



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

# SPIRITUALISM.

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## PROFESSOR HUXLEY, AGNOSTICISM, AND "BOSH."

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY J. BURNS, O.S.T., ON CLERKENWELL GREEN,  
SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 4TH, 1883.

I hold in my hand the most recent "Scripture," touching on matters in which we are specially interested. It was published no longer ago than yesterday. It is called the "Agnostic Annual." Of the Church of Materialism there are now various sects. On this Green we have had as neighbours, during the summer, a party which has now gone into winter quarters. So have the Christian Evidence people, and the Blue Ribbon Gospellists; so that this morning we occupy a solitary position on this celebrated debating ground, as the "survival of the fittest" to contend with the inharmonious elements of an intellectually barren and sterile world,—certainly so if "Agnosticism" is to be regarded as its most boasted product.

If I am right in my surmises our recent neighbours are a branch of the National Secular Society; but certain distinctive terms become so time-worn, that some minds are glad to exchange them for a speck-and-span new appellative. This we have in the term "Agnostic," under which banner leading scientists and philosophers are fain to arrange themselves, thereby indicating that they have no connection with those rude agitators, who by their hard-mouthed utterances have so hopelessly vulgarized Atheism and Materialism. How far the new sect is an improvement, on those whom they despise, we shall see. Hence this new Annual, the primary gospel of the Agnostic Creed; numbering amongst its apostles the great Darwin, honoured as a corpse in Westminster Abbey; and Professor Huxley, still a living corpse, and the vast array of functionful structures, the instruments of "scientific research," which, as a church, clamours at this moment to be "established and endowed." With a bitter irony the priests of Westminster admit not these priests of the shambles to the Christian Walhalla till they have become "dissectible" and consequently theologically harmless. It is their "dust" that is honoured—Soul they never laid claim to. We are not so squeamish as our rev. brethren of Westminster, and scruple not at a little "vivisection"; the immortal part being our realm of research, an ingredient which can only be found in the "subject" when alive.

The leading article in the "Annual" is a "symposium," contributed by "leading scientists and accredited thinkers," in reply to three questions:—"1. Is Agnosticism in accord with modern science? 2. What is its relation to popular theology? 3. Is Agnosticism destined to supplant religious supernaturalism?" Professor Huxley, as the Prophet of this new sect, opens the conference by stating that "some twenty years ago" he invented the word "Agnostic," to denote people who, like himself, "confess themselves to be hopelessly ignorant concerning a variety of matters, about which metaphysicians and theologians, both orthodox and heterodox, dogmatise with the utmost confidence." He has been amused at the success of his "trade mark"; he has "a sort of patent right" to it; and is therefore entitled to say, that he "can state authentically what was originally meant by Agnosticism."

We have now got to the fountain head; and from the pen of the genuine Messiah of this recent and rising dispensation, let us thoughtfully learn his answer to the first question quoted above:—

1. Agnosticism is the essence of science, whether ancient or modern. It simply means that a man shall not say he knows or believes that which he has no scientific grounds for professing to know or believe.

Without a glossary to determine the meaning to be attached to these words, the ordinary reader must confess himself an "Agnostic" as to the intentions of the author in writing them. We are told that an Agnostic is a person who is "hopelessly ignorant," and yet that this impenetrable benightedness is the "essence of science"! Science means knowledge; Agnosticism means ignorance, and yet these words of antagonistic significance are in spirit identical! The latter clause of the answer has nothing to do with the first. When a man knows he knows; when he does not know he does not know. About that there can be no discussion; and it is quite beside the proposition to which it is appended as an illustrative example. There may be a profound mystery in the term "scientific grounds," which is the qualifying phrase. This important fulcrum should have been defined clearly; it is the



kernel of the nut. We would like to hear from Mr. Huxley on "scientific grounds" a demonstration of his own existence. How does he know he exists?

This cardinal "Agnostic" dogma is about as puzzling as the Anthanasian three diversities, which are notwithstanding one unity. Or it may be that Mr. Huxley's divine being—Science, could not exist without his complementary devil—Agnosis. It is said that were it not for Satan and his naughty doings the occupation of Christian priests would be gone. Are the priests of the new cult, with their Prophet, in the same fix? It looks vastly like a colourable infringement on the older "trade mark." Somewhere in the theological patent office there is a specification almost as hopelessly conflicting and bemuddled as the declaration of the Professor.

Proceed we now to his answer to the second question:—

2. Consequently Agnosticism puts aside not only the greater part of popular theology, but also the greater part of popular anti-theology. On the whole, the "bosh" of heterodoxy is more offensive to me than that of orthodoxy, because heterodoxy professes to be guided by reason and science, and orthodoxy does not.

Though we have no place for the new dogmas, so far as we have examined them, nor for the old dogmas, of the patent rights of which we have seen the new are a violation, yet we have in this answer one grand word, that is thoroughly familiar and comprehensible. I allude to the word "bosh," derived, if I mistake not, from the classics of Clerkenwell Green. "Bosh"! how mellifluous and homely that all-comprehending term sounds in the mouths of us vulgar working men! We will soon be able to set up as "professors" on our own hook, seeing that Professor Huxley's nomenclature is so much indebted to us. When any one comes amongst us to spout, and knows more than we do, or has traversed a region of investigation to which we are strangers, or mentally incapable to explore,—all we have to do to vindicate our superiority is to say—"BOSH." Mr. Huxley has made profound investigations into the structure of animals. He knows more about such matters than possibly any man in England. For this we honour him; we honour ourselves by sitting at his feet in respect to these matters. He may tell us that in the solid hoof of the horse there exist the rudiments of the five toes and fingers, as thus expressed in the human subject. This may be a new idea to many; and yet are those "many" to stand upon the dignity of their "Agnosticism" (ignorance) and insult the learned professor, when he states the result of his researches, with the exclamation—"Bosh"? The theologian may treat in his books of inquiries as foreign to Mr. Huxley as horse-hoofs are to us of the Clerkenwell-Green University, and shall Mr. Huxley, therefore, dismiss the whole matter with his grand and sweeping argument—"Bosh"? Really, Mr. Huxley, if he succeeds in nothing else, affords us vulgar working men a very questionable example in regard to manners. As his confessed position is that of "hopeless ignorance," we do not expect intellectual elucidation. We have no right to demand that of any man; for nature has so strictly defined the limit of capability, that it would be manifestly absurd to look for that which does not exist—such as wool on a pig. At the same time there ought to be expected from an eminent public teacher, that unboorishness of expression which, if it do not enlighten the mind, will not degrade the manners.

We have now got through the epidermis, and approach the genuine tissue of Mr. Huxley's mental structure. Here is his answer to the last question:—

3. I have no doubt that scientific criticism will prove destructive to the forms of supernaturalism which enter into the constitution of existing religions. On trial of any so-called miracle the verdict of science is "Not proven." But true Agnosticism will not forget that existence, motion, and law-abiding operation in nature are more stupendous miracles than any recounted by the mythologies, and that there may be things, not only in the heavens and earth, but beyond the in-

telligible universe, which "are not dreamt of in our philosophy." The theological "gnosis" would have us believe that the world is a conjuror's house; the anti-theological "gnosis" talks as if it were a "dirt-pie," made by two blind children, Law and Force. Agnosticism simply says that we know nothing of what may be beyond phenomena.

Here we are confronted with another terrible mystery—"scientific criticism." Mr. Huxley's qualifying terms are quite as obscure as the orthodox "grace" and "influence of the spirit" without the possession of which (and which no man can voluntarily supply himself with) the postulates of theology cannot be comprehended. But as Mr. Huxley's attempt to define his own intellectual position by a word he says he has coined, is simply nonsense, it is not to be wondered at that he is quite as unsuccessful in dealing with the cognomen definitions made use of by others. He finds a word—"supernaturalism"—which he can destroy, and thus render baseless "existing religions." Other symposiumists see no meaning in the word supernatural. Now the existence of this term as an intelligible symbol of thought depends entirely upon the range of application assigned to the term "phenomena." From the context it is evident that the Agnostics limit phenomena to what is called physical existence. If the range were not thus dogmatically and irrationally confined, there would be no place for the word "supernatural," which is used to represent that plane of existence enjoyed by man as a spiritual being after the death of the body. It is also applied to psychological states and functions, proper to some human beings during earth-life. In this sense it is called "miracle," an "agnostic" term truly, indulged in by those ignorant people who are unacquainted with spiritual science, and see something more miraculous in a "miracle" than in "existence, motion, and law-abiding operation in nature."

Throughout their performance Huxley and his brethren play a rather stupid game with words, and no single attempt at definition is to be found in the compass of their papers. It is a work of sheer dogmatism from beginning to end. For instance, it is impossible in the nature of things for "scientific criticism" to effect any operation whatever on "any so-called miracle." For this reason; a miracle is to the scientific critic an historical event, and not an objective or phenomenal fact which he can repeat, perpetuate, and observe at pleasure. The scientific critic can neither prove nor disprove a miracle. Its report as an occurrence is based upon the authority of those who were present when the "miracle" occurred, and the opinion of those who were not witnesses is an agnostic impertinence. The "existing religions" are based on a more logical foundation than Agnosticism. It is the testimony of those who have been favourably circumstanced for making observations, that spiritual phenomena, or "miracles" have occurred in all ages of the world; and the "existing religions" wisely accept the testimony of such as have had experience in these matters, rather than the irrational dogmatism of those who are ignorant of the subject, and insolently demand that their ignorance shall be the measure of other people's knowledge.

We traverse Mr. Huxley's dogmatism on this point with the statement, which he cannot deny: that "supernaturalism" and "miracles" are "not disproved" by Agnosticism. Nay, further, we have seen that it is impossible that Agnosticism (ignorance) can disprove them, or anything else.

Mr. Huxley will possibly remember that he was invited by the Committee of the Dialectical Society to aid them in their investigation into spiritual phenomena, which they so successfully conducted a few years ago. Mr. Huxley made a somewhat insulting reply, attempting to ridicule the investigation, and stating that the subject did not interest him. His letter was printed in the Committee's Report. We now see why he was so biased; he had taken out a "patent" for his Agnostic "trade mark," and henceforth he



would not have had the gratification of playing with that stupid toy, if the Dialectical investigation had proved successful in placing the "supernatural" beyond the destructive operation of "scientific criticism," which it did. I would therefore submit, as one who does not profess to be learned in philology, that Professor Huxley, under the burden of his great learning, has slightly erred in the construction of his "trade mark." (Why should truth be made a "trade" of? Are Mr. Huxley's "vested interests" the supreme consideration?) I would humbly suggest (but not "with the lofty and ennobling humility of Agnosticism," as Charles Watts *loftily and humbly* patronises himself!) that Mr. Huxley should spell his "trade mark" *IGNORISTIC*, that is, a "queer stick" who *ignores* that which is not complimentary to his prejudices or "trade" interests. I have not registered this "improvement." Mr. Huxley is welcome to it.

If Mr. Huxley had left all his creed out except the last clause:—"We know nothing of what may be beyond phenomena," and set himself to the work of extending the realm of phenomena,—not stopping at "spiritual phenomena," "miracles," or ought else, he he would soon have found a "gnosis" that would have covered the ground that he ignores, and thus he would have been saved from investing in a bad "trade mark," and thereby soured his speculative spirit by an overstock of obsolete goods.

But the Agnostic is like a man with only one leg, and in his endeavour to hop along on it, he is anxious to cling to any available object for support. An evidence of this is apparent in the mottoes on the cover of the "Annual." By a jingling of words, the "finite" and "absolute" are arrayed against each other, and every dunce in the game is drawing imaginary lines to keep them apart, like the children hopping over chalk marks on the pavement. Let us, by all means, enlarge our "relativity"; a very different affair from hiding our head in the sand, and dogmatizing about that which is "knowable" and "unknowable." How does the Agnostic "know" that there is an "unknowable": has he proved it? It beats orthodoxy in its mysteries of godlessness.

There are two kinds of Agnostics, however; there is the Darwinian Agnostic and the Huxleyan Agnostic. No wonder that the Agnostics covet annihilation like the "beasts that perish," for were ghosts not destitute of arterial blood, their faces would be encrimsoned with disgust at the use that is made of their literary relics. An unwarrantable use is made of Darwin's declaration, that "Agnostic" described his state of mind in respect to theological matters. But his position was entirely different from that of Huxley's. I have compared the Agnostic to a person with one leg. The Darwinian Agnostic limps along on the leg which he has got, making all the good use of it possible. The Huxleyan Agnostic tries to stand on the leg which he has not got. (Pardon the "bull," but Agnosticism is "utterly unthinkable.") Attempting thus, he is continually on his back, grovelling in the dust, with the good leg vainly gesturing at nothing! In other words, the irrational position of the "agnostic" is, that he pretends to build upon that which he does not possess. In this respect, he contradicts all the rest of his intellectual experience. Mr. Huxley is not styled "Professor" on account of what he is "hopelessly ignorant," but because of what he knows.

This is not only a stupid, false, unnatural system, but it is a lying system. It is untrue to the actual facts of to-day. It is utterly false that at the present day there is no scientific testimony to the existence of a state of being other than that comprized within the realm of the "Agnostic's" phenomena. Men as far above Mr. Huxley's horse-flesh philosophy as he is above a pot-hoy, have testified to matters that would render his "trade mark" a term of still less meaning than he attaches to it. It is not his "ignorance" that is "hopeless," but the melancholy incident that he has

identified himself with a worthless "patent." The next falsehood—which runs side by side with the other all through the "Annual" like a pair of donkeys in a costermonger's barrow—is the statement that the leading thinkers of the age have adopted this "agnosticism" as the only platform possible for liberal and advanced minds! Where are the "thinkers"? There is no evidence of thought in this "Annual." The whole affair is thoughtless. Where are the advanced and eminent minds? Is T. H. Huxley one of them? Is his "bosh" argument a specimen of this new Incarnation's mental superiority? All of the writers are about forty years behind the age. Not one of them seems to be aware of the discoveries involved in what are called "Spiritualism" and "Psychical Research." If they know of these things, and wilfully suppress the fact, then their conduct is all the more abominable.

Are we working men on Clerkenwell Green going to adopt such a miserable following as this? No: it is too fragrant of the knacker's yard and cat's-meat man's barrow for our acceptance. We desire purer food; let those who elect to feast on carrion do so. The maggot, embedded in his disgusting surroundings, to him savoury, no doubt, is "agnostic" to all the sweets of fruit and flower. His functions are not adapted to exercise a more enlarged capacity. Are, therefore, all the hosts of higher organisms to descend to his low estate, and choose him as their type and ideal?

No: we are Free-thinkers, an operation which the "agnostic," by the use of that term, declares himself incapable of. The so-called Agnostic is an intellectual suicide!

## THE SPIRIT-MESSENGER.

### HIS DOINGS IN THE BODY AND SUFFERINGS IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

A CONTROL BY "EUGENE ARAM."

Recorded by A. T. T. P., October 27, 1883.

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

The Sensitive came nearly an hour after the appointed time, and when questioned why he was late, he said, "I have been kept up walking about my bed-room from early morning; I could not get away." I said, "There must be a screw loose somewhere."

He went almost at once under control, and said:—

Yes, sir, I am the screw loose. It is from me that an apology is due. I could not rest, until I tried again to speak. I was anxious for my success this morning, and I have been attempting to control, ere this spirit retired to its rest. I succeeded at brief intervals in holding his body in subjection; but the poignant misery of my spiritual state took the form of earth's last memory. And what was my earth's last memory? All men have had some moments in their lives, when the blood has rushed violently back again to the heart, to return and overflow the brain, until emotion has nearly prostrated self-hood. All men have had these moments; but few have experienced like myself this extended and unnatural agony. For hours, whilst trying to control the Sensitive last night, this agony of my self-hood was experienced in its fullest intensity, by every atom that builds up this body; every vein in his forehead stood up like whip-cord; agony was felt to its lowest depth, and painful drops of perspiration came from his brow.

You may argue from this, that I had no right to control. Yet, sir, this control has given me a ray of hope, which a century and a-half of time passed in the dark Walhalla, or lower spheres, has failed to bring. I can speak again. I have returned to earth out of the strength of my will; out of my earnest, poignant, miserable expiation. If there is a crowning mercy, it is the freedom given by the Almighty to Will, under all, under every circumstance, either when bound by time, or when in submission to eternity's fiat.

You are anxious to know the extent of my woe and misery, of my earth memories of last night, every thought, every feeling, every action which was repeated last night. They were the hopeless thoughts and miseries of a condemned man. Do not experience revulsion of feeling towards me, for I shall feel it. Remember, sir, it is my chance; remember, also, that, like yourself, when on earth I was anxious for knowledge. My name and my deeds have been dramatised; the pen of the



novelist has been wielded for and against me; my defence has oft been spoken about and commented on; and why am I here? may be asked. Is it to set aside the judgment of man? No, this I cannot; but I can breathe out a hope to all, both in the present and future, that Will may conquer every difficulty that lies between the soul and God's love. I have willed to be restored again to that protecting mantle; my earth agonies and their remembrances broke through all rules of punctuality, and placed this man, whose body I now hold; in the position of a delinquent this morning. I say, if apology be needed, I offer it, and further, sir, if you are limited through prior arrangements, which this want of punctuality has disturbed, at once say so; because I need more than your sufferance, I need your sympathy to help me. You know not how much I depend on assistance; bodily strength is of no avail to me, but soul strength, love, and sympathy, are the unyielding hawsers on which my soul can rely.

Here I said: "I feel sure this is Eugene Aram controlling." The control went on to say:—

The fine sense of intuition, which you have derived from spiritual intercourse, has enabled you, ere but a few words had passed my lips, to know and realize who was the soul before you. I am immortal; with all my faults, with all my crimes, I am still a child of immortality. I wish to refer to proof of this claim, and in spiritual language to state the position of every soul on earth subject to time; beyond the grave, all are heirs of immortality, and among these are included your crime-stained ones, as well as those who are free from sin. There can be no exclusion; not even of such as me. Will, which is soul, is infinitely free, it is heir to infinite life by two means, participation and communication. The law of the primal birth of a soul is, that the roads of good and evil are in full view. The knowledge of its own existence becomes its own property. The soul, at birth, knows that there is a God, although the natural conditions of the body forbid it giving that belief expression; but it has to know something beyond this. It has to know, that it is born of, yet separated through its birth from, Almighty God. It becomes then the possessor of a realized individuality, or a distinct existence out of God. This is the child newly born out of its mother's womb. Oh, Great God, how dreadful are the divergencies of individuality; how dire is the exercise of Thy incomparable gift of self-will!

In the month of August, seventeen hundred and fifty-nine, a date branded deeply on my memory, I stood arraigned before a jury of my own countrymen, on a charge of murder and robbery. Many had been in that position before me, and many have since followed the same evil course; yet none have ever stood at the criminal bar with his reason put so in abeyance; for crime possessed me, when I agreed to sully a life's industry, and to cover with disgrace an honourable and industrious profession. No wonder that my little world was stunned and amazed. It said, "What! accused of murder! he, who is always so calm; he, who would rob his own necessities to administer to prevailing want; he, whose nature is so soft and tender, accused of a crime so horrid and so harsh. Murder is the act of the desperate or the vulgar; but he was neither; murder—such a crowning dire and dreadful deed. Surely he could not be guilty of this—he, whose tender tuition has endeared every child that ever came beneath his sheltering care; he whose prayers have mingled with ours; whose life, although passed in poverty, has been a blessing to all around him?"

Yet so it was. The veil of time refused to hide from the sight of man an act of violence. The fiat had gone forth, and legal justice demanded the culprit. When this charge came on me, years seemed to have concentrated themselves, and time to have gathered them up and piled them in a heap at my life. In a night the hair had turned grey; the silver threads, hitherto absent, were then threaded deeply in my hair and beard; the upright and manly carriage was gone, and it seemed as if Juggernath's car was pressing heavily round my shoulders, and binding me. My pale shamed face, turned away from the gaze of man, apart from the gaze of God's work above, was fixed on the ground; my sight, coward-like, seemed to fear the look of my fellow-man. I was a murderer. Yet, when I heard the lying record of Houseman, my cousin, making blacker my already too deeply stained lifehood, then, and then only, did the God of mercy give back to me my serenity, my tranquility. Dark as my spiritual prison has been, I should have considered it polluted, miserable as it was and as it still is, had his soul met mine. His must be a repentance deeper than my own, ere he can ever hope to lift the veil, that drives him from God's love. Yes; it is a new and startling theory which I advance; one new to spiritual thinkers on earth; one not taught by your surroundings, which is, that through Will there are uncounted millions apart from and distinct from God's love, and amongst the worst of these and the furthest removed from God's tender care is he, who with ruthless hand or consenting will aims at the priceless life of another. But God's love is within the scope of Will, even for the lowest and the most hopeless. Think always of this, sir Recorder, and better sometimes than angels visits, is the visit of a repentant soul. Fear not, if your purpose be true and firm, to offer all your services in this cause to the throne of God; fear not the hand from which the blood of its fellow-creatures is appealing to

God for justice; fear not the influence that is there, for the shield of confiding care surrounds you like a rampart of stone.

Many a hopeless one still on earth will scan these words and say to his self-hood: "He was as bad as I am. Men thrust him from their midst with a death that threatens me; yet eternity has left space enough for hope, even for me." This will comfort them, even if no other object arises from this my visit. This alone would be a good and sufficient one; but it will give me peace, and will fill me with the hope, that once again the bright gleam of God's merciful love has been restored to me; that I, too, in succeeding eras, can hope to be received as one of his lowest servants, even with my blood-stained, dishonoured self-hood. This is all I can offer Him; but the pleading of a bruised and contrite heart He will not object to. This is no pining, cowardly hope; I know that I shall have to work my way to this love through spiritual tasks, which you cannot, nay, must not, know; but however hard the way and great the task, if I can but know that I am emerging from darkness into light, my only prayer shall be for ever-renewed strength to successfully perform the task.

Yes; Houseman's soul was of earth. Lust spoke out from his thick lips, his short thick throat, and his small and restless jealous eye; and as he looked at me, when accepted as King's evidence, I felt that this murderer with his lying faltering tongue was going to lay the actual crime at my door; and as I thought, history will inform you and confirm me, he did testify "That my hand struck Clarke down, and repeated the blow; that we went out together with murder in our minds." That part of his evidence was true; but it was his cowardly hand that struck him; it was his lying tongue that planned the actual murder laid to my charge. But you, sir Recorder, have had long legal experience; you know full well that I was as guilty in the eye of the outraged law as he was.

Then came on me a yearning desire to free myself of this charge. I might have forced from this trembling coward the evidence that would have hanged him, for there was no pardon for him, who actually committed the deed; but I should have had to plead guilty to the robbery. There were many in that crowded Hall, in the Castle at York, who had spent years of earth-life by my side, and I said, "Is there another, my Lord, other than my accuser, who is willing to testify that I ever exercised one vice, or committed one offence against society. My days have been honestly laborious, my leisure hours of the night have been devoted to study. This temperate course of life has not been fitful, but unchanged for years. Could such a life of honour make a man retrogress at one dire step to the lowest crime? It is necessary, even if following crime, to follow it step by step. At the time of the alleged murder I was bowed down with sickness, by an attack from which I had scarcely recovered. Is it possible, that weak, strengthless, without motive, without weapon, I should attack a man, strong, reckless, and daring? He disappeared, but that does not prove his death. A felon in this Castle, heavily ironed, escapes, disappears, and authority hears of him no more. You might as rightfully accuse the warders, who were last with him, of murdering him, as accuse me because of the disappearance of Clarke. There is only the evidence of Houseman, himself charged with this crime; a self-confessed accessory; if crime there be. The evidence of any crime cannot rest on a dead man's bones, found where dead men's bones should be expected to be found: in a cell of a hermitage of the past, where enthusiasts, away from the haunts of men, strove in solitude for a more perfect sanctity. Bones have been found in less likely places, and none have been accused of murder. Their possessors, fields, hills, and valleys, have given up their hecatombs of bones. You do not know, even, whether they are the bones of a male; but you have unearthed them, and I am made answerable. It is alleged that the skull bears a fracture, which must have been caused by a deed committed on the soul which owned the skull; but other skulls have been found broken, and the souls possessing them have been proved to have died from no death of violence. Monasteries and hermitages have been the scenes of ravage and pillage. Hermits have had the fatal gift of acquisition, and have hoarded the charitable gifts that were offered them freely. Their sanctity has not saved them from violence and pillage; yet would you impute to me the crimes of men who have been dead and gone for ages? As to the evidence of Houseman, what honest man is there in court, but who treats it with disdain? He said, 'he saw me strike Clarke, again and again.' He utters no cry, urges no reproof, but gets away quietly to his home. Can I, by word of mine, weaken this, which in itself is so weak and impotent? Think of this, you jurymen of my country, on whose decision depends my honour and my life. Think of my ill-health; think of the bones put in evidence, dug out from an ancient hermitage; think that the fractured skull may, in reason, be placed against the ever-recurring revolutions in religion; think of the fallacious evidence of the real murderer; think of the suffering I have already endured; think of my year's confinement, which has changed a young man into the aged being before you. To your candour and to your humanity, my Lord, I appeal; and I rely on you, my countrymen, you, the gentlemen of the jury."

But, sir, the fiat is well known; too well known for me any longer to dwell on it. I should like, sir Recorder, to say a few



words in palliation of myself. My life was poisoned by poverty. Penury enclosed me, and held me in as safe custody, as in a Newgate cell. My cousin, Houseman, was also like myself, born heir to poverty. Yet he was never poor; his garments were not darned and patched like Eugene's, the poor schoolmaster. Sometimes he would stop me in the street and laugh at my wisdom, for he said, "With it you are always poor, whilst I am never in want, for I make the world my treasurer. With a trusty brace of pistols and a fleet horse I am enabled to live on my kind. Society I hate, and society hates me. Law would starve me, and so I defy the law. I love self, and self-preservation is more sacred to me than society or law. When did law ever befriend a man, who had not money to fee counsel? Never once, I say. Will your intellect, baffled by poverty, help you in any conflict?"

He never entered into any minutiae of his sins. He never told me his particular crimes. He had been good to me, and had given me bread, and there were blood claims between us. But if there was one man who more persistently taunted me with my poverty than any other, it was Clarke, whom Houseman murdered. He taunted me both publicly and privately, until I realized my poverty in another light, not as a trial, but as a curse. O God! I listened to the voice of the tempter. In one of these impulsive moments there came on me dark thoughts. I knew Houseman's purpose, when he came with the doomed man to my house. We walked away together to accompany home in a friendly manner the man whom I knew was doomed to death. There lay the extent of my crime. Houseman struck him to the ground. Clarke needed no second blow. I never designed murder. My hand was raised also, not to strike, but to shield him; but the act was done, and I was the accomplice in murder and robbery. I dared not touch his gold; a buried portion of the booty may lie there now, in the place where it was buried. I only knew, that from that hour I dared not dwell on immortality; I had crushed my selfhood for ever. I had cursed myself with a doom—a doom that I realized would never leave me. I had to barter for a wretched life in after days, playing the part of a sanctified hypocrite: I, the creature of immortality; I, the creation of God. Farewell all divine aspiration. The course of my life my Will had shaped. From my own hand came the manner, and the moment of my death. I had sedulously courted misery, and my efforts had succeeded. Yet, like the faint murmuring of a gentle wind, comes borne to me the faintest whisper: there comes to me the faintest gleam of hope of possible soul-work, of some power of ministration to others as wretched as myself, yet mortal, and the work of an all-forgiving God. I cannot, nay, I dare not, call God's blessing on you, but I crave one at your hands.

Here ends a thrilling control, and one that should be carefully weighed and pondered on. Would man, if he were really sure of the doom of the murderer, when he has to face eternity, dare to commit the crime? Would he in his senses dare to take the life of his fellows? To use the words of another murderer, Greenacre, reported in the MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK of November 17, 1882, who said: "I was angered to madness, but it would have been a madness such as man never before felt, had I have struck her down, knowing that I should remember all beyond the grave; that I should remember the death on the gallows, which was but the merest bagatelle to that memory which has come to me."

If such are the feelings and such the fate of one who took life in a fit of anger, what must be that of the man who takes life to gratify covetousness, or of the Dynamitist, who, under the thinly-veiled pretence of patriotism, spreads death and destruction recklessly? Greenacre blamed society, and laid all to the account of society's rulings. I unhesitatingly lay all to a religion which, with its absurd doctrines and unreasonable faith, has driven the thinker into Materialism—no future, no God—or has retained the unthinking portion of humanity within its fold, and encouraged crime by the fiction of an atonement, by which, if the sin were as black as night, the soul committing it should be as pure as snow, provided at the last moment that soul said: "I believe what you tell me."

The Spiritualist may not be free from sin; human nature is weak, is subject to impulses; the animal instinct may be stronger than reason, but the Spiritualist sins with a full knowledge of the consequence. He knows that there is no redeemer for him, except Self, and that there is no atonement except through an expiation, either in time or eternity, and that after due expiation God's mercy is shown, by permitting the repentant soul once more to take its place in that progress which is humanity's destiny.

## EGYPT: THE LAND OF WONDERS. By William Oxley.

### EGYPTIAN SACERDOTALISM (*Continued*).

We may conceive of the activity in the industrial arts, called forth by such operations throughout Egypt. Architects, sculptors, and skilled handycraftsmen of all kinds would be pressed into service, and possibly never before nor since the 30 years of that king's reign, did Egypt enjoy such internal prosperity. But these vast building operations were supplemented by a lavish expenditure on the interior decorations and furniture required for the temple services. In addition to all these, the gifts of provisions, and endowments for the payment and support of the priesthood, are given in detail. What this means may be gathered from the "donations" to one single temple, viz., at Karnak:—

People	5,044	Fields	868,168
Herds	86,486	Barges	83
Cattle	421,362	Towns	65
Orchards	433		

#### Additional Gifts to the Memphis Temple:—

Men, persons	113,433	Vineyards	514
Cattle	490,386	Galleys	86
Fields (arouras)	1,071,780	Towns	329

The above is a sample of the "donations," and the enumeration of the whole reads more like an Arabian Night's tale than a sober record of fact, and it is only relieved from this conclusion by the actual existing remains of several of the temples that are specified. It is certain that the Egyptian exchequer could not meet such demands as the works of this king required; and how it was assisted, the king himself (who seems to pride himself in having done a good thing) tells us: "I invaded the lands of . . . They were made as if not existing, they were captured at once and led in captivity to Egypt, like the sands of the shore. I made an attack on the Sa-a-ru (supposed to be the district of Mount Sier), on the tribes of the Shasu; I spoiled their villages of men and things, and cattle also; I bound and led them captive to Egypt. I gave them to the Gods as slaves for the temples." The last sentence supplies the key as to the ways and means employed in "doing God service." It may also do more, by throwing a light across the dark chasm of Egypt's long prostration during the period referred to in former pages; for as Egypt did to others, so it may have been done for her aforetime. This king appears to have been a patron of learning, as well as a pietist of the first water, for he specifies, to nearly every temple, gifts of papyrus, rolls for the archives and libraries "for ever and ever"; and that his name should go down to posterity, he tells the God (Ammon) what he (the King) did for him during his reign on earth: "I made for thee an image of wrought gold. Plates of beaten gold, engraved with my prayers to thee. Plates of beaten silver, engraved with the chisel, having the tablets and registers of the temples which I built in Northern Egypt, during my reign upon earth, to perpetuate thy name for ever, and ever, and ever."

With such a roll of meritorious services rendered to his God, no wonder that he should demand a recognition and place amongst the great company of the heavenly hierarchy, he is represented as addressing. It is a picture at once of human arrogance and human folly, and proves the lengths of enormity in avarice, cruelty, robbery, and murder, that a man can perpetrate under the impetus of religious zeal, and who insanely conceives that "the end justifies the means." *Rameses III.* was not the first, nor by any means the last man (as see the tenets which are credited to the most powerful Order of Christian priests to this day); who has descended to the diabolical and execrable misuse of power, which the accident of birth, or other circumstances, permitted him to be entrusted with.

This gigantic extension of "Houses of God," involved a corresponding increase in the number and influence of ecclesiastics, who were required for the temple services, and the wonder is as to how the supply met the demand in so comparatively short a period. The strain upon the national resources was more than could be endured for long, and the result of this idiotic politico-religious mania followed as a natural consequence, in the impoverishment and exhaustion of the kingdom, from which it never recovered. So far as I can trace, it was in the time just prior to this that the mental superiority and spiritual vitality of the Egyptian Church was at its best; and it is from this very period that the declension,



and, if I may use the term, spiritual apostacy set in, until religion became a superstition; and the Magi replaced by sorcerers and necromancers; and worship travestied by empty external gorgeous processions, shows, and the like.

Returning to the subject of Sacerdotalism proper, and its exponents, there seems to be a simple greatness in the earliest illustrations, which is strikingly diverse from that which characterised the later Orders of the priesthood. The monuments of the 4th, 5th, and 6th dynasties, usually represent the defunct seated at a "table of offerings," with a short inscription containing, what we should take as a thanksgiving for blessings received during earth life, and a prayer for entrance into the heavenly abode; after which comes an enumeration of his titles. Generally speaking they were men of high standing, and held high State and civic offices in addition to their priestly avocations. Most of them were prophets as well as priests of king's pyramids. In the Boolac Museum there is a monument of Khufu-Schaf, a royal prince and heir-apparent, but who died before his father. He was a priest of Osiris. This example proves the union of the priestly office with Royalty, to have existed from the earliest times.

One of the oldest historical monuments in the Boolac Museum, translated by Dr. Birch (see "R. P., II., 1), pertains to one Una, who lived under Kings *Teta* and *Pepi* (6th dyn.). He was Priest of King *Teta's* Pyramid; Crown Bearer; Superintendent of Stores; Sacred Scribe; Chancellor of the Exchequer; Architect; Royal Secretary; Prime Minister; and Commander-in-Chief of the Army. (It was he who introduced negro regiments.) This, with others, proves the combination of the priestly with high civic appointments, from time immemorial.

Coming to the time of the 12th dynasty, about 2,700 B.C., we find a different style, and other Orders of Ecclesiastics. There is a fragment of a stone statue of Amenemha-Surrara, in the Louvre, who was confidential adviser of the King, and superintendent of the palace; and among his other titles he is called Chief of the College of Priests of Ammon, and Head Teacher of the Secrets of the Divine Word.

There is also a fine stele (No. 6, in the Louvre) of Antef (about the same period), which is of great interest, inasmuch as it seems to record the then existence of something akin to Masonic Orders. Antef is shown as seated on a dais, receiving the homage of two of his sons, who were priests, and Scribes of the inner Sanctuary, which doubtless refers to what the Masonic Order will understand. The term "Chiefs," which is given to exalted personages, especially in connection with the Mysteries, together with the mystic symbols on the steles, and the title of Initiator into the Mysteries, without a doubt indicates the existence of Orders, which were the forerunners of what is now known as Freemasonry. The person named was Prime Minister, and Governor of the City and Province of Abydos; and the inscription supposes Antef to speak in the first person, which reads thus:—"O ye, who live upon the earth: men, priests, scribes, bards, who may enter this tomb,—you, who love life and hate death—who give praise to the Gods of your country, but who have not yet tasted of the food of the other (spiritual) world; may you transmit your virtues to your children. Whether reciting the words on this stele, or listening to them, say thus: 'Thanksgivings be to Ammon, the Lord of the thrones of this world; and pray that He may give you prosperity, and grant funereal offerings.'" After this comes an inscription by the dedicators, who tell that Antef was a *Semer*, and chief of the same (this applies to the name of the Order); and after the enumeration of his many titles, it reads thus:—"He is a Sage, infilled with wisdom, and judges exactly as to what is truth. He makes a distinction between the wise man and the fool. Holding the issues of his own heart, he applies himself to listen to all who are presented to him. Exempt from vice, and virtuous in all his thoughts, he is upright in heart, and no turning (from the path of rectitude) is in him. Attentive to his duties, he listens favourably to requests when made to him. Not given to lukewarmness, he is quick to reply to those who seek his counsels. *Knowing the whole of truth, and full of sagacity, he knows what is in the mind; nothing is hid from him, not even the thoughts of men, which are known to him ere they pass the lips in words.* He does not neglect the words of the righteous, but he rejects the words of the deceitful. He is a peacemaker, and acts the same to friend or stranger. He is a father to the weak, and the support of the motherless. He is as a husband to the widow, and a shelter to the orphan." After this testimony borne by others, he is again supposed to

speak in his own name, and after delineating the chief incidents of his life, he says:—"These are my qualities, and none can contradict. My actions have been thus, and there is no exaggeration. I employ no artifice of language to vaunt myself without reason. This is what my life has been on the earth. I filled all offices in the King's Palace, and my time was spent in the dwelling of the elect under Divine protection. I never violated my word, nor transgressed the rules. Here is the divine lesson which should be learnt by heart by all men; it is this: 'He prospers, who, in all his actions, is guided by goodness.'" Speaking of some city (the name of which is mutilated) which appears not to have been in Egypt, he says: "I rendered it more prosperous than an Egyptian town. I sanctified and purified it. I established the Mysteries and religion in its temple; and (built or improved) the houses for its inhabitants."

The above are extracts from the monument of this remarkable man. The sentences I have italicised, along with others which are extremely suggestive, indicate that he was no ordinary man, but that he was a Hierophant of high rank. This Order, which embraced only Initiates of great literary and honourable standing, as well as of high moral worth, continued down to the close of the monarchy; after which its numbers decreased. The statements of Clement of Alexandria (already given), and his expositions of the Gnostic philosophy in the *Miscellanies*, unmistakably show that the Order still survived, and was perpetuated through Gnosticism: and we may well understand that the liberty of thought and maintenance of spiritual philosophy would be hateful to the ecclesiastical party which, in early times of the Christian era, was contending for supremacy. Those Secret Orders (which were compelled for their own safety to become secret), that preserved these precious birthrights of humanity, have been placed under the ban of the Roman Hierarchy from the earliest times, and *still continue so.*

(To be continued.)

#### FORMULARIES AND SPIRITUALISM.

Having carefully read and pondered over the letter written to Mr. Burns, by "A Doctor of Divinity," published in the MEDIUM of Oct. 27th, and also the Editor's comments thereon, I think I may be allowed a few words upon the matter, because my name has been so freely introduced into the articles in question. Neither "D.D." nor any one else needs to apologize to me for using my name. I have been for many years so thoroughly a public person, that I expect to get talked about pretty extensively, and if I was always spoken of as kindly as in "D.D.'s" letter, I should think the millennium had come. Indeed, my idea of the golden age is that age, which perhaps will arrive some time, when nobody says anything unkind or unjust about anybody.

Now, I am not a "priest" in any sense of the word, neither am I a "Rev.," and I do not revere a man because of his cloth or his titles; though many who wear cloth and have titles are worthy of reverence, and so are many who wear rags and have no honoured name. I should, however, be quite willing to take part in a public meeting or religious service with "D.D." or any other gentleman who acted freely and conscientiously, and imposed no fetters upon my conscience or liberties. Personally, I have no objection to a good liturgy, though I never feel the need of one; and the Litany of the Church of England I very much dislike: it is long, dreary, and monotonous, and the incessant repetition of the trite phrases—"Good Lord, deliver us," and "we beseech thee to hear us, Good Lord"—always suggested to me when quite a child, the prayers of the Pharisees, who expected to be heard for their "much speaking," and whom Jesus rebuked for using "vain repetitions as the heathen do." Such a litany suggests to me the prayers of the idol worshippers, whom Elijah encountered, who were constantly exclaiming in their devotions—"O Baal, hear us." But the question of forms of prayer must be left to the individual who desires to use them or let them alone. The Supreme Being, who sees the heart, cannot be pleased with any utterances which are not heartfelt, neither can he be angry with us for following the light we have, even though the divine flame within us burn ever so faintly. "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed." I have never heard this quotation from Montgomery, who must have been inspired, surpassed by any prose or poetic author whom I have read, or by any orator to whom I have listened. While it would be, as the Editor says, quite out of place to introduce the Church of England Service into halls where Spiritualists assemble, I should personally have no objection to deliver an inspirational discourse in a church, where a liturgy was used, but if the book were put into my hand to read from, I should read no more than I could throw my spirit into; and I much prefer inspirational prayer to stereotyped phrases. The only point I think some critics of liturgies miss is, that many hymns are prayers, and I cannot personally see the difference practically



between singing a printed prayer and reading one. After all, we must try and adopt such measures as help to draw out the highest aspirations of the people with whom we mingle.

EVERY MUCH OBJECT to a chairman at a Sunday Service, but the organized Spiritualists will have their forms, to which they are attached, and I, as a visitor, cannot expect my way in everything. I think the Prayer Book can scarcely be worse than some chairmen. As Spiritualist meetings are now conducted, they often seem a mixture of ceremonies copied from Halls of Science and Orthodox Chapels. I am convinced that we shall have more genuine inspiration and exert a better spiritual influence over the people, when we abolish all unnecessary formalism. Good music should always be a feature at spiritual gatherings, and the musicians should be themselves inspired people. The constant bawling or droning of hymns is not inspiring. The great effort should be to make the service a unit throughout, all the parts fitting in so as to form a homogeneous, not a heterogeneous, mass. I cannot expect the Editor of the MEDIUM, either personal or abstract, to fill his columns with such disquisitions as these. I therefore invite anyone who has something definite to propose correspond with me personally, and perhaps he can give me some suggestions, and I may perhaps be the means of his receiving a few. Any honest attempt to spread the truth deserves recognition and encouragement. After we have tried several methods we shall, perhaps, hit upon a better course than any yet pursued. I am sure there is ample room for improvement.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

W. J. COLVILLE.  
4, Waterloo Road, Manchester.

#### A NEW ACADEMICAL TITLE SUGGESTED.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I have not as yet publicly thanked you for inserting my former letter, and also Mr. Massey's reply. I now do so most sincerely. The reply was just what I expected, and it pleased me well. It enabled Mr. Massey to say words which otherwise would not have been said, and I at the same time gave voice to the kindly aspirations of many of his friends towards him. This great work cannot be left all on Mr. Massey's shoulders. Wherever he goes he must have helpers, as he has found in London so ably manifested in your columns and by your contributors. Why should these functions fall on the few? Why should there not be "co-operation," as Mr. Massey so eloquently pleaded in his fourth lecture, for the extension of the true knowledge of the religious history of mankind?

The dauntless pluck that has taken Mr. Massey abroad upon his mission we all admire; but when that is accomplished the work is only well begun. I would place such a man in the Chair of Divinity in a new theological educational institution devoted to truth, and not to the suppression of truth and the perpetuation of falsehood, as at present. But is there such a thing as Divinity? Is it not all Mythology? Not a chair of "Divinity," then, but of Mythology would I constitute, and the first degree I would confer on Gerald Massey, indicated by the initials M.M., signifying Master of Mythology.

I am thus reminded of the correspondence in last week's MEDIUM, which you closed and which I will not open. I simply desire to express my accord with "D.D.," in his closing words of contempt for "empty titles." Adulterated beer, watered milk, sanded sugar and other falsified commodities are honest wares when compared with "empty titles." And yet this clanger of sounding cymbals, while he confesses to the hollowness of his pretension, at the same time thinks he is justified in thrusting himself between mankind and the spiritual light. M.A., Master of Arts—what title could be more "empty"? Of what "Arts" are these gentlemen the "Master"? Take them as a class, they are perhaps the most artless, handless, helpless creatures that this world produces! Upon a knowledge of antiquity, which is their special forte, they have most egregiously misled mankind. "Learned ignorance" is the truest epitome of their acquirements.

I know not a few able men who honour the academical titles they wear; but their ability is hereditary, not derived from academical sources. The efforts to "climb Parnassus by dint of Greek" so signally fail in practice, that when we look abroad amongst the hosts of genius, who have made mankind what it is, we find few of these illuminated benefactors wearing "academical titles," and if they do possess them, their successes in the way of genius are not due to that consideration.

When we come to the more highly coveted and "venerable" "D.D.," the pretension is much more at fault. Through these degreed gentleman (M.A. and D.D.) we have perpetuated in the world that wretched misinterpretation of the past, called, secularly, Mythology, and sacerdotally, Theology. To these malign roots the death-distilling tree of Superstition is due. Ignorant of Soul-science, ignorant of the true meaning of history, these academicians are the greatest stumbling block in the way of all true intellectual advancement. An unfrocked priest is the intellectual scare-crow, that in all mental directions frightens off the Dove of Truth from near approach to human consciousness. "D.D.," indeed! Need we waste the alphabet over such twaddle? The whole of their acquirements are not worth a single D, unless it be in a negative sense.

I would just for a movement allude to the way in which "D.D."

handles his "excellent friend Gerald Massey." He italices the fact that to him Massey's light is darkness, and thus he with priestly adroitness snuffs it out! The confession of mental darkness would be pitiful were it not impertinent. But the priest will think—or affect to do so—for others; marking down the merit of better men's acquirements by his own trade prejudices or mental incapacity.

I scorn not learning nor those symbols which imply its existence. For his learning I honour Gerald Massey. I would even create new symbols to signify the new acquirement. At the same time, let every lover of manhood and honest dignity abhor that empty-headed flunkysm, which bows down abjectly in view of the impudent pretensions of a class of sacerdotal adventurers, who have not shame sufficient to prevent them trading upon their "empty titles."—I remain, very sincerely yours,

A HEARTY ADMIRER OF GERALD MASSEY.

[This letter ought to have appeared last week, but there was no room.—ED. M.]

#### AUTUMN.

The Autumn of your world is now advancing. The leaves that were but a short time since alive and in their tender green beauty, that fluttered in the breeze and drank in the sun's warm rays, are now lying dead, trampled under foot by the people of the earth. They lie still and motionless, but even in their death some are yet lovely, and clothed in radiant colours, but even these varied tints will fade.

Leaf! how thou resemblest man, and man's destiny! In thy young life I see the likeness of a youth, strong and courageous, happy in his utter ignorance of the world. The sun of prosperity shines on him, making the world a paradise where all is gay and joyous. What will he not do when he attains to man's estate? He will go forth into this shining world, and in his young hopeful nature he already sees himself surrounded by all the good things it contains. He sees no gloom: no sadness, no sighs, nor tears are his. In thy youth and ignorance thou art blest, child, and may thy bright dreams never grow dull.

In the dead leaves we see pictured the decay of the body, and death. They have lived their short beautiful life, and are now at rest. The youth has had his dream. He arrived at man's age, and forth he went to sip the cup of delight he imagined was held to his lips; but he soon discovered that his hopes were as shadowy as a dream, and, heart-weary and oppressed, he turned with sadness from all he thought was good and true.

Manhood! Grief, sorrow, and disappointment have been advantageous to thee, if they teach thee the hollowness of the world, and show thee where only true lasting happiness may be found. The grief-stricken soul in its despair lifts itself to God, and seeks from Him the consolation it finds not on earth. And when dissolution comes, it is with thankfulness he casts off the burden of his material body, and arrayed in the light of his spiritual birth, he ascends to his Celestial Home—a home of truth and love.

So will the trees, after the cold and frost of Winter, put on the garb of Spring, and the little buds will once more form, to expand into leaves, that will again flutter in the sun-light. Youth! Manhood! Death! how wonderful is the contemplation of these, and the risen Soul, how sublime!

—From the land of spirits, written through the mediumship of "LUCRETIA."

#### OBITUARY.

##### CAROLINE MARY JAMES.

The beloved eldest daughter of T. B. and M. E. James, departed this life, Oct. 22, after years of delicate health. Mrs. James writes:—"After a few days of increased weakness, unexpectedly to us, her spirit left its earthly tenement. Weary she was with her journey, and often expressed her longing to join her sister and our other dear ones. Spiritualism was to her a rock, and she ever felt a surety of the communion with those who have 'passed over.' With feelings of deep thankfulness, I with my only surviving daughter, are enabled to fully realize the comfort and consolation, from the glorious light and knowledge that Spiritualism alone can give in times of severe trial."

A BENEVOLENT MOVEMENT.—In aid of Mrs. Makepeace, recently left a widow with two children totally unprovided for, a series of seances will be given at the Spiritual Institution, 15, Southampton Row, by the following well-known mediums: On Thursday evening, Nov. 15, Mr. Husk; Thursday evening, Nov. 22, Mr. Rita; Thursday evening, Nov. 29, Mr. and Mrs. Herne. Only accepted sitters will be admitted, apply for tickets in advance. The usual contribution. Contributions may be paid to Miss Cocker, 6, Junction Place, Dalston, where places may be secured, also at 15, Southampton Row.

STONEHOUSE: Sailor's Welcome, Union Street.—On Sunday, the first of a series of lectures was delivered by the guides of Mr. R. S. Clarke. Owing to the very heavy rain which continued to fall, we had but a small attendance. The subject spoken on was "Concerning Spiritual Gifts"; after which questions were invited.—JOHN PAYNTER, Asst. Sec.



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## THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1883.

### THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE "MEDIUM" ON DECEMBER 14.

This year we hope to have the best Christmas Number we have ever published. We solicit the kind assistance of all who can help in a literary way. We will give as an art supplement, a Portrait of A. T. T. P., and a photographic fac-simile of one of his Spirit Pictures. Everybody can help us to an immense circulation, and not a few, we hope, will favour us with their business advertisements for the wrapper.

### OPEN AIR-WORK.

CLERKENWELL GREEN.—The Spiritualists were the only party last Sunday. It commenced to rain as Mr. Burns began to speak; but the audience was good and attentive. Ultimately the rain broke up the meeting. If the weather be fine the meetings will be continued next Sunday at 11.30. Should the weather prove unfavourable Goswell Hall will be resorted to. Mr. Burns offered to give a lecture on "Luther" with lantern illustrations, next Sunday evening at Goswell Hall, and thus assist in making a beginning of meetings which it is contemplated to resume in that place.

VICTORIA PARK.—Mr. Jennison, Mr. Emms and friends were at the usual place on Sunday Morning. Mr. Jennison opened the meeting with a few remarks on "Healing by laying on of Hands." He quoted several instances that occur in the Bible, and also gave some very interesting accounts of acts of healing done by well-known mediums. He was followed by Mr. Emms, who corroborated the statements of Mr. Jennison. He compared the teachings of Spiritualism with those of the Church. The gentle man who addressed the meeting last Sunday, gave an account of his investigation into Spiritualism. The speakers were listened to attentively. There was a large attendance in spite of unfavourable weather. There was no opposition. Mr. Jennison distributed "Seed Corn," which were eagerly accepted. He will, weather permitting, continue the meetings as usual. Next Sunday at 11.—W. LUXFORD.

### MEETINGS IN THE WESTERN SUBURBS.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I am glad to see that the Spiritualists residing in the West End of London are beginning to wake up to a knowledge of what ought to be done for the spreading of the Truth. When we opened Ladbroke Hall nearly five years ago, we started with such a number of guaranteed subscribers, that many of us thought it would be located permanently at that hall; but after six months it came to an end, many of the subscribers (after Dr. Monck went to Switzerland), leaving, so that of those left the expense of the Hall fell on fewer shoulders, most of whom were only working men. Had it not been for the liberality of that staunch Spiritualist, Mr. Whitley, it would have been closed sooner than it was. I do sincerely hope, if another hall is taken, that the Spiritualists will keep it going permanently, after the pattern of Dissenters, who are more liberal with their cash than Spiritualists are. Let us join together and sink our likes and dislikes, and be

what we ought really to be—a brotherhood.—I am, yours, fraternally,

H. JONES.

15, Montague Street, Hammersmith, Oct. 27, 1883.

A friend of the Cause has called and desired us to state that he has a property within two minutes walk of the Broadway, Hammersmith, which he could devote to spiritual purposes at a moderate rental. There are three rooms, all on the ground floor, and one of them will accommodate 100 people. It can be had the whole week, night and day. Inquiries respecting it may be addressed to the Editor of the MEDIUM.

The Control this week is a most eloquent one, and morally instructive. There is much to say on the "plan of Salvation" which its mournful history discloses.

Dr. Brown, who has spent the autumn at Blackpool, writes respecting Mrs. Butterfield. He considers her in a very fit condition for work on the Spiritualistic platform. Her address is 26, Banks Street, Blackpool. We well remember Mrs. Butterfield's first address in public, in Batley. Then she spoke under our auspices in Cavendish Rooms, London, and moved a West End audience in a remarkable manner. One lady put a sovereign into the collection plate, she was so much pleased.

Mr. T. P. Barkas, F.G.S., has been elected, by a large majority, an Alderman of the City of Newcastle-on-Tyne. He has represented South St. Andrew's Ward in the City Council for many years. We sincerely congratulate Mr. Barkas on his elevation to the Aldermanic Bench.—"ERNEST."

A few weeks ago we inserted a handbill with the MEDIUM, intimating that a work was in preparation, entitled, "The Divine Church," and desiring that the names of subscribers should be sent to the author, who is well known as a writer on spiritual subjects. As the price will be somewhat increased to those who are not subscribers, it would be advisable to remit at once, 1s. for paper-covered edition, and 1s. 6d. for bound copies to Mr. P. Davidson, 9, Arbeadie Terrace, Banchory, Kincardineshire, N.B.

SOWERBY BRIDGE.—On Sunday, Mr. Colville gave two discourses, and though the day was wet the attendance was good. The celebrated Children's Lyceum Choir rendered fine music. On Monday, over 100 sat down to tea, which was followed by an excellent entertainment to a crowded house. Mr. Colville took part; he also delivered a lecture, with questions at the close, on Tuesday evening.—COR.

SHEFFIELD.—Mr. Colville's recent visit has been a great success. The Cause is looking up, and the regular Sunday meetings are well attended. Literature sold well, during Mr. Colville's visit. His three lectures on October 30 and 31, and November 1, were followed by poems and questions, and delighted large and enthusiastic audiences.—COR.

Mrs. Groom desires us to state:—"The Manchester Committee advertised me to speak at Manchester morning and evening, and to speak at Pendleton in the afternoon of the same day. I saw this advertisement a week previous, and then wrote to the committee I could not give three discourses in the day. I received no answer, but on the following week the same advertisement appeared again. I did not get the MEDIUM from our dealer until late in the afternoon. I then sent a telegram to say, seeing they persisted in the advertising without consulting me, I declined to come. This is the state of affairs; and last week I see they have added to it an account that through a something misunderstood, that I did not come. This morning I received this from Mr. Brown [demanding a full explanation]. I am willing to give all the help I can to our Cause in every way possible, but I think I deserve some little respect."

Mr. Dale will commence a series of Sunday evening meetings at the Spiritual Mission Room, 167, Seymour place, on Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock. Only those who secure places in advance of the day will be admitted to Mr. Herne's circle on Tuesday evening.

A Tea Meeting will be held at 5, Rundell Road, Maryland Road, Harrow Road, St. Peter's Park, on Sunday, November 11th, 1883. Tea on table at 5 o'clock. Tickets 9d. each; on which occasion Mrs. Treadwell hopes to meet many of her old friends.

PENDLETON.—Nov. 1, our first tea meeting, a great success, seventy-five sat down; rules for brotherhood discussed, with entertainment afterwards. On Sunday, Mr. R. A. Brown, and in the evening a Conference on Inspiration.—W. C.

£10,000 to £15,000, will buy an interest in a first-class Rancho, well stocked; will pay 25 per cent. on money invested. For full particulars, apply to "Owner," office of the MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.—[Adv.]

A Spiritualist, requiring a residence in Plymouth, may obtain a comfortable home in the house of an old and experienced Spiritualist. We could forward inquiries.—[Adv.]

LETTERS AND TRACTS ON SPIRITUALISM. By JUDGE EDMONDS. Memorial Edition, with Memoir and Passing Away of the Author; and Discourses by Theodore Parker and Judge Edmonde, through Mrs. TAPPAN. Cloth. 3s. 6d.



# THE "MARTIN LUTHER" COMMEMORATION AND SPIRITUALISTS.

It seems to me that of all people Spiritualists should with enthusiasm join in the commemoration of the four-hundredth birthday of this great reformer. I invite our London friends to join with me in this service, at Goswell Hall, 290, Goswell Road, on Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock, when I will deliver a lecture, illustrated with over a dozen scenes shown with the oxy-hydrogen lantern. These are finely coloured pictures, and will be viewed with interest; but the chief point is the lesson of the Anti-Romish Reformation, to the Spiritualists and religious reformers of this generation.

I hope speakers throughout the country will not overlook the matter; and that audiences will ask the controls of mediums to speak on it. J. BURNS, O.S.T.

## THE RESUMPTION OF MEETINGS AT GOSWELL HALL.

Having acted as Secretary in respect to the series of Sunday evening meetings recently held at Goswell Hall, 290, Goswell Road, I deem it within my province to announce that the series will be resumed in the above Hall on Sunday evening. This has been under consideration for some time, but Mr. Wortley's illustrations have not been in a sufficient state of preparedness to warrant a positive announcement.

Other Goswell Hall friends as well as myself have all along taken much interest in the Open-Air Work on Clerkenwell Green, in which Mr. Burns has taken such an active part. On Sunday, when the rain drove us off the field, Mr. Burns said he intended giving a Lecture on Sunday evening, Nov. 11th, on "Luther," illustrated with a series of fine dissolving views; and he thought it might be well to give it in Goswell Hall, as a means of leading up from the Open-Air meetings to the course which we hope to hold in that hall for the winter.

This I thought was a good suggestion, and I hereby invite our friends to fill the hall to overflowing on Sunday evening, when we will have the pleasure of listening to Mr. Burns's illustrated lecture; and then can state more definitely our course for the future. ALEX. BROWN, Hon. Sec.

78, Barnsbury Road, N., Nov. 6, 1883.

## MARTIN LUTHER AND NEXT WEEK'S MEDIUM.

We will give, next week, a short report of Mr. Burns's Goswell Hall Lecture on "Luther;" and would thank our friends throughout the country to ask their mediums and speakers to discourse thereon, and send us a few leading ideas from the various lectures delivered. We would be glad of a few ideas from the controls of Mr. Colville, Mr. De Main, and others, who will be possibly under influence on Sunday next. We do not require long reports; but a few words from a great many.

## MR. COLVILLE ON "LUTHER," AT HALIFAX.

Since we had the above in type, we learn that Mr. Colville will speak on "Martin Luther and the great Reformation in the light of Spiritualism," at Halifax, on Sunday morning. The friends have wisely taken the Oddfellows' Hall, capable of seating over 1,000 people. Mr. Colville will speak three times on Sunday: at 10.30, as above; at 2.30, in Answer to Questions; at 6 p.m., on a subject chosen by the audience. Mr. Colville will speak in the Spiritual Institution, Halifax, on Nov. 12 and 13, at 7.45 p.m.

## AN ILLUSTRATED SPECIAL NUMBER OF THE "MEDIUM."

On Friday, November 23, we intend to publish that chapter of Mr. Oxley's work on "Egypt," on "The Egyptian Religion." It will be illustrated with a series of nine scenes, representing the "Burial, resurrection, and ascension of Osiris," copied from the stone books of Egypt. It indicates the gospel narrative most particularly; even to the two women who found the sepulchre empty. We will give the whole of the accompanying descriptive chapter, so that it will be one of the most remarkable and complete histories of the Christian religion ever offered to the Christian world.

We make this early announcement that all of our readers may make arrangements to give it extensive circulation. 500 copies for 21s.; 250 for 10s. 6d.; 120 for 5s., per rail, carriage extra; 12 copies or upwards post free at one penny each.

A correspondent has forwarded us £1., to be used in free distribution of this Special Number. This we mean to expend in posting copies to names likely to be interested. Many of our readers could do the same. The recipients need not know where the papers come from. A very little trouble and expense may introduce these facts to thousands of minds willing to receive light.

Form Hymn-book Clubs in connection with every meeting place. At a penny per week all might soon possess a copy of the "Spiritual Lyre" in wrappers or cloth bound. Quantities can be had stamped with the title of the meeting. By this means a fund could be derived for literature for distribution. It is a comprehensive book, [and for special occasions we can supply hymn leaves for wide circulation.

## AN APPEAL ON BEHALF OF STARVING CHILDREN.

"Even as much as ye have done it unto the least of these little ones, ye have done it unto Me."

May I endeavour to enlist the sympathies and support of the readers of the MEDIUM, in a cause I have so deeply at heart:—to give warmth and happiness to some of our poorest, most pitiable "little ones," whose existence is dragged out wofully in the dismal back streets of East London. Any one who takes a walk through the slums of our great city, must experience many a pang at sight of the number of pinched little faces, whose only knowledge of life is hardship and misery; and, if that person possess a soul (as does each of those poor children), it must yearn to take and care for them—poor little wan creatures who should be bright and cheering as the sunbeams,—and seek to give them some sweeter, higher notion of life than that of their daily experience.

Were I rich, what I would do for them! But as it is, I can only follow the example of my estimable friend the Baroness Adelpa Von Vay, who, whilst I was with her in Styria last summer, published by subscription her Diary when a child ("Tagebuch eines kleinen Madchens"), for the founding of a branch hospital of the Red Cross at Gonobitz, Styria, and thereby realized upwards of £60 (net) towards that good object.

Encouraged by such success, the Baroness and I deemed it well to try something of the sort for the London poor, consequently immediately upon my return from Styria, I set about putting in order notes of my visit to the cousins of the Baroness Adelpa, the (late) Prince and Princess of Sayn-Wittgenstein, at their charming summer residence on the Rhine, which, under the title of "RHINELAND," I purpose to publish for the benefit of this true charity.

The price will be 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per copy, postage two-pence. If each person who reads this would subscribe for but one copy, or forward even a still smaller contribution—everybody can afford a few pence—much might be done towards lightening the load of many a prematurely-burdened child's heart, and instead, bringing sunshine and warmth and happiness into their hard pleasureless lives, this forthcoming joyous Christmas tide.

I could not actually beg, even for so deserving a cause, but I can and do ask and entreat everybody to help by subscribing towards the book-fund, for if we can dispose of say 450 copies at 2s. 6d. or 600 at 1s. 6d. that would suffice to cover expenses, and leave a not insignificant sum for the charity. All who have hearts to feel for, souls to sympathize with, the hard lot of these "little ones," I invite to WORK WITH ME: and their reward will be no mean one, if only in the thought of having for a time helped to bring summer and sunshine into a few young lives, prematurely nipped by the frost of want and cruelty.

Contributions of useful articles of children's warm clothing—knitted socks, crocheted petticoats and wraps, or cast-off garments—anything to keep out the damp and cold, would be, also, most acceptable.

Postal orders may be addressed to me at my home address below, and gifts of clothing and necessities for the tea and treat generally may be forwarded by parcels post, or rail to the same address. All I ask is HELP: I will work my hardest.

Yours, in the cause of our suffering small humanity,

CAROLINE CORNER.

3, St. Thomas's Square, Hackney, N.E.

## A COLUMN FOR THE YOUNG.

### THE HOUR BEFORE DAWN.

#### A PICTURE OF WORK-LIFE AT THE EAST END.

By CAROLINE CORNER, Author of "Twixt Will and Fate," "The Slinkens-trick Family," "My Visit to Styria," &c., &c.

#### CHAPTER I.

One raw November day, a young girl was to be seen wending her solitary way through the dreary back streets of East London. Most of the shops in the neighbourhood were already open, although as yet it was early morning, and the gas lamps still flared red and terrible through the yellow-green fog. As she went on, this child—for she was but a child, slim and overgrown,—she drew the scant shawl more closely around her shivering form, then planted her foot with firmness such as one would not have expected in one so young, so pinched, so slight. She knew the way: apparently she was quite familiar with those narrow thoroughfares and dingy back streets; equally so was she with the many difficulties that came to obstruct her way. Those stalls with their smoking hot drinks and their appetizing fumes of baked potatoes were all old friends of her's; they oftentimes helped her on her way, and she would walk as close as she could to steal some warmth from their cheering bright little fires. Besides, there were occasions when she would indulge in one of those cups of coffee or a baked potato; but these were rare, and only when she felt nature must give in without support, for she was very poor.

Most of her hard earnings went to supply the wants of one—the only one she had on earth to love her and to love. To see this one—her mother—well, strong and well again, was her brightest dream of heaven: to be able to supply fit nourish-



ment and ease, if not comfort, for the poor invalid, was her soul's first desire, her constant end and aim.

And so she lived, this young girl, her life a speechless, active prayer. Each morning she arose from her hard pitiless bed to face another day, always the same; any one would serve as a pattern for the rest during the past twelve months, poor child! And yet life was sweet to her, and hallowed by noble ambitions as it may be to those most favoured by fortune—the world's fortune. The life of the poor need not be all bitterness, as many suppose: shadow and sunshine are interwoven in all—the Merciful God has willed it so.

These early winter mornings were very trying, though. It demanded a firm purpose to bear up against the cold, the damp, the long weary hours of work—hard work, too. Moreover, she was far from strong, our little heroine, but she had youth, and youth is rich in two of the greatest blessings we mortals can own—Hope, and perfect Faith. These two kept her up; these two made sweet the bitterness of her life.

The muddy pavements made the way seem longer than ever, that raw November morning; and so slippery was it that she had two narrow escapes from falling. But she saved herself and went on, her eyes smarting, her fingers tingling with cold, a shiver thrilling her slender frame at each new chill to her blood; until at last she reached her destination. And now a smile, just for an instant, softens and lights up her sharp, wan features, that wear a pitiable expression of premature age when set in thought. Is it that the place is so homely, so inviting?

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with work-a-day life at the East End of London, I will describe it, and let them judge.

It was a tall narrow building, a hundred years old or more, with flat ill-fitting windows, upon whose smoke-begrimed panes large-typed bills notified to the public that a supply of "female hands" was in "constant demand," for a "light and lucrative employment." In the corner, a human fist with fore-finger as index, drew attention to the supplementary notice: "Apply within. Third-floor front."

Entering at the shrunken doorway, our little heroine was forced to feel her way—it was so dark along the passage—to the commencement of the winding staircase; and even then she got one stunning blow on the head from a projecting rafter, in her ascent to the "third-floor front." In this particular apartment there was nothing much to rejoice the heart nor cheer the spirits. All that the "third-floor front" could boast of in the way of furniture, was a few pairs of rough wooden beams attached by a couple of long horizontal poles, smooth and polished by constant friction. From the upper of these poles depended innumerable skeins of raw silk of different colours, whilst upon the lower, the forty or fifty females, children to full-grown women, assembled in that wretched apartment, were busy with their work, tasselling and knotting ladies' silk ties and neckerchiefs. So busily engaged were they that they did not lift their eyes to see who or what the new comer might be.

These were the workers; the idlers usually dropped in one by one as the day advanced, and were distinguishable alike by their tawdry finery and volubility of tongue, which demanded the most strenuous efforts of the "genteel superintendent," who moved about with feline tread and puritanical solemnity, to keep within bounds. The only light and warmth were imparted by the flaming gas jet in the corner, for the windows were opaque with fog and dirt, and adorned with a fantastic fret-work of cobwebs, hanging from the murky ceiling.

"Good morning, ma'am."

With this the new comer took her place, and immediately commenced work. To watch her nimble fingers, when with exercise the blood was circulating more freely in the veins, one must have marvelled at the speed and dexterity employed. Some dozens and dozens of silk ties and neckerchiefs complete in all save "fringing," was the work they were engaged upon. "Fringing" was the SPECIALITE of this department, and in it alone some fifty or more young girls were daily employed, at the rate of ninepence a dozen. The work was by no means disagreeable. It only required lightness of touch, care, and good taste.

There were various sections of "fringing," preference being given to "tasselling." But after serving an apprenticeship to this, the employés were passed on to another—"knotting." This "knotting" was more laborious, and at the commencement cut the hand cruelly, until the flesh was hardened by use. Consequently, whenever opportunity offered, "knotting" was shirked, many, indeed, preferring to quit the employ altogether, upon the expiration of their term of "tasselling": hence the "constant demand."

Towards mid-day the room was about as full as it possibly could be, and it was interesting to see these young girls, and note their differences whilst at work. There were some easy, light-hearted, care-for-nought, who, in spite of the gloom and discomfort, and no brighter prospect for the future, preserved their natural love of fun, as might be seen by the twinkle in the eye; others, upon whose countenances long histories were written, a life-time's record of sorrows crowded into their burdened years of youth; others, again, who had determination stamped upon their countenances, even as surely as succes-

was engraven upon their brow; and others whose fragile forms might not be racked with the hard, tearing cough, nor bent and emaciated with continuous standing and lack of fit sustenance, much longer; for just as surely was the word "release" engraven on their youthful brows; and perhaps these were the best off, after all—these graduates for another and a better world.

It was to the second class that our heroine belonged. Those large lustrous eyes—so deep, so wistful—would have called forth much admiration under different circumstances. As it was, no one noticed them, neither had it ever occurred to the owner, that a share of woman's precious heritage was for her. She only knew that she was held in dislike by many of her fellow-workers, and served as a sort of target at which others might shoot their arrows of spleen. This touched her sensitive soul, and made her recoil and withdraw into herself, applying herself the more assiduously to work. Her thoughts were soon away, so that she heeded not the remarks of her volatile neighbours, who, being assured of making no visible effect, would cast a glance of contempt at the industrious fingers, then leave her and pursue another course.

As the afternoon wore on the employés quit their stations, and with, or without, as caprice might dictate, an obeisance to the genteel female in command, pass out. Ere the hour prescribed by Act of Parliament, all save two or three had taken their departure. These follow, until only one remains, the one in whom we are most interested, the heroine of this story. Since early morning she had stood thus, her fingers energetically engaged in knotting the silken threads. Her term of "tasselling" was over long ago. A neighbour, seeking to goad her on to rebellion, had whispered that it was unfairly curtailed, because it was well known she "had not the pluck" to offer resistance. Little heed had been taken of this friendly hint; only a faint flush had mounted to her brow, and her fingers trembled so that she could not get on so fast for half an hour or so; while the friendly neighbour was called to order for the jeering laugh that resounded so harshly throughout the wretched apartment.

All had gone save this one; and a weird stillness prevailed, a dreary roominess that was chill and depressing. But a few minutes ago, and this empty space was filled with human beings; the atmosphere was instinct and resonant with life. Now, all was quiet; all was deathly still. What a strange thing this breath of life, that can effect such a wondrous change! What a God-given blessing, this brotherhood of humanity, that can warm, and cheer, and gladden the poorest, hardest existence! What a destiny for one to be left alone, without sympathy, without friend, without love! These thoughts were flowing into the over-wise little mind of the worker, as she went steadily, silently on.

"Heigho! another day done!—What! you not gone yet? Be off at once."

The solemn silence was abruptly broken by the voice of the superintendent, who, for the last fifteen or twenty minutes, had been busy making up accounts, at a sort of improvised desk, in the certain consciousness that she was alone.

"Be off at once. I thought you had gone long since," she added, tartly.

The abrupt breaking of her fanciful string of reverie caused the girl to start, the colour to come and go in her cheeks; her eyes to brighten and grow dim, whilst her hands suddenly left hold of the silk, and her arms dropped to her sides. She stood and stared at the speaker, but did not speak.

"Do you not hear? Time's up, you must go home."

This was spoken more kindly. It was only on very rare occasions that the "genteel female" deviated from her usual hard, unsympathetic tones. It was encouraging in a grim way.

"Yes, ma'am, I hear you," was the response; "I heard you before, only—only—"

"Only what?" put in the superintendent, with the chill writh of a smile.

"Only—I was wondering."

"And what were you wondering?"

The cold grey eye seemed to eat up the very life of the girl, and to wrench out her inmost thoughts and feelings.

"I was wondering about life, about its beginning—what it is, and why, and about its long, long journeys, and where and when they are to end. And then about death, and all that makes the difference between life and death; and if there really is such a thing as death, or if it is only a sleep between one life and another; and—and—that was all," she stammered, her big eyes brimming with tears, as they always did when that devouring gaze was upon her.

"That was all, was it? Well! I think it's enough for one of your years. Don't give way to these odd thoughts, child, they'll grow upon you. Be more sociable with your fellow-workers. Not that I'd have you get into their ways; but it would be better for you not to live so much to yourself. You are young, and should act as such. Don't bother any more about death; there's plenty of time to think about that. Enjoy your life, child, as much as you can: at most it won't be over much nor for long; soon enough you'll know that."

There was a kindness in the superintendent's manner that her hearer had never had testimony of before. She opened her large eyes in amaze. Her superior had only been wont to deal



in hard monosyllables, or harsh laconic reprovals at most. Now there was a touch of kindness, tempered with bitter sadness, in her voice when she spoke what, to her, was sage counsel, good advice.

"Believe me, what I say is true," she added, turning away with the old shade settling on her face, the old hard lines re-appearing about her firm-set lips.

The employé kept her eyes upon her, studying her acutely. A sudden impulse had sprung to life in her young breast, and her bosom heaved and her eyes grew bright at the very thought. She pressed both hands upon her poor thin bosom, it heaved so, then upon her temples, they were so aflame with a glad desire. Could she muster courage—should she?

This "Ma'am" was, perhaps, not so terrible a being after all. There had been a softness in her voice, her manner when she spoke,—a sorrowful tenderness, the child thought. Had she, this "genteel female," known some great sorrow? If so, she might understand. If so, she might compassionate—if so—

"What! not gone yet? Come now, be off. I'll have no more of this."

Ah! she had gone back to her usual frigid style. After the last word her lips locked together as a vice. The child well knew the meaning of that, and forthwith commenced to put all away, preparatory to taking her departure. Still that bright idea maintained its power over her. Still was she haunted, enspirited, and obsessed by that dominant desire. A red spot burned on either cheek; and momentarily she glanced quickly, anxiously, nervously at the neat figure that moved about with so measured and so rigid a step. All was ready: No more excuse was there now for delay. It must be done at once, or not at all. She stood earnestly regarding that severe specimen of humanity, her heart palpitating, her limbs trembling, her eyes dilated and wildly glistening from the effects of hope, anxiety, and fear. She pressed a hand to her bosom and made a move, just one step forward, and at the same time tried to speak—a word, that was all. But no sound came, for the lump in the throat, that well-nigh choked her. She tried again. Still no result. She could not speak. All that she was conscious of was the chorus of loud voices, in passionate entreaty resounding in her ears. She could not silence nor get away from them. It was as though some finer sense of hearing were just now quickened, and this Babel were the result. Besides, the very thumpings of her heart were sufficient to well nigh deafen. She was becoming feverishly excited: she hardly knew what she did, when, with one quick movement, she laid a hand on the rusty black sleeve, and arrested the attention of the austere wearer.

"Child! how you startled me! What is the matter? What do you want?" exclaimed that individual all in a breath, her habitual expression giving place to one of sudden alarm.

"What is it you want?" she repeated, upon getting no answer, only a stare, to her former request.

Now a prolonged and steady gaze, with no change of countenance, save after a few seconds a slight flickering and quivering of the lips. The eyes were glassy bright; a crimson spot stood out curiously on the wan sunken cheek; a few stray threads of light golden hair lent additional wildness in falling over the face; the scant ill-fitting gown revealed the sharp outlines of the collar bone; the tall lank form of the girl-child looked wild and strange, standing thus in the sickly glare of the gas-light.

"Gracious heavens! What in the world is the matter? What do you want?" ejaculated the superintendent, who having had to work hard for her daily bread for many a weary year, sought a matter-of-fact solution to all the problems of life.

Of a certainty something was wanted. What that something was did not require all those hard years of battling with a cold world to tell. She had grown accustomed, and hardened herself, to such experiences; for if fate decree the former it is difficult, almost impossible, taking into consideration our human imperfectibility, to avoid the latter. But there was something in this case exceptional, she thought; at any rate it laid hold of and impressed her as others were not wont to do. It might be the depressing influence of the weather; or, more probable, the lowering effect of the long day's fatigue. She had had more trouble and crosses than usual that day. Everything had gone wrong; the accounts would not come right; the girls, many of them, had been idle, saucy, irritating. She was over-fatigued—unnerved. Now, there was this child, one of the best she had always been—quiet, industrious, well-spoken, coming and going the same, taking her wages when earned without complaint, without an impertinent word. The "genteel female" felt weary, tired out, and, passing a hand through her thin front hair, she asked again, in a tired, languid tone:—

"Tell me, child. What is it you want?"

The young girl drew back, then stepped forward again, her eyes kindling, her cheeks aglow. Then clasping her long thin fingers before her, and keeping an intense wistful gaze upon the worn and haggard face confronting her, she burst forth passionately:—

"Oh, ma'am, could you let me have the money to-night?"

The same old tale; the same constant entreaty. The "genteel female" smiled a chill and bitter smile; she knew the story well. She was disappointed somewhat. She had scarcely expected this from her—that gentle, well-behaved girl. She

turned away with an adverse feeling in her breast; a feeling deep affliction had implanted, nourished by years of suffering and adversity. She turned away; but not before she caught sight of the bony wrists, outstretched far beyond the limits of the sleeves of the old shrunken merino gown; not before she caught a glimpse of the blue eyes full of tears, of the pale lips trembling with emotion, of the intensity of that girl-face wasted by want, beautified by earnest, lofty, unselfish entreaty. She turned away; but it was with a sigh. On that sigh the turn of the balance depended. The worst of humanity oftentimes betray their divinity by some such token, so slight, so powerful withal.

"This is Friday. Saturday is pay-day," she said in a tone without any depth, without the feeblest token of human feeling.

"I know it, ma'am," was the response, uttered in a faint despondent voice.

"Then why ask?" came the next query, cold and comfortless.

The wizened child-face smiled. The fire had died out in her eyes, the feverish excitement had abated, the crimson spot was fast fading into ashen pallor, her arms hung lank at her side, yet she smiled. That smile was fraught with a power to affect ten-fold more acutely than that of any passionate torrent of tears or other outburst of woe. It was a smile awful to witness on the countenance of one so young. The other saw it, and a shudder passed through her frame, for she knew, she understood: but not until she was years beyond the age of this one.

"Poor child!" she said, in the kindest tone she had employed for many a year: "And must you have the money to-night? Will not to-morrow do?"

A great sob had to be gulped down ere an answer could be made, and then the words came very slowly, weak and indistinct:—

"I want it to-night. To-morrow may be too late."

The grim dark figure arose after another of those devouring glances.

"Very well; you shall have it—to-night," she said.

She would fain have known why it was wanted so urgently, but a power within forbade her to ask. "L'Humanité oblige;" besides, "la noblesse." She opened a small iron cash-box and took the sum, a few shillings, together with a small gold coin which she kept in her left hand while offering the other to her employé.

"Here are your earnings. Count them over. I think you'll find them right. You were away one half-day, you remember, and almost all day on Monday. You have not been so regular of late. What is the reason?"

The blue eyes had grown so bright, the whole face so radiant, it seemed that years of age and misery were transformed into youth and happiness again. It was a child's face for the instant, all smiles and sunshine, unobscured by shadow or woe. But again a deep earnestness, sad in one so young, took possession of the sensitive physiognomy, and she replied in tender, touching tones, that had the depth, the pathos, the mournful cadence of age:—

"Mother has been so much worse. I dared not leave."

The muscles of the hearer's face twitched. She coughed "ahem!"

"I am very sorry to hear it," she said. "How long has your mother been ill?" she continued, in her slow, measured way.

"For years and years she has been ailing; but only of late so ill. She's sinking, so they say. She had to give up work some time ago, when she took to her bed. Since then she has been sinking, and it seems she must sink, sink—until she dies. SHE WILL DIE, I know. But oh, ma'am, it's hard that she should die like this. It's cruel and wrong. Yet I can't help it—I can't help it. It's too hard!"

With this she broke down, her utterance choked by a tempest of grief. She had not indulged in such for many a long day. It was a relief. She was permitted to go on sobbing hysterically until the tempest subsided, and she was calmed—relieved.

Meanwhile, her superior stood there to all appearance an unmoved spectator, not a change in her placid demeanour, a thing without a soul she seemed. Then from the depths of her world-wise understanding, there came a suggestion, grim and matter-of-fact:—

"But there is no occasion to want, in a country where there are so many charitable institutions. Why not apply to the—Workhouse?"

The last word came out with a jerk, and the thin lips closed upon it like a box.

"We have had out-door relief the past week or two, and Mother always kept up her two-pence a-week at the Dispensary, so that has helped us a bit. But people in a decline, like Mother, take a deal of keeping up—port wine, and jolly, and brandy, and beef-tea, and all sorts of knick knacks that come expensive, but that the doctor says she must have. And Mother don't like begging. She'd rather go without, she always said. It's been going on a long time now, you see, ma'am, and people's patience gets tired out. They like the poor to get well and to work again, or to die. It seems Mother can't do



the one, and never will, I fancy; and she shan't do the other, so long as I can help it."

The child ended with an evidence of great force of character, that was strangely incompatible with her fragile delicate appearance.

"Why not get your Mother into the Parish Infirmary? She'd be well looked after there?" suggested the practical female, in all kindness, no doubt.

"No, no; I have tried that, but she won't go. What would become of me, she says;" was the rejoinder, with a hopeless shake of the wise little head.

"Aye. True enough," assented the woman of the world, who, alas! had had practical and painful experience of one so situated.

And now a far-away wistful look came into this one's eyes, and they were soon shaded by a mist that softened them, almost to beauty, at any rate to interest and compassion. Her thoughts had wandered back to bygone days, when she had not been the hard angular spinster she was now; and the old memories revived a long-lost part of her nature, which she had deemed buried never more to arise. Troubles many and terrible had intervened since then; and yet they had not in their intensity, had power to recall that long-lost better self. But now, at some subtle touch of this child's pitiful tale, it was here again; and with it tears in her eyes. She was annoyed at herself, and hastily brushed the tears away; but not before they had been seen.

She had known much sorrow, and yet she had lived, and enjoyed life, too, in her way,—quiet, methodical, austere; if not rejoicing, uncomplaining, wishful, no doubt, to live on for many a year. Human nature is a paradox indeed!

"Now, child, you'd better be off, and make haste home," she turned to remark. "And, in case what you've got should not be sufficient, take this. Hush! never mind. You can repay me some day. It belongs to me. It's all right. Never you mind. Good-night, child—good-night."

With this she turned abruptly away; her gesture determined, her manner impervious to outside sway. She desired no further parley. She would have no thanks. She repulsed all demonstrations of gratitude.

"That is enough," she said; "Good-night."

Only a last long grateful loving look, and the small pinched face was gone, leaving the "genteel female," so world-wise, so hardened, alone; and in reverie she remained until the last footfall was heard on the rickety stairs below. Then she awakened, pushed back a few straggling hairs from her furrowed aching brow, and packed up her things for the night. Another day was done.

*(To be continued.)*

## PROGRESS OF SPIRITUAL WORK.

### MR. TOWNS AT LEEDS.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott and Mr. and Mrs. Eddison have just paid a short visit to London. Mr. Scott related an instance of Mr. Towns's mediumship which is worth placing on record. Just as he was about to leave Leeds, and when he had but little time to do anything, a stranger called and handed him a photograph, only making the remark: "Can you tell me whether that man is dead or alive?" Mr. Towns said: "He is dead." Then, desiring a minute's passivity, he gave further particulars. He traced the deceased from the place where he used to live; the cottages, the road, and the diverging roads; the rising ground to the right, the slight ascent, the old coal-pit, and other surroundings. The man had looked into that coal-pit, but he was not there; he had thrown himself into still water. The body would be found. Mr. Scott relates that the body was found some ten days after the man went a-missing. The description was true in every particular. The body was not found in still water, but in the river Aire, caught by timbers on the lea side of the river, where there is a coal shoot for loading barges. It is evident that the man had thrown himself into the "still water" of the canal lock; but that the body had passed out of the lock, and down the canal into the river; and, floating with the stream, and kept close to the bank by the wind, had been intercepted where it was found. This is not a case of "thought-reading," as the particulars were not known by the applicant, who was not aware whether the man was dead or alive. It has produced considerable impression on the thoughtful investigators of Leeds.

Since the foregoing was written, the "Leeds Mercury," October 18, has come to hand, from which we quote the following statement of this case:—

"SUICIDE IN LEEDS.—An inquest was held yesterday at the Mortuary, Millgarth Street, Leeds, before Mr. J. C. Malcolm, the Borough Coroner, on the body of Isaac Ingham (39), presser, 20, Ascot Terrace, York Road, Leeds.—Elizabeth Ingham, wife of the deceased, said that for some time past her husband had suffered from pleurisy and pains in the head, for which he was treated by Mr. Taylor, surgeon. On the night of the 5th instant he left home, and nothing more was seen of him until his dead body was found floating in the river Aire at

Knostrop, on Tuesday. The jury returned a verdict of 'Suicide whilst of unsound mind.'"

After the above was in type, we received a cabinet photograph from the studio of Mr. Albert Scott, 57, Sholebrooke Avenue, Chapeltown Road, Leeds. It is a most perfect specimen of photography. Mr. Towns's friends will be glad to possess copies.

### MR. COLVILLE'S STAY IN ENGLAND.

Dear Mr. Burns,—I have noticed several communications recently in your journal upon the above heading, the writers of which deplored somewhat that we should so soon lose the valuable services of so able a lecturer and exponent of Spiritualistic principles. I cannot but think the English Spiritualists are missing their mark by not rallying round our friend and tangibly proving their allegiance in deeds, which are more demonstrable than empty verbiage. Surely they are bound to admit that any labourer is worthy of his hire, and they are also bound to admit that the labourer is quite capable to perceive whether or no his services are appreciated. Mr. Colville is no fool, and though he does his utmost to please, you cannot blame his sensitive reticence by not complaining, yet avow his intentions of proceeding where he is conscious of greater liberality and more generous treatment. He knows as well as anyone how useful in a collecting box becomes the penny piece or threepenny bit, and estimates at their proper value the magnanimity of those who become so appreciative. There are those amongst us who infer that Mr. Colville is not dependent; whether this be so or not it is not my province to inquire. If he is not, we may be, hence whilst he is amongst us, we ought to treat him generously. In American Spiritualism it seems a question of dollars; in English Spiritualism a principle of cents. I have met those who have offered to him the free use of their rooms for week-night services; he had, however, too much moral sensitiveness to accept such terms, and insisted upon a division of proceeds; nay, he objected to use the room unless this division was permitted. All he wanted was sole control of his own circle, without any extraneous influences. This he got. Have all our mediums, who have peregrinated the country, acted thus? Methinks we should have been no worse had we in some instances petted less, and forced out of our rooms, some who have come amongst us without credentials, and in some cases probably without moral characters. In Mr. Colville we have one who I am informed is tried and true, and, now he is amongst you, are you going to starve him out for want of appreciation and a lack of benevolence?

I heard a Spiritualist the other day roundly rating orthodoxy for its shortcomings. With all its weaknesses, I cannot but think they appreciate the worth displayed from the more eminent amongst them, especially when they find they "have got the call." The "call" to our mediums is where they can be of the most use and service. The "call" to our members is to act with a greater sympathy, and cultivate a purer charity, and not to eat the pie without at the same time paying for the crust. I hope we may induce Mr. Colville to stay in England, at the same time I trust we may all work together, and prove to him a sense of our sincerity, by discarding the too free use of the shilling's worth for threepence.—I am, yours,  
Sheffield, Nov. 1, 1883. PHILOS JUNIOR.

EXETER.—In connection with the work of last week, I am able to mention a few items of interest. Our Tuesday evening's circle was an exceedingly successful one. There were twenty present. Our friend from Sheffield was again with us on his return journey northward, and through his mediumship the company were much instructed and gratified. Our clairvoyant friend, Mr. Heard, also, had remarkable experiences, describing spirits with great accuracy. He seemed lost in wonder at his own experiences. Several other mediums took part in the meeting. On Sunday evening, we had a large number of young people at the Hall. They gave fair attention until toward the close, when they became inconveniently lively. We are, however, glad to see these young men and women come together, and to have the opportunity of awakening their minds and their spiritual feelings. We were much gratified to see one of our old Plymouth friends come into the Hall—Mrs. Miller. At the private circle she related some of the materialization experiences which are being realized at her house in Plymouth. Our friends were much interested with what they heard. The lady in turn had a striking experience through Mr. Heard's clairvoyance, in a vivid and accurate description of her father. Mr. Robert Young, of Sturminster Newton, Dorset, has sent us a large box of Spiritualistic literature, periodicals, magazines, etc.; which we are able to distribute with advantage amongst the numerous inquirers who are coming to our meetings. OMEGA.

BATLEY CARR.—On Saturday we had a splendid tea and entertainment, in aid of the Children's Lyceum. The former was largely contributed to by teachers, parents, and friends, which greatly increased the proceeds. The entertainment consisted of overtures, and a solo on the violin, vocal duets, a dialogue on the Lyceum, and a large number of recitations of a moral, sentimental, and humorous character. During the evening, Mrs. Ingham, of Keighley, spoke under the influence



of her spirit guides on the importance of instructing the young in the truths of Spiritualism, and physiology, and kindred subjects. Her remarks were in a broad Irish accent, not only instructive, but quite amusing to young and old alike. At the close your correspondent thanked the many friends for their liberal contributions towards the success of the tea, which consisted of both money, provisions, and labour, and the scholars showed their appreciation of the same by giving them a hearty good clapping of hands. On the Sunday evening the room was filled to its fullest capacity. The remarks of Mrs. Ingham's guides had a telling effect on the shams common in the nineteenth century, and were well received. During the evening they took her into the audience, and there gave several clairvoyant descriptions, all of which, with one exception, were immediately recognised. When they returned to the platform and relinquished control, it was immediately taken up again by the son of Erin, whose dialect was a strange contrast to the former, which took the strangers by surprise, and I think it must have showed the sceptical, that the medium was altogether unconscious of what she was either saying or doing. At the close the chairman addressed a few words to non-Spiritualists on the evidences given to them that night of spirit communion, and he recommended them to form circles at their own homes, and have those blessings at their own hearth-stones. In conclusion, I may add, that the Cause at Batley Car is regaining a little of its former vigour. Mrs. Dobson has retired from the Yorkshire plan of speakers, and for the future we are to have the benefit of her labours at the Children's Lyceum.—ALFRED KITSON.

LEICESTER: Silver Street, Lecture Hall.—On Sunday evening last, Mrs. Burdett delivered an inspirational address to a good congregation on, "And the Spirit and Bride say come, and let him that heareth say come, and let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Each sentence was explained much to the gratification of the hearers.—R. WIGHTMAN, Mostyn Street, Hinckley Road.

BRADFORD.—At Walton Street, on Sunday morning, Mrs. Gott was the speaker, and as soon as she began, a female in the audience was taken ill. Mrs. Gott went to her and relieved her, and after making some remarks returned to the platform, where she gave an address on "Baptism." Then she proceeded amongst the audience and addressed seven people personally on their belief and way of living. Miss Gott gave a short address. In the evening Mrs. Gott was again the chief speaker, followed by Miss Gott, and Mr. Walter Hillam. Strangers present were greatly interested, and remained for a long time after the proceedings had closed, asking questions.—On Saturday evening, at 5 o'clock, upwards of ninety sat down to a coffee repast, after which, songs, readings, recitations, etc., formed an enjoyable entertainment till 9 o'clock.—COR.

SWINTON.—James Pritchard writes that he "and a few other brethren have tasted God, and he has manifested himself to us as to the apostles." The doctors gave up a sister-in-law, but the friends gave up the doctor, and the patient got well. The "Holy Ghost" had said she would be raised up. Our correspondent is not clear in his statement as to what active part the "Holy Ghost" played in the matter: but in many cases it is sufficient to dismiss the doctor to ensure the recovery of the patient.

WALSALL.—On Monday the Spiritualists held a public tea meeting and entertainment for the purpose of giving a public reception to Mr. E. W. Wallis and Mrs. Wallis. The local "Observer" gives a long report of the speech of Mr. W. Washbourne, President, who furnished a history of the Cause in the town. Messrs. Bailey, Armfield, Smith, and Groom, and Mrs. Groom (of Birmingham) and Mrs. Roberts delivered short speeches; and a resolution of confidence was passed in favour of Mr. and Mrs. Wallis as platform representatives of Spiritualism in the town.

BIRMINGHAM.—At Oozell Street Board Schools, last Sunday, "George Dawson" spoke through Mrs. Groom, on "Moses and Carlyle." The control gave a sketch of the life, character, and works of each. We had a crowded audience; the large room was full, and many had to go away. It was a splendid meeting. After the discourse four poems were given, and clairvoyant descriptions all over the room, which were mostly recognised. Our subject is evidently making progress in the town. Next Sunday, a short address, and then open the meeting for questions.—COR.

MANCHESTER.—Both morning and evening, Mr. R. A. Brown spoke on passages of Scripture in his normal condition. Mr. Cheesterson presided. In the evening a society meeting was held. Mr. Crutchley, vice-president, and Miss Hesketh, secretary, resigned; their places being filled by Mr. Hollingworth and Mr. Lawton, respectively.—E. HESKETH.

PLYMOUTH: Richmond Hall, Richmond Street.—On Sunday last, Mr. E. Williams was the speaker at the above Hall in the morning; subject—"Hell, its Influence on Humanity." There was but slight attendance, owing to the inclement weather. In the evening, at 6.30, the guides of Mr. R. S. Clarke delivered an inspirational lecture, subject—"What can we know of God?" The lecture was listened to by a very large and intelligent audience, who evidently appreciated the lecture.—J. PAINTER, Asst. Sec.

## PASSING NOTES.

"Whosoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."  
"God is Love."

Although the doctrine of endless torment has of late years received many severe blows, and by a large number of sincere religionists is discredited, it must not be considered as "dead and buried." Even in this age of education, evidences are not wanting that it is at times, in all its hideousness, used for the purpose of terrorising men into an acceptance of the claims of orthodoxy. Two tracts have quite recently come into my hands, in both of what the dogma is advanced as a part of Christianity. The writer of one of these, headed: "Reasons why you should be saved now," evidently permitted his zeal to get the better of his discretion, and the result is an inconsistency almost charming, as may be seen by comparing two of the reasons, which run as follow:—

### II.

Because God loves you and desires your salvation.

### VII.

Because if you Die without Salvation, Hell will be your Everlasting portion.

That the All-Good loves his children, no one who believes in His existence will doubt, for it is exemplified in every day's experience, but then comes the question (and I should like the "reasoner" to answer it), "How can that love tolerate eternal pain?" This has always been to me a problem incapable of solution, and those who are responsible for the difficulty thus created, have done little or nothing to shed light upon it. Human love (but a poor thing at best), incites to deeds of kindness, and if to finite man pain and woe in this life are matters of sorrow, is not the conclusion inevitably this, that as the mortal endeavours both to alleviate those and to ameliorate the condition of things which is to a large extent their cause, unless "man is more just than God," with the Infinite everlasting torment must be an utter impossibility.

The second tract, entitled the "Days of Zion," is in all probability from the pen of some enthusiast. In it we are told that "it is the work of Satan" (poor fellow). . . . "to deceive mankind with the belief . . . that there is no such place as Hell, no such thing as fire and brimstone," (?) "no such thing as everlasting punishment." How fond some persons are of his Satanic Majesty. They appear to be in all his secrets, to know all the workings of his mind, and in fact to be (almost) his counsellors. Nearly every invention beneficial to humanity has been labelled "devilish," and altogether one hears in Christendom far more of him than of God; in fact he is so metamorphosed in the hands of the orthodox, that the powers of discrimination nearly fail, and in the dilemma, we must, I suppose, follow the advice given to the boy, who, in a menagerie having enquired "which was the lion and which the bear," received the answer: "Which ever you please, you pay your money and take your choice."

A friend of mine lately lent me a curiosity in the shape of a book, containing a number of essays by leading American Clergy, all in defence of the dogma of "future punishment." Among other contributors is that very reliable (?) man, the Rev. Joseph Cook. From want of time I have been only able to take occasional snatches at this "armoury," yet these glimpses are sufficient to prove the unsatisfactory foundation on which these writers have erected their structures. The Rev. Dr. Porter for instance lays down the proposition, that "sin exists by the permission of God," and then calmly proceeds to assert that the "doctrine of eternal punishment is not offensive to the moral reason." Let us descend from the region of "moral reason" into that of sober fact, and imagine an earthly parent permitting a son whom he devotedly loves, to commit an act it is in his power to prevent (and which he knows the youth from force of other circumstances is nearly powerless to avoid), the consequences of which must be untold misery and woe. I fear that in a case of this kind, Dr. Porter's manhood would triumph over his "moral reason," and he would join in execrating the father and in pitying the son. The moral is obvious. If God permit sin, the result of which must be eternal pain, when He can prevent it (and I presume this learned cleric does not believe in an impotent Deity), then the ruler of the universe is not a Being of Love but an Infinite Fiend.

Another writer in discussing the ingenuity (sic) of Canon Farrar, makes the startling statement that "the question at issue is, whether or not the sinner deserves and must suffer eternal banishment from God and all good." Putting aside the query whether it is possible to be banished from Omnipresence, one would have imagined that there could scarcely be two opinions as to its being "deserved," but, truly there is much to be learnt. The consequences of sin being eternal and hence infinite, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the thing itself would be the same, but this necessitates an infinite man, who does not exist (and the hell fire advocates will probably scarcely concede that human capabilities are, at the present stage, of this nature), hence the incongruous phase of faith, that finite actions can produce infinite results,—a philosophic untruth. The real fact is that the earthly life of humanity is such, that neither "eternal" happiness nor banishment can be earned. The mistake is made in supposing that the mere terrestrial span constitutes the "all" of existence (most monstrous infatuation), whereas the truth lies in the oft-repeated



line, that, "Life is real, life is earnest; and the grave is not its goal." The soul shall reap what it has sown indeed, not in some distant and unending eternity, but now, and so our happiness is not a thing wholly of the future, to be attained by hysterical ravings, but in the great present, eventuating from the grand and kindly deeds prompted by the Divinity within.

It is to me one of the glories of Spiritualism, that it tears down from the pedestal on which man's ignorance has placed it, this dogma of despair and gloom, elevating in its place sublime conceptions of life, the laws of being, and the influence of the present upon the future. Proclaiming the reality of the God within of which the earthly body is but the temple, it enables the thankful and liberated man to upraise that song of trust, of which J. G. Whittier, in his poem on the "Eternal goodness," spoke when he wrote:—

"I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.  
And so beside the silent sea  
I wait the muffled oar;—  
No harm from him can come to me,  
On ocean or on shore."

Plymouth.

R. S. CLARKE.

SUNDERLAND.—On Sunday afternoon, Mr. Scott, of Darlington, gave an address in the Avenue Theatre, and notwithstanding the rough inclement weather there was a capital audience of very respectable people, who seemed highly interested and frequently applauded his lecture on "The Devil and his home." In the evening, after the doors were opened, the pit and stalls of this large theatre were quickly and completely filled with such a large, respectable, and eager audience, that it gladdened the hearts of the promoters of those Sunday services. Mr. Scott was supported by Mr. Campbell, of Perkin's Villa; Mr. F. Walker, and Mr. Rutherford, who officiated as chairman. Mr. Scott took for his evening's discourse: "The free agency of man, or is man a free agent," which he went into in a deep, thoughtful, and telling manner, and won great approbation from the largest audience that the Monkwearmouth Spiritual Evidence Society, have ever had the pleasure of drawing together under their banner. At the conclusion, a child belonging to one of our members was named by the spirit guides of Mr. Campbell, of Perkin's Villa, who took the dear babe in his arms, and dedicated it to the Great Father of Spirit—God. In so doing, the guides pointed out the various forms used in Baptism, and the signification of the symbols used therein—and concluded by a most sublime benediction. Thus ended another day of triumph in the Cause of Spiritualism, supported and carried out by a *very few working men*, without money in their pockets; but with sufficient energy and determination to put their shoulders to the wheel, to push it forward amongst the *mass of our fellow creatures*.—G. H. PYNE JONES, Sec. M.S.E.S.

A GHOST HUNT AT SUNDERLAND.—The remarkable celerity with which the public credits any report of ghostly visitants, shows how natural it is for the human mind to accept such facts. People are not always very scientific in their methods of investigation. The number of pit lads who nightly hunt a reputed ghost at Sunderland, has become a nuisance. Some amusing cases of ghostly recognition have occurred. We quote from the "Northern Express":—"At nine o'clock one evening three men went out to catch the ghost, and on going to the end of the terrace near St. Barnabas' Church, something white popped round the corner, and they fled in dismay. It was a woman in a light print dress, wearing a white apron, who lived in the last house of the row, and had just looked out to see if her husband was coming home. Late on Saturday night a butcher, who carries on business about a stone's throw from the church, left half of the carcase of a bullock hanging outside his shop. He went into the shop to get a sheet to cover it before bringing the meat in, and threw it over his head and shoulders as the easiest way of carrying the carcase. Three women approached from marketing in the town just as the white apparition emerged from the butcher's shop. 'It's the ghost!' they cried, and fled. On Sunday night the butcher's boy went to feed the dogs in the shop and left the door half open. As the people came from church a white object was partly seen through the doorway, and a crowd immediately gathered, some saying that the ghost had run into the butcher's shop. On Monday night some wag had drawn a figure in chalk on the blank wall near a lamp not far from the Bush Inn, Ward Street. When the light shone on the white figure, a number of men rushed forward, thinking that at last they had unearthed the mysterious visitant which was striking terror into the inhabitants, and much laughter was excited by the discovery of the harmless nature of the drawing."

MR. J. J. MORSE'S APPOINTMENTS.—LONDON: Sunday, November 4th, Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer Street, W., at 7, subject: "Sectional Development." KIRKLEY: Temperance Hall, Sunday, Nov. 25th, at 2.30 and 6 p.m. Mr. Morse accepts engagements for Sunday Lectures in London, or the provinces. For terms and dates, direct to him at 103, Great Portland St., Oxford St., London, W.

## MEETINGS, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 11th, 1883.

LONDON.

SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION.—Tuesday, Mr. Towns's seance, at 8.  
EDGWARE ROAD.—52, Bell Street, at 7, Mr. Hoeker: "Why I became a Spiritualist."  
MARYLEBONE ROAD.—Circles at 167, Seymour Place, at 11, Mr. Hopcroft.  
Tuesday, at 7.45, Mr. and Mrs. Herne; entrance only by pre-arrangement; Wednesday, at 7.45, Mrs. Hawkins. Thursday, at 7.45, Developing Circle; Friday, at 7.45, Mr. Towns; Saturday, at 7.30, Mr. Savage. J. M. Dale, Sec., 50, Crawford Street, Bryanston Square. The Room is strictly reserved for circles. It may be engaged for private sittings.  
CAVENDISH ROOMS, Mortimer Street, W., at 7, Mr. J. J. Morse: "Sectional Development."

PROVINCES.

BARROW-IN-FURNESS.—75, Buccleuch Street, at 6.30.  
BATLEY CARR.—Tower Street, 6 p.m.: Mrs. Dobson.  
BEDFORD.—King Street, at 6 p.m. Wednesday, at 7 p.m.  
BELPER.—Lecture Room, Brookside, at 6.30.  
BINGLEY.—Intelligence Hall, 2.30 and 6 p.m.: Mr. Hepworth.  
BIRMINGHAM.—Oozell Street Board School, 6.30.  
BISHOP AUCKLAND.—Temperance Hall, Gurney Villa, 2.30 and 6.  
BLACKBURN.—Academy of Arts and Sciences, Paradise Lane.  
BRADFORD.—Spiritualist Church, Walton Street, Hall Lane, Wakefield Road, 2.30 and 6 p.m.: Mrs. Illingworth.  
Wade's Meeting Room, Harker Street, Bowling, at 2.30 and 6 p.m.: Mr. R. A. Brown.  
Spiritual Lyceum, Oddfellows' Rooms, Otley Road, at 2.30 and 6 p.m.: Mr. Wright.  
EXETER.—Oddfellows' Hall, Bampfylde Street, 6.30, Rev. C. Ware.  
GATESHEAD.—Central Buildings, High Street, 6.30.  
GLASGOW.—2, Carlton Place, South Side, at 11 and 6.30. Lyceum at 5.  
HALIFAX.—Oddfellows' Hall, at 10.30, 2.30 and 6.30, Mr. W. J. Colville.  
HETTON.—Miners' Old Hall, at 5.30.  
KEIGHLEY.—Spiritualist Lyceum, East Parade, 2.30, and 6.30: Miss Ratcliffe, and Mr. T. Holdsworth.  
LEEDS.—Tower Buildings, Woodhouse Lane, 2.30, and 6.30: Mrs. Gott.  
LIECESTER.—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. Groom.  
MACCLESFIELD.—Spiritualists' Free Church, Paradise Street, at 6.30, Mrs. Burgess.  
MANCHESTER.—Bridge Street Chapel, Bridge Street, Ardwick, 10.30 and 6.30: Mr. Arncliffe, Batley Carr.  
MORLEY.—Spiritual Mission Room, Church Street, at 6: Mrs. Ingham.  
MIDDLESBOROUGH.—Granville Lecture Rooms, Newport Road, at 10.30, and 6.30.  
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Weir's Court, at 10.30 a.m. and 6.30: Mrs. E. W. Wallis.  
NORTHAMPTON.—Cowper Cottage, Cowper Street, 2.30 and 6.30.  
NORTH SHIELDS.—Bolton's Yard, Tyne Street, at 6.  
NOTTINGHAM.—Morley Club Lecture Room, Shakespeare Street, 10.45 and 6.30.  
OLDHAM.—176, Union Street, at 2.30 and 6.  
PENDLETON.—43, Albion Street, Windsor Bridge, at 2.30 and 6.30.  
PLYMOUTH.—Richmond Hall, Richmond Street, at 11, Public Meeting; at 6.30, Mr. R. S. Clarke: Subject: "Is it reasonable to worship God?"  
SHEFFIELD.—Psychological Institution, Cocoa House, Pond Street, at 6.30.  
SOWERBY BRIDGE.—Progressive Lyceum, Hollins Lane, at 2.30 and 6.30, Mr. Dent.  
STONEHOUSE.—Sailor's Welcome Coffee Tavern, Union Street, at 2.30: Mr. R. S. Clarke: "The Evidences of Spiritualism."  
SUNDERLAND.—Avenue Theatre, at 2.30 and 6.30.  
WALSALL.—Exchange Rooms, High Street, at 6.30.  
WEST PELTON.—At Mr. John Taylor's, 19 George Street, at 6 p.m.

MR. R. S. CLARKE'S APPOINTMENTS. Plymouth, Richmond Hall, Sunday, November 11th, at 6.30, subject: "Is it reasonable to worship God?"  
A reception at 1, James Street, every Friday, at 8 p.m.  
Stonehouse: Sailor's Welcome Coffee Tavern (large hall), Union Street, Sunday, Nov. 11, at 2.30: "The Evidences of Spiritualism."

MR. E. W. WALLIS'S APPOINTMENTS.—  
For dates, address E. W. Wallis, 30, Upper Walhouse Street, Walsall.

MR. W. J. COLVILLE'S APPOINTMENTS.—SALFORD: Trinity Hall, 83 Chapel Street, this evening, Friday, Nov. 9th, at 8 p.m., Questions & Answers.  
HALIFAX: Sunday, November 11th (see special announcement).  
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