secret from the beginning of the world, are in this book so clearly made known under the most wonderful inspiration ever granted to mortal man or woman.

In vain have I opened the MEDIUM, week after week looking for a notice from your able pen of this grand and marvellous book? When you have not yet recommended it to your readers, it must be, either, that the MEDIUM has not yet reached the mystic number of its full emancipation; or, that you are still unacquainted with it yourself, and, therefore the best present I can make you personally on this auspicious occasion of your Journal attaining to its 666th issue, and thus completing its natural state and entering upon the higher and more spiritual and divine stage of its usefulness—is a copy of this grand work—earnestly entreating you to inaugurate the New Era of your paper by weekly selections from its pages, for believe me it will be the best way you could hit upon to raise the minds of your readers into the New Life it has come to proclaim.

With most sincere good wishes, I am, faithfully yours,
MARIE CAITHNESS.

Palais Tiranty, Nice, Jan. 11, 1883.

Anno Lucis 2.

[We sincerely thank Lady Caithness for her cordial and discerning words; and her kind cheque of £6 6s. 6d. It is quite true—we feel another ground altogether under our feet, since the first week of this year passed over. In this epochal change we claim no personal merit; it is the work, not us (except indirectly), that is affected thereby. In simple fact, material disabilities have been somewhat mitigated, and more scope afforded for spiritual expression. All spiritual workers experience it as well as ourselves, if they operate on the same plane. The "beast," "rogue and

vagabond," territorial "organization," self-aggrandizing, or world-influence element of Spiritualism has been somewhat crushed; in fact it is done for till its "innings" again come round. The great good of the work is now being effected on the Spiritual Light within the individual; and all such must work in harmony, and therefore be organized to the trunk-force of the Ever Present.

Our apologies are due to the publishers of the "Perfect Way" for apparent neglect of a copy of that handsome work duly forwarded at the time of publication. We have only had time to open it here and there, and have been pleased to recognize many ideas that have found expression in the MEDIUM in bygone years,—even extending to her Ladyship's contributions, to which she alludes above. It, therefore, did not strike us that its message was for our instruction, and so pressure of work prevented the performance of that duty which the kindness of the publishers imposed upon us. Now, again, through the courtesy of Lady Caithness, another copy has reached us, which places us still further under obligations. To be frank, we must confess to the very small estimate we have formed of our spiritual attainments. Dogged to death-like weariness, as we have been, by slavish hard work and lawyer's mandates, we have not been able to venture on greater literary tasks than the rapid jotting down of a few rough and ready paragraphs—the humble allotment of a journalist's pen. To pass an opinion on such a performance as claims the term "Perfect" in its title, was beyond our grasp; but we have given Lady Caithness's remarks as of more importance than anything we could furnish. Shortly we will carry out a long-cherished purpose of quoting the contents, and thus allow the book to speak for itself. A considerable number of copies are continually passing through our hands to the readers of the MEDIUM.—ED. M.]

SPIRITUALISM AND CONJURING.

A CONJURER BECOMES A MEDIUM.

The German papers are making not a little merry over the conversion of a well-to-do young gentleman, from the position of a professional conjurer to that of a spirit-medium, and his consequent dislike to imitate spiritual manifestations.

But here is what the gentleman in question writes to Dr. B. Cyriax, the editor of "Spiritualistische Blätter," a most excellent new German paper, the first number of which has just been issued, and which will, according to the introductory prefaces of Publishers and Editor, make it its special mission to popularise and elucidate the truth and reality of Spiritualism; and to combat the ever-increasing opposition of scoffers and materialists of the German press, as well as the erroneous theories and speculations often prevalent in our own ranks:—

When at Berlin, in the spring of 1882, I became acquainted with Mr. Fox, prestidigitator. This gentleman was then anxious to enlarge his small business concern, but as he was lacking the means to do so, and as I at that time felt a very great interest in conjuring, I offered him the loan of 10,000 marks (£500), and became eventually his partner. Our special object was to travel as Anti-Spiritualists, and to this end I bought, of course, the so-called spiritualistic secrets at prices varying from 100 to 1,200 marks. These dealers in conjuring apparatus take an especial delight in supplying conjurers and impostors continually with new tricks for the suppression of genuine Spiritualism, and that at simply exorbitant prices. For when I pay £15 for a bit of rope and the secret of how to tie it, or double the amount for a kind of pea-shooter, and as much as £18 to £68 for a simple human skeleton, then am I certainly justified in finding such prices somewhat high. For my part I am willing to supply these secrets gratis to expose the swindle.

As to a genuine spirit seance, neither my partner, Mr. Fox, nor I had ever witnessed one, so that we were simply declaiming with the mob against a cause of which we knew nothing. In the course of six months our new business arrangements approached completion, and soon the curtain of the new conjuring theatre was to rise; manager and servants were already engaged when, suddenly and unexpectedly, I found a chance to attend a genuine spirit seance at Leipzig, with Mr. Troll, a friend of mine and formerly impressario and pupil of the renowned Danish Professor Hansen. The mediums were Mr. Emil Schrap, and Mrs. Minna Demmler, under the guidance of their magnetiser, Mr. Bernhard Schrap.

The first of these to enter the as yet empty seance room was Mr. Emil Schrap, whose appearance, quick and yet positive, made a deep impression upon me. At his request I examined his clothing, but instead of a modern conjurer's walking or dress-coat with twenty-two pockets, large and small, he wore but an ordinary coat, waistcoat and trousers. I then examined my supposed colleague to his very skin, without finding any-

thing else than an innocent watch and chain which had nothing in common indeed with a conjuring apparatus. Boots and shoes, which might have been used in the production of certain sounds, were left outside, the feet being covered with socks only. Now came the binding of the medium, in which I wanted to take part as a matter of course. Seated on a common cane chair, the medium was first bound crossways by some gentlemen, but not knowing these latter ones, I insisted on making a few complicated knots myself, sealing their ends to the chair, after which the whole chair got tied and sealed to the floor. The medium's hands were of course tied in such a manner as to make a movement on his part impossible without breaking the seals. His legs were tied to the legs of the chair, and the arms to the back of it; the slightest movement on the part of the medium would inevitably have broken the seals on the floor. But to make sure of every precaution being taken, the magnetiser, Mr. Bernhard Schrap, who was to carry on the conversation with the spirits, was also secured with a rope in the midst of the audience and the ends of it entrusted to an impartial gentleman, to ensure his passivity. Once more I looked around the room, but could not detect anything suspicious.

The seance began: watch and chain were thrown among the audience without getting damaged; a light was procured immediately, and everything found in order. Then came in quick succession, coat, waistcoat, and the medium himself, between each of which manifestations a light was struck to examine the knots and seals; in the same manner the medium was returned into his seat without any interference with the fastenings, which I had previously marked myself. At the same time, we noticed phosphorescent lights, and raps of different strength, from various parts of the room, while the spirits wound up a musical box themselves, and played zither, mouth-organ, bells, etc., and experimented with a fulgurite. But when at last a friend from the other world offered me his cold, phosphorescent hand which, when I, determined to grasp that life-like hand firmly, melted away to leave nought in my own but air, then came I to the conviction that there are still forces, to understand the causes and effects of which I was as yet too weak. This, then, was my first seance, during the whole of which the medium remained entranced.

Arriving afterwards with my friend Mr. Troll at our hotel, we heard raps from the bed, the table, the wall, and from everywhere. I left the room to find whether I would hear those sounds in other parts of the building, but wherever I went, I heard these knocks, and so did all around me. Soon I had no doubt that I was mediumistic myself, and to-day I am conversing with my late parents in very much the same fashion as when they were on earth, with the almost only difference that I can as yet not see their spiritual bodies, which, however, I hope to do before long.

It now became my duty to acquaint my partner at Berlin with my experiences, and to immediately request his presence at Leipzig to procure for him the same conviction. He came and saw, but was not convinced of the existence of higher beings, and as to the phenomena he witnessed, they simply went beyond his horizon. Mr. Fox's narrow-mindedness goes actually so far that he even now still declares Spiritualism to be nought but a swindle, though up to the present he has not complied with my repeated demands to prove his assertion. Instead of that he rather insisted on further deceiving the public, and on discrediting Spiritualism in ridiculing it by legerdemain, in consequence of which I forthwith dissolved our partnership, with a pecuniary loss, however, of more than £500; but, nevertheless, being now convinced of the certainty of immortality and of the truth of Spiritualism, I am, at least, much happier than formerly, and can now employ that magnetic power with which God has so richly endowed me, for the benefit of my suffering fellow-beings.—Yours etc.,

WILH. WEDER.

According to Dr. Cyriax, to whom the above letter has been addressed, Mr. Weder is possessed of considerable magnetic power, and is about to settle at Chemnitz (Saxony), as a magnetic healer.

PLYMOUTH, RICHMOND HALL, RICHMOND STREET.

On Sunday evening last Mr. Dymond gave a very interesting account of the life of Swedenborg, followed by some general remarks upon the main doctrines taught by him. Owing probably to the torrents of rain falling, the congregation was small, but the lecture appeared to give satisfaction. Mr. Dymond has promised on a future occasion to give an address, descriptive of the spiritual experiences and writings of this great man.

Next Sunday, January 21st, at 6.30 p.m., Mr. Pine.

ROBERT S. CLARKE Hon. Sec.

4, Athenæum Terrace, Plymouth.

Mrs. Hardinge-Britten will lecture at Liverpool, the first and third Sundays of February, March, and April; at Belper, Sunday, January 21st; Rochdale, February 11th; Belper, February 25th; and Bradford, March 25th.

—The Limes, Humphrey Street, Cheetham Hill, Manchester.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE "MEDIUM."

For the satisfaction and encouragement of our co-workers, we are happy to be able to report that the *MEDIUM* opens the new year with a considerably enlarged circulation. For this thanks are due to the many who have so very kindly exerted themselves. It is a work that is capable of great extension, and we hope the friends of the Cause will not relax their efforts.

We would be glad to see agents in every town for the sale of the *MEDIUM*. It would assist the public diffusion of Spiritualism greatly if readers would prevail on their newsagents to exhibit the *MEDIUM* in their shop windows, and send us the names of such agents. A reader in Plumstead writes:—"I find that there are several people who take the *MEDIUM* here, and I can get mine by the same means, which will save the postage." This is a wise arrangement.

MRS. HARDINGE-BRITTEN'S VISIT TO LONDON.

The proceedings of the last two weeks have conferred great pleasure on Mrs. Britten's London friends. The orations were as acceptable as ever, and we are glad to see them reported in a contemporary. The reception took place on Friday last, and not on Wednesday as first announced. It is true that the Newman Street Hall was even more crowded some sixteen years ago, when Mrs. Hardinge lectured there under the auspices of Mr. R. Cooper. Then there was much curiosity, which has now given place to a more solid acquaintance with the subject, while Mrs. Britten personally is even now held in greater esteem.

"NEPTUNE'S" DELINEATIONS.

A great many responses have come in to "Neptune's" kind offer to do astrological work for one shilling each, as a contribution to the Spiritual Institution. It is an interesting experiment to observe the coincidence between astrological definitions and actual character. One of his correspondents thus writes to "Neptune":—"I beg to say my friends are surprised at your delineation of my character; they asserting you must be an intimate friend." The gentleman lives in Lancashire, and, of course, "Neptune" never so much as heard of him till the time of birth was sent, and the replies go out immediately, before there is time to go all the way to Lancashire to make inquiries.

Another correspondent thus writes, having, first, reference to Phrenology:—"Your delineation of photo which I sent you was excellent; you told me pithily certain characteristics that were marvellous. I am well pleased. Last week I sent stamps to R. H. Neptune, 24, Wallgrave Road, Earl's Court, London, for his support of the Spiritual Institution, for which the information received was good."

If our readers desire to hear more from "Neptune," let them send the contributions for his own benefit. He has done his share for the Spiritual Institution, for which we sincerely thank him, also those who gave him cases. One correspondent had as many as twelve done. This involves a great deal of work.

MANCHESTER, Mechanics' Institute, Major Street.—On Sunday, January 14th, Mr. J. C. Wright, of Liverpool, occupied the platform. In the afternoon the audience selected the following as the subject for discourse: "Body, Mind, Soul and Spirit." Mr. Wright's control treated this vast subject in a lucid manner, going over the whole range it embraced, and viewing the various attributes of each section, shewing the relationship, dependence, and difference existing between them. A few questions were put at the close, which were answered satisfactorily. In the evening we had a grand oration on the subject of "Christ, the Corner Stone," which was listened to most eagerly by an appreciative and numerous audience. The control reviewed the social and political aspect of the times in which Christ was born, and pointed out that the time was ripe for his appearance. After tracing his life from childhood to manhood, the control gave a brilliant description of the work and labours, trials and temptations of the great founder of Christianity, and expressed great sorrow that the divine teachings to which Christ gave utterance were not followed up in modern times; and that it was left for Spiritualism to shew the world its moral and religious duty.—J. E. LIGHTBOWN, Sec., M.S.S.S.

A DILEMMA.—At teetotal meetings abstinence is insisted upon, not only on personal grounds, but for the sake of others. Temperance advocates think either incentive should be deemed sufficiently powerful, but the latter, for many reasons, is regarded as being most commendable. They consider the drinking customs a stumbling-block, and contend that all who place such obstacles in the way of others are more or less guilty before God. I do not object to the conclusion, only I cannot help thinking of what it involves. If it is, and always has been, wrong to put temptations in people's way, what about our first parents? "Oh! now you are confounding things that differ." That is not true. "But the cases are not analogous." I admit the analogy is incomplete, but the points of difference are unimportant. One is a case of eating and the

other of drinking; the fruit like a gin palace stood temptingly in the way; the prohibition only increased the desire; and Adam and Eve were ruined through cruel temptation. Consequently one is obliged to accept one of two conclusions, namely, that the Bible narrative of the event is untrue, or that, in his treatment of the first pair, the Almighty—for the devil was only "particeps criminis"—showed anything but love. If teetotal advocates admit the story of the fall, to be consistent they should rather pity than blame our first parents.—"Drus" in "Cornubian" (Redruth).

Mr. E. W. Wallis's Appointments.—Stamford, Sunday, January 21; Leicester, Jan. 28; Cardiff, February 4; Falmouth, Feb. 11 to 18, inclusive; Liverpool, Feb. 25.—For dates and other particulars, address—82, Radford Road, Hyson Green, Nottingham.

4, TALBOT GR., LADBROKE GR. RD., NOTTINGHILL.

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.

All information may be obtained of

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

RULES AND CONDITIONS FOR THE SPIRIT-CIRCLE.

ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS.—The phenomena cannot be successfully elicited in very warm, sultry weather, in extreme cold, when thunder and lightning and magnetic disturbances prevail, when the atmosphere is very moist, or when there is much rain, or storms of wind. A warm, dry atmosphere is best, as it presents the mean between all extremes, and agrees with the harmonious state of man's organism which is proper for the manifestation of spiritual phenomena. A subdued light or darkness increases the power and facilitates control.

LOCAL CONDITIONS.—The room in which a circle is held for development or investigation should be set apart for that purpose. It should be comfortably warmed and ventilated, but draughts or currents of air should be avoided. Those persons composing the circle should meet in the room about an hour before the experiments commence; the same sitters should attend each time, and occupy the same places. This maintains the peculiar magnetic conditions necessary to the production of the phenomena. A developing circle exhausts power, or uses it up.

PSYCHOLOGICAL CONDITIONS.—The phenomena are produced by a vital force emanating from the sitters, which the spirits use as a connecting link between themselves and objects. Certain temperaments give off this power; others emit an opposite influence. If the circle is composed of persons with suitable temperaments, manifestations will take place readily; if the contrary be the case, much perseverance will be necessary to produce results. If both kinds of temperament are present, they require to be arranged so as to produce harmony in the psychical atmosphere evolved from them. The physical manifestations especially depend upon temperament. If a circle does not succeed, changes should be made in the sitters till the proper conditions are supplied.

MENTAL CONDITIONS.—All forms of mental excitement are detrimental to success. Those with strong and opposite opinions should not sit together: opinionated, dogmatic, and positive people are better out of the circle and room. Parties between whom there are feelings of envy, hate, contempt, or other inharmonious sentiment should not sit at the same circle. The vicious and crude should be excluded from all such experiments. The minds of the sitters should be in a passive rather than an active state, possessed by the love of truth and of mankind. One harmonious and fully-developed individual is invaluable in the formation of a circle.

THE CIRCLE should consist of from three to ten persons of both sexes, and sit round an oval, oblong, or square table. Cane-bottomed chairs or those with wooden seats are preferable to stuffed chairs. Mediums and sensitives should never sit on stuffed chairs, cushions, or sofas used by other persons, as the influences which accumulate in the cushions often affect the mediums unpleasantly. The active and quiet, the fair and dark, the ruddy and pale, male and female, should be seated alternately. If there is a medium present, be or she should occupy the end of the table with the back to the north. A mellow mediumistic person should be placed on each side of the medium, and those most positive should be at the opposite corners. No person should be placed behind the medium. A circle may represent a horseshoe magnet, with the medium placed between the poles.

CONDUCT AT THE CIRCLE.—The sitters should place their hands on the table, and endeavour to make each other feel easy and comfortable. Agreeable conversation, singing, reading, or invocation may be engaged in—anything that will tend to harmonise the minds of those present, and unite them in one purpose, is in order. By engaging in such exercises the circle may be made very profitable apart from the manifestations. Sitters should not desire anything in particular, but unite in being pleased to receive that which is best for all. The director of the circle should sit opposite the medium, and put all questions to the spirit, and keep order. A recorder should take notes of the conditions and proceedings. Manifestations may take place in a few minutes, or the circle may sit many times before any result occurs. Under these circumstances it is well to change the positions of the sitters, or introduce new elements, till success is achieved. When the table begins to tilt, or when raps occur, do not be too impatient to get answers to questions. When the table can answer questions by giving three tips or raps for "Yes," and one for "No," it may assist in placing the sitters properly. The spirits or intelligences which produce the phenomena should be treated with the same courtesy and consideration as you would desire for yourselves if you were introduced into the company of strangers for their personal benefit. At the same time, the sitters should not on any account allow their judgment to be warped or their good sense imposed upon by spirits, whatever their professions may be. Reason with them kindly, firmly, and considerately.

INTERCOURSE WITH SPIRITS is carried on by various means. The simplest is three tips of the table or raps for "Yes," and one for "No." By this means the spirits can answer in the affirmative or negative. By calling over the alphabet the spirits will rap at the proper letters to constitute a message. Sometimes the hand of a sitter is shaken, then a pencil should be placed in the hand, when the spirits may write by it automatically. Other sitters may become entranced, and the spirits use the vocal organs of such mediums to speak. The spirits sometimes impress mediums, while others are clairvoyant, and see the spirits, and messages from them written in luminous letters in the atmosphere. Sometimes the table and other objects are lifted, moved from place to place, and even through closed doors. Patiently and kindly seek for tests of identity from loved ones in the spirit-world, and exercise caution respecting spirits who make extravagant pretensions of any kind.

BEFORE proceeding with their investigations, inquirers into Spiritualism should correspond with Mr. Burns, Proprietor of the Spiritual Institution, 15, Southampton Row, London, W.C., who will gladly forward a packet of publications and useful information gratis. Stamps should in all cases be enclosed for return postage. Deputations of mediums or lecturers may be arranged for to visit any locality where public meetings or seances can be instituted.

PROGRESS OF SPIRITUAL WORK.

EXETER—ODDFELLOWS HALL, BAMPFYLD STREET.

There was a good number at the hall on Sunday evening. A peculiarity of our Sunday meetings is that we have never yet had a "regular" congregation. Each Sunday from the commencement, a number of new visitors have appeared to take the places of those preceding them—in this way from the beginning we have spoken and distributed literature to an immense number of people.

This is as it should be; Spiritualism is opposed to the sheep-pen system of religious service, having merely the same people in the same place from week to week, and is also utterly alien to any stereotyped routine or form of proceeding. The existence of our Cause in any locality implies the establishment of a centre of spiritual enlightenment and influence to the whole community. Spiritualism is purely unsectarian and undogmatic, hence it commends itself to all classes, creeds, and opinions; its homogeneity in the one vital principle—viz., communication between earth and the world of spirits—adapts it to the widest heterogeneity of human thought and opinion.

It may, I think, without irreverence, be compared to a gas establishment, which as a centre, communicates light to the entire area. The true idea then of our position, and when I say our position, I mean the position of the Cause in any locality, is to regard as our congregation, all the inhabitants of that locality: who are to be reached and influenced by the truth as opportunity permits.

According to this view I think I am safe in saying that Spiritualism has made its voice heard to the majority of the people in this city and district, and thus we are actually preaching to an immense congregation, although we may have only a small instalment at a time occupying the seats of our Hall. The fact is, we can do our work much more effectually by these small sections than if we had all the city in the Hall on a Sunday evening.

My object in these remarks is to set forth what I understand to be the true principles of public work. From our platform we frequently insist that we do not seek to draw away the people from their places of worship, nor to get the promiscuous gaping crowd into our halls; the desideratum is rather from our centre, to send forth our influence into all the congregations and amongst the people at large. We do not develop mediums or make Spiritualists to keep them ourselves, but that they might go forth to enlighten and influence their friends and associations. We believe that this object is being realized in an effectual manner in this city. We have not a bad illustration of these principles in the case of Samson, who sent forth his three hundred foxes with their flaming brands amongst the standing corn. The writer of this will remember these principles all the better for having thus put them in black and white.

Mrs. C. was the medium on Sunday evening, and her controls were addressing the company in a very able manner, but unfortunately they were abruptly interrupted by the cry of fire! in the streets, and we broke up to find all the city rushing to the scene of a conflagration near by.

NEWTON ST. CYRES.

Looking back over twelve months shows us that the Cause has made considerable progress here. Circles are held regularly two or three evenings a-week in different houses. There are several interesting mediums, trance, clairvoyant, writing, and healing. Opposition has much diminished; and the MEDIUM is much sought after and read by outsiders.

OMEGA.

LEICESTER—SILVER STREET LECTURE HALL.

On Sunday evening last, Miss Catterill delivered a trance address to a good congregation. Subject taken from John, xii. 35.

Sunday, January 28th, being the Eighth Anniversary of the formation of the above Society, Mr. Wallis, of Nottingham, will give two trance addresses.

R. WIGHTMAN, Sec.

71, Montyn Street, Hinckley Road, Leicester.

GENERAL ABSTRACT OF ACCOUNTS OF THE LEICESTER SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY, FROM SEPT. 17 TO DEC. 14, 1882.

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
Cash in hand last Quarter ...	1	1	6½
Contribution of Members ...	3	7	9
Collections ...	5	9	11½
Donation by a Friend ...	0	1	7
Sale of Books ...	0	1	6

£10 2 4

PAYMENTS.

	£	s.	d.
Rent ...	5	0	0
Cleaning the Hall ...	0	13	0

Harmonium Playing ...	0	10	0
Advertisements ...	0	8	6
Paid to Lecturers ...	1	10	6
Incidental Expenses ...	0	4	3
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Audited and found correct, December 19, 1882.

EDWARD LARRAD.
WILLIAM UPTON.

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114, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

- I.—The abolition of Compulsory Vaccination.
 - II.—The Diffusion of Knowledge concerning Vaccination.
 - III.—The maintenance in London of an Office for the publication of Literature relating to Vaccination, and as a Centre of information.
- The minimum annual subscription constituting Membership is 2s. 6d. Every opponent of Compulsory Vaccination in the United Kingdom is earnestly invited to join and co-operate with the society.*

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TREASURER.

CORNELIUS PEARSON, Esq., 15, Harpur-street, Red Lion-sq., W.C.

HON. SECRETARY.

Mr. WILLIAM YOUNG, 114, Victoria-street, Westminster, W.S.

The next Monthly Conference will be held on Monday Evening, January 22nd, at 7.30 o'clock, at the Society's Rooms, 114, Victoria Street, Westminster, (adjacent to St. James's Park Station, District Railway,) when a paper will be read by Mr. William White, entitled—"Small-pox displaced and replaced: Dr. Robert Watt's Discovery—Glasgow, 1813." The attendance and criticism of Medical Men, Magistrates, Guardians, Members of Parliament, and others concerned in the Vaccination Laws, is invited.—WILLIAM YOUNG, Secretary.

IMPORTANT PUBLIC MEETING ON TUESDAY, JAN. 9th, ON THE VACCINATION QUESTION, AT THE VESTRY HALL, ST. PANCRAS, LONDON.

MR. DANIEL GRANT, M.P., IN THE CHAIR.

Last week we published a brief notice of the proceedings, with copies of resolutions which were passed with only two dissentients. We are now able to furnish our readers a report of Mr. William Tebb's speech, in which reference is made to local matters of interest, as well as to some important features of the irrepressible conflict against State medicine.

MR. TEBB SAID,

First of all he must express his thanks to the Vestry of St. Pancras, for their courtesy in granting the use of the Vestry Hall for so good a purpose as that which called them together this evening, viz., the discussion of the vaccination question—(cheers).

This subject had been debated at every discussion society in the metropolis, and at large public meetings. On a similar occasion to the present, held at Steinway Hall, in this borough, the then chairman, Dr. Andrew Clark, took occasion to say that "vaccination was one of the most important questions that is at present engaging the attention of thoughtful minds." Dr. Clark, stands in the front rank amongst the eminent physicians of the day, and no one knows better than he that there are two sides to this question—(hear). This opinion has been confirmed by Mr. Daniel Grant in an able and impartial speech this evening. The concession of the Vestry was justified in this large and influential assemblage, and would, he ventured to say, do something to remove the sense of injustice which had so long prevailed in this parish on account of the system which the Guardians had chosen to adopt with reference to repeated vaccination prosecutions. Throughout a considerable part of the United Kingdom the custom of a single prosecution for non-vaccination prevails.

Mr. Tebb here referred to a Parliamentary return, dated 17th June, 1881, shewing the number of times any person had been fined more than once for non-vaccination, from which it appeared that in Liverpool, a city containing a population of half a million, only two such prosecutions were recorded; and in Manchester, with a population almost as large, there were also only two, and those extended over a period of eleven years. The total fines for the four cases being stated at £8 10s. In Bradford there was no record of a second prosecution, and only two cases were mentioned in the entire County of Surrey. In the town of Leicester, represented in Parliament by Mr. P. A. Taylor—(cheers)—with a population of 130,000, where the resistance to the Vaccination Acts was gradually bringing them to a deadlock, repeated prosecutions had been abandoned, and the highest fine imposed was 10s. In many towns vaccination prosecutions were unknown, and the conscientious convictions of parents were respected by the authorities, and the recalcitrants let alone. But in this parish of St. Pancras, under a mistaken sense of duty (for Guardians are not bound to prosecute more than once) it had been the custom to prosecute again and again.

A few weeks ago Mr. Tebb received a letter from a respectable citizen, who informed him that he had been prosecuted nine times, and almost driven to despair by the imposition of ruinous fines and costs—(shame),—and hundreds of respectable families have been driven from the parish, like hunted fugi-

tives, in order to protect their children from this poisonous inoculation, and others had refused to register the births of their children for a like reason. Some of the fugitives he had sheltered as he would the run-away slaves. When the slave reached Canada, under the British flag, his chains fell off and he was a free man. But, alas! the British flag gave no shelter to the hunted fugitive from vaccination. Some in this assembly would doubtless consider that in these days of boasted freedom, such exhibitions of petty tyranny were incredible, but he himself had been the recipient of no fewer than 13 summonses, and yet his child would remain unvaccinated, no matter what persecution might be resorted to. In order, if possible, to shield his fellow-countrymen against the continuance of this intolerable injustice, he (Mr. Tebb) in November, 1877, appealed to the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Judicature, against these repeated and harassing prosecutions, on the ground that no one, according to the common law of England, could be punished more than once for the same offence; and that such prosecutions were opposed to the Bill of Rights, which forbids excessive punishment.

Mr. Tebb here quoted from Mr. John McLaren, the late Lord Advocate for Scotland, who says, "I should not have thought it advisable to enforce vaccination by compulsory legislation, because it is a principle of common law, that no man should be compelled to submit himself or family to a medical or surgical operation, without his own consent." So that the common law of the country and our most cherished safeguards for freedom are trampled under foot, in order that this vaccination system may be maintained. The Lord Chief Justice dismissed the case with costs, and told his (Mr. Tebb's) counsel that he threw all literature against vaccination into the waste-paper basket—(shame). According to this decision, a parent who has lost a child by the puncture of the poisoned lancet, like those at Mistertou, Sheffield, Norwich, and other places, and who refuses to artificially disease his other children, may be fined again and again, or being unable to pay the fines may, if he has several children, be kept in prison for the best part of his life—(shame). On this occasion the Lord Chief Justice laid down the extraordinary doctrine that a healthy unvaccinated baby was a danger to society, so that the whole of humanity previous to the Jennerian era may be said to have been composed of combustible materials of variegated gunpowder. Such a doctrine was a libel upon the Almighty—(hear, hear). Defeated in this effort to relieve his fellow-countrymen of the injustice of these prosecutions, and realizing their unspeakable cruelty to the poor, and the great injury to the public health, he resolved that he would henceforth devote his time and energies to awakening public attention to the subject, and he resolved to cease not in his efforts until the last shred of this mischievous legislation was effaced from the statute-book—(cheers).

Mr. Daniel Grant has already very forcibly stated the main facts for and against vaccination. The opponents of vaccination maintain, 1st—That there is no scientific evidence shewing that vaccination either mitigates or prevents small-pox. As a non-medical man, this simple assertion would be considered of no value, and he must therefore refer to the evidence of others who may be justly entitled to be called authorities. The testimony of ordinary medical experts, whose reading and investigation are limited to the medical journals (where all evidence against vaccination is persistently and religiously excluded), can have no weight whatever with the common-sense understanding. He (Mr. Tebb) could not agree with Mr. Daniel Grant, that medical men were the best judges in such matters; they were too prejudiced, and they had for three generations maintained that vaccination was the greatest discovery in the history of medicine. He would therefore quote them the opinion of the most eminent statistician of Europe, Dr. Kolb, of Munich, who holds the high position of Member Extraordinary of the Royal Statistical Commission of Bavaria. Dr. Kolb has not only made himself familiar with the statistics of his own country, relating to small-pox and vaccination, but has mastered the statistics of all other countries, and his writings have a European reputation. This learned gentleman says:—

"From childhood I have been trained to look upon the cow-pox as an absolute and unqualified protective. I have, from my earliest remembrance, believed in it more strongly than in any clerical tenet or ecclesiastical dogma. The numerous and acknowledged failures did not shake my faith. I attributed them either to the carelessness of the operator or the badness of the lymph. In course of time, the question of vaccine compulsion came before the Reichstag, when a medical friend supplied me with a mass of pro-vaccination statistics, in his opinion conclusive and unanswerable. This awoke the statistician within me. On inspection, I found the figures were delusive; and a closer examination left no shadow of doubt in my mind that the so-called statistical array of proof was a complete failure. My investigations were continued, but with a similar result. For instance, in the Kingdom of Bavaria, into which the cow-pox was introduced in 1807, and where for a long time no one, except the newly-born, escaped vaccination, there were, in the epidemic of 1871, no less than 30,742 cases of small-pox, of whom 29,429 had been vaccinated, as is shewn in the documents of the State Department. When, with these

stern proofs before us of the inability of vaccination to protect, we reflect upon the undeniable and fearful mischief which the operator so often inflicts upon his victim, the conclusion forces itself upon us, that the State is not entitled either in justice or in reason to put in force an enactment so directly subversive of the great principle of personal right. In this matter State compulsion is, in my opinion, utterly unjustifiable."

The second point in the contention against vaccination is, that it is the fruitful cause of serious and fatal injuries recurring all over England, and wherever the practice is enforced. The fatalities at Norwich, caused by vaccination in June last, have already been referred to by Mr. Grant, and as to which a public inquiry has recently taken place, occupying nine days, at which upwards of thirty witnesses were examined. The Commissioners found that the deaths were due to some contamination in the lymph, which had escaped detection; and the "Times," in commenting upon the case, says, that "but for vaccination these children would now be alive." As our able friend, Dr. W. J. Collins, who took an active part in this investigation, is on the platform, and will probably refer to the case, he (Mr. Tebb) would not go into this matter further.

Mr. Daniel Grant appears to have been particularly struck with the great increase in infant mortality, caused by certain inoculable diseases, especially the fact that syphilis (a disease known to be extensively communicated by vaccination), had increased four-fold since the compulsory law was passed. In the year 1878, a Parliamentary return was published, entitled—"Vaccination Mortality," which shews that 26,000 children were killed every year in this way. Yet no investigations are made as to these disasters, which the "St. James's Gazette" says "are occurring all over England," as they are falsely registered under other diseases. And in this way our little ones are vaccinated into their graves, and pass out of sight; and Rachels are weeping all over the land because their children are not. I took pains four years ago to send a copy of this official return to every leading London journal, and personally called the attention of the Press to it, but not one had the courage to publish its terrible revelation, and the medical journals have in like manner passed it by as with a conspiracy of silence—(shame). Nor was he (Mr. Tebb) aware that a single influential journal with the honourable exception of the "Glasgow Herald,"—(hear, hear)—has had the moral courage to notice it. This journal says, in its issue for March 4th, 1878, that this Parliamentary return appears to affirm that these diseases are actually disseminated by the practice of vaccination. The poison must be conveyed in infinitesimally small doses, yet in sufficient quantities to spread some of these diseases to such an extent as to cause a very large increase in the death-rate, especially among very young children:—

"Those which are the worst are the following, arranged in the order of their fatality:—Syphilis, bronchitis, pyæmia, (blood poisoning), and skin disease. It is no new theory that poisonous matter can be conveyed from one person to another in the vaccine lymph employed in the process of vaccination, but it has never yet received such confirmation as the figures which we now have before us. It is indeed a most serious matter to find that the deaths from the fifteen diseases have increased in England and Wales from 124,799 in 1847 to 217,707 in 1875, whilst the population has only risen from 18 millions to less than 23 millions."

If the medical profession were, as is alleged, animated by a desire for the truth, and interested in the promotion of the public health, would they not have welcomed this solution of the alarming increase of infantile mortality and suppressed the cause? Has not this silence been observed in order that medical prestige may be preserved, and that the large endowments by which the system is sustained may be continued—(hear). Before closing these remarks, he (Mr. Tebb) would quote the opinion of a gentleman of great ability, who is widely known and universally respected in this parish, Sir Thomas Chambers,—(hear, hear). In his place in the House of Commons, our senior member for the borough of Marylebone said:—

"I find that of 155 persons admitted at the Small-Pox Hospital, in the parish of St. James's, Piccadilly, 145 were vaccinated. At the Hampstead Hospital up to May 13th, last, out of 2,965 admissions, 2,347 were vaccinated. In Marylebone 92 per cent of these attacked by small-pox were vaccinated. Can anyone after this be found to contend that vaccination is a protection against small-pox?" From which it is clear, that he (Sir Thos. Chambers) has no faith whatever in vaccination, and it would be unreasonable to suppose therefore that he could be an advocate for compulsion. There will shortly be a Bill brought before Parliament by Mr. P. A. Taylor to abolish the penal clauses of the Vaccination Acts, which when carried—and carried it must be, sooner or later—(cheers)—will leave vaccination free, like every other medical prescription. There are probably a quarter of a million medical prescriptions known to the medical profession, but only one, and that the most dangerous of all, was forced upon the people at the point of the bayonet. Mr. Tebb ventured to hope that after what Mr. Daniel Grant had said that evening concerning the terrible evils following vaccination, and knowing

as they did know from long experience, the strong feeling existing in the borough of Marylebone against compulsion—which was growing daily in force and volume—that Mr. Grant and Sir Thomas Chambers would have the courage of their convictions, and follow Mr. Taylor into the lobby, with Mr. C. H. Hopwood, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Mr. Joseph Cowen, Mr. Thomas Burt, Mr. Bernhard Samuelson, Mr. Blennerhasset, and other friends of this movement, a course which Mr. Tebb felt assured would meet the approval of their constituents. Mr. Tebb was of the opinion that the recent change in the presidency of the Local Government Board was favourable to their early success; Sir Charles Dilke was opposed to both centralization and coercion—(cheers), and had recently expressed himself strongly against cumulative penalties, and would, he hoped, very soon oppose penalties altogether, as nothing less than this would satisfy their just demands—(cheers).

The cause they advocated was for humanity, freedom, and the public health; the rights they demanded existed anterior to both written and unwritten constitutions: rights, engraven in man's nature by the finger of God,—the right of every parent to protect his offspring from all danger,—rights which Parliament did not confer, and which Parliament cannot be permitted to permanently destroy—(applause).

MANCHESTER AND SALFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS

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

PLAN OF SPEAKERS FOR JANUARY.

January 21—Mr. W. Johnson, of Hyde.

" 23—Mrs. Groom, of Birmingham, (morning).

" 28—Mr. R. A. Brown, (evening).

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