



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

# SPIRITUALISM.

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## EGYPT:

### AND THE WONDERS OF THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS.

BY WILLIAM OXLEY.

#### MONUMENTAL EGYPT (Continued).

I saw these coffins at the Boolak Museum, and as there has been a good deal of discussion, especially regarding *Rameses II.*, who it was alleged was a man of great stature, I was curious enough to measure the mummies, and the following is the result:—

King <i>Huni</i> (Unas) 6th dynasty, measured 4 feet 9 inches	
„ <i>Raskemen</i> (Foreigner) 17th dyn., „ 5 „ 8 „	
„ <i>Amosis</i> , 1st king of 18th „ „ 5 „ 0 „	
„ <i>Amenoph I.</i> , 2nd king „ „ 5 „ 2 „	
„ <i>Thothes II.</i> , 4th „ „ 5 „ 6 „	
„ <i>Sethi I.</i> , 2nd „ 19th „ „ 5 „ 2 „	
„ <i>Rameses II.</i> , 3rd „ „ „ 5 „ 1 „	

From the above it will be seen that these Egyptian kings were a small race of men. The average length of the reigns of the 18th dynasty kings was eleven and a-half years, and of the 19th twenty-two years.

It was at this time under *Her-Hor* that the great religious feud began between Upper and Lower Egypt. The priests of Thebes, who recognised *Amen-Ra*, *Mout*, and *Khons* as their Trinity, were evidently annoyed with the kings for their tolerance of the more popular Trinity of *Osiris*, *Isis*, and *Horus*, which was gradually extending over all Egypt, and it was doubtless the rule of the priest-kings that so enervated the country as to cause it to fall an easy prey to the Assyrian. Priestcraft was the same then as now, and will tolerate no system that does not acknowledge its power.

Crossing the river there are the ruins of many temples, and of several hardly any remains now exist. I therefore only notice the best preserved. The most northerly is the temple of *Goornah*. This temple appears not to have been dedicated to a deity, but was built by *Sethi I.*, and dedicated to his father, *Rameses I.* The chief interest attached to this building, arises from the sculptures and inscriptions on the walls, which throw much much light upon the religious and other history of that time. The king, *Rameses I.*, was deified and exalted by his successors to rank among the Gods, and thus considered worthy to receive worship and

homage from mortals. Over the portrait of *Rameses I.*—who bears the emblems of *Osiris*—is inscribed these words: “The good God, Lord of the world: Son of the Sun, Lord of the powerful, *Rameses* deceased, esteemed by the Great God, Lord of Abydos (*i. e.* *Osiris*).” In another compartment, *Rameses II.* is shown as receiving the emblem of life from a goddess who is supposed to speak thus: “I have accompanied you in order that you may dedicate this temple to your father, *Amen-Ra*.”

This latter statement will be appreciated by those who have had much experience in psychic phenomena, and they will understand its meaning and application.

The *Rameseum*, or Temple of *Rameses II.*, directly faces the Grand Temple of *Karnack* on the opposite side of the river. It is in this temple that the now broken colossal statue of *Rameses II.* is seen. This stupendous figure was made out of one block of red granite, and weighed about eleven hundred tons. The destruction of this gigantic monolith is as great a matter of surprise as its construction, removal, and erection, for there is no trace of blasting with powder, nor yet of the usual methods by the explosive force of wet wood wedges; and the means used for its displacement and destruction remains a mystery as yet unsolved.

The following extract from the panegyric by *Pentaoor* shows that the ancient Egyptians believed in the “power of prayer,” for it is expressly stated that when the king was in the critical moment of danger, during his encounter with the *Khetas*, he addressed this prayer to his God:—

“Where art Thou, O my Father, *Ammon*? What Father denies his Son? I have done nothing without Thee; I have not stepped aside from looking to Thee; nor have I transgressed the decisions of Thy mouth; nor have I gone astray from Thy counsels. O Sovereign Lord of Egypt, who makest the hearts of those that withstand Thee to bow down: What are these *Amu* (the *Khetas*) to Thee? *Ammon* brings them low who know not God. Have I not made many temples to Thy name; and filled them with spoils? Have I not built Thee a house to dwell in; and given treasures to Thy Shrine?

Shame be to him who opposes Thy counsels! Well shall it be to him who worships Thee, O Ammon! I call on Thee, O my Father, Ammon!"

The poet narrates that in answer to this prayer, the God Ammon appeared to the King who heard the words uttered by the God:—

"Rameses Miamon! I am with thee. I am thy Father, Ammon Ra. My hand is with thee. I am worth to thee one hundred thousand joined in one."

The reading of this remarkable work reminds one of the biblical record concerning the building and dedication of the Temple at Jerusalem to Jehovah, the God of the Israelites; and the appeal to the "God of Battles" is not without parallel even in our own day and times. Verily, there seems little to choose between the Heathen and Christian king! If there be any I leave it for the reader to decide. Surely, it is "the past brought forward."

It is thought, and not without good grounds, that this temple was erected by *Rameses II.*, and dedicated—not to a deity—but to himself. In short, that it was a cenotaph in which his successors and people should bow down and worship him as a God. This is tolerably plainly indicated; for I saw myself that on the outside of his coffin, this same king is shown with the emblems that pertained only to Osiris. From about this period we trace the action of that blasphemous presumption which was carried down to the time of the Roman Cæsars, who claimed homage and worship from their subjects.

The Temple of *MEDINET-ABOU* is an elegant building. It was founded by the regent Queen *Hatasoo*, and her brothers, the second and third *Thothmes*; enlarged by *Rameses III.*, who seems to have associated his palace with the temple; and added to by many succeeding sovereigns down to the Roman Cæsars. Between the palace and temple there is a magnificent pylon, with a gateway that led from one to the other.

In the interior chambers of the palatial edifice, the king, *Rameses III.*, is shown in a number of scenes depicting his domestic as well as his military history. Amongst the latter are a great number of prisoners (each shewing the distinctive type of his race), whom the king is parading before the deities. Over each is inscribed the words "vile chief," thus: "The vile chief of the *Khetas*, a living prisoner," and so on.

On one side of the pylon there is a sculpture representing the God Ammon-Arnachis presenting a falchion which the king uses to strike down a number of kneeling prisoners. The deity is supposed to utter these words (translated by M. Chabas):—

"My son, the fruit of my loins, thou whom I love, the lord over the two worlds, *Rameses III.*, champion of the sword over the whole earth, the *Petti* of Nubia lie stretched at thy feet. I bring thee the chiefs of the southern countries with their children on their backs, together with the precious produce of their lands. Spare the life of such as thou mayest choose amongst them; kill as many as it may seem good to thee. I turn my face to the north, and I overwhelm thee with marvels. I bring To-tescher (the red land) under thy feet. Crush thy foolish enemies between thy fingers; overthrow them with thy victorious sword. I bring to thee also nations that know not Egypt, their coffers filled with gold, with silver, with lapis-lazuli, and all kinds of precious stones: the choicest products of the land are before thy fair face."

The above, along with many others of a similar character, are useful to the historian; but, to me, the more interesting are the sculptures that reveal the religious element, which seems so strangely intermingled with these military expeditions and episodes. It would appear that the return of His Majesty from a successful expedition or raid was marked by a triumphal procession to the temple, which is headed by the King in person, or the High Priest, and who, approaching the altar, pours out the libations and burns incense. Twenty-two priests carry the ark containing the statue of the divinity who has been so propitious; then follow a number of priests bearing on their shoulders statuettes, which are the images of the royal ancestors and predecessors of the King, who thus participate in the triumph of their descendant.

Another scene represents the letting fly of four birds, which are another representation of the four genii that play such an important part in the judgment scenes of the Great Osiris. The four birds symbolize the four cardinal points, to which they are sent to spread the news of the coronation of *Rameses* as "Lord over the Upper and Lower Countries."

The most interesting of all, in my view, is an inscription

on the gate of this temple, which is almost word for word the same as applied to Christ, as the Word in St. John's Gospel; the only difference being that on the Egyptian temple it applies to the Divine Word symbolized by the Sun; while in the New Testament it applies to Christ as a person. In all cases the sun was used merely as a symbol to signify the creative power. The inscription reads thus: "It is He who has made all that is, and without Him nothing has ever been made." A similar inscription is to be found on the walls of the Great Temple at Philæ.\* Now the all important question arises here in our investigation for truth. Did the Egyptians borrow this from the Christians? or, did the Christians (or author of St. John's Gospel) take it from the Egyptians? If this stood alone, it might—by a little stretching—be conceived possible, that it was inserted after the Christian era; but when I come to treat of the Identity between the Osirian and Christian Religions, I have abundant evidence to show that this and other doctrines long antedate the Christian era.

Here let it be quite understood by the reader, that I am making no attack upon the Christian Religion. The religious principle in man is too sacred a thing to be needlessly tampered with; but if my "facts" shake the foundation upon which the Christian Religion is supposed to rest, I give them with the thought of imparting a truer knowledge and a far more solid and enduring basis, which no criticism can undermine, no ignorance can gainsay, and no hostility, eventually subdue. It is against the arrogant claims of the interested and ignorant partisans of the ecclesiastical system, who blasphemously (to my view) put forth "that the Christian Religion is the only true and divinely revealed one in the world; and that all others are false and heathen": I repeat, it is against this blatant arrogance that I protest; and most certainly not against that deep reverential feeling which animates mankind and causes them to believe—some in one God and some in another God bearing a different name. What on earth or in heaven can it matter, whether a man, "in spirit and in truth to himself," worships his Creator under the name of Osiris, Brahma, Ammon, or Jehovah? It is not the belief in a name that affects for good our spiritual nature; but a pure life, arising from the recognition of an omniscient Power—called It, or Him, God, or what we will,—that holds us responsible for our thoughts and actions; and for which we shall surely have to give account at the great judgment. These remarks I trust will absolve me from any unjust aspersions in reference to what I may have to give forth in this work regarding the religion of ancient Egypt; for, so long as this attitude is maintained, just so long will the antagonism of the partisans of the various systems and creeds be continued; as I well know, by coming in contact with the adherents of other sacerdotal systems, who are quite as certain that *theirs* is the only true religion, and all others are false.

(To be continued.)

#### THE GOSPEL OF HEALTH.

ACCORDING TO PROFESSOR WILLIAM DENTON.

Professor Denton says, 'tis good  
To make brown bread and fruit your food;  
That meat's the cause of nearly all  
The ills that poor mankind befall.  
Never to drink that "coloured water,"—  
Coffee or tea, or beer or porter,—  
From wine and spirits turn away,  
And you will live to bless that day;  
And then, unless your thirst to slake,  
Never to, even water, take.  
Let not tobacco o'er you reign,—  
Rank poison to the blood and brain.  
Never unto a doctor talk,  
But if you're "queer" just take a walk;  
For potions, medicines and pills,  
Are fit for those who have weak wills.  
Take walks abroad in country air,  
Where sun and wind are everywhere,  
Run, leap and dance beneath the trees,  
And breathe deep of the passing breeze;  
Be happy, generous and kind,  
And have no discontented mind;  
Be clean in habit, speech and food:  
Your health will then be always good.

CYRIL HAVILAND.

—The Harbinger of Light (Melbourne), April 1, 1883.

\* See Mariette Bey, *Memoire sur la mere d'Apis*.

## THE SPIRIT-MESSENGER.

### A PLEA FOR REASON.

A SECOND CONTROL BY "SIR GEORGE STAUNTON."

Recorded by A. T. T. P., May 10, 1883.

[The Medium, who in trance dictates these communications, is an uneducated working man.]

The Sensitive, under control, said:—

Yes; the picture but just now in your hands is that of one of the custodians of your tower, of the third degree. He is the first of his order.

The day shall come when spiritual work shall have found its mark in every habitable portion of the globe, and then the office will be eagerly coveted of performing a part, however minute, in strengthening the rays of Reason. My discourse is to be a plea for Reason. How strange it is that a plea is needed for a reason; although it is less needed to-day than when I was under the same conditions as yourself.

There are many who think they are acting under the dictates of reason, but who, I will endeavour to prove, are not doing so: some unwittingly and some wilfully are abusing that gift. All those who are the advocates of conscious immortality have met in all times with the self-same difficulties, and their cry could well have been the same. Men are endeavouring to detain and keep back the truth of God by injustice. Men know God, but do not glorify Him; because they are vain in their thoughts and their actions. They think they are wise, but their reason is darkened; they have become fools. This plea is as old as the claims of Christianity. The most learned amongst the followers of Jesus of Nazareth made this plea, and it has been made by the advocates of immortality from his day to the present time. They have given the glory which belonged to an incorruptible God, to a corruptible man. They have done the same as the heathen does to the birds and the four-footed animals. They have bent the knee to the creature, and forgotten their service to God their Creator.

"What has this to do with a plea for Reason?" will cry your readers. I crave their patience, as I would speak of reason's claims. There is no authority which philosophy can claim to solve the great problem of after life. Philosophy is the parent of system; but in all its system it has never hitherto evolved the question of the soul's hereafter. In the past, the present, and for all futurity, it has, and will fail; for the eternity of the soul it will never fathom. What faith has philosophy ever founded whereupon a soul could rest? Thousands of years have passed, and man asks with as deep and intense earnestness: "Whither am I going?" Philosophy does not answer him. Then a greater guide is needed than what philosophy affords: something whereby the soul can realize its sublime destiny. Man in his reason sometimes admits far too much, more than can be proved, and instead of looking upwards for help to solve the dark enigma, he takes for granted the opinions of lesser self-hoods than his own.

"Zoroaster" has been within these walls; "Gautama Buddha" has opened these lips by the same divine power which is mine to use; "Socrates" has stood here, and also those the greatest thinkers of their day. What have they said? The truth respecting the soul's hereafter, they say, is a plant of this earth. This is the opinion of the highest thought of the philosopher. There is nothing advanced more explicit than this in the words of Seneca: "No man is in the position to help himself to the knowledge of immortality. Some one above earth must stretch forth his hand to raise him up." To me this seems the very cream of candour. Philosophy is after all but a dreamer about immortality, until man released from the body speaks to man whilst still in the form. If this sentence of Seneca means anything more than this, it is misleading; if it means less than this, it is not true. The soul pursues like a pilgrim its earth journey, and the immortal spirit, which is the soul, cries: "Wander forth, the way is open; rest not, until thou hast reached the golden portal of immortality. Speed on and never tire, thou recipient of boundless hope, thy journey is towards God." Boundless hope is the gift of God to the soul, if it will but dare to listen to it.

Then when immortality is realized, and the function of the soul admitted, it will become one of the first things needed to show how to worship God, who is the Creator of self-hood and the giver of immortality. No man is duly exercising his reason unless he admits immortality, and having come to this conclusion through reason, there is the impulse that urges forward this question: "What must I do to merit this?" For immortality has to be gained. Many short-comings are blotted out of the book of record, and forgotten through a series of meritorious acts and soul-elevating thoughts. This is God's help to restore a soul to Himself; this the help which I have received, and which all men may, if they will, receive even to their declining days. I do not advocate the safety of serving God only at the last of the earthly career; nor dare I to place a limit to the mercy of the Supreme God. To the highest in heaven He has made no revelation of the extent of His mercy to rescue His creation from the darkness of Hades,

through prayer, remorse and sorrow. There have been various definitions whereby reason could grasp the soul's immortality. We have had Theurgists, Astrologers, and the Magicians in the past, and charlatany has marred their good effect. But each has only one foundation, which is better defined to-day than in the days of the past history of mankind, under the name of mesmeric magnetism. This innovation of modern days claims the power of solving the enigma of life and the soul's immortality, and of opening the eyes of humanity to the heaven that awaits them.

Now it becomes my best duty to try to prove, that this innovation on known science had its foundation in truth. Does it belong only to modern times, this phenomenon? I say, no: only the name it bears belongs to the present. Its phenomena have belonged to all ages; men out of the body coming into contact with men in the body is proved in every page of the history of the past, under terms or names that hide the real simplicity of the communications. Let us commence with the holy Bible and glance through its traditions, and through its historical records: we there find men in innocence on earth communicating with men separated from the body. Spirits then hastened to meet men in the form, for then their meeting was attended with no danger to those they visited; they had one specific object to solve, namely, the mystery of life on earth, and to replace the hope in the hereafter by actual knowledge. These communications are now refused, although to-day, in your State-established Church, admitted to have been. But in ages succeeding it became blasphemy to assert such communications; and blasphemy was then punishable by imprisonment and death, and consequently this absolute danger deterred spiritual visitors, and these communications commenced to be revived in a more comprehensive form in this latter half of the nineteenth century. Of course the battle has to be fought, ere victory can be obtained; a bold front has to be offered ere this knowledge can be successfully imparted. Some who are orthodox argue that the days of these spiritual visitors ended when the Great Teacher left the earth; another class of thinkers who believe only in what they can comprehend, which means all they can feel and see, argue, that form combined with spirit is a patent absurdity.

Let me for a moment place such a mind before you one; who will believe only what he comprehends. Can he answer me how it is that he has the gift of sight? or how it is that he can feel or hear? The very blade of grass that he treads beneath his feet is as incomprehensible as the God that made him; and yet such a thinker claims that he is exercising God's gift of reason. He is wrong: he is reason's greatest foe. Were it beyond the power of the soul to realize only what outwardly he can comprehend, then were our task an useless one; for we offer the soul the knowledge of eternity. This very knowledge, eternal knowledge, is beyond the power even of our comprehension. We know that there is nothing round or about us subject to time's influence; that there is no portion of our soul-form that is perishable, and believing that it is without the bounds of time and outside its rule, is the nearest we can approach to the definition of eternity. As far as this we go; as far as this we lead, having within us the power of appealing to the high faculty of reason. I admit that I cannot grasp in imagination eternity, but I assert that I can grasp the fact, that man after death, if he has so willed, gets beyond the ruling of time; and in this my plea for reason take the hundreds of controls with which men have been favoured through your agency, analyse them closely, and what is the result? Is there one appeal contained within anyone of them that supplants reason? Is there one appeal which diminishes its power, which detracts from its activity, limits its boundaries or degrades its nobility? Not one, I say, not one from the lowest control to the highest: none have dared to say one word against the noblest gift of God, and why? Because they would have been divided from their God, had they done so. They have had a purpose as united as the Being of God, that is, to open out the reason of humanity. This has been their test to prove its divine origin; to prove its glorious destiny; to guide the soul, the converted soul, and in not one opinion that has been advanced by these controls of the past, has there been any other object than to meet reason's lofty aims; to make men loyal and true to reason, and to show that only through reason can the soul reach God.

"Whither? Whither?" cry the inhabitants of all nations. Thousands of efforts have been made to answer them; thousands of forms of worship have been created and have failed; ancient religious worship has given place to altered modern forms, with just as useless a result, and all have promised that within them lay the seeds of the religion of the future. Fools! The religion of the soul is the religion of the present. It is in the present that the soul wants instructing. The hungry cannot wait for the wheat to be sown, to ripen, to be gathered. The need is now, and has been always now. Through the ages of the past the soul has craved for God. In every minute God must be a power in the present. God is a God of the present and not of to-morrow. The harvests have always been ready, and men have been endowed with reason: God has given the knowledge of immortality if reason would only accept it. But men have asked from reason what reason could not give; they were prepared to accept a knowledge of immortality, but it was an acceptance in accordance with their taste.



Now the latest expression of asking from reason what reason cannot give, is the claim that Christianity makes on it, a claim doubly sanctified, according to the historian, by that reformer Luther, who, as I am advised, has been here. I admit that he reformed, but I deny that he helped to lift up men's ideas with regard to the nature and dignity of reason. I do not repudiate all these past efforts of worshipping God; all have had their portion of preparation to perform, and for aught I know to the contrary, the revolution in thought has proceeded in specific and unalterable rule. Were Luther here, I would freely admit his title as a reformer, as a preparer of change. On close examination of a man's opinion, we get to a man's mental worth. This will be clear to your legal capacity. First of these opinions of his were: "His fellow-man is endowed with reason, and reason is of ceaseless activity, but its activity is evil and godless." Now this opinion abounds with poverty of thought, and the only excuse that can be urged for it, is the loud crying evils that existed in his day. Admitting that reason is ceaseless in its activity, why did he express such an opinion that it led to evil and godlessness? He did so because he was a priest, and had from his youth upwards held unreasonable tenets. He had warred a lifetime against reason, and found that it was hostile and against Christian claims; therefore its light was to him nothing but darkness. Listen to his words: "Reason: you are a silly, blind, foolish thing; forget your many pranks, forego your belying opposition, quiet yourself, hear what the word of God tells you, and believe it; for thou must be killed and buried in faith." Now Luther was a reformer despite such puerile absurdities; despite such a belief that man must cease to be a rational being, and become like a fool; despite that he disparaged and despised God's noblest gift. Still he had a reforming power given to him, which was to drag into the fierce light of public opinion the ignoble mimicry at worshipping God. His was the task to expose the profligate priest, and to teach to erring man that monastery and nunnery were both alike the hotbeds of vice and crime.

But our work which it has pleased you and others to designate as Modern Spiritualism leaves within the conclusion of reason all our teachings. By it we either stand or fall. We honour God too reverentially to permit any theory antagonistic to his greatest gift. We would not advance unreasonable teachings. We could not; I dare not. It was permitted Luther in his day thus to speak: "Reason: thou art devil bred, a w—re, a prostitute; the greatest w—re that the devil possesses: thou shouldst be made hateful, thou accursed w—re of darkness." To-day men would ask: "Is such a man mad?" And yet the Church as by law established, and which is now falling never to rise again, holds out this man as one who shed a glorious light on the world, as one who was the friend of progress and the liberator of modern thought. There are still men who believe in him, and it is for them I raise this plea for reason. I raise my voice now for intellectual liberty; for the day has dawned, and we can call the present the era of free will. The days have gone by when men's wills were fettered, when man was lower down in the scale than the beast that perishes, when man possessed no self-hood, and was a thing without sense, and in which there was nothing to desire. When a man, in the words of the same writer, is represented as "like a horse; when God is in the saddle, every movement is according to his will; but if God ceases riding, then Satan takes his place, and will cannot choose between the rider. That the will of man is as nothing—is on a par with his reason—unless he has pure, simple, and unaided faith." If man has no will, and God makes him an accountable being, where is the justice? Yet Luther, as well as others, distinctly states that were free will offered him, "I would not accept it or any other instrument but unaided faith."

Yet who dare say that he had no mission to perform, or had not his path marked out according to the wise decrees of the Supreme in the beginning of time? Faith first; faith last; faith all in all, has wrecked more human souls than any other of the Church's dogmas or doctrines. Let me take one with whom Spiritualists are acquainted: the founder of the Wesleyan sect. I will give a conversation between one Joseph Wilming-ton, of Birmingham, and Charles Wesley. The first question put by Wilming-ton was: Q—"Have you nothing to do with the law of the country you live in?" A—"I have not; I am not living under the law; I live by faith." Q—"Have you a right then to everything in this world?" A—"I have; for it is mine, since Christ is mine." Q—"Then could you steal anything?" A—"I might, for it is mine, only I would not give offence." Q—"Have you a right to all the women in the world?" A—"Yes: were they consenting parties." Q—"Is there no sin in this?" A—"Yes: to those who think it a sin; not to those whose hearts are free." These questions and answers, supported by scriptural texts which I have left out but which were profusely used, led to a separation. The conference being called by Charles Wesley of those of the Methodist persuasion, and the admission made that they had leaned too much to Antinomianism, or call it Calvinism, I should say they had leaned to something very peculiar. I mentioned this only to prove the madness of the teachers of doctrine.

Thank God our labour is blest. We control for the purpose of setting aside a depressing religion, and of replacing it by that

belief which is reasonable and soul-elevating. We would that men should stand erect before their God, and not cower before Him like whipped hounds. Away with that religion, which scares the child and appals the adult; away with that glorying in a God who needs the aid of fealty; away with that form of worship which destroys self-confidence. Christianity teaches men to prostrate themselves before a God, who has made man abject and base. Our teaching is that man may approach nearer to perfection if he will it. We lay down this theory—that man has every tendency to progress. Christianity, on the contrary, teaches that man can strive after nothing but what is impious, fallacious and filthy.

Tired humanity is coming to our side in their tens and hundreds of thousands, out of the abyss, out of that atmosphere of cowering fear and imputed corruption. They are coming from that teaching, from which the nature of man is banished and the attributes of God parodied. This is our work: not to appeal to the fears or even to the hopes of man, but truly and purely is our appeal made to their reason alone. If God do but give us His aid, ere many seasons have passed, we shall be enabled to say: "We have conquered over blind faith."

It is my intention to come a third time. Remember, if I never was very good I was never very bad. Let my work lift me nearer to Him Who has given me continued light!

## A COLUMN FOR THE YOUNG.

LONELY LITTLE LARA,

or

OLD WILL'S WAIF.

BY HANS EDWARDS.

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(Commenced in No. 674.)

### CHAPTER XIV.

"THERE CAME AN EVE OF FESTAL HOURS."

Evening once more, but ah! the scene—how different Cairo—Grand Cairo—the City of the Faithful, lies before our heroes.

The Clara is safely moored by the banks of the Nile, and an epistle has been despatched to Miranda.

Behold the little company of three, battling with the donkey boys! What a clamour! What a Babel! Settled at last, however, they are severally mounted on one of these famous locomotives of the East—the donkeys.

On they trot through the narrow streets, amid all the din and bustle peculiar to the place at that time of the day. Hear the hoarse guttural imprecations of the Arab, running on before to clear the way, as he cries out: "Oa yer Bint, oa yer Ragl." (Get out of the way, oh woman, get out of the way, oh man). Hear, also, the shrill shrieking treble of the donkey boys behind,—one of them howling out in his native dialect to the immense amusement of the bystanders who understand his language: "Go on, thou son of a jackass, ridden by the son of a jackass!" But the riders themselves are in blissful ignorance of all this, and are too busy gazing around them to give a thought to the ejaculations of those whom they fondly believe hold them in profound respect.

The streets are narrow, and at times the way is blocked: then the Arab lays about him freely with the ever-needful stick: "Oa yer Ragl, oa yer Bint!"—whack, whack, across the backs of the innocents, the path is cleared once more, and they jog along.

What a jostling! What a medley! Jews and Gentiles; haughty pashas on their highly-mettled Arab steeds housed with cloth of gold, with bridles gleaming with precious stones; fellah peasants and Arab women both straddling the same humble animals; long trains of spectral-looking camels with their soft, splay, shapeless feet, like enormous sponges, swaying silently along with crooked necks and serpent-like heads;—such are the leading characteristics of the ever-moving, ever-changing mass of life that presents itself to the traveller in the streets of that strange city.

"Thank heaven; here is the Ezbekieh at last! Now we shall rest and refresh ourselves!" exclaimed Wycliffe, as they dismounted.

What memories for those who visited Cairo some fifty years ago, has the Ezbekieh: recollections never to be effaced, so near it was to the Fairyland of our imaginations.

Gradually the city sinks to rest. All the uproar and hurry and bustle around subsides into a death-like repose. Nothing is to be seen in the deserted streets but the prowling wild dogs. The eager noise of business has vanished—all the shops are closed,—only at intervals a solitary wayfarer may be seen, paper lantern in hand to guide him through the darkness, hurrying onward to his place of abode.

"Can such a change be possible in so short a time?" you exclaim; and yet it is so.

Only the Ezbekieh is full of life and light. There, under the many-coloured lamps suspended from the trees, see the vivacious crowds of gaiety. Every nationality seems to be repre-

sented, strolling and chatting up and down the leafy walks, to pass the time away. Some are sitting on chairs and benches in front of the coffee-houses, where tables are placed covered with coffee, sherbet, lemonade, confectionery, pipes, etc. Listen to the peculiar music of the bubbling water-pipe. Turk, Arab, and Christian are all here, pressing with fond lips the amber of the beloved chibouque. Even the foreign ladies in midst of conversation and flirtation indulge in the soothing influence of the cigarette. Truly all goes merry as a marriage bell!

But we must not lose sight of our own company in the midst of all this gaudy assembly. Ah! there they are, sitting on that bench under the trees! Pedro, who through his intelligence and kindness of manner has almost been elevated to the position of companion, is enjoying his sherbet, while Lara and Wycliffe indulge in coffee, the latter accompanying his with a whiff from the fragrant nargileh.

"Well, Lara, old man,—something like pleasure this! Beats old England hollow. Don't you think so?"

"Well, certainly, it is most enjoyable, but I am not sure if you would not tire of a protracted association with all those uncouth figures we see around us; the novelty would wear off, I'm afraid, and you would begin to think old England's straight-laced fashions better after all. Perhaps I'm wrong, for you know I cannot speak from experience. My life, before my acquaintance with you, was scarcely ever within the pale of society, therefore those vices and hypocrisies you so much abominate cannot influence my opinion. I love solitude and quietness, where'er it be. Give me my daily food and all necessities of life, and let me dwell amid the beautiful works of the Almighty Creator, whether it be by the roaring breakers of Foamy Head and her pebbly shore, the verdant slopes of Portugal, amid the ruined palaces of Italy, or on the banks of the sacred Nile! I love them all: each brings its own peculiar pleasure. Prejudice for one particular country have I none, for, though born in England, my Italian blood warms towards the sunny South, with its orange groves and spreading palms. I am no patriot—I prefer no race. In everyone are sown the seeds of the same passions, and their respective value is equal in the sight of the Creator of all. True, their habits and their climates draw a marked distinction to our human eyes, but black and white, the English lordling and the Turkish slave, appeal alike unto my sympathies and are held in equal interest. 'Sir Oswald,' 'Edwin,' 'Zungari,' and 'Paul,' are widely different, yet my heart yearns to them all, and did you ask me now to part with one of them, I would not care to make the choice."

"Well said, my friend, well said! But think you not that had you been ill-treated, your character maligned, and every petty machination of abuse been heaped upon your name by those who were your debtors and who always wore to you a smiling face,—would you not, Lara, feel a strong aversion to their company, and in bitterness resign the hollow pleasures of such unprincipled society? And with the memory of all their cowardly artifices in your heart, would you not always thoroughly detest all things connected with them?"

"I fear, Wycliffe, I am not qualified to answer your questions, seeing that ideas concerning matters and the actual experience of them are two different things. Most assuredly I would retire from any company or society, if in it I had not the power of giving or receiving benefit (that is mental), but still I should endeavour to think the best of them, and rather pity their weaknesses than condemn their manners and vices."

"Well," answered Wycliffe; "I often feel that your way is the right one,—only it is hard to follow it. In spite of yourself a bitterness will arise in your heart, and the more you reflect upon matters the deeper it grows. However, I think I am improving in that direction, and I hope ere long to overcome the feeling, which is far from elevating. Have another cup of coffee and then we will go?"

"No, thanks; really I am satisfied. If you are ready, I am,—the night is pretty far gone, and if we wish to see a little more of this Fairyland, we had better be moving. Pedro, are you ready?"

"Yes, Signor Lara."

"Come along, then," said Wycliffe; "we'll have another lounge around before we go. To-morrow night the Pyramids, and then the Desert. We must allow ourselves plenty of time for our purchases, remember, and we must have a native attendant. I wonder where we will drop across an honest fellow; we must trust to luck and our spirit-friends. I'm afraid it will take all my slender stock of Arabic to make these wise men of the East understand me, unless 'Zungari' should give us a little of her vernacular, as she did when we were trading with the donkey boys. However, time enough yet; let us stroll along this walk here. The frequenters seem happy enough, don't they?"

They threaded their way through the multitude, and at length reached a more sequestered spot. Pedro was going on in front, and the two comrades were engaged in one of those quiet conversations in which they took so much delight.

Suddenly they were startled by the voice of Pedro: "Ah! signor, here it eez—you have made it fall when you take out zee handkerchief."

Looking forward they beheld him handing a letter to a gen-

tleman in front of them. He seemed a man pretty well up in years, and had a young lady hanging on his arm.

"Ah! my little Spaniard," he exclaimed, taking the letter from Pedro's hand. "I thank you," (he spoke in Spanish). "But how are you here alone at this time of the night—what part do you come from?"

"From Andalusia, signor, but I am with my masters here," and he pointed to Lara and Wycliffe.

"Ah! gentlemen, I salute you," he said, turning smilingly towards them. "Your little attendant has done me a service, for the paper I dropped is of importance."

This Pedro rapidly translated as best he could, then turning to the stranger he said,

"Signor, my masters speak the Englishe; they know not the Spanish well."

"I am delighted," answered he, in perfectly good English. "May I have the pleasure of knowing to whom I talk? I am myself Italian, but have travelled much in England."

"Certainly, sir," answered Wycliffe. "My name is Wycliffe; that of my friend here—who, by-the-bye, is Italian on his father's side—is Mendoza."

"Mendoza?" echoed the stranger. "No relation of the late Signor Lara Mendoza, of Reggio?"

"I know not, sire; it is many years since last I saw a relative of mine; yet surely I have heard the name Reggio somewhere. Perhaps you have spoken of it?" said Lara to Wycliffe.

"No, not I," answered his friend. "It has never occurred in the course of our conversation."

"You must excuse me, sire," continued Lara, turning to the stranger once more ("Zungari" was with him), "if I cannot give the particulars of my origin, for I have lived amongst strangers so long. My father's harshness so terrified my childish nature that I fled, one dark night, from all connected with me, and from that day till this I have never heard anything of them. Yet I happen to remember that my grandfather's name was Lara, because I was called after him."

"Excuse a stranger's inquisitiveness, but I am deeply interested in this matter. The old Signor was a respected friend of mine. Might you know your own father's name?"

"Yes, sire, Carlo; my mother was English."

"Ah! indeed, then my surmise is correct. I am delighted to meet the grandson of my old neighbour, although your father and I did not love each other. He was, sir, one whose name was no honour to his country, but the old signor was different, and I am pleased to say you bear a striking resemblance to the latter. I beg pardon, I forgot; permit me to introduce to you my daughter," and the young lady inclined to both of them.

"I am pleased to meet anyone in whom my father is interested."

Little Pedro fell behind, and the four continued walking and conversing together. Wycliffe explained the object of their visit, and also added that they intended journeying by the Desert, towards Palestine, after seeing the Pyramids.

"Indeed: then you will require a guide?"

"That is what we were puzzling our brains about before we encountered you," answered Wycliffe, looking laughingly at Lara.

"Oh, father," said the young lady; "Mashid would just suit them—he is so trustworthy."

"Exactly what I was thinking, Lalla. Gentlemen, I flatter myself I have the opportunity of supplying one who will serve you with all fidelity. We have with us just now an old Arab who knows the Desert well, and in whom you may place every confidence. He has many a time served me in this capacity, and I can recommend him with all assurance."

"Ah, sir!" answered Wycliffe; "you know not how we appreciate such a proposal. You have relieved us of a great anxiety, and we shall be delighted to employ anyone you may recommend."

"Do not mention it—the pleasure, I can assure you, is mutual. But we were on the point of retiring when your little servant so luckily arrested our attention; we will wish you good morning. Let me have the pleasure of your company towards evening, and I shall endeavour to see you well prepared for your journey,—you will have time enough before departing for the Pyramids. You and I, Signor Mendoza, must have a little conversation concerning your family. Rather interesting its history, I can assure you. Ah! I forgot, my residence at present is the 'Hotel d'Orient'—Signor Alcaro."

"Many thanks," answered both our heroes. "We shall not fail. Good morning, good morning."

"Capital business that," whispered Wycliffe, as they saw the two strangers pass round the angle of the path.

"Strange rencontre and very opportune, Lalla;" whispered Signor Alcaro to his daughter. "To find that after all my researches I should discover my object at last in the Ezbekieh of Cairo; and that by such a trivial accident as the drawing out of a handkerchief, and the dropping of a letter."

"Predestination!" broke in the young lady.

"Ah!" continued her father, paying no attention to her remark, "did Lara Mendoza only know its contents, he would perhaps be a little more anxious for our interview to-morrow. Yet I must act cautiously, and see whether he is really a



second Lara or only another Carlo. I must confess I am rather pleased with my manner and appearance."

"And so am I," warmly answered Lalla.

"Take care, though, Lalla,—you must not forget the good Antonio. Remember, if he should visit us here, I do not wish to see a repetition of the 'affaire d'honneur' we had to endure at Paris last summer," playfully replied her parent.

"Bah, you have nothing to fear on that score. I am too much his senior to look upon Signor Mendoza in the light of a suitor; yet, at the same time, if my presentiments do not deceive me, I believe he is one well worthy of anyone's friendship or regard."

(To be continued.)

## THE THREE MISERS.

BY BARONESS ADELMA VON VAY.

(Translated from the German by Caroline Corner.)

[Miss Caroline Corner has again found herself in Styria, the guest of her kind friends, the Baron and Baroness von Vay. She says:—"It was indeed like being uplifted into heaven, after the gloom of dingy old London. How I wish, though, I could have all my friends with us here! And, still further, that for a time some good fairy could transport all the poor, over-worked people and the hard-living children out of those close, foul-smelling streets of London to this haven of health and of rest! It seems selfish that I should be so favoured, and can do no more than wish. The trees are laden with blossom and fill the air with delicious perfumes. As is my usual luck the weather is lovely: and already I am feeling so much stronger and more cheerful. This morning I have translated a pretty little story of the Baroness' from 'Licht, mehr Licht,' and send it to you for the MEDIUM, if you like to have it. The Baroness's writing has a peculiar charm in its being so true to nature—each sentence is felt and understood by all, and is so full of those little subtleties that make us all akin."]

"Why should I give all my sweetness to the bees?" asked the acacia-bloom, as the bees came buzzing around and sipped the delicious honey from out the white blossoms.

"I will keep all my sweetness for myself," said the beautiful flowers, shaking themselves in an angry pet; "I won't give away anything."

"Why should the Great Creator have given you all that sweetness," said the lovely forget-me-not, which was blooming on the bank near by. "Should you not give to others for their good what is so generously bestowed upon you? If I but had your sweetness how gladly would I share it with the bees!"

"No. Indeed I shall not, I will keep it all myself," answered the acacia, and she shook her blossoms with such fury that the bees flew away in a fright.

In the shade of the acacia sat an old man reading a letter, the warm sun-rays glistening and glittering around him and falling upon his silvery hair.

"Humph! So I am to send money to that boy," he mutters in an angry tone. "Then, most certainly not. The boy must find some means of getting a living for himself. If he can't work, why, he must starve. No no, my fine nephew, it is not likely I shall let you have any of my precious savings," he said with a harsh chuckle, while a steely light came into his keen grey eye, and a cruel smile twitched up the corners of his firm-set lips.

But the angel of remembrance standing by brought before the soul's eyes of the aged man a vision—a momentary vision of his dead but once well-beloved sister, her baby-boy in her arms. For a moment, then it passed away, and in vain did he hearken again to those words once whispered in his ear:

"Brother! do thou see that my boy does not starve."

In vain. The old man closed his ears and would not heed; but seizing the letter tore it into a hundred pieces and threw them into the brook; then arose and went into the house to count again the golden coin treasured up in the huge iron coffers, for this was the one great joy of his life, to count his beloved gold.

"Humph!" said the cackling hen. "Why should I lay my eggs that men may see? Why not hide them in a bush that no one may find them, then keep them all for myself?"

"But you can't hatch them all," said the wise old frog, who had his dwelling-place by the house. "Give of your abundance and be content that you have enough. Enough is a feast for a queen."

"What do you know about it, you stupid glaring old frog! I am much more knowing than you," and so saying the hen went her way and hid her egg in the darkest corner of the bush.

Evening drew on: a thunder storm was brewing in the sky. Presently a flash of lightning rent the black hanging clouds

and a thunder-bolt fell. Then the storm began and raged with terrific fury. Such a storm! The thunder growled and rolled and roared and seemed to shake the very earth. Then again the lightning came and seized upon that beautiful, graceful branch of the acacia, upon which the avaricious blossoms bloomed, and wrenched it from the bough. Alas! the glory was no more! Its beauty faded, its sweetness lost! Soiled and bruised and broken the blossoms were no longer of use to the bees, nor to any body else; no honey could be made from them now. In a moment their doom had come, their avarice was avenged.

The old man stood before his coffers counting his money, counting and counting again his best-beloved gold, his treasure, his life, his all. But another was there by his side, no longer the angel remembrancer, but the Phantom King, Death. He smiled a ghastly grim smile as he watched the miser with his gold; then, chuckling, stretched forth a finger and touched the old man's trembling hand.

The miser shivered, the touch was so cold it pierced even his hard and stony heart: he shivered and then fell dead. Vain for him to strive to clasp his treasure; vain for him to rebel. Go he must, and everything leave behind, for in the land to which he was called there is no such thing as gold, that here on earth hardens full many a heart.

The Phantom Death had called him, he must fain respond. With a bitter cry, a still bitter regret, he left behind all he loved best on earth. And so it came about that the starving nephew did inherit all the treasure, for God's will is stronger than man's, His mercy more sure.

Then the hen went to lay her second egg beside the first, but to her horror she found only the shell. A martin had come and eaten the egg, and was there now awaiting another.

"You would save your eggs, silly hen, for whom? for thieves?" laughed the old frog, swelling himself out and rolling over with mirth, for he enjoyed the joke.

Then the sweet voice of the nightingale warbled this little song:—

Give! Give:  
And thou shalt live;  
And life shall be sweet to thee:  
Sweet as the flow'rs,—  
Life's fleeting hours,  
Each a gold blossom shall be.

## FOREIGN NOTES.

BY ED. GRAF.

According to "Licht, mehr Licht," Trautenau, in Bohemia, was to have a gigantic trial of Spiritualism, at the instigation of a Mr. Lindemayr, editor of the "Trautenauer Zeitung"; but after the examination of over 100 Spiritists, the public prosecutor found himself compelled to drop the proceedings, to the great chagrin of the irate editor, who, in anticipation of his expected victory, had already delivered a sweeping lecture, in the course of which he made the startling assertion (after bringing a lot of the vilest accusations against Spiritists, stigmatising them not only as fools and knaves, as usual, but even as mad-men, debauchers and murderers) that science was now in a position to "prove with mathematical precision" a future life to be nonsense. But it fortunately happens that Mr. Lindemayr is not everybody, and that Trautenau has another editor (of the "Trautenauer Wochenblatt") who, though not a Spiritist, is at least not afraid to claim for Spiritists the same justice and fair-play as for others, so that quite a war between the two papers sprang up, as an inevitable consequence, carried on with abuse and misrepresentation on the one side, and a well-sustained plea for a thorough investigation of spiritistic phenomena at the hands of science on the other, with a seasonable lashing of his opponent into the bargain, as a supplement.

Under the title of "Gewonnen und Verloren" the same paper ("Licht, mehr Licht") brings the second instalment of an exceedingly sweet and touching novelette, by the medium Adelmä (Baroness von Vay), and also a report from the Paris "Figaro" respecting Gambetta's belief in supernaturalism. It appears that one day after a dinner-party, a lady friend of his in telling fortunes by cards predicted some great danger to Gambetta, when he replied to her half-jokingly, half-seriously, that she had been forestalled already long ago, as his mother had been told by a sonnambule before she had any children at all, that she would bear a son whose fate would be great and whose end tragic, namely, murder by woman's hand. This suffices for "Figaro" to call Gambetta "as superstitious as a Napoleon."

He often used to visit a clairvoyant in the Rue de Tournay, who prophesied to him in the last years of the empire, that he would twice stand at the head of the Government, and not long ago this same "witch" (literal translation!) confirmed the statement of her sister at Cahors, that a woman would kill Gambetta.

To remove any erroneous impression as to Gambetta's belief, the editor of "Licht, mehr Licht" says that he belonged to the modern school of Positivism.

## JOHN PAGE HOPPS AND THE UNITARIANS.

It appears that Mr. Hopps was the preacher of the annual meeting sermon of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. "The Christian Life" has much correspondence on the matter. The following extract from a writer who airs his form of "Spiritism," will show what a charge of spiritual explosives the preacher let off in the "venerable edifice," the Essex Street Chapel:—

"For my own part, I cannot help saying that I hope very few strangers were present to hear that singular and most inappropriate sermon which was preached in connection with the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, from the pulpit of Essex Street Chapel, by the Rev. John Page Hopps. From beginning to end it was little else than half-veiled 'spiritism.' It belittled the Bible, it belittled the authority of Christ, it belittled historic Christianity, and it belittled by implication all need of special revelation. If the spirits of Priestley, of Lindsey, of Belsham, of Madge, were hovering within the walls of the venerable edifice, I wonder what they must have thought of such a discourse. Surely they must have thought, what many quiet hearers of the discourse certainly thought, that it was little worthy the traditions of the place, and little profitable either for instruction or reproof. It was a vague and dreamy utterance, which demonstrated nothing in particular and counselled nothing in particular, and only made one long intensely for one of the good old-fashioned discourses of some of our eminent forefathers—which were always direct, plain, clear, and manly, and which never left anybody in doubt, either what the preacher meant, or what was the pathway of duty wherein he desired his hearers to walk."

The sermon has not yet appeared in printed form, so that comments are made on a summarized report. Possibly the discourse will not be so "vague" when dispassionately studied. This the Unitarians seem incapable of doing. "An Irish Unitarian minister" perpetrates the laughable "bull," that because the "imperishable instincts" of Unitarians may convince them of immortality, that therefore the instincts of others might confirm them in Trinitarianism or Calvinism! Mr. Pantan Ham, for twenty-five years minister in Essex Street, "listened with profound disappointment and pain." It was "rough iconoclasm and Spiritualistic confidences, for which he implied the positivism of fact and sound scientific induction." The Editor munches little crumbs of humble pie at the tail of each letter. Altogether there seems to be a wholesome shaking of dry bones throughout the Unitarian camp, and we shall be glad to see a copy of the sermon that has been the occasion of it.

Why such a scare? In the same number of "The Christian Life" appears the following sentimental lines, of the truth and appositeness of which Spiritualism affords indubitable proof:—

## RESURRECTION.

Each night we seek a temporary death,  
And are unhappy if it fails to come;  
And morning dawns with life in every breath,  
And the tongue speaks that for a while was dumb.  
And when the longer death, which none escape,  
Conquers our seventy years, or less or more,  
Is it not sleep that takes another shape?  
And shall we not awaken as before?

Spiritualism answers the question. If it be wrong for Mr. Hopps to endeavour to answer it, it must be equally wrong for the poet to ask it.

## THE USE OF WORDS "SOUL" AND "SPIRIT."

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—I am pleased to see that the subject of the proper use of words in our Movement is being brought before the notice of your numerous readers, that of "soul" and "spirit" taking the precedence. This is a subject that has engaged a deal of attention. I have often hoped it would claim the attention of your readers, so that those two words should have a definite meaning attached to them, which should be recognised both on the platform, and in our literature, which would be a great gain to the Cause we have so much at heart.

I have, myself, used the word "spirit" to represent the real, essential being. But I could never feel satisfied with it, because the word "soul," to me, has a deeper and more interior signification. So that at last, I was led by my inner

promptings to use the word spirit, in the same sense as the chemist uses it to represent that which is extracted from a body, or more gross substance: as "spirits" of wine, "spirits" of salts, &c., &c. Now I think that seeing that the body that is to serve us when we have laid aside the physical is derived, or extracted (if you will allow me the term), out of the material, to call it spirit is more in harmony with the general meaning of that word. While to reverse the meaning of these, and so apply the reverse to things in general, would sound rather peculiar. Thus to speak of the "souls" of wine, "souls" of salts, &c., &c.

But my friend "Arcanus" quotes from the Scriptures this passage: "God is a spirit." But I would like to ask if "spirit" is a true rendering of the original? He also, quotes from the writings of Allan Kardec to show that the word "soul" relates to the spirit-body and not to the conscious being. He might also have cited the writings of the "Poughkeepsie Seer," while Hudson Tuttle discards the word soul as meaningless—only using the words matter and spirit, that which constitutes the spirit-body being matter in a refined or etherialized state. And as with this, so with the spirit spheres. When such renowned writers differ in the choice of their words, who shall decide?

Spiritualism is in its infancy, and the correction of its words and phases will never be done at a better time than now. And I for one would feel greatly relieved if this could be done, as I have no ulterior motive in view in using the word "soul" to represent the essential being.

I think that my friend "Arcanus," and all concerned in the proper and judicious selection of words, will admit that these are but symbols by which we endeavour to convey our thoughts and ideas, and that the vitality of all teachings depends on this point. And the time has now arrived when all Spiritualists should speak out and say what words shall be used to designate the essential being and its vehicle in the spirit world; and then adhering to these both on the platform, in our ordinary conversation, and in our periodicals; and until this is done explanations and controversies are likely to occur.—Yours fraternally,

18, Albion Street, Batley, Yorks. ALFRED KITSON.  
May 28, 1883.

## OBITUARY.

## EMANUEL MARSHALL.

It is painful to observe in what a cast-off and solitary manner those who have taken a prominent part in Spiritualism, pass away from this earthly scene. The thought will arise—What suffering and solitary misery is in store for oneself? Mrs. Marshall, the pioneer medium—the medium even before the era of Modern Spiritualism—died lonely, and three of us followed her mortal remains to their resting place. Now her son has left the body, and had it not been for the sisterly kindness of Miss Haslam, the event would have remained unrecorded. With her compliments we have received the following memorial card: "Emanuel Marshall, Spiritualist medium and Draughtsman, of 7, Bristol Gardens, Maida Hill, 1864-70, died at Wandsworth, May 6, 1883, aged 50. 'It is the Spirit that quickeneth.' Inscribed by his friend, Annette Augusta Haslam." The deceased was the husband of Mrs. Mary Marshall, whose announcements appear from time to time. The elder Mrs. Marshall, alluded to above, was his mother.

## JOHN HAYNES.

Passed to the higher life, May 23rd, at eleven o'clock p.m., in his fifty-third year, John Haynes, of Stranraer Villa, Castle Road, Cardiff, in the sure and certain hope of continued life in that wider sphere of spiritual activities. A close and earnest observation of spiritual phenomena for about six years, had given him the full assurance of immortality, and that peace which passeth understanding. The change for him came suddenly, as a thief in the night, on the twenty-sixth anniversary of his marriage. The bereaved wife and children, while mourning the physical removal of so loving a husband and father, yet share the same assurance which was such a comfort to him. Being a Scotchman by birth, the funeral (which took place on Saturday, the 26th inst.) was largely attended by Scotch friends in the same branch of business, also by a goodly number of local Spiritualists. This is the second funeral in Cardiff conducted in harmony with spiritual teaching, and the service, which was led by the writer, was pervaded by an earnestness of feeling, and listened to with such evident interest, that I trust it may prove to many to be good seed sown by the wayside, which shall grow and flourish unto full fruition.  
E. A.



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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 JUNE 1, 1883.

### NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Three more weeks, and we must take farewell of "Little Lara," now no longer "lonely." The present non-existence of any of the features at Cairo set forth in the tale, will not militate against its fidelity, as the incidents are supposed to have taken place some fifty years ago. Following "Lara" we have another tale by Mrs. Ramsay Laye, entitled "Sybel's Ideal." It will occupy a "Column for the Ladies" for a few weeks. It is all about the feminine side of humanity, which fact may prove a special attraction to our masculine readers, just as Lara has commended himself to many young ladies besides Lalla. Anyhow it is a tale that will do all good who read it.

The Papists are building a monastery near Horsham, at a cost of £400,000, raised by "voluntary contributions." We don't believe a word of it. It is entirely the proceeds of human slavery. Landlords and usurers, who have their heels on the necks of the people, compel the honest populace to contribute to all their vices and whims—be it the "church," prostitution, horse-racing, gambling, and so forth. Let us have a Rent-Payer's Parliament, and the produce of the country will be expended in a different direction. The papal power will yet be found not only the enemy of the people's liberties, but of the government itself. Treason to the rights of the people, through a misappropriation of their means, makes way for all other forms of treason crime.

The Duke of Albany gave a most interesting and enlightened address at the inauguration of the Museum of Hygiene. Its matter reminded us of the lectures we gave through the provinces nearly twenty years ago, but of course a prince could express himself in a much more elegant and acceptable manner. But it is not princes that lead public opinion: they follow it. The fishermen have given the Prince of Wales's household a most valuable lesson in temperance, and through them to the whole empire. On their recent visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales, it was found that one half of the fishermen were teetotallers. We do not imply that the lesson is needed where it was given, but it is greatly needed elsewhere, and we hope the fact will add to the resolution of their Royal Highnesses to stand up boldly for teetotalism, as they have for other good things. The speech of the Prince of Wales on the music question was likewise excellent, as were also the remarks of the Duke of Edinburgh on Fisheries, on which he is writing an original paper. There certainly is no other Royal Family, or, indeed, any other family, displaying talent and public interest such as we see in the family of Her Most Gracious Majesty. We hope they will all unite against any attempt to give the emissaries of the Papacy a standing at Court.

In Mr. Harrison's article last week, the word "print" in relation to Mr. E. W. Allen, should have been "publish" as indicated by the context and by Mr. Allen's functions.

C. Pawley, by her Guides' wishes, in a week or two will form a circle for three months, on each Wednesday evening, for honest investigators or those more advanced; apply by letter: for address see advertisement.

Mr. and Mrs. Graff have kindly offered a room in their house, for a weekly seance to the Spiritualists of Hackney, and the surrounding district. Mr. Towns will be most happy to meet them on Wednesday, June 6th, at 34, Alvington Crescent, High Street, Kingsland.

A contributor to "Light for Thinkers" quotes as a Lycium lesson, a sentiment to the effect that "knowledge is superior to faith." We wish he would prove the point, in an early issue of our Atlanta contemporary. We are ready to follow with the reverse,—that faith is superior to knowledge.

"Light for Thinkers" is now doubled in size. The Dietetic Reformer, organ of the Vegetarian movement, gives a cordial notice of OAHSPF, from what appeared in the MEDIUM respecting the Dietetic habits of Dr. Newborough. "Light for All," San Francisco, is a well-filled and neatly-printed magazine, issued every second Thursday.

Peter Cooper, the American philanthropist, recently deceased, was a Unitarian. Before he passed away he left this testimony:—"My experience of life has not dimmed my hopes for humanity. My sun is not setting in clouds and darkness but is going down cheerfully in a clear firmament, lighted up by the glory of God, who should always be venerated and loved as the infinite source and fountain of all light, life, power, wisdom, and goodness."

A father actually recommends his child as a clairvoyant for "Turf business!" We did not think any reader of the MEDIUM had arrived at such a depth of depravity. Can we wonder at the contracted selfishness of our Movement, and the ridicule it receives, when its component parts are so constituted? We hope it will be long before a similar proposal reaches our eye.

We frequently receive a newspaper from Dr. Simms, the celebrated physiognomist. He seems to be having a most successful tour in Australia. We hope to have a visit soon from Dr. Brown, of Burnley. Mr. Nelson, Northampton, and his son gave as a look in on their way home from the South Coast holiday trip. Mr. Dymond, late of Plymouth, called on Sunday, and again later in the week. We were glad to make his personal acquaintance. Mr. T. P. Barkas called on his recent visit to London. We had not seen him for several years. Our engagements prevented our attending his lecture on "Psychology."

COXHOG.—We have had another report of Mr. Robinson's mediumship. He sits outside of the cabinet, and the spirits frequently bring him into the circle. On Sunday the spirit of a child materialized, brought the medium into the circle, placed him on a chair and then sat on his knee, talking to her grandfather and speaking about her grandmother. She remained out fifteen minutes. We would be glad of a few particulars as to the light used, and how strong the light is. We would be sorry to give too much publicity to this circle, and bring the medium into bad surroundings. With care and a proper use of mediumship, a new and glorious power will be given; but only to those who by their methods can receive it.

A gush of flippant vulgarity courses down a column of the "Daily Telegraph" on the Taxation of Mediums in Ohio, and the gift of Mr. Seybert for the investigation of Spiritual Science. It would be no harm to the Cause whatever if public professional mediumship were wholly suppressed. It has been practically so in England of late, and yet the Cause never made such rapid and satisfactory progress. It is not intended by any legislature to tax mediumship, but only the public traffic in it. The Ohio Representatives must be enlightened Spiritualists, having an eye to the proper working of the Cause. It is the trade of the mercenary medium that has brought all the reproach on Spiritualism, and been the greatest obstacle in the way of its true progress.

Mr. Oyston reports that the receipts at Ferry Hall were—Field collection £1 7s. 11d.; Proceeds of Entertainment £1 19s. Total: £3 6s. 11d. Expenditure: Pianist's Fee 15s.; correspondence 10s. 4d.; Board Schools Rent 10s.; Field Rent 10s.; Bills Printing 9s.; Telegrams 3s. 6d.; Piano Hire 8s. 6d.; Assistance 2s.; Refreshments 1s. 4d.; Oil 1s.; Balance presented to periodicals 1s. 3d. Of this we have received 8d., which pays our postage in the matter. At the same time we would rather, in the future, take no share in the proceeds of such efforts. A money consideration should never be the basis of spiritual work. What we do in such matters is as a means of helping the Cause; not to help any clique or party, or fill our own coffers, empty though they be. All such balances should be expended in promoting the Cause in the locality, such as by circulating the report in the MEDIUM at our mere cost of paper price. And as a matter of honesty and justice we must insist that, if through our advertising an event is brought about, the proceeds of that event shall in turn advertise us, by circulating the MEDIUM. These are sound principles.



## OUR POSITION IN RESPECT TO PUBLIC MEDIUMSHIP.

The position of Spiritual Journalist is a painfully responsible one. We are made the tools of much that works both good and ill in the Movement. We may thus lead to dire evil with the best intentions. But are we not responsible? Verily, we are! Our pains and sufferings during the last few years, and present almost unbearable burdens, appear like a punishment from which there is no escape: except, possibly, by repentance, which we delay no longer in making.

Thus we have been convinced by sad experience that professional Spiritualism is a mistake. Spiritualism is based on facts. We feel instructed by certain facts that have eaten their way into the very marrow of our spirit. We cannot longer be made the tool of professional Spiritualism. Now that we have experienced the dire effects of the system, our punishment would be a hundredfold more terrible, if we did not revise our methods.

Lately, and again this very week, we are made to countenance the scheme of exporting Miss Wood to Sydney. Against Miss Wood and her mediumship we intend to say nothing. Extraordinary phenomena have been observed in her presence, and, in addition, much that was ambiguous, and, in not a few instances, that which was quite deceptive. Miss Wood's public career has been a series of painful sensations. We do not say that she has been a willing instrument for these ends, but none the less, the fact remains. These exposures, scandals, and outbursts of demoniacal feeling, have done more harm to the Cause and to the peace of mind of many good people, than all her mediumship would counterbalance in 100 years.

In the little book that we published respecting her manifestations, Mr. Barkas candidly noted that unsatisfactory features attended her mediumship from the first. Then has followed the long series of terrible scenes in Blackburn, Macclesfield, Newcastle, Peterborough, London, and so on, ending in social estrangements and mental derangement. All this may come from the spiritual side, but that is all the more reason for exercising caution.

Miss Wood deserves our pity, but that is not a reason why we should inflict her on the good people of Sydney. Let those who took her from private life, put her back again. We have not the opportunity to-day to give our views on the great and irreparable injury we do mediums by abandoning them to all kinds of sitters and surroundings, that a public life exposes them to. Let us all look this matter in the face, and confer together as to what can be done to repair past damages. In this matter we are Miss Wood's friend, and the friend of the Cause as well. We leave all to do as they please; but duty demanded of us that these remarks should be placed before all concerned—and who is not?

### A SPECIAL NUMBER NEXT WEEK.

In our next number we propose giving a portrait of Mr. S. C. Hall, accompanied by an account of his long and eventful career, being a review of his recently published autobiography—"Retrospect of a Long Life." In this work Mr. Hall bears testimony to Spiritualism with a bravery which surely will endow with fresh courage half-hearted adherents, and stimulate outsiders to look into the subject.

This number will be of special interest to circulate widely, especially amongst church members. We trust many of our well-to-do private readers will either have a quantity sent to themselves for circulation, or send us a donation to provide copies to be circulated by others. We must not lose these grand opportunities of bringing the truth more widely before the public.

To place no obstacle in the way of its extensive diffusion, we offer it at the following rates:—

Parcels of 24 copies and upwards will be supplied at One Penny Each, carriage per rail extra.

Parcels of 100 copies, carriage paid to any railway station, for 8s.

An order for 500 copies will be supplied for One Guinea,—that is, we contribute half the cost—thus reducing the Medium to One-halfpenny. Carriage Extra.

## OPEN-AIR WORK.

### A BEGINNING IN LONDON.

On Sunday morning Mr. Burns went to Clerkenwell Green, where several groups were at work. The Secularists were showing that if this be a Christian country the divorce cases should be treated as set forth by Moses, and not after the fashion of the modern divorce court. The speaker made much of the point that Lord Campbell's Act prevented him from reading in public all the language contained in the Bible on the subject.

Another group were the opponents of the Secularists. A speaker endeavoured to show that the Christian system is the origin and centre of the ideas of a Supreme Being and human brotherhood. The Bible was the oldest book, and all other Spiritual writings had been borrowed from it. He was opposed by a Secularist, a young man, apparently a Jew, who spoke most intelligently and logically. He had a better acquaintance with the Bible than the Christian, and indeed so had the speaker on divorce—he seemed well up in the Scriptures and handled a well-thumbed copy stuck full of marks. If a reading of the Bible is to make men Christians surely the Secularists are not to blame for their unbelief.

Mr. Burns was the next speaker. He said the opener had failed in adducing any proof that the contents of the Bible had in past ages found out humanity in all parts of the world, in all their several languages, and thus taught them spiritual truths. Besides the Bible, though treating of ancient things, was by no means an old book. It told who was the author of part of it. Ezra did work of that kind, and he lived not long before the present era. Where did he get his information? Did he spin it out of his own head, or did he find already existing records which he copied? The truth is, he got the Pentateuch out of Egypt. Here Mr. Burns who had a parcel of MEDIUMS under his arm, held up the front page, and called attention to the portrait of Sethi I., and that there were contiguous records of seventy-five kings who had preceded him, which was a stone book extending back 5,000 years, and which contained descriptions of the temple furniture, of the Israelite's ark, its staves, &c., all of which had been borrowed and put into the Pentateuch. The first speaker had adduced the phenomenon of the burning bush that Moses saw, as proof of the existence of a Supreme Being. But it was nothing of the kind. It was simply a spiritual manifestation, of which there were multitudes in the present day, testified to by Mr. Crookes and other leading scientific men. These phenomena proved that spiritual beings could make themselves known to mankind, but we must not make a mistake and recognise them as the Supreme Being. All mankind recognised the existence of the Supreme Being: they were His children, and a father could surely reveal himself to all his offspring. Thus the speaker went on, meeting with strict attention and repeated applause. When he had done, hands were held out with money to buy copies of the MEDIUM. Mr. Burns said he would give them away, and in doing so he was almost pulled to pieces, so eager were the people to possess a copy. Anyone having the MEDIUM to sell outside the group could have got rid of a large quantity.

On Sunday next, Mr. Burns and other friends will be on Clerkenwell Green, at 11 o'clock, and hold a meeting of their own. It is not proper that too much advantage should be taken of the use of other platforms.

Mr. A. Brown, Secretary of Goswell Hall, also addressed a meeting opposite the Agricultural Hall. He found a great desire to learn knowledge of Spiritualism. He will go again to the same place on Sunday next.

On Sunday afternoon, Mr. Burns attended the open-

ing meeting of the Free Spiritual Mission, at Quebec Hall. A circle was held. Mr. Savage proved his power to describe spirits and past events; not only so, but he opened up the future.

Mr. Cristus has good healing power.

It was arranged that a series of open-air meetings should be held in that district. The first will take place in Regent's Park, near Hanover Gate, at 2 o'clock, on Sunday, after which the Mission will be resumed at Quebec Hall, at 3. Mr. Towns and other friends have offered their assistance. Hymn papers have been printed to give to the people, so that all can join in the singing.

#### HELP AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

Mr. Fred. Wilson, the converted clown, is an inspirational speaker. He advertises to preach on any two texts selected by the audience. He is an independent worker, and asks no favour from Spiritualists, and is coming to London for a mission in St. Giles's. But he describes himself as "at the feet of Jesus," and hence cannot be heard on platforms where Susie Fletcher, Kate Wood, and other modern divinities have found extended eulogy. But we prefer Jesus infinitely to the free-love and lucre apostles, about whom the minds of many are so unwholesomely exercised. We cast no stone at the erring or unfortunate: no human being is perfect. God help them, and all of us! At the same time do not let us seek to appear as apologists for iniquity. In Jesus no fault was found, even at his trial. He was not accused of trickery, nor was the indictment for obtaining goods. We therefore (as is our failing), take the unpopular side, and prefer Jesus, Joshu, or whatever he was called, to Barrabas. Even if an ideal personification, we like the spirit of that spiritual teacher. He harassed none with hall-rent and fees. He needed no secretary to engage him, and no committee to stand between him and the liabilities of his mission. He did not address a few "members" in hole-in-a-corner places, but he spoke to God's great humanity in the public light of the sun. Let us have the same feeling of universal brotherhood, in place of the cramping, clique-tarianism that is shutting all the light of heaven out of Modern Spiritualism in its more public aspects.

We, therefore, extend the hand of fellowship to Mr. Fred. Wilson, even at the "feet of Jesus." If our friend's theology require directing, we hope to receive in exchange some of his enthusiasm, born of that Love which saved him from ruin. Those of us who have been so good and "respectable" all our lives never know of the "riches of divine grace" extended to even a "little clown." Ah! there are "big" clowns amongst us, but who unfortunately are not aware of the fact.

We take pleasure in laying the following letter before our readers:—

Dear Brother Burns,—It was with great delight I read your account of the open-air mission you are going to start, as I know the great good that is done: you get all classes of men from the lowest to the highest to listen, and we know from three years open-air work what good is done, not only in summer but in winter. We have had 500 to 1,000 people listening to the words of truth from our spirit guides, and many a weary soul has gone away cheered up by a word of comfort, as in their time of darkness they have heard the sweet message of a Father's love. No, sir, you are right; they do not want grand talking, nor fine words, but earnestness of purpose and kind words spoken from the heart. I should not have written this to you, but knowing what a power for good and how it will help the Cause we love, I felt impressed to write this to tell you to go on. God will bless you. We shall be in London, June 23, and Mrs. Wilson and myself will help you. Trusting that the Spiritualists of London will rally round you in your mission, I am yours in the Cause,  
 Scarborough, May 28, 1883.

FRED. WILSON,  
 the Little Clown.

#### THE EXHIBITION OF MEDIUMISTIC DRAWINGS.

As announced last week, a selection of coloured portraits, drawn through his medium, were exhibited by A. T. T. P. at Goswell Hall on Sunday evening. There were about 100 persons present, some coming from considerable distances, which indicates the adver-

tising power of this paper. We observed Mr. Champowne from Kingston-on-Thames, a young friend from Brentford, others from Forest Hill, &c. Two controls were read, interspersed with comments, affording facts of identity represented in the drawings. We would say a great deal on this point, were it not that the subject has been already dealt with in Mr. Burns's lecture, reported in December last.

There were also on view some portraits by Mrs. Graff, very finely executed, of which she has afforded us the following particulars:—

"Now to explain the principal picture (which is mounted in two compartments or openings in one frame): In the first my spirit guide, the high priest, is in the act of giving a discourse; on his right hand is the spirit artist who controls me for drawing; and on his left, my husband's guide, both in the attitude of listening. In the other compartment, in the centre, my chief guide with his harp, which he has just ceased playing upon; on each side of him is a female figure—one a very bright spirit, the other my spirit-daughter, through whose instigation I was led to investigate Spiritualism. Three of the other pictures are Miss Pawley's guides, all of whom have been recognised by her: one, her chief guide; one, the doctor who controls her for healing purposes; and the other, a teacher in the second sphere of the Court of Light."

The high priest is represented wearing a breastplate containing twelve precious stones. Mrs. Graff has furnished us with an explanation of the meaning of these gems. This explanation was received in the following manner:—

"My guide," writes Mrs. Graff, "through Miss Pawley, told me to put pencil and paper by my bedside, and he would give me the names of the stones and explanation of them. Accordingly, I was aroused from sleep the following night, and the name and explanation of one stone given in writing through me. So they continued for twelve consecutive nights, until I received the whole of them."

#### EXPLANATION OF THE TWELVE STONES IN THE BREASTPLATE.

1. DIAMOND.—The lustre of which has diversity of power: that of reflection, which attracts bright influences, and repels those that are dark or malicious; the emblem of purity, imparting to the wearer a measure of its own influence; has the power to raise the soul to that point of elevation which in its divine nature it is capable of attaining to.

2. AMETHYST.—The symbol of truth and loftiness of mind; endows the wearer with a portion of its power, at the same time repelling all who are opposed to its influence.

3. TOPAZ.—A stone that has the power of inculcating a practical mode of thought and action to the wearer, affecting those who come in contact with it with a measure of its influence; it is a valuable gem, and would help many could they but wear it.

4. GARNET.—A stone imparting to those sensitive to its influence the gift of prophecy; discloses scenes and events quite unknown to them; makes him or her acquainted with events that are happening, or have happened: such are the effects of this stone.

5. THE EMERALD typifies sensitiveness; imbues the wearer with a measure of its influence, at the same time protecting from harm, by the close proximity of undeveloped and mischievous disembodied spirits; it is also emblematical of promise: as the green in spring promises the rich verdure of summer.

6. THE RUBY, whose rich colour attracts notice, being like many bright things to the outward eye, gorgeous, but possessing a power (which is inward) of quite a reverse nature. You will ask why we wear it? I answer, that as like attracts like, so it has the power of drawing influences to it of its own nature, by which means we are enabled to render assistance to those who need it.

7. CORNELIAN.—The emblem of pure and lofty aspi-



ration. On beholding it the mind is elevated and raised in silent adoration to dwell on the power and omnipotence of God, in the vast and extensive beauty and order of nature, which teem with the Divine essence, and speak of the mighty power of God.

8. OPAL.—It has a twofold power: that of giving a clear, well-defined judgment of persons and things, also of working upon the mind the necessity of sound and impartial feeling, where the nature of truth and falsehood has to be arrived at. It is a gem insignificant to the eye, but, like the unpretending, has a hidden power for good, while exhibiting a meek and humble exterior.

9. SARDONYX.—A stone of pure and rare combinations. It conveys at all times to the mind of the wearer the necessity of cultivating the higher attributes of their nature, facilitating the progress of the soul to that state of perfection attainable to all. The mind on beholding it is strengthened and invigorated, rendering it capable of reasoning and tracing accurately the cause and effect of things in general.

10. CARBUNCLE.—A stone of great worth. It endows the wearer with the power of concentration of mind, will and action; intensifying to a great degree all the nobler attributes of the Divine nature in the human soul. It is prized by the Spirit, as in their vocation of love and duty it imparts its influence, which is a power of help and strength to all who wear it.

11. PEARL.—The emblem of pure and unsullied love, which is the highest and holiest of God's attributes implanted in the human soul. In contemplating it the mind expands, beholding around in every direction evidences of the Divine love which beautifies and enriches nature; elevates the soul to the highest point of perfection. Such is the term applied to this gem: "Pearl of great price."

12. SAPPHIRE.—Gives to the wearer strength of character; imparting to their nature integrity; uplifting the soul, filling it with lofty sentiments; giving the power to attain to the highest state of perfection in its pursuit after knowledge and truth.

## PROGRESS OF SPIRITUAL WORK.

EXETER—ODDFELLOWS' HALL, BAMPFYLDE STREET.

"The spirit-world" and its influence upon this, is a theme that will never be exhausted by Spiritualist writers and speakers. Few of us probably have ever had anything like a worthy conception of the extent to which the millions of human beings in the flesh, are influenced by the vast realm of spirit life which surrounds them. Believing as we do in the intimate relation and connection between this tiny earth sphere of existence and the infinite universe of liberated souls; believing as we do that our soul life is environed by the spiritual ether, in the same way that our bodies are by the material atmosphere, we should be always prepared to expect far greater manifestations than anything we have experienced hitherto. We should, indeed, be surprised at nothing in the shape of interpositions from the spirit-world.

If the countless myriads who have obtained their liberation from the body have only passed into a wider but still surrounding realm, and are only hidden from us by the thin veil of flesh, surely we ought not to be surprised at the occasional shaking of this veil, nor the occasional glimpses obtained through that veil of those beyond it. Surely we ought to expect that these crowds of unseen people around us, exulting in their liberty and more glorious life, will in some way if not in many ways, make their presence known and their influence felt, and the fact that they do so is being demonstrated by this much misunderstood and abused Modern Spiritualism. Aye, and the day is coming when open and conscious intercourse between this world and the next will be universally realized, and when to be incapable of realizing this experience will reflect the greatest discredit, as indicating a low, sensual, material condition. The favoured few are even now basking in the heavenly light which illumines the mountain tops of spiritual aspiration, and are literally walking face to face and hand in hand with angels!

Spiritualism, then, is the influence, deliberate, direct, and universal, of the spirit-world upon this, and this being so, what wonders ought we to look for! Aye, and wonders are taking place which are never mentioned in print. I believe that all Spiritualists should contribute reports of spiritual manifestations according to their experience and opportunity; but there

seem to be certain persons in this movement as directly appointed to record the operations of the spirit-world, as are the staff of reporters and correspondents for the daily newspaper.

Walking into the country last week, my mind was occupied with thoughts of the actual influence of the spirit-world upon humanity, as distinguished from the puny proceedings of spirit circles and Spiritualists. These latter are but tiny vibrations of the vast universal movement comprehended in the term Spiritualism; like the froth indicating the tidal flow. The illustration that occurred to me was, that our work was like that of children on the beach, making tiny channels for the incoming tide to flow in. The sea, we know, will roll in and make short work of these channels! Taking up the MEDIUM on Friday morning, I found that the same thought had occupied the mind of the Editor. He says, "It is impossible to calculate the amount of work done by what appears on the surface." No, indeed, Spiritualism is influencing the minds of millions, and spiritual gifts will by-and-by burst forth like flowers in the spring time. Grand glorious Spiritualism is this—this earth is one vast "circle," and the work of "development" is going on in the souls of millions.

Still we can materially aid the spirit-world if we go the right way to work, we can be as useful in the spiritual field as the farmer is in the material, supplying conditions whereby the forces of nature can operate more effectually. And the question for all spiritual workers is—To what extent are we doing this?

In my capacity of correspondent of the Spiritual Movement in my own locality, I would like to mention a manifestation that took place on Tuesday last. I referred last week to the trance medium who was controlled and taken into the Hall, where he delivered an eloquent address, and thence taken into the street without his knowing what he had done. We were having a successful meeting on Tuesday evening when the same medium, entranced, came rushing into the room, where first exciting impersonations took place, and then a beautiful discourse delivered. At the close, the control bade us good night, and again hurried away. He was followed by a friend to the middle of the city, where he became conscious and greeted the friend, but he had no knowledge that he had done what I have here described. He states that he was quietly walking along South Street, when, after an interval of what he thought mental oblivion or absence of mind, he found himself in another street hard by. The reflection superinduced by this "manifestation" is, as to the influence of the spirit-world upon this; and if this friend could be seized and made to act thus, to what extent are we all influenced, independently of our volition or thought? Here is certainly a new "force" in our midst, which the world ought to know something about.

On Sunday morning a lady visited the circle for the first time, and was immediately controlled to write. Is not this a capital method of convincing inquirers—instead of wasting the life of mediums by extorting from them phenomena, tests, etc., would it not be better for inquirers to have all these in their own person, as every spiritual mind has the highest proof of Spiritualism in his own experience? At the evening meeting the mediums were not controlled, but the service was made deeply interesting with teaching, conversation, and devotion.

NEWTON ABBOTT.

Our two friends from here have been at Exeter during the week, and have attended our meetings. Mr. Brinscombe is a big strong man, and a powerful medium, physical and clairvoyant. He and his friend have excited no small stir at the above place, which is about midway between Exeter and Plymouth. It will become an influential centre by-and-by.

OMEGA.

PLYMOUTH: RICHMOND HALL RICHMOND STREET.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. Stentiford read an interesting paper on "Mediumship," which was much appreciated. The subject is one of the deepest importance, and anything relating to its practicality or tending to enhance its usefulness must at all times command attention. Mr. Stentiford's remarks being the result of many years experience were therefore valuable, and will no doubt be carefully weighed over by those who heard them. I am pleased to be able to announce that on next Sunday evening, Mr. E. P. Luke, a member of one of the denominations, has kindly promised a discourse, subject: "The Absurdities of modern Atheism"; 6.30.

4 Athenæum Terrace.

R. S. CLARKE, Hon. Sec.

BUSINESS MEETING, MAY 27th, 1883.

At the meeting of the members of the Plymouth Free Spiritual Society, Mr. O. Stentiford (Vice-president), presiding, the following resolution was carried unanimously:—

"That this meeting, having heard with deep regret of the departure from Plymouth of Mr. C. W. Dymond, C.E. and Mrs. Dymond, expresses its sincere thanks to Mr. Dymond for his indefatigable efforts to spread the truth and advance the local Cause while resident in the town, and assures him, together with his wife, of the continued esteem and regard of their Spiritualist friends." O. STENTIFORD, Chairman.

## APHORISMS.

There is no truer mirror than an old friend.

It is with honour just as with snow, both never get back their lost splendour if they have once lost it.

Love flies away the more it is persecuted; it follows him who flies before it, and flies from those who follow it.

The vine bears four grapes: the first for health, the second for intoxication, the third for sickness, and the fourth for poverty.

Do not envy the great and happy. The mast indeed towers over the whole rigging, but is it not exposed to break the first?

Would you be loved by all? Then judge every one in a favourable way.

J. L. HANAU.

Mr. Thomas, of Kingsley, says: "Out of the 2,000 letters, written to correspondents on Spiritualism, I have had but thirteen complaints or cases of dissatisfaction. The bulk of my correspondents write twice."

LEICESTER.—Silver Street Lecture Hall. On Sunday evening last, Mr. Bent delivered a normal address to a good congregation. He took for his subject, John, iv., 32: "But he said unto them, I have meat to eat that ye knew not of."—R. WIGHTMAN, Sec., 74, Mostyn Street, Hinckley Road.

SOWERBY BRIDGE.—Mrs. Hardinge-Britten will speak at the anniversary, to be held at the Lyceum Buildings, Sunday, June 10. In the afternoon at 2.30 the subject will be "What has Spiritualism done for the nineteenth century?" In the evening six subjects will be chosen by the audience. A collection at each service, in aid of the Lyceum. Tea will be provided for friends.—H. BOOTH, Sec.

QUEBEC HALL.—Marylebone Road. On Sunday evening, this congregation had a lecture on "Outward Show," by Mr. MacDonnell, who endeavoured to prove how "the world's deceived with ornament," from a philosophical as well as a religious standpoint. The application of the views advanced to the religious folk of the day, was a scathing comment on the 23rd chapter of Matthew, where every denunciation of Christ was fairly shown to point at the display of Ecclesiasticism, and adverse to the spiritual nature of God's truth. Among the speakers who followed, one gentleman regarded the address as uncharitable and too severe. Others present answered him and justified the lecturer. The interest was extended far beyond the usual time, and a very agreeable evening was passed.—COR.

THE FERRY HILL DEMONSTRATION.—Our Middlesborough friends desire me through your valuable paper to thank Mr. C. G. Oyston, for the very enlogistic terms he has used to us as an Association, for the little assistance we were able to give to the Committee and to the Entertainment. If our services were appreciated (and I have every reason to believe they were), we only did our duty; if they were not, we did our best, and no man can do more. But at the same time we think, if it had not been for the indefatigable way in which Mr. Oyston worked, with the co-operation of Mr. Marlow, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, it would not have been so successful as it was. I hope that next year we shall have even a better and larger meeting than the last. Hoping that those friends who worked so hard in the Cause may be spared for a long time to work as assiduously in the future as in the past, we can say to all Spiritualists: Do thou likewise.—H. GOODCHILD, Sec.

MIDDLESBOROUGH.—On Sunday, May 20th, we had Mrs. Wilson, of Sunderland, whose guides gave two capital addresses. She also gave an account of how it was she became a Spiritualist, which was very interesting. She also gave us the history of her blindness, which lasted 38 years, and how she ultimately received her sight through spirit-agency. Some wonderful tests of a private nature was given; she is indeed a wonderful medium. Friends in the neighbourhood would do well to engage her services, as she is truly a remarkable person. We had a crowded house and everything went off beautifully. Today, 27th, we had Mr. J. G. Grey, of Gateshead, whose guides gave two addresses. In the morning the subject was taken from Revelation xxi., 1-4: "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth." The subject was beautifully handled and was very instructive. In the evening the subject was "Is Spiritualism a power, and able to elevate Humanity?" It was as in the morning, everything that could be desired. We had another crowded house about 120 being present.—H. G.

GOSWELL HALL, 290, GOSWELL ROAD.—The attendance to hear Mr. Wilson describe "Rainbow of Promise" was much larger last Sunday morning than on previous occasions. In the evening we had the pleasure of again hearing our esteemed friend A. T. T. P. I think I am right by saying that he is esteemed by us all; not only as a lecturer, but as a steadfast worker in the Cause of truth, with the desire that mankind should be emancipated from the dogmatic slavery that at present holds them in chains, chains that would be burst asunder, if they were to exercise that holy torch God has given them—Reason. This was shown by the numerous friends that assembled from various parts of London to hear him, and the repeated expressions of appreciation that were given while delivering his address. The spirit paintings were examined by

all with very much interest, of which a short description was given. Mrs. Graff had also on view a few very nice and interesting pictures, showing her mediumship, and a written description was given by her guides and read by her to the audience. Mr. Samuel corroborated her statement, and Mr. Defries, from Australia, gave a few very encouraging remarks; and with numerous expressions as to the pleasant evening spent, a good day's work was brought to a close.—ALEX. BROWN, Hob. Sec.

MR. COLVILLE IN ENGLAND.—Mr. Colville writes from Boston to state that being obliged to visit England, he has taken his passage in the Cunard steamer "Cephalonia" which leaves Boston for Liverpool, on Saturday, June 16. Mr. Colville continues: "I feel justified in announcing to my many friends in England, that I shall be again among them, after an absence of nearly five years, before the end of next month. My guides desire me to state that I shall be ready to take the platform, Sunday, July 1st. If the friends in Liverpool, Manchester, Macclesfield, or any other of the fields of my former labour, desire to secure my services for that date, will you let them know that the first application will be answered for the first Sunday. I will leave the terms to the good judgment of the friends who desire my presence on their rostrum. I am not visiting England for the purpose of lecturing, but my inspirers are willing to do what they are able through my instrumentality for the public advocacy of our glorious Cause, as opportunities for usefulness present themselves. Letters may be sent to my American address: 8, Pembroke Street, Boston, until June 16th; after that date I think it might be advisable to direct care of the Postmaster, Liverpool. I shall not visit London, probably, until some time after my arrival in England."

MANCHESTER.—Mechanics' Institute, Major Street. On Sunday morning Mrs. Groom, of Birmingham, spoke on "The life of Jesus and the new birth," (chosen by the audience). The controls said the star which led the shepherds to the birth-place of Jesus was not really a star but a spiritual light. They also showed how a spirit-voice spoke to Joseph telling him to flee from Bethlehem, as King Herod sought to slay his child, and also showing that the power of healing, which most people possess, is not put into practice as it ought to be in the present day. The teachings of Jesus whilst on earth were love and goodness, and that we should do to others as we would they should do unto us. After a change of controls they gave four splendid poems on "Love," "God," "Charity," and "Christ." In her normal state Mrs. Groom gave several clairvoyant descriptions all of which were recognised but one. She also described the character of the writer of a letter, to the satisfaction of the gentleman who handed it up. On Sunday evening Mrs. Groom's controls took for their subject: "Consider the Lilies how they Grow," showing how the cold and bitter winds of winter pass away and give place to the warmth and sunshine of summer, the same as death and man's life beyond, if he live a good life on this earth. The controls explained to us how the spirits come among us and the scent of the flowers, and take them to the bedside of the sick to cheer them in their sorrow. At the end of her discourse the controls gave three poems on "Spring," "Ireland," and "the Lilies." In her normal state she also gave about twenty clairvoyant readings which were highly appreciated by the audience.—SAMUEL CHESTERSON, Sec. M.S.S.S.

Mr. Oliver Watson writing in the "Accrington Gazette," seems to overlook Spiritualism as a solution of the difficulty. We reproduce his appeal to the clergy, but point it rather straight at Spiritualists:—"Perhaps, the greatest of all difficulties is to instruct the people how to form right conjectures regarding the endless duration of an immortal existence. Nevertheless, notwithstanding the difficulties that would have to be encountered, if but half the energy were set forth by the clergy throughout the length and breadth of the land, as has been displayed by Mr. Bradlaugh in the promulgation of his detestable compilations, we should soon hear the last of Atheism. For it would sink into oblivion, and in its place would shine the pure white light of truth which is eternal. To know that the square of the hypothenuse is always exactly equal to the sum of the squares of the sides of a right-angled triangle, whatever be its size and whatever the magnitude of the acute angles, is pleasing. But to be able to give religious light to an erring brother, to relieve him from the wellnigh insupportable terrors of Atheism, is far more pleasing, and greater too."

BATLEY CARR.—On Sunday last Mrs. Dobson occupied our platform, when her guides addressed the audience on "Spiritualism, the hope and redeemer of the world." The discourse lasted fifty-five minutes and was listened to with great attention, and repeatedly won marks of approval. The meeting was brought to a close by singing hymn 194, S. H.: "A new religion shakes the earth."—ALFRED KITSON.

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## NOTES FROM TYNESIDE.

**NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.**—On Whit-Monday and Tuesday, Mr. F. Ogle gave some very interesting experiments in Mesmerism and Clairvoyance, by means of his two sensitives, Dick Nesbit and Mrs. Nesbit. Remarkable powers were displayed, such as Spiritualists should carefully study and endeavour to understand, seeing that this is indeed the stepping-stone to an intelligent comprehension of much of the phenomena of spirit control. I will refrain from details, however, as Mr. Ogle and his sensitives have kindly volunteered to give a brief discourse on the subject, accompanied with experiments on Sunday next, both morning and afternoon, when I would urge upon all the importance to themselves of witnessing the experiments and listening to the lucid and straightforward exposition of Mr. Ogle. He deserves a full house.

On Sunday, May 20, Mr. W. C. Robson lectured on "The aim and scope of Religion." This was an excellent address, well reasoned out, and deserves the attention of all searchers after truth.

Mr. Stevenson, of Gateshead, lectured on Sunday, May 27. The fine weather of late is beginning to thin the audiences a bit.

Miss Wood is holding a few seances in the Society's rooms previous to her departure for Australia, on Tuesday and Saturday evenings at 8, and on Sunday afternoons at 2.30. Those who desire it should at once avail themselves of the opportunity, as her stay in this country is getting very short.

**GATESHEAD.**—On Sunday, May 27th, Mr. H. Burton, gave a general discourse on the tendencies of Spiritualism, in which he maintained that if there was any danger of its losing its power for good, it would be by credulizing it. The two principal dangers he considered were credulism and organization, and if ever it become a system under either of these two heads, it will cease to have its ennobling influence.

Miss Wood is holding a few seances with the Gateshead friends previous to her departure.

**NORTH SHIELDS.**—On May 20th, the platform was occupied by Messrs. Appleby and McKellar. The former took for his subject, "Is Spiritualism in harmony with the Bible?" and the latter discoursed upon, "Is prayer an essential element in spiritual advancement?" These were treated in a popular manner, and met a hearty reception from the audience.

On May 27th, Mr. Jos. James, of Tyne Dock, lectured on "Immortality." He supported his argument by many interesting experiences received in spirit circles, proving conclusively a future life for man.

On Sunday next, Mr. J. G. Grey will lecture in the Oddfellows' Hall, at 2.30 and 6 p.m.

I hear a good report of some seances recently held amongst some of the Shields friends.

**HETTON.**—On Sunday evening, May 20, Mr. Burton lectured in the Miner's Old Hall, on "Our Belief and other people's beliefs." He enlarged on the various faiths of the world, more especially on Christianity, examined their various doctrines, and pointed out how and why Spiritualism presented the only rational view of a future state that has ever been given to mankind. The lecturer was warmly received by a crowded house.

**HOUGHTON-LE-SPRING.**—On Sunday, May 20th, Mr. W. H. Robinson, of Newcastle, lectured at the Spiritualists' meeting place on "The Scientific argument for the existence of life after physical death." Subsequently in the abnormal state he delivered a brief inspirational address on the preparation necessary for receiving spiritual blessings. In the afternoon he addressed the members in reference to mediumistic development. ERNEST.

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## MEETINGS, SUNDAY, JUNE 3RD, 1883.

## LONDON.

**SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION**, 15, Southampton Row, at 7.

**QUEBEC HALL**, 25, Great Quebec Street, Marylebone Road, at 11, Seance; at 3, Free Spiritual Mission for Inquirers; at 7, Mr. MacDonnell: "Religion of Ordinary Life." Tuesday, at 8.30, Comprehensionists. Friday, 3 to 5, Mrs. Hagon heals women and children; at 8, Mr. Hagon's Seance. Saturday, at 8.30, Clairvoyant Medium.

**CAVENDISH ROOMS**, Mortimer Street, W., at 7, Mr. J. J. Morse: Questions and Answers.

**GOSWELL HALL**, 290, Goswell Road, at 11.30, Mr. F. Wilson; at 7, Mr. J. Freeman.

## PROVINCES.

**BARROW-IN-FURNESS.**—75, Buccleuch Street, at 6.30 p.m.

**BATLEY CARR.**—Town Street, 6.30 p.m.: Mrs. Ingham.

**BELPER.**—Meeting Room, at 6.30.

**BINGLEY.**—Intelligence Hall, 2.30 and 6 p.m.: Mrs. Gott and Miss Musgrave.

**BIRMINGHAM.**—Oozell Street Board School, 6.30:

**BISHOP AUCKLAND.**—Temperance Hall, Gurney Villa, 2.30, 6:

**BRADFORD.**—Spiritualist Church, Walton Street, Hall Lane, Wakefield Road, 2.30 and 6 p.m.: Mr. Armitage.

Wade's Meeting Room, Harker Street, Bowling, at 2.30 and 6 p.m.: Mrs. Illingworth.

**Spiritual Lyceum**, Oddfellows' Rooms, Otley Road, at 2.30

Mrs. Murgatroyd.

**EXETER.**—Oddfellow's Hall, Bampfylde St. 6.30, Rev. C. Ware.

**GATESHEAD.**—Central Buildings, High Street, 10.30 and 6.30:

**GLASGOW.**—2, Carlton Place, South Side, at 11, Mr. James McDowall; at 5, Children's Lyceum; at 6.30: Mr. James Robertson.

**HALIFAX.**—Spiritual Institution, Peacock Yard, Union Street, 2.30 and 6.30, Miss Harrison.

**HETTON.**—Miners' Old Hall, at 5.30. Mrs. Wilson.

**KEIGHLEY.**—Spiritualist Lyceum, East Parade, 2.30 and 6.30, Mrs. Dobson.

**LEEDS.**—Tower Buildings, Woodhouse Lane, 2.30, 6.30, Mr. Shackleton.

**LEICESTER.**—Silver Street Lecture Hall, at 11 and 6.30.

**LIVERPOOL.**—Rodney Hall, Rodney Street, Mount Pleasant, at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.: Mrs. E. H. Britten.

**MACCLESFIELD.**—Spiritualists' Free Church, Paradise Street, at 6.30 p.m.: Rev. A. Rushton.

**MANCHESTER.**—Mechanics' Institute, Major Street, 11 and 6.30, Mr. R. A. Brown.

**MORLEY.**—Spiritual Mission Room, Church St., 6: Mr. Morrell.

**MIDDLESBOROUGH.**—Granville Lecture Rooms, Newport Road, at 10.30 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Local.

**NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.**—Weir's Court, at 10.30 and 6.30: Mr. F. Ogle—Discourses on Clairvoyance, with illustrations.

**NORTHAMPTON.**—Cowper Cottage, Cowper Street, 2.30 and 6.30.

**NORTH SHIELDS.**—Bolton's Yard, Tyne Street, at 6.30 p.m.

**OLDHAM.**—176, Union Street, at 2.30 and 6:

**PLYMOUTH.**—Richmond Hall, Richmond Street; Morning—development of spiritual gifts, doors open 10.45, no admission after 11.15. Secretary in attendance to receive enquirers and strangers; Evening, at 6.30: lecture by Mr. E. P. Luke: "Atheism." Secretary at 4, Athenæum Terrace, to meet strangers and friends on Fridays from 6.30 to 8.

**SHEFFIELD.**—Psychological Inst'n, Cocoa House, Pond St., 6.30.

**SOWERBY BRIDGE.**—Progressive Lyceum, Hollins Lane, at 6.30, Mr. A. D. Wilson.

**WALLSAL.**—Exchange Rooms, High Street, at 6.30, Mr. Harper.

**WEST PELTON.**—Mr. Corker's, Grange Villa, at 6: Local.

## ANTI-VACCINATION.

## DR W. B. CARPENTER ON THE VACCINATION QUESTION.

To the Editor.—Sir,—With the view of stemming the revolt against vaccine coercion, which it is admitted is spreading both in and out of Parliament, Dr. Carpenter, the eminent physiologist, has addressed a letter to Dr. Lyon Playfair, and sent a printed copy to every member of Parliament, and to the Metropolitan and other journals. A considerable portion of this letter deals with the statistics supplied by the vaccinators in England and America, which if true, shews that the mortality of the unvaccinated cases now, is two and three times as great as amongst the unvaccinated previous to Jenner's discovery, which is manifestly absurd, and if I read his deductions aright, ten times as great as amongst the vaccinated at the present time. The inherent fallacy of these statistics is shewn by a comparison with people wholly unvaccinated. Though scarce, there are such populations existing. Vaccination has never been introduced amongst the Lepovains—a religious sect 40,000 in number, living in the Baltic provinces of Russia, who unanimously reject vaccination on religious grounds, and would rather suffer martyrdom than conform to it, and although small-pox has occasionally been introduced, it has never spread to any extent, and according to the official tables investigated by Professor Adolf

Vogt, the attacks have been fewer, and the deaths have only been two-thirds of the mortality amongst the adjoining well-vaccinated inhabitants. This result is confirmed by the populations in some of the provinces in Spain, where vaccination bring optional, is but very little in vogue. According to Dr. Carpenter's allegations, an unvaccinated Spaniard, or native of Jersey (where repeated attempts by the faculty to obtain a compulsory law have been thwarted by those liberty-loving islanders), ought to be 10 times as liable to death when attacked by small-pox as a vaccinated Londoner. A reductio ad absurdum. In Leicester, where about one-third of the children are unvaccinated, the mean mortality has been reduced from 25 to 20 per thousand, during the past 5 years, and small-pox, though occasionally imported, cannot find an abiding lodgment. The "Lancet" says, "The persistence with which small-pox clings to the East End of London, (the highest water-mark of successful vaccination in the Metropolis) is very remarkable," and the "Times" a year ago expressed equal astonishment that in Leicester, where the vaccination Acts were a dead letter, there should be no small-pox. It can hardly have been forgotten that only a year ago a violent outbreak of small-pox appeared at Ampthill, when 100 were attacked, of whom about 18 died, and the medical officer of health, Dr. Slinn, testified that all had been properly vaccinated.—I am, yours faithfully,

WILLIAM TEBB.

7, Albert Road, Regent's Park, London, May 14th, 1883.

#### HELP TO REMOVE THE VACCINATION DELUSION.

To the Editor.—Sir,—One of the reasons that I might give for writing to you, is that, judging by the general tone of the articles in your paper, you are ever ready to further the just rights of the people. I have noticed with pleasure that there are some periodicals which are not afraid to say what they think, and only wish there were more of the same persuasion.

The question many of us would like to ask is—When will this persecution of right-minded parents cease? To my mind, the only way for this question to be answered seems for every one to do his utmost to open the eyes of his fellow-men to the disastrous consequences of vaccination, and endeavour to persuade them to think for themselves, and not accept the opinions of paid medical men, who cannot always give independent testimony. Once our Members of Parliament, scientists, and the public all think for themselves, and form their own opinion as to the merits of this tyrannical practice, the fallacy will appear clear to all, and the only wonder to them will be that they have not seen it before. May that time soon come; I, for one, will do my part to hasten it, and wish that all others would do the same.

Hoping the brevity of my letter may apologise for intruding on your space, I am, sir, your obedient servant,

7, Ridley Road, Dalston, N.

THOS. A. SEABRIDGE.

#### MISS LOTTIE FOWLER'S TESTIMONIAL.

Remittances to the above fund may now be sent to H. Wedgwood, Esq., 31, Queen Anne Street, W., who has been requested to act as Treasurer.

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LONDON, Sunday, June 3rd, Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer Street, W. Evening at 7. Question and Answer night. Mr. Morse accepts engagements for Sunday Lectures in London, or the provinces. For terms and dates, direct him at 53, Sigdon Road, Dalston, London.

MR. R. A. BROWN, 33, Downing Street, Manchester:—June 3, Manchester; 10, Newcastle-on-Tyne; 17, Bingley Anniversary Services; 24, Keighley Anniversary Services; July 1, Haslingden, Open-Air Meeting, three services; 8, Yorkshire; 15, Oldham, Open-Air Meeting; 22, waiting arrangement for out-door service; 29, Macclesfield.

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