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AND TEACHINGS OF

SPIRITUALISM.

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THE SPIRITUAL ESSAYIST.

EMERSONIA.

READ BEFORE THE HOPWOOD METHODIST FREE CHURCH
YOUNG MEN'S IMPROVEMENT CLASS.
JANUARY 30, 1883.

In listening to the preaching and praying of some good Christian people, one would imagine that this universe was built upon a lie, and that the purpose of the Divine Spirit was to torment true believing Christians. We often hear that God does not deal justly with men, and if he did, these praying, preaching people, of all others, would be amongst the tortured ones in Hell. If these good people really believed what they said, one might have a large amount of compassion for them, on account of their very unenviable position,—a Damocles' sword hanging constantly over them. But we are perfectly persuaded that these people don't believe what they say: it is only their manner of giving expression to their feelings. But, nevertheless, this distorted conception has its basis in a believed fact. God is to them a vengeful Being, ready to send His arrows at every poor wight upon earth, bathing them in seas of sorrow, and rivers of grief. Faith is to them the essential power; action but a matter for secondary consideration. They never seem to consider that at the basis of all physical and spiritual existence, there is incontrovertible Law, ever fulfilling the purpose of the Divine Essence. Did they give this power of Law much and serious consideration, they would find that God fulfilled His purpose, not by faith in any written or published Word, but by the Divine Power of action.

The power of Law, Emerson lays clearly before us. There is no choice in the matter: we must either fulfil the Law, or receive the consequences. "There is a crack in all things God has made." Everything is polarized. You must take both sides of Nature or none. Pay if you would go. Here we are at the root of all action: we strike at that question of so much questioning,—the nature of evil. What is evil? is a question asked again and again. Did we understand these printed thoughts of Emerson aright, and feel that he and Nature were one, we should say

that evil there is none: everything has its compensation. Grief is balanced by the new fact born unto you; loss of wealth, by a rich draught of experience. Evil is but a nightmare of a disordered brain, the ghost of a wondrous fact, that Nature is double. You cannot have light without darkness, sweet without sour, gladness without grief, heat without cold, riches without poverty. You cannot understand the one unless the other exists; both are necessary as testimony to each other. Throughout Nature there is a rigid necessity manifests itself. Physically considered, Nature knows nought of morality. Consequences swift and sure follow all breaches of Law, whether intentional or not. It is of no importance whether the lighted match was thrown wilfully or not amongst the loose cotton; unless you use quick and strong exertions, destruction of property will take place. God's laws are edged tools, with which his children should not play. Nature is based upon an equilibrium, and if by any means you destroy it, consequences will follow.

The Spiritual Law acts with equal sureness, yet, perhaps, with less speed; and for want of speed we forget its existence. Nevertheless, there is never a lie, murder, or crime of any description, that goes unpunished. Murderers die who have not been hung, but they have never escaped a sense of their guiltiness. The omnipotence of Conscience declares itself. The eternal balance must be preserved, or Nature will struggle, and that fiercely and long. "There is a soul in the centre of Nature, and over the will of every man, so that none of us can wrong the universe."

In obedience lies our freedom. Obedience! is the divinest act of man. "Who can walk in the eye of the Law, only for one day?" Truly it is difficult to be obedient; a spirit of revolt exists. Noble is he who can be master of himself; even for one day. Some men tell us man can only become wise by observation and careful study of Nature: but for every man there is a sure guidance; and he who will harken low will learn the nature of it. Man is an echo of Nature, a reverberation of her whole self; let him then harken well to himself, and he shall be wise in Nature's purposes. We vitiate Nature's purposes by too much interference. We set up institutions to shield us from harm, when we alone can create the only harm that can come unto us. Institutions are not the things to reform and bless man. Man's blessings and reforms

must come only by obedience to himself. Let him be obedient to himself, then all things will fall into their proper places, and work joyfully enough. Men are weak, and so they erect institutions to support them, forgetting that the support and existence of all institutions comes from themselves, and that the institution can never be greater than the institutor. They put manacles on their bodies, like gardeners place fences round young trees to prevent them from being blown down. Oh for a wise reliance, a trusting spirit, resting alone upon the laws of the Eternal Essence!

To be virtuous is the true condition of a man. Did he obey the law of his being, virtue would flow from him like heat and light from the sun. There is nothing great in being virtuous,—you pay no tax to be so,—it is only being natural. Men are and have been great, from following the lines that flowed parallel to their being; not from choice, but their act was obedience. They recognised that the spirit of their being flowed in this, that, or the other direction, and, without a doubt or fear, obediently they marched forward. Let all men do so, and the greatest of men will be their equal. Each great man is but an arc of the horizon of man's being; the full circle is the possibility of all men.

Our lives are made miserable by too much interference of our will. We seem to think that life is like an engine,—it wants directing. Let life alone; it will direct itself: like the planets it will move according to the law of its orbit. We can never be other than we are: and, if allowed to flow on freely, we shall only absorb that which belongs to us. Facts, incidents, and anecdotes, cling close to our memory. We cannot tell why or how, yet we make these the law of our judgments of men and things. We guide our life, like or dislike persons, from these things which have come to us so carelessly, and now have become so strong with life. Strange, this life of man, enwrap in false judgments and misdirections. Men desire to be happy, and think and hope to find happiness in something apart from themselves. Oh! useless search. All things are to man as he is. His being is the lens through which all things shine. He is and is not Nature. Nature is to him what he makes it,—a reservoir of gladness or sorrow. The man who is true to himself escapes much. We make our own evils. There is nothing worse than ourself. If we want to be rid of our diseases, we must seek less outside, and look more inside of ourselves. God has written the Law of our Being so plain, that no man need go wrong for long; and yet many of us are nearly always wrong. God says we are to be men and not children; to stand firmly upon our feet; to incline not to this man nor that man, nor expect them to do to us: to bear ourself erectly. We are not to receive an opinion from any man, lest it should prove a strong chain. Our faiths must be of ourselves, and not from others. Nature must speak direct to us. What Nature bids us say and do, we must obey, fearing not any man's frown, courting not any man's smile. Every man must walk truly in the eye of the Law. What the Lord hath declared unto us, that we are to do and say, whether it agree with Prophet or Apostle.

All knowledge lies in man. Nature is only an echo. Man asks questions of her for his education. In all men there is one spirit. What saint, poet, prophet, or warrior has felt, I can feel: I can be as they were, and know what they knew. I can be a saint without his raptures, a poet without a song, a prophet without a prophecy, a warrior without his conflicts. Were all men not of one spirit, the Past could not speak to the Present. In vain would Milton, Shakespeare, Homer, Pindar, Virgil, Dante, Chatham, Demosthenes, Plato, Hume, Raphael, or Hogarth appeal to the present. What man has done, man can understand. What he has written he can read. The Sphinx will solve her own riddles. All history has been written by man, and he will read it. Let him never so mystically write, he will read. The Past is an open book: it has been life and shall be life again. Cathedrals, temples, halls,

mansions,—all are embowered in the forest. They have been thought, yet again they shall live in thought. Can they not speak to me? Then to me they are nought but piles of wood, stone, and brick. Let them speak,—they are filled with life, and full of beauty. So with Literature, Painting, and Sculpture. Poets may sing, painters fill the canvas with glowing beauty, sculptors chisel the majestic form, but if they speak not to me, if I do not feel them as life, then, I am availed nought by their existence. I am blessed when they speak: the Past lives in the Present; Eternity is bridged!

All reforms have once been private opinions; and, when they are again private opinions, they will fulfill their purpose. All history is but facts of the mind. One man thought, and another spoke, and the world received it as a cherished fact of life. The world had lived it, but never heard it spoken, and, when it was, it had been a truth to them at all times. Luther speaks: Germany listens and performs, the Pope trembles, and the world has begun a new era, to be noted and wondered about by future men. What a great man was Luther. Bah! you would probably have done the same if like situated. He didn't think he was doing anything great. He spoke because his heart told him to do, and the world felt the word in their inmost soul, and declared it a God's truth. If you want an eternal audience, say what you believe, and say it earnestly: speak the inmost thought of your being; someday it shall be the outmost of the world. Say to-day what you believe, and to-morrow what you believe, and though the two sayings harmonize not, say on. Ah! and so be misunderstood; the butt of all men's jokes and sneers. Is it so bad a thing to be misunderstood? You may find it worse to be understood. All great souls have been misunderstood: Socrates, Jesus, Galileo, and all great souls that ever took flesh.

Never take an opinion or example from any one. You are a new force in the world, and you cannot tell what you can do until you try. If you follow the opinions of others, you will never know yourself. Touch Nature if you would be. "Prove all things, hold fast to that which is good." Be, and not seem. Feel that you are yourself, that every thought pulsates from your existence, that you have lived what you believe, and you will be the richer. Poets have sung, and painters have painted, but they have neither sung nor painted you or the present condition of things. Nature is ever fleeting, changing, transforming, transmuting, ever into fresh and new beautiful conditions. Ever the sun shines, ever the winds blow, ever the dews fall, but ever presenting something new and fresh:—something that wants singing and painting, and must be done. The world is full of mute poets and pictureless painters. The landscape is for you; but it depends on yourself whether you shall see it or no. It is only children who truly see the sun. Did the stars shine only once in a thousand years, how reverently would men gaze at them when they did come, and talk about them for generations. What feelings of measureless gladness would fill the souls of those who were witnesses of the grand sight. Just as those people would gaze upon those stars, just so does the sun shine into the heart of a child, filling it with measureless and unspeakable gladness. There is a direct channel to the soul; no preconceived notions, no assumptions that things should be thus and thus, but a glad reception of things as they are. Oh! may we always try to see things thus.

Man is like a stately ship on a noble river, every way barred but one; and down that he can sail like a beautiful gondola; or, like a ship driven ashore, he stands at the mercy of events, wafted here and there. I am here, but I came not of myself: circumstances stronger than me brought me. I look wistfully around, and find my will has had very little to do with the moulding of my life. Like a ship at sea, rudder and compass gone, I stand at the mercy of the winds and waves. Where I may go, what I may do, the great

Future alone shall reveal to me. I may plan, but the eternal forces will direct and bear me along. We cannot choose, or if we do we shall only blunder. We can alone place ourselves in the stream of power and wisdom, and it shall bear us on to peace and contentment. Obedience! obedience! obedience! great Nature cries. Let us be obedient, and see what the Great Soul will show unto us.

Every man has a calling, a direction. Each of us can do that which no one else can do; as each flower in the garden gives its own beauty and essence. We can each set ourself in harmony with the Eternal, in our own way. For each one there is a reality, a fit place, congenial duties, a vocation. Each man's organism points out what that reality and place is, those duties are, and that vocation. Each man must go where his inmost nature leads him, and perform what he is there and then directed. Do earnestly and faithfully that which lies nearest thee, and thou shalt find thy vocation. If in thee there is a talent, use it, and thy vocation will be plain, if it is only to sell matches, or the more noble calling of cutting angels out of rude stones. But beware thy vocation does not bury the man! The man must be above the vocation, and this can only be by making the vocation the spiracle of thy character and aims. Is thy labour mean? Then put thyself into it, and make it noble. Let it draw out the whole man, then man shall know thee. What a man does, that he has: it becomes a part of his bone and tissue. By living and doing we teach; we impart ourselves to others, and they to us. Thus man abridges his rudeness and deformities, and grows every day more beautiful and better.

In man, what possibilities there lie! He is the reality of the Past, the hope of the Future. In and out of him grow Love, Thought, Character, Manners, and much besides, exercising their ennobling influences and majestic sway.

Love may be defined as the cartilage of Nature, a sun rising at mid-night, a summer's day in winter, a flower mid the desolations of a desert, a smile embowered in tears, a child encircled with age, a precious gift from a miser, a generous deed from a hard task-master, a flag of truce on a field of battle, a rift in a cloud. Love makes the lion forget his prey, the tiger his ferocity. Love wreathes the mother's grief with smiles, and lights the pathway to the tomb. Love lit the fiery couch of the dying martyr with glory, and wafted his soul to heaven on pæans of praise. For Love men toil with lightsome heart and cheerful face, forget the storms past, and look only before. Love moves the heavens, and hides the pitchy depths of hell. But Love, if not subdued and mellowed, leads to sorrow; as a small fire warms the frozen limbs, but consumes if fanned to larger flame. Take heed thy love becomes not a flame, or it may consume thee. Mellow it with thought, and thy bounties shall be manifold.

Thought, like love, lives in the soul, but is cold as marble, keen as steel, selfish as a miser, pitiless as a tyrant, and as rigid as a geometric line. Thought finds its elements in Nature, in you, in me. It sees the Past, knows the Present, and would mark the lines of the Future. Nothing is too high or low for its merciless *man*. It respects not anything, but exercises its keen and pitiless powers on all. Thought is constructive—a builder. It is our architect, sculptor, painter, poet, orator, musician and philosopher. It takes all things into account, and does not stop short of the Deity: nay, heaven and hell are scarcely invisible to its piercing eye. On and below its own level or plane, it will dissolve and dissect; above, it is incapable of interference. Thus love, spirituality or religion, and the truest form of friendship, are above its power of analysis. Thought is or ought to be the director of the man, but there is a power in man which it cannot direct; it may modify. This power is character, the constitution of the man. Character is a force which

acts by presence,—declares I am. Every man has a character as unique as the nose on his face. You know the character of a man the moment you see him. Gaze on those pictures of Napoleon I., and you clearly see the character of the man,—some clay, much porcelain. Thus with all men; you know them when you see them. They cannot cheat you for long, do as they may. If a man is a fool, despite his pretensions, you easily discern the fact. Is he a hypocrite? he need not tell you that; he proclaims it by his countenance, better than words can. Character is worth much: a man with a weak one gets along badly in this world.

According to the nature of man's character, so are his manners. Manners are the etiquette of Society, the fashionable actions of mankind. The manners of a society are its mental and physical conditions: i.e., opinions and actions. Thus, the manners of a society declare its culture and unfoldment. In the course of ages men have arisen who have had creative manners, and from these sprang new eras and great reforms. Such are Socrates, Plato, Diogenes, Jesus, Confucius, Buddha, and many others. Great thinkers, movers of worlds, have received poor rewards, often severe chastisement and harsh suffering. Hardly as they have been treated, the world could never have got along without them. They were our great workers, giving to us new systems, theologies, laws, organizations, and all that has been fruitful of good to man. They stand at the opposite pole to the overwhelling majority of men. These great ones could not rest with old faiths; they must have new ones, adapted to their conceptions of man and the universe. The world thought them mad for their projects, and, alas! treated them as such. Men generally are idle in matters intellectual and spiritual, and gladly rest on the first faith that comes to hand, perhaps their fathers', and never ask whether it be true or no. From old premises they deduct old conclusions, and never strive to gain ought new. Did God treat them as they treat the universe, things would go on badly enough. Men must know themselves: from that knowledge will spring divine action. Walk in the footsteps of Jesus, Socrates, and all great and wise souls.

Thus, we would base Society upon true Love and Friendship, that the world might become a mighty Theocracy, the dream of the truest and wisest men. What heroism there is needed to wed the ideal to the possible! How much of passion to subdue, of right direction to give to thought, word and action; of personal endeavour in every direction. To-day, men are too much the subject of fear to make heroes. We trouble ourselves too much about what people will think or say, rather than to the divinity that is in us. It does not concern me what people think: it is of importance what I do. I am judged by that. Every day is a judgment day. Men are ever judging each other, and God, us all. Oh! for a bond of true fellowship: a fearlessness of soul that speaks itself in every word and deed, when every action and word shall speak the man. Diogenes went to seek a man, at noonday, with a lighted lamp, but found none. Were I to go with a double-lighted lamp—Where should I find one to-day? Echo answers—Where?

I have now, to a great extent fulfilled the purpose I started with in writing this Essay, viz., to give in my own way, the prominent thoughts of Emerson. I have, perhaps, succeeded badly, but I think, from what I have written, you may form some small conception of the man and his writings. You will see him lofty, just, natural. Out of the depths of your being, you will echo much, if not all, of his philosophy, and declare him a Seer. Nature has touched his eyes, and, lo! he has seen what all men have felt, but cannot and have not spoken. Here is a Prophet of God in these latter days, proclaiming what the Lord hath declared unto him. Go ye and do likewise.

THE SPIRIT-MESSENGER.

THE SPIRIT CONTROLLED BY A HIGHER SPIRIT.

CONTROLS BY "C. H. LLOYD."—No. 2.

Recorded by A. T. T. P., January 4, 1883.

On this evening, "Charles Helvetus Lloyd" continued his story:—

Yes; let me renew my spiritual experiences, in a sphere in which I was temporarily present, under gracious permission. I was taken into places, and to hear circumstances, which would be obscure, mysterious, to you, and ill understood by the many to whom these words will reach; and yet, experiences which will have their use. Again, I heard the examination of Embodied Humanity or Modern Thought on its trial. The judges were fair-haired angels, angles or Druids, I care not which. The most patriarchal amongst that immense group of patriarchs, is again speaking. A type of manly beauty stands negligently before them. There is deep sorrow and anxious care on his brow, as he listens to the speaker, who was the speaker of yesterday, and his words fall as gently as the water of a wayside brook. His oratory is unimpassioned: he seems careful to weigh every word before he utters them, realizing, perhaps, their future importance. He says,—

"Why so earnestly sad? Your mission was but the continuation of the works of others. It has brought humanity to that stage when they require other care. This was your work, neither more nor less. You are sad, because the finish is not in accordance with your earnest hopes; but the highest angels cannot fathom the working of the Almighty Will; for He that is Almighty and Infinite is above our judgment on His creation and its results. Was it, do you think, for this state of modern men, that your work was begun and finished? Anarchy and grim murder are stalking undiscovered and ferociously exultant. Men in high places, wielding power over the destiny of their kind, are guarded in their daily walks, are guarded in the sanctity of their homes, from the hand of the assassin. High Ministers of Justice are threatened, by reason of their judgments, with an untimely end; dogged footsteps follow them, but one idea urging them on: brutal murder. Peaceable citizens and agriculturalists are murdered on the wayside, and some even at the very threshold of their homes. Men of cultured intellect, and of university degrees, are striving one with each other to oppress, overreach, and dishonour themselves, and the cry from our side is heard for vengeance against the living.

"But what does this prove? It only proves that the time has come for change; that the days of usurped authority are over; that mind and thought must be free, if humanity's claims are to be granted. I cannot too often refer to that old history, which has appealed to every century, and sometimes in vain: the history of Reform, not revolution, but reform from error, from slavery, from guilt. These acts of reform must not begin by lopping the topmost branches. The strength of the reformer is needed at the root of the tree itself. The roots, if once destroyed, the tree will die away, scorched by the glory of revealed reason.

"On every step let me be guided by charity; let my words be free from impetuosity, and cease to betray all that I feel; all that I hope. These resistless currents of feeling may make me seem uncharitable, therefore, I would proceed gently, calmly, and carefully; but, to be truly charitable, I must also be truthful, for truth and charity are linked together. It is false charity to submit to that, which both reason and conscience condemn. It is false charity to self, as well as to others, to be imposed on by fashion or by creeds, however universal may be their claims; and he is blessed, who stands firmly by self-hood, even if he stand alone, provided he stands on the side of his God and the truth.

"There is more independence to-day; there is more of this moral courage, and it is the result of modern emancipated thought. The result of this emancipation has been brought about, not by any authoritative public preaching by the modern guides of souls; those supposed guardians of that priceless pearl—Truth,—who, as a body, are bound by rigid sectarian law. So bound, that they dare not oppose error: and why? Because honoured custom has dignified it, and an immense number of respectable and reputable people support it.

"These reputable people supporting it, have the name given to them of being the pillars of the Church. Now these pillars of the Church are men, who have and are fairly earning their right to their title. The architectural idea of a pillar gives the thought of support and strength. These men, then, are the support and strength of the Church system; they have stood as supports in every century, and their very antiquity has made them more learnedly conservative. None, that have followed each other in taking on their shoulders this weight of

responsibility, have ever had the idea of straying one step out of the old beaten track. As their predecessors have thought so, according to the true spirit of soul-vassalage, they have thought; and so their successors have continued to think in this same plane; slaves to conventionalities and superstition. I grant them as having amongst them some of the most learned in every age, and the same claim can be made for their successors, to-day. There is no loss for words with them: their preaching is decorated verbiage, and common sense is lulled to sleep in their anxiety to establish dogma and creed. Fearless faith in God, fearless trust in His mercy, is put on one side, for teachings that are of far more importance in their view. But reason and common sense have not been appealed to in vain, and the heaven is amongst men, and it will change the lives and customs of those thousands who earn their livings by sermons, making them, or reading them: for there are some so conservative, that the sermons of the past are by them deemed quite fitting for all time!

"But these men of common sense and fearlessness, who neither seek the favour nor fear the displeasure of their fellows, make public their opinions, which astound and exasperate the creed-bound preacher and guardians of truth, to-day; and among them there are many of the most cultured of minds to-day, although they are not of the world's best plumage. There is no great philosophical refinement; but in the majority of these thinkers there is no maudlin sentimentality in their orations; but, what they think, they proclaim so plainly that they think all men may understand. They claim no superior sanctity, no greater wisdom than their fellows. They do not fear the blows of criticism; they do not place themselves glaringly prominent; yet, they hold in their hands the power of leavening modern thought. One of this description of thinkers has his representative amongst us (this was an allusion to myself, 'C. H. L.,' and who represents you, the Recorder); fearing not the sarcasm and reviewers of his work, or the caustic remarks of his equals or superiors. These thinkers expect these attempts to render null and void their advanced opinions. Sarcasm, evil surmising, unfounded imputations, are not arguments. There is nothing convincing or useful in the result of the use of these weapons. The simple course of action is this: can they, in truth and honesty, answer the charge of the perfect uselessness of preaching and teaching from incredible superstition? These advanced thinkers, although an attempt has been made to brand them as a body of Godless men, are, in fact, the result of the great work, which was supposed to be begun by him, the teacher of the last spiritual era. That would be Jesus of Nazareth, and those few, that are branded as Godless, are the most strenuous advocates of spiritual soul-hope, and are strong opponents to all formality, and to all hypocrisy; giving their time, their money, and their willing labour, to make men realize the dignity of their self-hood; trying to reach those who have unmanned themselves by their littleness of self-hood, and their willingness to live and to die within the narrow prison-house of creed, and rites which are but the merest and purest shadows of religion; getting on with their work fearlessly; giving their judgment with sound discrimination, after patient years of careful and thoughtful investigation of the theologian's claims of infallibility for the authority from which they preach and teach."

I here interrupted the control. He continued:—

You ask me, dear sir, for an explanation of where I was, and who it was that represented Embodied Humanity; and, in answer, I want you to take back your thoughts to my earth-life, and you will remember, that then I was not as other men. As a spirit in my first spiritual experience, I became a traveller in all the countries of this world, loving and revelling in the physical beauties displayed in the creation of Almighty God. From these first experiences up to the present, I have never wearied in visiting again and again those scenes of beauty, nor have I ceased from conjecturing, and you will, dear and loved One, pardon me if I digress from the remarks now being made, and give you my idea, which is conjectural, but which, coming from one who has the experience uncommon to others to rely on, will have, perhaps, more weight with you.

Then let me carefully give you my self-hood's thought, when I stood amidst this scene; hearing the words that I have heard in these spiritual writings, contained in the Bible, for all your surroundings admit the spirituality of many of its portions, but say that none of its assertions are above the examination of reason. I stood amidst them, and the beauty and grace of their hall, I had never seen surpassed on earth by the beautiful shades caused by the most delicate tints of material used in the hall. The loftiness of the roof was something, I thought, beyond the skill of man's hands. The wind, that came through the many open doors, was as gentle as the zephyr's breath: a strange lightness seemed to permeate my spirit-form. I seemed barely to touch the ground on which I walked; substance, in the lightest imaginable form, seemed beyond all my advanced ideas of the laws of gravity, and, as I looked [on their forms, the shortest amongst them was taller than myself, and despite their patriarchal appearance of head, their forms were straight, and a look of vigour was the possession of each and all, and the position as spiritual rulers

that occurred to me was this: they are fairer than the sons of men. Yes; they were fairer than any spirit-forms that ere I had gazed on before. They were fairer and taller, and none spoke to me or spoke of me, but one during my visit. And now for the suggestions of my own:—

I know not how I got there. I know that I was invited there. What space divided their homes from the sphere I claim, and the surroundings which are mine, I do not know; but that does not mean that it will never be given me to know. But let me come to what I think; to what I have thought during the whole of my spiritual experience, and what I sometimes thought on earth.

Who shall give bounds to the works of God's hands? This holy conception of the power of His creation came to me when on earth, when I gazed upwards from the world I loved so well to the heavens above me, and which I knew was surrounding the world in which I lived. And you know that the knowledge of eternity was beyond belief with me; it was a full, invariable possession, for I was a teacher and preacher of the duality of man, and of the separate power that God had given to these dual portions—soul and body. And as I gazed upward, I promised that, were it possible, I would solve my thoughts whether God had formed these uncounted worlds in the beginning, and that these worlds were left without beauty and adornment; or whether God had so peopled these world-systems for the use of intelligent souls; never realizing, from the beginning of my power of thought to the present moment of time, that God would create any matter purposelessly; coming to the conclusion that all worlds were in the possession of rational life, and were worshippers of the glory of the Almighty.

"They were fairer than the sons of men": this thought came back again, as I gazed on them; these thoughts that were ever with me of the habitations of the vast systems of the worlds. I do not want to introduce or advocate any spiritual novelty; I do not want to originate an accession of comets differing from the forms of men, with no peculiarity in outward formation or different in mental constitution. There are already too many new-fangled notions about the spirits of ill-developed men, feeble in their distorted shapes and distorted thoughts. I would to God that this axiom be always remembered, and it would save men from much error: "That man can learn nothing but by and through man;" therefore, if I am suggesting peopled worlds in space, I am still speaking, and always thinking, of man fairer than the sons of men. Climatic influence will give them this fairness. They differ in proportions, and their centuries of self-existence will have given them a distinct and different form of mental thought to ours, but they are men, children of God's formation, immortal, yet if they exist my imagination endows them with no more faculty than those of my world possessed at birth, other than that which climatic influence would produce in this.

I noticed that they were so well-proportioned and so fair and that their senses were the same, and exercised the same as my own. I noticed that they realized a more perfect knowledge of God than myself, and had the power of holding intercourse of and with the inhabitants of other worlds, myself an instance in proof. This is suggestive; I do not put it down authoritatively demanding credence. I am but appealing to thought; it is, in fact, but battled thought taking counsel.

I know, when I dwell in self, that I have had two entire changes; first, when the period of doubt was mine, a never-changing desire to make the most of earth-life, believing then in no other. These were the days of youth, and erring, years filled with self-injury. Then came the first change, a knowledge of immortality; an altered life; a sea of far-reaching hopes; a contented change from earth-life to spirit-life. And, now, What was this change? Was it as entire as the change, the knowledge of an after-life brought to me, when on earth? I analyzed it as carefully as I would analyze any act on earth. Separation from the body; this was the first clear and recognizable fact; the kernel, that had so exactly filled the shell, that the outer form was but after all skin-deep in its substance, and a form similar; and yet was similar to the one abandoned; like, yet unlike; the likeness complete; the destiny gone, the slightest imaginary degree less material, the weight nil. This much is my philosophy; but it is true there are thousands of degrees of matter yet unfathomed; this is not suggestively given, but of my own knowledge.

Well, then, I realized that I was in another world, in very fact another world. I did not say, as the theologian, that I was nearer to the throne of God. This would have been arrogant and ignorant presumption, for I know that I must perfect my soul to get nearer to Him.

I must not continue further until I again control, and although my visit seemed a brief one to me during its continuance, yet it seems it takes more time to relate my thoughts and my suggestions on it. Hoping to continue it, if permitted by your guide and your surroundings, and having obeyed the wish of your guide in the length of my control, and praying for God's help in my efforts towards the present and future help, "Charles Helvetus Lloyd" wishes you "good-night."

THEOSOPHY.

"THE UNKNOWN GOD."

A DISCOURSE BY JAMES RAY APPLEBEE.

To the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, at Parker Memorial, Boston, Mass., U.S.A., Sunday morning, January 14th, 1883.

The American newspapers frequently give full reports of Sermons by the most original and advanced preachers, and thereby greatly extend the power of the liberal and progressive pulpit. We extract a portion of the commencement of a discourse reported in the "Boston Commonwealth" and delivered as above. More elastic and yet more certain views of the Divine Nature are being advanced everywhere:—

The writer of the Book of Job asks: "Canst thou by searching find out God?" It is a question which anticipates the devoutest thought of God to which modern speculation has given birth. Some few years ago Professor Huxley startled the religious world by uttering these words: "If the religion of the present differs from that of the past, it is because the theology of the present has become more scientific than that of the past; because it has not only renounced idols of wood and idols of stone, but begins to see the necessity of breaking in pieces the idols built up of books and traditions and fine-spun ecclesiastical cobwebs; and of cherishing the noblest and most human of man's emotions by worship, 'for the most part of the silent sort,' at the altar of the unknown and unknowable." No sooner had Professor Huxley uttered these words than it was at once roundly asserted by all the religious newspapers of England, and perhaps of America, that Professor Huxley was an atheist, and that to believe in an unknown and an unknowable God was just precisely equivalent to believing in no God at all. But here, and against the adoption of this hasty and ignorant conclusion, two considerations present themselves. The first consideration is that the notion that Deity is known and knowable by man has been in every age the prolific parent of all those tyrannies which have attempted to stifle the utterance of thought by torturing the thinker. "God is known and knowable!" mighty kings have said, and straight they have made an image of gold or of brass—the latter has always been the more appropriate metal—and commanded men, on peril of some burning fiery furnace, to fall down and worship. "God is known and knowable!" mighty priests have said, and, eschewing cunningly carved idols which men could handle, they have built their idols up "of books and traditions and fine-spun ecclesiastical cobwebs," and have cried out to the nations: "Here is the absolute truth about God. Whosoever believeth shall be saved, whosoever believeth not shall be damned everlastingly!" Now, surely, if men had the modesty that would have enabled them to believe that all their conclusions about Deity could never be the expressions of the entire truth respecting him, but could only be more or less feeble approximations to that entire truth, then they would never have striven to torture others into the acceptance of a belief which they themselves acknowledge to be necessarily imperfect.

The second consideration is, that a belief in Deity as the unknown and unknowable, is necessary to prevent religion from degenerating into a superstitious formality. A God understood is no God at all. Man cannot adore that which he completely knows. If, on the verge of the known, there were no border-land which man could widen out by making constant sallies into the beyond, all honourable and lofty ambition would decay. This outreaching power gives to life its best dignity. This constant restlessness for achievement makes all achievement possible. Our to-days are so healthily ambitious because we can hope so much for our to-morrows. Religion must surely be at its best estate when it is fullest of this ascending and aspiring power. Man always misses his own noblest when he rests in the present—satisfied with what he is and with what he has—and when he feels no restless cravings within himself for something more and better still. The great undying longings of man's nature are satisfied not in having, not in doing, not even in being, but in becoming. The phrase "I have" gives him no satisfaction, for it suggests to him something which he has not. The phrase "I do" gives him, also, no peace, for it suggests something which he ought to do, yet does not. The phrase "I am" is not one of unmixed delight, for it suggests something which he as yet is not. Man is only satisfied when he can say—"I am becoming," for then, and then only, does his spiritual vision stretch out over boundless horizons of infinite purity and infinite love.

If Deity were known and knowable by man—if man were capable of uttering in words, or even of conveying in thought, the entire truth about the Deity he worships—well, then we

should know all the secret, and there would be nothing left for us to learn; but then, also, thought would stagnate, endeavour would lose its power of ascension. Life would cease to be aspiring. It is because Deity, however much known, can never be by us fully known; it is because, knowing him to be pure, we shall never be able to tell how pure he is—it is because, believing him to be loving, we shall never be able even to dream how loving he is—that there can be no rest to our thought, no full fruition to our hope.

The old Hebrew writers always waxed devoutest and most eloquent when they declare Deity to be the unknown and unknowable—when they tell us that his greatness is unsearchable; when they declare of him that he hath made darkness his secret place, and that his pavilions round about him are dark waters and thick clouds of the skies; when they say of him that “He doeth great things and unsearchable;” when they ask, “Canst thou by searching find him out?” and, “Of the thunder of his power, who can understand?”

And yet it is of this God, who “thundereth marvellously with his voice and doeth great things which we cannot comprehend,” that men have invented puzzling dogmas which they have affirmed completely and authoritatively set him forth. It is the terrible and eternal judgments of this God, whose mind none amongst the sons of men have ever yet known, that man—“most ignorant of what he’s most assured”—dares to invoke upon a brother for denying a creed about God that man has himself invented. Assuredly we need to cherish the humble thought, “God is great, and we know him not,” that we may be modest in the assertion of our own belief, and charitable towards the beliefs of all men else; and especially that we may know that the true religion and the undefiled is not to be found in the realms of creedal controversy, but rather in those places of this earth where liberty is broadened out and tyranny is made to wither—where sorrowful ones are soothed and comforted, where needy ones are succoured and helped, and where men and women, clothed all about with humbleness, keep themselves unspotted from the evil.

To say that Deity is the unknown is not, however, to say that man knows nothing about him. To say that Deity is the unknowable is not to say that man can never increase in true and accurate divine knowledge. Although we cannot absolutely know Deity himself, we may yet know, we may yet grow into a more and more perfect knowledge of the revealings of the Divine that may be discerned in nature and in ourselves. These two sources—nature and ourselves—are the only two sources from which all we know of the unknown and unknowable is derived. Deity is revealed in nature. This was Paul’s idea: “The invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead.” Deity is revealed in humanity. This was the Old Hebrew idea: “There is a spirit in man, and the breath of the Almighty giveth him understanding.” The more we understand nature—the more, by study and observation, we are enabled to interpret its phenomena—the more do we understand of the Deity whom it reveals. The more we understand ourselves the more we discern what the great ones of our race have thought and done and dared, the more we contemplate the great end which our human faculties, in their finest and highest development, can lead up to and produce—that end about the nature of which the prophets of all religions are wonderfully agreed—when the whole earth shall be a holy mountain whereon none shall hurt and destroy,—the more we contemplate this great end the more do we know of what is manifestly the Divine will towards our race.

The sum of man’s knowledge of material things—the sum of his science—represents the extent of man’s ability to read the revelation of Deity made in nature. Thus science is a Divine pursuit. All the truths of it are Divine, and have direct and immediate reference to man’s religious thought and life.

The sum of man’s knowledge of himself represents the extent of his ability to read the Divine revelation made in humanity. From the knowledge of what are humanity’s highest conceptions of justice, love, truth, and the like, we get the knowledge—imperfect, it is true, but yet correct as far as it goes—of what these things are in Deity. This is the origin—natural and simple—of all the world’s scriptures. Men, noble and free and daring of soul, looking beyond the common, the conventional, excellences of their age, see what, as yet, unheard of blessings justice, love, truth, in a higher splendour of development, may yet produce; and so, as their souls are stirred within them, they body forth the forms of things which are to the mass of men unknown. They utter, as David did, words of adoration which pass into the sacred poetry of the world. They write histories, as Moses doubtless did, of the Divine dealings with their fathers. They write epistles, as Paul did, of counsel, of consolation, and of warning. They see visions of a new heaven and a new earth, where there is nothing that defileth, or that worketh abomination, or that maketh a lie. They produce scriptures, in short, which men accept gladly as true revelations of what, towards* their race, must be the Divine will.

And this is so—that the revealings in nature and in humanity are revealings of that unknown and unknowable force of which science demonstrates the existence, and which religion

calls God. To assert otherwise would be to assert the proposition, which seems to me revolting to every principle of sound reasoning, that what is evolved was not previously involved; that an effect can be essentially unlike its cause; that the force at work in the universe produces results unlike itself; that the character of a maker cannot be shadowed forth by what is made. There must be agreement between the thing formed and the power which forms. As we have correct means of judging what a thing is in the abstract by an observation of what that thing is in the concrete, so we have correct means of judging what Deity is by a study of his works.

THE TRANSCENDANT VALUE OF SPIRITUALISM.

To the Editor.—Dear sir,—What a gulf there is in the great human world of Thought! What a deep chasm is found on the surface of Popular Opinion, and Doctrines of Religion! How much fertile thinking is thrown away on the waste lands of Barren Philosophy; and how keen the jealous masters of ontology are, when you moot a new theory concerning the affections and sentiments of human beings!

Theory is a word coined, so to speak, by the speculating financier, in the great mint of Human Language. A golden fact is worth a million theories that can be spun out in language sublime, and thrown upon the world to float in the mind of humanity, like so many phantom ships sailing in the wind of time, hither and thither, away to oblivion. The imagination is so fertile,—so abundantly overflowing with graphically devised fables,—and benignly inductive in its operation:—a wonderful faculty of mind: a builder without bricks, in physics; in metaphysics, an artist, a portrait painter, of no mean school. The man of this turn of mind, when married to a Venus of Beauty and Truth, becomes a medium betwixt the two worlds—Spirit and Matter. To be married is to be faithful to the object of your affections, and to watch with care and protect the offspring of your being. Thus Theories are begotten in the domestic institutions of the mind, and many of them die in the nursery, rolled round with the swaddling clothes of metaphysical speech, and great—too great—is the grief of the fond parents. Like the ancient Egyptians, the dead notion is preserved from decay, in mummy form; but one fact—one small stone in the sling of Truth, would shatter the repulsive remains to dust.

We Spiritualists have found this fact. We have prayed for it, worked for it, and we live for it,—live with it, and shall die in it,—a fact worth a million theories of dead men in the charnel house of the world’s history; and, strange to say, this simple fact would not have being known to-day, without the beautiful illuminated and cultivated powers of the imagination, or clairvoyant faculty of the soul.

What a gulf there was betwixt the mortal and the immortal worlds, before the daybreak appeared over the mental horizon! We have no hesitation in saying that Spiritualism is founded on facts of the utmost importance to the whole race of man. What, then, must we do to keep our seances holy and free from elements of deterioration and interruption? We must be very choice over our beautiful spiritual banquets: there must be no intellectual drunkards allowed to enter: no clever conceited theory-mongers: no battle-axe warriors full of animal passion and fierce jealousy. No! these departed spirit-friends come to us only when the mind is placid and thoughtful, earnest in heart, loving truth, and gifted with a relenting soul.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am fully aware of the objections,—wandering opinions, doubtful and seditious doctrines, raving romances;—the world is full of them: Church and State Rule, our Queenly worship, the many life-battling and mind-baffling schemes, and a host of night-watchmen on duty to catch us napping, during the periods of protracted daily labour. I care for none of these, when I think of our grand philosophy, and those heavenly beings who feed us with thoughts, and lift us above matter; even through the darkest of all troubles—Death!

R. WORTLEY.

Summerland Villa, Barking Road, Plaistow, Essex.

THE ORIGIN OF SPIRITUALISM.

To the Editor.—Sir,—I am glad to observe your thoughtful, enlightened, and characteristic reproduction, on page 90, of the “Boston Commonwealth’s” notice of Mr. Bouton’s new publication, “Bible Myths, and their Parallels in other religions”; and earnestly hope that you may be at once called

upon for thousands of copies in addition to mine, with your name and address therein. Not only have I given a course of lectures on these very subjects in Perth Hall, in this city, but so recently as the month of October last past, in Camden Hall, at a large meeting of the Liverpool branch of the National Secular Society. Bible texts were gratuitously flung at me, in "disproof" of scientific Materialism, in (sic) much the same style by ex parte Christian gentlemen, as against my personal testimony in favour of Natural Spiritualism, when given from experience and observation in the former place. On each occasion, I adduced evidence upon evidence, and brought Anthropology into the market-place, that there is no superhuman or extra mundane occurrence, doctrine, "miracle," or holy and righteous sentiment calculated to uplift mankind from vice, want and immorality, or the darkness of ignorance, poverty, and superstition, into the light of practical knowledge and useful goodness which can fairly be represented as of Hebrew or Christian origin absolutely. Having now given hundreds of Sunday Lectures, and joined in as many public debates, at home and abroad, on "Bible Myths, and their Parallels in other Religions," I naturally and fervently hope that Mr. Bouton's new work on this intensely fascinating and extremely important topic will, as I have already said, have an enormous and immediate circulation, through your influence and instrumentality. Here, in Liverpool, for example, are legions of church and chapel mythologists, as grossly benighted touching the science of man as their conforming and non-conforming "ministers;" a few of whom, however, it may be admitted, are simply those time-serving men in masks, who, for the sake of social position and Judas-like emolument, ignore the teaching and practice attributed by unknown scribes to the Palestine carpenter, and sacrifice right to expediency from generation to generation. It was, indeed, the Satan-like Constantine, and his anathematising Council of Nice, in the year 325, that, by a majority of tyrant-led priests, yclept Fathers of the Church, voted Jesus to be God Himself, and from that period to the present have more book-religions and doctrinal differences divided Christian mythologists into sects and schisms. Assuredly the most vital, and not, improbably, the most ancient of all Buddhist principles of sweetly angelic or spiritual religion, is the dogma of the Four Pre-eminent Truths, as follows:—

- (1) Misery ever attends mortality.
- (2) Its cause lies in desire.
- (3) It may be destroyed, individually and collectively, by extinguishing desire.
- (4) The transformation of mortal into angel can alone be effected by that godlike holiness of life, which springs from worldly abnegation, and tranquility of devotion to the welfare of others.

Now, if this be not "Christianity,"—hundreds of years before Christ—I have, alas, studied church and theology, or ancient and modern religions, in vain—*ex abundantia*! Obviously in Liverpool, like other places, great erudition and intellectual ability, unswerving justice to the facts and phenomena of the universe, tempered by the most gracious kindness, perfect unselfishness, love of truth for its own sake, animated by the most enlarged charity or genuine catholic philanthropy, are not the special prerogatives of the opponents or "exposers" of Spiritualism, whether clerical, mountebank, or mercantile,—judging from contemptible recent events, here and elsewhere. No one who has ever taken part in the game of "Willing and Wishing," can be at a loss to understand how easily the tumultuous dupes of "Thought Readers" may at once be profitably swindled and be-fooled. Spiritualism owes its origin and development to the inexorable Power which pervades Nature and Humanity—necessarily and immanently—and is, in my humble judgment, a phasis of natural evolution, due to the indestructibility of Matter and Force, showing by historical facts, in all ages and nations, that man's ethereal being or enswathement is really included within the circle of their material presence and spiritual agency. At the same time, whether we are called Naturalists, Spiritualists, Materialists, or Secularists, it is our duty, here and now, come what may, to do all the good we can to those amongst whom we live; and I say to the "recording angel," if such being exist, as did Leigh Hunt in the story of Abon Ben Adhem,—

"Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."

Sincerely ever, WILLIAM HITCHMAN, M.D.
St. Valentine's Day, 1883.

ON WHAT DAY OF THE WEEK WAS EVE CREATED?

Dear Mr. Burns,—I am puzzled to know on what day Eve was created. Can you, or any of the readers of the MEDIUM, enlighten me upon this subject?

From the account in the first chapter of Genesis, and the twenty-seventh verse, we might infer that Adam and Eve were created together; but in the second chapter, where there is more detail, we are told that this was not the case. Indeed, Adam appears to have existed a considerable time before Eve, for he named all the creatures, and it was after doing this that we read: "But for Adam there was not found a helpmeet for him." Adam is supposed to have been created on the sixth day, and to have named the creatures on the same day; and after this he would, of course, be tired, and sleep at night, and it appears to have been during this first sleep of Adam's that Eve was created. In that case, Eve must have been created early on the seventh day and we are told in the second verse of the

second chapter of Genesis, that, "On the seventh day God ended His work which He had made." Now, if creation had been completed on the sixth day it could not have been ENDED on the seventh!

I cannot help thinking that Eve was created during that first sleep of Adam's, and, if so, her creation would be on the seventh day! For it was from evening and morning that the days were then reckoned.

Supposing this to be the case, woman can have no share in the number of the Beast; and this may be the reason why redemption is to come through the seed of the woman. What will J. M. say to this?

I am, with good wishes for you and yours, dear sir, yours cordially,
L. M.

THE SPIRIT-CIRCLE.

TESTS OF SPIRIT-IDENTITY.

Master Willie Denton, an intelligent lad of fifteen, in writing to his father here, describes a visit paid by him and his sister to the Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting, and amongst the incidents relates the following experience at Mrs. Maud Lord's seance:—"We were sitting in Maud Lord's circle, when somebody came to me and said 'Georgie,' and patted me on the knee, and I said, 'Georgie who?' and he said, 'Georgie Moloy,' and shook hands with me and said, 'Willie, I am not dead, I am alive!' He came to Winsey the same way. Some one came to Carrie, and said, 'It is Gussie, Carrie, Gussie Lovewell,' and she commenced to play on Carrie's hand as if she were playing on a piano (she had taught her the piano when in the body). Maud Lord knew nothing about them whatever. She also said that there was an old man that came to me, and said it was my grandpa, and he said to me, 'Tell mother it is all true.' He meant grandma, I suppose, as he called her 'mother' sometimes, and grandma says it was in answer to a question they talked about just before he died, and thinks it is very remarkable."—"The Harbinger of Light," Jan. 1, 1883.

MR. D. D. HOME AND THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

Dear Mr. Burns,—I find an article, entitled "Mr. D. D. Home at Baden-Baden, in 1857," in the "Religio-Philosophical Journal," of January 6th, 1883, copied from a sheet known as "Herald of Progress."

I beg to say that, from first to last, it is a downright fabrication. The names of some friends of mine are alone correct. Any one who either knew me or who had assisted at a seance of mine, would distinguish the falsity of the statements. The Duke of Sutherland never insulted me by offering me money, nor did I ever refuse to have a seance at Stafford House. I will ever have a grateful remembrance of the kindness of His Grace and the Duchess to us when my wife was passing away. The Prince of Prussia never offered me five thousand florins, for he knew too well my position and his father's interest in me. If during my life-time such statements are circulated, I often wonder what will be written when I have passed to spirit life.

As my first meeting with the Prince of Prussia was at once amusing and interesting, I may as well mention it here. The Emperor William of to-day, then Prince Regent, sent one of his aid-de-camps to ask me to call on him at 3 p.m. I went as desired, and on entering the drawing-room I was received by a gentleman whose commanding presence agreeably impressed me, but as he began a series of questions, more or less personal and pointed, I became reticent, and replied rather coldly. It was a relief when the door opened and the Prince Regent came in. I was taken aback, when he laughingly said, "I see that I do not require to present you to my son for you already know him." The last time I saw His Majesty was the year 1870, during the Franco-Prussian war, at a chateau near Versailles, and he said to me, "Ah, Mr. Home, when I relate the strange things I witnessed in your presence, they laugh at me, but that does not change the fact, and it is a truth nevertheless."

Faithfully yours,
Hotel Raissan, Nice, Jan. 24, 1883. D. D. HOME.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. HARPER, BIRMINGHAM.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—Will you allow me through your widely-read columns to bear practical testimony to the beneficial results of the treatment of Mr. Robert Harper, of Birmingham? For some months prior to October last, (I think) I had been very unwell, at times suffering the acutest pains in my head and eyes. My profession (one of the pen) seemed only to aggravate what was bad enough before, and I was rapidly becoming worse. Two weeks of Mr. Harper's treatment restored me to excellent health, and up to the present the symptoms have not returned. I have waited until now to bear witness, in order to give things a fair trial. My personal friends are also ready to testify to my changed appearance.

This testimonial I deem but due to Mr. Harper.—Yours faithfully,

ROBERT S. CLARKE,
Hon. Sec. Plymouth Free
Spiritual Society.

February 5th, 1883.

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

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

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

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

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

THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1883.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

When a correspondent desired to see comments on Carlyle and Emerson in our columns, we had no thought of such an immediate compliance. The spiritual philosophy of Carlyle was touched upon last week, and now we have that of Emerson, particularly as applied to the conduct of life, in an independent spiritual manner. These great men, introducing, as they did, the spiritual era, may be regarded as two of its most prominent prophets. In them, we see the grandeur of normal mediumship. Such minds are far too spiritually powerful and independent to rely for light or comfort on phenomenal methods of gaining knowledge of spiritual things. They carried their light within them. The abnormal forms of mediumship are none the less valuable, on that account, to those who need them; but, at the same time, it is only the higher order of mind that can rightly appreciate the true merits of all forms of spiritual manifestation.

Is it not an error to suppose that Modern Spiritualism is altogether an abnormal affair,—a matter of "shut-eyed" speaking and physical phenomena? No doubt it appears as such to the spiritually blind materialist or sectarian, but the higher order of mankind, who have some spiritual gumption, feel that the matter is degraded by being thus squeezed out into the cold of sense-perception. Both sides of the subject are needful to a true study of man; but the outer side should never be allowed to obscure the inner. The inner explains the outer; the outer illustrates the inner.

The reader will perceive a current of harmony pulsating through the MEDIUM this week, in continuation of the topic given out last week. It was our intention, had space permitted, to give the discourse on "The Unknown God" last week. The Gospel of to-day takes the mind of man from a contemplation of ancient documents and scholastic thoughts, to a face-to-face study of the Creator, as He peeps in upon every human soul, and through the light of which His mental operations are to be read everywhere.

The series of controls, the second of which is given this week, was recorded during the first days of the present year. By referring to the MEDIUM it will be seen that a similar course of thought was then being expressed through other channels, but of which neither A. T. T. P. nor his medium then knew anything. In OAHSPRE, which he had not then seen, similar teachings are advanced, all of which tends to show that a new and systematic form of spiritual teaching has dawned upon the world.

We hope our little friends find pleasure, as we are sure they will find profit, in perusing "Florry's Tree." But we have in

our ranks "children of a larger growth," who would do well to ponder and apply to themselves the lessons therein set forth. Florry is too much the representative of many who affect to be sincere friends of the Movement; but their method partakes greatly of a desire to cut the ground from under the feet of the genuine and unpretending spiritual worker. We have observed during many years of outlook, that those workers and mediums who act on the Self basis come to grief: their buds do not open at all, or they dwindle away; while those whom they ill-treat flourish, in spite of their malicious attacks and apish imitations. Surely the history of the last three years offers overwhelming evidence of this. Let us hope that, in the end—as no doubt they will—all mankind, Spiritualists, of course, included, will arrive at the happy state described of little Florry, and of which full particulars will be given next week.

Following "Florry's Tree" will come "Lonely Little Lara," by Hans Edwards, whose recent Essay has been so highly appreciated. "Old Will's Waif" will, if we mistake not, prove a much greater favourite.

We are pleased to learn from another print that a testimonial is on foot on behalf of Mr. David Duguid, "The Glasgow Painting Medium," and through whom "Hafed" was given. We feel certain that this contribution only requires to be made known to be liberally and most heartily responded to in all parts of the world. For the grandeur of his gifts, the wide use they have been to the Movement, and his unselfish and unimpeachable conduct of himself, we gladly cherish in our inmost heart David Duguid as the beau-ideal of mediums. Had all done likewise in their respective spheres, what an illustrious Movement this would have been in its external operations, as it is, indeed, in its intrinsic merits. Next week we hope to quote a few statements from the prospectus.

"Omega's" remarks on "conditions" are to the point. The pictures seen by Mrs. C., and the phenomena described by Mr. Wetherbee, are both spirit-works—the one kind performed on the clairvoyant plane, the other on the physical plane. Spirits can thus illustrate any subject they desire, pictorially, just as we would put a portrait or other engraving in the MEDIUM. They are pictures simply. We state this for the guidance of strangers. We like to hear of "Omega's" school system.

At a seance the other evening, while the circle sat in darkness, the sitter next to the medium, and who was aware that he maintained his position in the circle, mentally requested that the spirit would fetch him a small object from the mantel-shelf. His hand was first touched by a hand, and immediately afterwards the object desired was placed on the spot. Such a method of investigation is much superior to the tying and shutting-up of the medium, which has given rise to so much doubt, and misdirection of valuable mediums.

The Gospel of Action is being well emphasised by writers this week. Action to prove beneficent, must be properly based. All the vicious elements of modern life vibrate with energetic action. The spiritual philosophy of Emerson renders all action in harmony therewith safe and helpful. Very different is the action derived from the expediencies of Secularism. Emerson would never have published "Fruits of Philosophy." We may love our fellow-men, but if that love be grounded in unspiritualized passion it will only seek to enable them to derive a larger measure of gross delight from the undue exercise of animal impulses. Spiritualism and Secularism do not appear to us synonymous.

Last two numbers of the MEDIUM have had a very greatly extended circulation. They must have found their way into the hands of a thousand fresh readers. Five hundred in one parcel is quite a circulation in itself.

The meetings are being continued on Sunday evenings at 7 o'clock, at 15, Southampton Row. There is a kind invitation to all.

LEEDS.—Mrs. Hardinge-Britten will lecture on Sunday March 11th. Further particulars in future announcements.

INSTITUTION WEEK COLLECTION.

Mr. J. Tibbitts, Walsall, intended to have obtained 100 contributors at one penny each, but the time was too short. He hopes to do so another year. The following is the list collected by him: Mr. Tibbitts, 6d.; Mrs. Tibbitts, 3d.; Clara, 1d.; John, 1d.; Gertie, 1d.; Nora, 1d.; Nelly, 1d.; Mrs. Adderley, 1d.; Mrs. Taylor, 1d.; Mrs. Roberts, 1d.; Mrs. Blinkhorn, 1d.; M. r. Rogers, 1d.; Mrs. Holmes, 1d.; Mrs. Venables, 1d.; Ada Venables, 1d.; Mr. Smith, 1d.; Mr. Lawton, 1d.; Mr. Barr, 6d.; Mr. Digwell, 2d.; Mr. Bailey, 1d.; Mr. Washbourne, 2d.; Mr. Venables, 1d.; Mr. Baldwin, 1d.: Total, 3s. 1d. It is encouraging to see so much kind interest in this work.

A CHRISTIAN VIEW OF SPIRITUALISM.

The following characteristic paragraph appeared in the "Christian Herald," of Feb. 7. The pearl of great price, viz., financial success, entertained by the writer, shows where his heart is, which in all cases follows the treasure. Yes; his Christianity is a matter of business—nothing more; but read his words:—

Spiritualism at a low Ebb.—Notwithstanding all the boasts which are periodically made concerning the progress of Spiritualism, its fortunes, judged by a coarse, material standard, seem to be in a very bad way. Its professors seem to have got into a chronic condition of financial difficulties, and no small part of their weekly organ is devoted to appeals for assistance. It published last week a subscription list as its leading article, and acknowledges with touching gratitude the receipts of shillings and half-crowns towards defraying the liabilities of the "Spiritual Institution." A lady medium who advertises "séances" at a guinea each, and "whose public life in the service of Spiritualism" is believed to be "free from taint," is in such need of assistance that it is proposed to organize a "complimentary presentation" in order to extricate her from her difficulties. Another medium, of the other sex, who claims to have worked as many miracles as there are days in the year, is in such straits that urgent appeals—which so far had only yielded five shillings—are made to the fraternity to keep the wolf from his door. The modern Spiritualist, unlike his predecessors the witches, finds it difficult "to raise the wind."

He is forced to admit, though apparently unintentionally, that Spiritualism is the opposite of Witchcraft. Had he been as well acquainted with the New Testament as he is with his Cash-book, no doubt the case of a Judean carpenter would have occurred to him, who "had not where to lay his head." This spiritual teacher and his immediate followers are reported to have perished mostly of painful and ignominious deaths, and yet the Christians pretend to regard this poverty, suffering, and death as the very highest ebb of their system! It is true, O "Christian Herald," that our spiritual work is a matter of self-sacrifice, carried on amidst privation and suffering. Our Banking account is kept in Heaven, and from thence comes the power to carry on the work, the sinews of which are not composed of silver and gold. As for the bulk of Spiritualists, if they feel aggrieved at the "Herald's" remarks, they must rectify their conduct by being more liberal in their support of the Cause, and succour of their distressed brethren.

SUNDAY LECTURE SOCIETY, St. George's Hall, Langham Place.—Sunday, February 18th, at 4 o'clock, Rev. John W. Horsely, M.A., Oxon., on "The Broad Church Party; as it is and as it might be; or, the Religion of the Future." Admission 1s.; 6d.; and 1d.

On Sunday evening week, Mr. MacDonnell gave a good historical lecture on "The Progress of the People of England," in which he marked the various epochs which showed the advance of the country from savagery to superior civilization. His imitation of the style of language in use three centuries ago was curious and interesting.

MANCHESTER.—Mechanics' Institute, Major Street. On Sunday last, Mr. R. A. Brown, of Manchester, occupied the platform, morning and evening. His spirit-guides gave two discourses on "The probable events of the year," in which they reviewed the various social, moral, political and intellectual questions of the day, and pointed out how these would affect the cause of freedom and progress.—J. E. LIGHTBOWN, Secretary, M.S.S.S.

SOWERBY BRIDGE.—Spiritualist Lyceum, Hollins Lane. On Sunday, February 18th, 1883, two addresses will be given in the above place, in the afternoon at 2.30 p.m., subject—"The Harmony of matter as displayed by Creation in all our surroundings." In the evening at 6.30 p.m., subject—"From Matter to Spirit." Interspersed with vocal instrumental music from a selection of songs and choruses from Hadyn's sublime Oratorio, "The Creation," By friends and Choir of the Lyceum. Collection after each Service in aid of Lyceum.—H. Booth, Sec.

CLAIRVOYANCE.—I had occasion recently to write to Miss Lottie Fowler for her terms, when in her reply she, though utterly unknown to me and I to her, unsolicited and to my equal surprise and pleasure, wrote an exact epitome of what my life and its conditions had been for years. Again, she clearly and markedly indicated a salient natural weakness of character, which I have been sorrowfully conscious of from boyhood; moreover, pointing out a wise practical way of amending it. Nothing in my note of enquiry was there which could give her any clue or lead up to the most true assertions she made concerning me.—I am yours respectfully, G. W. DAVIDS.

Broadway, South Hackney Feb. 5th, 1883.

A COLUMN FOR THE YOUNG.

FLORRY'S TREE.

By MRS. RAMSAY LAYE.

(Commenced in No. 671.)

Freddy and she, I must tell you, had each a little square plot, side by side. They were in a retired part of the grounds, where the children might dig and mess to their heart's content, for children's gardens are not generally ornamental. They were nice sunny spots, however, and this summer both Florry and her brother had taken a good deal of pride in trying to keep them nice. Great part of their pocket money went to buy seeds and plants, and their annuals made quite a show. Freddy had also a fine scarlet geranium in his, and Florry had a beautiful fuchsia, and a smaller geranium, for Freddy had given her a cutting of his. When she bought her fuchsia he hoped she might give him a cutting, but she said it might hurt the plant, and would not allow a slip to be taken.

"It did not hurt my geranium," said Freddy.

"Oh, but fuchsias are more delicate," replied Florry at a venture, "there is always a chance that it may hurt a plant."

Freddy did not urge the point, and Florry never thought of it again.

Well, she reached her garden, and there sure enough, already, in the very centre of each bed was something which had not been there before. Florry's sharp eyes discerned them even from a distance, and she rushed eagerly forward; but as soon as she reached the spot, she stood still with a blank face of annoyance. The trees were slender slips of about a foot and a half high, straight and without branches, but while the one in Freddy's garden was adorned with many buds and little green leaves, which though not yet unfolded appeared ready to expand, on hers there was not the sign of a leaf or blossom; a few germs of buds, which were all that were to be seen, looked nipped and shrivelled, as one sees buds over which an east wind has passed. It was, in short, just a poor bare stick, far from pretty to look upon.

"Oh this is a mistake," said Florry, to herself. "The fairy did not know which was my garden and which was Freddy's. Of course she meant to give me the best; it is not likely she intended to give Freddy, whom she never spoke to, a better present than to me, whom she knows so well. I will make haste and change them before he comes."

She ran to the tool house to fetch her little spade and rake, and set to work with great energy to transplant the two trees. She had just completed the job, and had raked the soil smooth round each, when the gardener came by.

"Look here, James, we have got something new in our gardens," said she.

"Ah, what sort of trees are they?" said he, pausing to look.

"I don't know: What sort of flower will they have, do you think?"

"I don't know what they are," said he, "but it is too soon yet to tell. Who gave them to you, Miss?"

"Oh, I am not going to tell you," replied Florry, mysteriously.

"I guess it was your Aunt," said he.

"No, it was not Aunt," answered Florry, curtly. "It would astonish you very much if I told you, James; but I am not going to tell, for one reason, you would not believe me."

"All right Miss," replied James, "I can't say I feel very curious."

"My tree, you see, is the best," went on Florry, "but that, you know, is only right, because I am the eldest."

"As you are the eldest, I hope you set a good example, Miss, to Master Fred," suggested the gardener.

"Oh, that has nothing to do with it," said Florry. "Freddy is old enough to go his own way."

Florry had a way entirely her own of regarding the circumstance of her seniority. When there was a question of rights and privileges she never failed to make the most of the two years' difference of age, but if any one hinted that the elder should set a good example to the younger, then Florry could not see it.

Having arranged the garden to her satisfaction, she returned to the house, or rather the avenue, to wait impatiently for the carriage. It came in due time, and her mama and brother got out at the front door.

Florry, without asking a question as to what they had seen and done, or listening to a word from her mama, pounced on Freddy, and bade him accompany her to the garden.

"I have something to show you," said she, as they ran along, "a new plant for each of us. Mine is the best, but you must not mind, because, of course, it was only natural it should be given to me."

They reached the gardens, but there Florry stood still in anger and astonishment.

The two trees were again in their original places; the budding one, that is, in Freddy's garden, and the bare unsightly slip in hers.

"Why! who has done this?" she exclaimed. "Some one has changed the trees!" And as the gardener at that moment

approached, she turned upon him: "James! what made you move the trees? You had no business."

"What are you talking about, Miss?" said James. "I have not meddled with your trees, nor been in this part of the garden since I last saw you."

He spoke rather sharply, for it is not pleasant to be flown at and attacked, as Florry attacked him.

"Some one has," said she, "and we must change them back again at once; Freddy you must run and fetch the spade."

"I'll tell you what, Miss," observed James, "if you wish to give them slips a chance of growing, you mustn't be pulling them in and out of the earth."

Florry did not choose to hear. She snatched the spade as soon as Freddy returned with it, and very quickly, a second time, transplanted the slips.

Freddy offered no opposition; he was accustomed to yield to Florry, partly because she was the eldest, and partly because she was so disagreeable if not allowed her own way; in the present case, too, he would readily have owned her right to dispose of both trees.

"Where did you get them Florry?" he asked, as she was pressing the earth round the root of the tree in her own garden.

"I am not going to tell you," was the reply, "it is a great secret."

It was, however, such a very great secret that Florry was burning to tell it, and to excite Freddy's wonder and envy; so, after a moment, as he did not press the question, she said,

"On second thoughts, I think I will tell you; only, you must not say you do not believe it, for every word is true." She then told her story.

Freddy listened with wonder and interest, yet not unmixed with incredulity; he was not sure that Florry was not making it up to take him in.

All this time he had a small parcel in his hand; while they were occupied with the trees he said nothing about it, but now, as Florry stood silently leaning on her rake after ending her story, he said,

"Now Florry, I have something for you, something for both of us. Look here!"

And he unfolded the paper from a pretty ornamental box, with a picture and glass on the top, which on being opened proved to be full of sugar plums; chocolate balls, coated with silver; bon-bons filled with syrup, many sorts and colours, but all nice.

"A lady gave it to me," explained Freddy, "but I have not eaten one yet. Now we will divide the sugar plums, and the box shall be between us; it can stand on the school-room mantel-piece, and we can each put little things into it."

Florry was quite ready to take her share of the bon-bons, though I am not sure that she did not forget to thank Freddy, for she took it as matter of course that he should divide anything he got with her, he always did so. Had the gift been to her instead, I do not say she would not have shared with him; she would have given him a few, but I am quite sure she would not have made the generous and equal division which Freddy, kneeling on the grass by a garden-seat, proceeded to make with careful fairness. And, even in this arrangement, there was something that did not please Florry; she felt jealous that he should have received a present while she got none. She thought discontentedly, "What a pity I was not there, then it might have been given to me instead of to him. I would much rather have had these sugar plums than those stupid plants!" She was beginning to get out of humour with the trees. "And there is not much good in having a box between us."

I am aware that I am describing a very disagreeable little girl, and perhaps you may say that you never knew anyone so unamiable, but you might have seen a good deal of Florry without knowing her so well as I do, who am writing about her. To see her among strangers, with her best manners and on her good behaviour, she might even be thought a nice little girl, but I am describing her as she really was—her character.

The following morning her first thought was of the trees, and as soon as they had leave to go out, she said to Freddy,

"I wonder how they look this morning, we must water them."

They raced along the shrubbery walks, but as they came in sight of their own gardens, Florry saw what made her dart forward with an excited countenance.

The two trees had again changed places: in her plot was the bare ugly slip.

"Who has done this?" she demanded fiercely.

Freddy, whose fair open face expressed only surprise and bewilderment, did not for a moment attempt to offer any solution of the mystery; then he said, hesitatingly,

"If the fairies really gave them to you, as you said yesterday, perhaps they may have done it."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Florry, contemptuously, "fairies don't do such things as that."

Freddy made no reply. He was stooping down to examine his own tree with great interest and delight, for even since yesterday, a new little bud had appeared, small, indeed, but healthy-looking.

"Oh, Florry!" said he, "do look here; how pretty! my tree will blossom before long."

This was the last drop in Florry's cup of wrath; she seized the tree, and exclaiming,

"You shall not have it!" broke it across her knee, and flung the two pieces among some distant shrubs.

Freddy looked aghast, then burst into tears.

"Oh, Florry, you naughty girl!" and he struck her with his hand on the shoulder, "I'll tell mama of you."

"Do," said Florry, defiantly; "and I'll tell her that you struck me."

"She will blame you the most, I know, when she hears how you provoked me," replied Freddy.

He ran off towards the house.

Florry did not immediately follow; suddenly she seized her own tree, and muttering "I won't keep it, I hate them both," flung it, though without breaking it, after the other; then, with a face in which many evil passions were working, ran homewards to give her version of the quarrel to her mama.

She had not gone far before she overtook Freddy, who was walking very slowly.

"Well, have you not been in and told?" she asked, scornfully.

"I am not a tell-tale," answered Freddy, shortly.

On a sudden impulse, better than such as usually influenced her, Florry exclaimed—

"Neither am I," and the two walked away in contrary directions.

None are without occasional promptings to what is right; conscience speaks to all of us at times, very often, indeed, if we will only listen to the silent voice.

Florry felt this afternoon dissatisfied with herself, and ashamed of her own conduct; she would like to have owned as much to Freddy, but to anyone who is not accustomed to confess when they have done wrong, any approach to humility and candour costs a great effort. When they met at tea, Freddy's manner showed no resentment whatever. "He has forgotten all about it," Florry said to herself.

Yet she could not forget; all the evening she felt very uncomfortable. There was a struggle going on within her: she wished, yet she did not wish, to tell Freddy she was sorry.

Bedtime came, the children repeated their prayers and their evening hymn at their mama's knee, and soon afterwards were snugly tucked up in the two little beds which stood on either side of a large airy room. Florry tried to go to sleep, but she could not, she was still thinking of the same thing. At last she decided that she must make it straight between herself and Freddy before she could be happy again.

"Freddy, are you awake?" she called out. A very sleepy voice answered indistinctly. "Are you awake, Freddy?" Florry repeated, louder than before.

"Yes, quite, what is it?" answered Freddy.

"I want to tell you that I am sorry for what I did in the garden to-day."

"All right," said Freddy.

"And you won't think of it any more, will you? And will you kiss me if I come to you?"

"Oh, you mustn't get out of bed, I'll kiss you to-morrow," said Freddy.

But Florry had already jumped up, and ran with her bare feet across the moonlit floor to where her little brother was sitting up in bed in his white night-shirt, looking very much surprised, for Florry was not the least a caressing child, nor demonstrative usually, except with her tongue, and (that I should have to write it!) occasionally with her fists. But now she threw her arms round him, and kissing him several times, repeated,

"Freddy, I am very sorry, I really am, I can't give you back your tree because it is broken, but you shall have mine; I pulled it up, but did not break it, and perhaps if you take care of it, it may be as good as the other by and by."

Freddy returned his sister's kisses, and was just saying, "Oh, I could not think of taking your tree," when nurse came into the room.

"Bless me, Miss Florry! What are you doing out of bed? Run back as fast as you can or you will catch cold."

The children breakfasted at eight, but were not required to go to the school-room until half-past nine, so they had always time for a run in the garden in fine weather before lessons.

This morning Florry whispered to Freddy to eat his bread and milk quickly, as they must get out as early as possible to look for her tree, and plant it in his garden.

Breakfast was soon despatched, and the children raced along the shrubbery walks in the fresh morning air. On reaching their own gardens, however, both stood still in surprise, too great for words at first. The trees were again in their old places, in the centre, that is, of the two plots of ground, looking as though they had never been moved, and Freddy's showed no trace of having been broken.

"Well, it is too extraordinary!" said Florry, the first to speak. "But, oh, Freddy, look here!"

And she pointed to the stem of her own tree, on which a small green leaf had sprouted since the day before.

(To be continued.)

DREAMS.

A CASE OF A THOUSAND.

Columbus Brown, the man who discovered a box containing a large amount of money at Franklin, Venango county, Pa., had long had a mania for discovering the treasure, which was thought to have been buried by the French, while in possession of that section of country. He had dreamed of finding it, again and again. The other night he dreamed, as usual, that he was counting and handling a chest of gold, and that he had found it buried in the earth at the foot of a tree, in an open field. So excited was he that he awoke, only to find it all a dream, as usual. He arose, walked to the window, and there, before him, in the field, stood the identical tree which he had seen in his dream, but he put it resolutely aside as a dream, as most sensible men would have done, and retired to bed and to sleep. He had scarcely closed his eyes till he was again in the field and digging at the foot of the tree. He was informed in some manner, he can not tell how, but by a man with a foreign accent, and in a military uniform with a sword and sash, that if he would measure a certain distance from the center of a rock in the run, due north, and then measure thirty-three feet due west from that point, he would find the treasure he had so often seen in his dreams. Early the next morning he arose, and procuring a tape line, went and measured as he had been directed in his dream. What was his surprise to find that each and every measurement brought him to the foot of the chestnut tree in the open field. Brown did not tell anyone about his dream, nor of the result, but during the day he went to Colonel Breakley, who owns the ground, and asked and obtained permission, on some pretext, to dig near the chestnut tree. He and his son, a lad of sixteen, commenced digging at the root of the tree, and at a depth of something over six feet, about 4 p.m., struck something almost under the center of the tree which gave forth a metallic sound. A further clearing away of the gravel and stones disclosed the sides and end of an iron box or chest. Wild with excitement they continued to dig until they had unearthed the chest or box, which was thirty-one inches long, twenty inches wide, and twenty-four inches deep, or about the dimensions of an ordinary trunk. Their united efforts could only turn it over, but could not lift it from the excavation. The young man was sent for a hammer and cold chisel, and the lid was soon removed. The sight which met their gaze was enough to turn the head of almost any man. The box was nearly two-thirds filled with gold and silver coins, tarnished and covered with sand and mould, but nevertheless gold. The coins are mostly French, but a number of English, German and Spanish are among the lot. They bear the dates, 1729, 1744, 1751, and various oates, the latest of which is 1754, which is the same year Fort Macnault was completed. On a brass ruler found in the chest the name "Joncaire" is plainly stamped. It is a well-known fact that this was the name of the officer in command of the French troops. A careful estimate of the coins makes a total value of about 27,000 dollars. The coins were placed on exhibition at the banks. The fortunate owner has been offered ten times their value for a single coin.—"Olive Branch," Feb., 1883.

AN EFFECTING INCIDENT.

Bertha Moe, eleven years, daughter of Frank Moe, and granddaughter of Alson Dean, died of diphtheria. Ada, six and a half years old, sister of Bertha, died previously of the same dreadful and deadly disease. Four of the family were sick in the same house at the same time. Her friends relate that for one so young Bertha possessed a wonderful religious faith, and that during her sufferings she talked about the other world as though it would be a pleasure to go there. A night or two before she died she awoke from a brief sleep, and told her mother that she knew she was not going to get well, for her little sister who was dead had come to her side and told her she was not going to stay here.

"Oh, that was a dream," said her mother.

"No, mother," she replied, "'Babe'" stood right close to me and I touched her, and I know that I am going to heaven where she is."

Just before Bertha died, it is related that she raised up, and lifting her hands as though trying to clasp those of some, unseen form in the air, exclaimed—"I can find the way, I can find the way,"—and then sank back upon the pillow and was gone.—"The Olive Branch."

ANTI-VACCINATION.

RESISTANCE TO VACCINATION.

Sir,—The hardships that some poor men undergo to preserve their children from vaccination are very great, and especially in rural districts, where concealment is difficult and sympathy scant. Here, for example, is a letter from a Primitive Methodist minister in the West of England, addressed to the Secretary of the London Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination. He writes:—

"I thank you for the copies of Archdeacon Colley's sermon against vaccination, and shall place them where they are likely to do good. I wish I could bestow a liberal donation with your Society for the diffusion of such literature throughout the country, but you know how my limited means are engaged. I mean to resist the law in person as long as God gives me the power. I have kept my four children free from Jennerian pollution, and I feel perfectly satisfied that I have done right, and that ultimately what I held to be right will be generally recognised as right. The inconvenience I have suffered, and the money I have paid in fines, have been well invested. In the health of my dear children I have good interest; but I think it is a crying shame that parents should have to pay so dearly to keep the blood of their offspring pure as God made it. The firm and combined resistance of all anti-vaccinists would soon lead to the withdrawal of the enforcement of the abominable practice. May God hasten the time!" It is not as we like to counsel resistance to the law, but when law conflicts with conscience or the sense of right, there is no escape from disobedience. Church-rates might have been levied for ever if Nonconformists had been satisfied to pay and protest".—Yours faithfully,

KENTIGERN.

January 29th, 1883.

PROGRESS OF SPIRITUAL WORK.

EXETER—ODDFELLOWS HALL, BAMPFYLDE STREET.

The printer last week made me say:—"Here is an unequal Cause"—what I wrote was, "a unique Cause," and if the Editor will allow me, I would like to repeat a portion of the last paragraph. "Here is a unique Cause: we have no president, no committee, no treasurer, no funds, no rules, no recognised system, etc."

It is not our fault that this is so. We have once or twice attempted to establish the usual official basis, but such attempts have invariably been frustrated. The invisible and superintending powers have inaugurated an unmistakeable purpose to take the work in this city into their own hands, at least, for the present, and also unmistakeably are they doing their work.

Monday evening; fifteen present. Mediums, Miss T., and Miss G.; the meeting was beautifully spiritual and harmonious throughout.

Tuesday evening; a meeting was held in another part of the city, composed of prominent tradesmen and citizens, Mr. H. medium. The controls invited subjects, and the following were suggested—"Gladstone;" "Capital and Labour;" "Botany," "Astronomy," and "Immortality." The controls took the last three, and delivered a brilliant address, showing how the principle of immortality was illustrated in every department of nature.

Wednesday evening (Newton St. Cyres); Mrs. C. medium. This was a meeting of remarkable power. The medium saw various scenes—Moses in the ark of bulrushes, with Pharaoh's daughter, and the Mother of the child at a distance. John the Baptist, with raiment of camel's hair; the Wild Honey (which the medium seemed to taste); the Locusts; the Baptism in Jordan; his being beheaded, with blood streaming. "Lady Jane Grey," the daughter of Henry the Eighth, and martyred queen. The medium was controlled by several who had belonged to Exeter, and who had been associated in business and religious life with the family.

Thursday evening, developing circle. Mr. B., clairvoyant and writing medium. This friend seems to possess excellent gifts, and is himself worthy of them.

Friday evening; a company of strangers gathered as scholars around the table, whilst we as the Spiritual Teacher endeavoured to instruct them in the principles of Spiritualism.

We hear much about promiscuous circles, and one gentleman writes to me to "put the brake on promiscuous circles for a time." I would like to remind my correspondent that he must define his terms, for what is promiscuous to him may be select to me, and vice versa. That gentleman might gather his own household around the table, and yet the circle be very "promiscuous;" on the other hand, the company of fifteen at our room on Monday evening may be justly regarded as a "select" circle: persons selected by spirit impression to come together to investigate truth, and to realize spiritual good. Though the elements were diverse, all seemed to aim at unity and harmony of spirit, and the good spirits graciously assisted. What do we mean by "promiscuous?" Are we not all "promiscuously" placed by the Great Father on this earth? Yet we are all brothers and sisters, and our one aim should be to establish the unity and harmony of the family relationship by cultivating spiritual affinity.

We also hear much of "conditions." Is it not our own individual moral and spiritual condition that is the question at issue? Let this be right, and all will be right. There is a great clamour for "light" in circles; let there be light in ourselves, and we need fear no darkness without. It is said that darkness favours the approach of outward influences. Yes, our own moral and spiritual darkness does; natural darkness, however, makes no difference in the matter. When will all

sitters learn this? Let mediums and sitters be spiritually enlightened; then it will not matter whether they sit in darkness or light; except that in the former they will have the best luminous manifestations. How we covet such as were described in last week's MEDIUM, from Mr. John Wetherbee!

We had a very enjoyable service at the hall, on Sunday evening.

OMEGA.

PLYMOUTH, RICHMOND HALL, RICHMOND STREET.

SUNDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 4th, 1883.

Mr. E. W. Wallis has spent a few days in the town on his way to Falmouth, and the services of his guides have given much pleasure. Besides several private seances at which in addition to the usual proceedings, questions of a scientific and philosophic nature were carefully answered, Mr. Wallis delivered at oration at the hall, on Wednesday evening, the 7th inst., when a crowded audience, including several gentlemen of position and mental calibre, assembled under the presidency of Mr. Councillor Uglow. The subject—"Life, here and hereafter," was most extensively treated from the standpoints of science, philosophy, and Spiritualism. At the close, a number of questions were asked and replied to. The Chairman in responding to a vote of thanks, said, that although not a Spiritualist he confessed the evening had been to him a profitable one, for he had heard things which would be food for many hours' thought.

The lecture on Sunday was by Mr. C. W. Dymond, and entitled "The Sword of the Spirit." It was much appreciated by the congregation.

Next Sunday, 18th inst., at 6:30 p.m., Mr. Pine, will speak.

On Monday, 19th inst., at 8 p.m., prompt, Mr. Wallis will, at the request of the society, break his journey from Falmouth and deliver another lecture at our hall, when I hope a very large audience will be present. Free admission with collection.

Sunday 25th inst., Mr. R. S. Clarke, will lecture.

ROBERT S. CLARKE, Hon. Sec.

4, Athenæum Terrace, Plymouth.

LEICESTER—SILVER STREET LECTURE HALL.

On Sunday evening last, Mrs. Burdett delivered an inspirational address; the spirit-guides took for their evening discourse: "The made perfect through suffering," which was listen with great attention by the audience present and was much appreciated.

Sunday next, Feb. 18th, Mrs. Barr, of Hednesford.

R. WIGHTMAN, Sec.

74, Mostyn Street, Hinckley Road, Leicester.

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

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

LEEDS PSYCHOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

On the 2nd inst., a general meeting was held at Tower Buildings, when it was resolved that members should meet once a month, to discuss the business of the Association, and join in friendly conversation respecting the subject of spiritualism generally.

A library is to be established, and Mr. Lingford has, in a generous manner, presented the Association with a set of books suitable for the purpose.

We are to have a choir (mostly young people), to assist in the singing. This addition will, no doubt, be appreciated by all who attend our services. On the whole, the Association is in a satisfactory condition.

J. C. FLOWER, Hon. Sec.

ANNIVERSARY AT WALSALL.

On Wednesday of last week a good gathering assembled to our Annual Tea Meeting, after which the accounts and yearly report were read, and officers for the new term were elected. The Secretary reported that they had weathered the storm of criticism and prejudice, and were now in a better position than before the late newspaper war. Thanks were cordially given to speakers, who, at great self-sacrifice, had laboured with such marked effect amongst them. The Treasurer's report showed the following results:—

	£	s.	d.
Total Income during the year	84 19 1
Expenditure during the year	80 18 10
Balance in hand	4 0 3

The following gentlemen were elected officers during the ensuing half year: Mr. W. Washbourne, President; Messrs. Smith, Coates, Flint, Barr, and Roberts, vice-Presidents; Mr. J. Venables, Treasurer; Mr. J. Tibbitts, Secretary.

IMPROMPTU SPIRIT RAPS.

Dear Mr. Burns,—Perhaps all Spiritualists are not acquainted with what I call an easy way to communicate with our unseen friends.

Some time ago, a lady friend, after a seance, placed jockingly, her hands upon my cigarette box (an ordinary paste-board one). Immediately raps were heard answering to her question. When she places the box to her ear louder raps are heard. A little while ago, we were waiting for a clergyman whom we had invited to tea. The weather being bad and the hour late, she consulted her guide, "Nippy," who assured us the clergyman was in the train, on his way to us. Ten minutes after he arrived against our hope.

When that lady goes into a shop, she often consults her spirit friend by placing her purse to her ear. She invariably has an answer to her mental question.

My friend is but little mediumistic, yet she has an easy way of spirit communication in that manner. Perhaps some of your readers will try and report their success. I think the little box is like a miniture cabinet, easily used by the spirit.—

Yours faithfully,

Southampton, Jan. 30.

A. G.

NUMBERS OF THE "SPIRITUALIST" WANTED.

To complete sets, the following Numbers of the "Spiritualist" are wanted immediately:—The whole of the Numbers, for 1874. For 1875, Nos. 129, 130, 131, 132, 138, 139, 140, 147. For 1878, No. 329. For 1879, No. 332. For 1880, Nos. 389, 390, 404. Send to J. Burns, 15, Southampton Row, London, W.C., with a note of cost.

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.

PHYSIOLOGICAL 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, he 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 harmonize 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.

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THE TESTIMONIAL TO MR. TOWNS.

My dear Brother and Sister in Spirit, James and Amy Burns, —I do hope you will not think me out of place in addressing you at the present time, in the time of need; you that have passed through the fire of tribulation and woe for the Work's sake. The Hand of the Most High has been upon you both, and you have cried aloud in your time of trouble, and the angel-world came to your help. So have I been brought down by the material troubles, for the Work's sake. As some of the kind friends have undertaken to try to raise a little help for me in the time of need, just now, I feel that what is to be done ought to be done at once, by some set time. If I could get £40 or £50 just now as a loan, I could repay back again in six or twelve months, with interest. As it is, just now, I am living on what little cash is left. Unless some help come in, almost at once, I shall be cast down to rise no more. It grieves me much just now to feel that I shall be the one that is compelled to ask for help. I could wish it was for someone else, instead. God and His angels have been good to me in the past.

I do know if there is an effort made at once, it will be well for all. My great delight has been at all times to help others. I do hope the same mercy may be extended to your humble servant in spirit,

WM. TOWNS.

I wish I could have celebrated my twentieth anniversary as a spirit-medium under brighter conditions. May God's blessing be with you both.

21, Hazlewood Terrace, Maxted Road, Peckham.

Mr. Wootton, 33, Little Earl Street, Soho, W., will gladly receive further contributions.

QUEBEC HALL, 25, GREAT QUEBEC ST., MARLBORNE ROAD. Sunday morning, Feb. 18, at 11 a.m., a Seance, Mr. A. Savage, medium. Evening, at 7 prompt, Mr. MacDonnell on "Mesmerism," illustrated by a subject who has consented to sit for him.—Monday, at 8.30, a Happy Evening for the young; admission 6d.; the hall being engaged by the young friends for their own recreative enjoyment.—Tuesday, at 8.30: Conversational explanation of Diagrams on "Comprehension."—Thursday, at 8, doors open 7.30, (Read Mr. J. M. Dale's Letter)—Friday, from 3 to 5, Mrs. Hagon will see Women and Children for diagnosis of disease and treatment. At 8, prompt, a Seance, Mr. Hagon, medium.—Saturday, at 8.30, a Seance, a good Clairvoyant medium attends. Mr. Hancock is present half-an-hour previous to speak with strangers.

On Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8.30, I shall cut the Corner Stone from the Quarry of the Gospel by John, (vi., 12) in Quebec Hall, Great Quebec Street. There will be a number of other stones on view, which are to form a Building destined to shelter the aged from the cold world; caring for and comforting them as the building progresses and extends in size. Spiritualists should be there who desire the honour and merit of such an institution. Doors will be open at 7.30. All are invited to the ceremony. Bring parcels of old envelopes, and any written paper, old post cards, etc.—J. M. DALE.

Mrs. Hardinge-Britten will lecture at Liverpool, on the third Sunday in February, March, and April; Belper, February 25th; Leeds, March 11th; and Bradford, March 25th.—Address: The Limes, Humphrey Street, Cheetham Hill, Manchester.

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" 25th—Mrs. Groom, of Birmingham.

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Mr. E. W. Wallis's Appointments.—Falmouth, Feb. 18; Liverpool, Feb. 25; Cardiff, March 18. Mrs. Wallis, Newcastle-on-Tyne, March 4 and 11.—For dates and other particulars, address—82, Radford Road, Hyson Green, Nottingham.

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