



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

# SPIRITUALISM.

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## THE LUTHER COMMEMORATION AND SPIRITUALISM.

### LUTHER'S REFORMATION, AND WHAT IT LEADS TO.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY J. BURNS, O. S. T.,  
On Clerkenwell Green, Sunday morning, Nov. 11th, 1883.

I will not occupy you with biographical facts, that can be so plentifully gathered from the Newspapers. It will interest us more to observe some points that are generally overlooked. Like all men that have done a spiritual work in the world, Martin Luther was "raised up." Said to have come of noble family, his immediate ancestors were of the common people. His father was a stern uncompromising man. It is said that he killed another man during an altercation, and had to remove to another part of the country, when Martin was quite young. His mother was also a strict disciplinarian, and did not spoil the child by sparing the rod. Such a varied pedigree, parentage and parental surroundings stamped the Reformer with a moral quality and fixedness of purpose, that prepared him for the great work of his life.

But he had a soft side as well as a hard side. Some men are all over as hard as flint; and it is impossible to change their course of life, or to impress them with a new idea. They are incapable of genius or inspiration. Other men are just the reverse: they are too soft, too impressible. They are everything by turns but nothing long. But Martin was a blending of both qualities. He was eminently progressive, and yet adhered resolutely to principles. Though fierce as a lion, he was loving and domestic. He was a sweet singer and composer of music; but he was also a clear-headed thinker, and a hard intellectual worker. He was in his youth a jovial man of the world; but, all at once, he turned a corner, and became a severe pietist; devoting his after years to the outcome of ideas that took him completely out of his own hands, and altogether altered the aspect of the world to him.

This great change in his youthful life, indicates how open he was to impression. His father put him to study for a profession, and while out with a companion, that one was struck dead with lightning. From that hour Martin was a changed man. The spirit world laid hold of him, and he became its ready instrument, even to the most exhausting labours and severe privations. He resolved to live for the highest good of humanity. To his new outlook, man's greatest need was spiritual light and guidance. He saw the millions standing on the precipice from whose fearful brink he had just been dragged by the hand of Heaven! How could he achieve his purpose? There was only one way open to him, and that was to become a priest.

But this was equivalent to being disowned by his stern

father, who had another purpose in view for him. This did not daunt him. While preparing himself for the ministry, he begged for bread, he sang in the streets for a living. The angel world spoke to the souls of many who heard him sing, and friendly aid came forth to sustain him on his way. Thus passed the religious education of that man, who has mostly moved the world of Christendom. How different the upbringing of him who officiates in yonder church,—him and his brethren of the same cloth; and yet, where is their felt influence, as religious factors, in the arena of modern thought? It is the Angel-world, not College tutors, who make the liberators and enlighteners of mankind!

Once amongst the priests of the Romish Church—which was the Church of those days—Luther was directed by his Angel-guides to the Bible, which, like a dangerous dog, was kept chained up in a safe place: none being permitted to approach his kennel but the master who could control him. Luther made a friend of this terrible tyke—the Bible. He read, he stealthily devoured its contents; and he found that the traditions of the Church and the teachings of the Gospel did not coincide; he found that the "Holy Fathers" of his surroundings, were unlike the Divine Man, who was supposed to be the pattern of all who aspire to spiritual usefulness. What was he to do? Who was to control his conscience: God through his Word, or the humanly administered traditions of the Church? He decided for God, his own conscience being his guide and monitor in his decision. To no human power would he give in on matters of religion. It was a question between him and God, and not between one finite man and another. What right had one fallible, ignorant, short-sighted being to decide the truth for another?

We need not take time with a review of the steps through which Luther arrived at his conclusions, and effected his purpose. He went to Rome, and witnessed the vileness of priestcraft at its headquarters. The emissaries of that unholy power were around him at home, placing a premium on villany, by forgiving sins for a consideration. "God's house" at Rome was being built by contributions levied upon the devil. The Devil's house then, call it—not God's.

With the light he had received he could endure none of these things. He opposed them all. Because he would not aid them in their shameless villany, the "Church of Christ" of that day sought the independent-minded man's life. It was spared, and we to-day enjoy on this Green the benefit which it has conferred on the world.

Now, what did Luther do? He renounced the traditions of the Church, and appealed to the "Word of God." He made a distinction between the word of "man" and the word of "God," and he left the human mind free to decide for



itself in these matters. It may be said in reply, that he dogmatically located the "word of God" in the Bible. But what do we mean by the "word of God"? We mean a form of teaching about man's spiritual nature, government and destiny, which must have come from a Source superior to himself. This is the word of God; and it is contained in the Bible. Not that all of the Bible is the word of God; to say so is to cling to Church tradition, which Luther overthrew. It was the Church that dogmatically declared the Bible the word of God; for priestcraft has survived Luther, and nowhere more unbendingly than amongst his presumed followers. The whole historical narrative of the Bible may be false, and much of its contents may be the word of the devil, and yet for all that, the Bible *may* contain the word of God. Millions have found it so. The spiritual truths and teachings of the Bible existed thousands of years before the Church interlarded it with its dogmas; and made it an engine to enslave the mind of man. But with Luther's sieve we can riddle the matter it contains, for ourselves; casting the dirt on one side, giving the chaff to the winds, but carefully preserving the corn for the use of the world. Given the Lutheran principle of free-thought, and all Bibles are equally useful and equally innocuous; for it is the untrammelled exercise of our own minds that leads us to the truth, and not the contents of any book.

Nowadays the same priestly bondage has come to be based on the Bible, as in Luther's time it was based on Church traditions. In short, these traditions remain in all their force throughout Christendom, and will do, while Christendom exists. Without these abominable "traditions" there could be no "Christendom." The same degrading and false dogma of indulgences, which Luther renounced, is the very core of Christianity. The "sacrifice of Jesus," the "redemption through the blood of Christ"; what are all these varied Christian essentials, but a form of that which the indulgence-dealers traded in? The traffic is as great now as ever it was. Upon this iniquitous trade in human redemption the whole of the Christian Churches are built this day. Papalism in another form, is the function of every Christian priest of whatever sect. Employ them, pay them, knuckle down to their immoral dogmas, and they can get you into heaven. But be as good as any of their saints, and effect your own salvation without them, and to hell they will consign you, after making your life as miserable as civilization will permit them, while you remain in this world. The whole of the Christian sects are Papist, with some of the thickest of the dirt washed off their faces. They criticise one another for faults which they themselves possess.

[During these remarks two or three upholders of the Romish Church, led on by an Irishman, did all they could to interrupt. They cursed and swore, and used the most fearful and abusive language. The leader said he had been in the Romish Church for nearly forty years, and he had never paid anything. The lecturer's retort: "But your sins are not forgiven! Why did you not honestly pay the priest, and let him make a respectable man of you, if it be in his power to do so, and not disgrace the religion you profess to uphold, with the language of a blackguard." This stopped him an instant. Then some friends tried to persuade them to be quiet. The lecturer desired that they might be let alone, they could not put a plaister on his mouth, and he defied them to stop his speech by interruption. Let them speak, and he would show them who could hold out longest. Their conduct there that day was the best possible proof of the truth of what he had been saying. They showed the spirit that still existed; but the fangs had been drawn from the venomous serpent of the past, and its futile acts were its own condemnation, while it grovelled in the mire to be trodden to death. The disturbers seeing that they could not irritate the lecturer, nor stop him in his course, soon withdrew and the lecturer proceeded.]

Our purpose is not to endorse Luther or any other man. It is not the man or his particular views or acts that we so deeply appreciate. It is the grand spirit of independence, courage, self-sacrifice and duty to the lights he possessed, that are admirable in the man. Such a mind is as much wanted to-day as in the past. His work was largely destructive. He ignored much that might be based on truth, but it was so degraded with error that the only remedy was amputation. The theological subtleties and discussions of the last four centuries have done much to exercise and develop the intellectual powers of the human mind; and even to induce a spirit of entire unbelief in all that cannot be proved

and tested. This is a most wholesome basis for all mental operations, when associated with the desire for knowledge, and a readiness to investigate facts of whatever kind without fear or favour.

Spiritualism came as the compliment to the work of Luther. It is affirmative, experimental, and constructive: yet on a basis far different from the Papal Spiritualism that existed previous to the time of Luther. The mediums of that obsolete superstition were "saints" mythical and questionable, the observance of whose "days" were accredited spiritual virtue to the blind devotee. The Church traded in historical incidents and biographical anecdotes, and by intellectual bondage and spiritual prostration, degraded to moral idiocy and social savagery its victims. This was proved by the principle of indulgences, which the age of priestcraft, in which Luther was born, rendered possible.

The Spiritualists ask no man to *believe*, on the word of another, ancient or modern, but to *know*. One man's knowledge or experience cannot be attributed to another. All must gain knowledge and experience for themselves. The true religion is to aim at an experience in unison with the voice of conscience, and with that living Word of God, which is spoken to all who will turn their ear and listen to its pleadings.

The lecturer closed with some practical arguments in testimony of the truth of spirit communion, and gave out "Seed Corn," that all who pleased might prove the matter for themselves.

#### W. J. COLVILLE AT HALIFAX, ON "LUTHER."

On Sunday last, November 11, Mr. W. J. Colville gave three inspirational lectures in the Oddfellows' Hall, Halifax. The attendances were very large, especially in the evening, when there were fully 800 persons present.

In the morning, the subject of discourse was "Martin Luther, and the Protestant Reformation." A very interesting sketch of the life and times of Luther led up to a consideration of the peculiar doctrines for which he fought so resolutely and successfully. Born of peasant parents, early inured to trial and privation, of a scholastic turn of mind, monastic discipline was quite congenial to his nature. When very young he became a monk, and for several years earnestly endeavoured to find peace and happiness in a life of austerity and self-denial. But Luther was working to obtain his own salvation; his zeal was for himself, that by penitence and prayer he might merit heaven and escape hell; and thus he found that his religious deeds brought him no solid comfort whatsoever. In his hermit's cell he encountered many devils within himself, and the perpetual introspection in which he indulged, added to his laborious studies and self-inflicted penances, undermined his health and made him rasped and melancholy.

At this crisis in his life he was particularly disgusted with selling of indulgences, then so common all over Europe; avowedly for the purpose of building St. Peter's at Rome, but in many instances really to pay off private debts incurred by prelates and nobles. Monks were going all over Italy and Germany with bell in hand, like modern criers, announcing pardon for sins here and hereafter, on condition that a certain sum of money (often only in very small amounts) was paid to the ecclesiastic who was commissioned to sell officially stamped papers, to which the papal seal was affixed; promising forgiveness for sins committed on earth, even though the sinners were at the time in purgatory.

Luther denounced purgatory *in toto*, because of the foul accretions which had besmeared the doctrine. If Luther could only have redeemed purgatory from its abuses, and destroyed the shocking hell which he brought into clearer prominence when purgatory was removed, he would have been a greater and more spiritual reformer than he was; but the courage of Luther in defending truth as he saw it, is worthy of all praise, and though he had faults, and some of them grave ones, he is yet entitled to a place among the world's true benefactors.

The motto of his life was the text upon which he laid the greatest stress of all: "The Just shall live by Faith." Protesting against indulgences, and penances, and other abuses of his times, he did well to bring into prominence the cardinal doctrine of Protestantism—Justification by Faith only; as this faith was something private and personal between God and man, and could not be traded upon to the worldly advantage of extortionate churchmen. But when the grand old word "faith" comes to be applied correctly in



all common forms of speech, then will faith be synonymous with honour, fidelity to conviction, loyalty to sense of right; and the truly faithful ones in the Church of the Future will be accounted those who, through good report and ill, have ever been faithful to the monitor within.

The mistake of Luther's life was his sanction of an unhallowed alliance between Church and State. Civil and ecclesiastical dominion in Germany has led to the fashionable, ignorant Agnosticism of the present day, which priding itself upon unity with science, is utterly and hopelessly ignorant concerning all things spiritual.

In England, Henry VIII. was at the time of the Reformation proclaimed Head of the Church, and surely little if anything could be gained by substituting a licentious monarch for a licentious pope. All popes have not been wicked, and all kings have not been wicked, but the absolute kingly authority in matters of religion is just as disastrous to the spiritual welfare of mankind, as absolute priestly rule can be. In those stormy days Catholics burnt Protestants and Protestants returned the compliment and burnt Catholics. Luther was as bitter against the Zwinglians, who denied consubstantiation, as the advocates of transubstantiation were against Luther's doctrine. Luther was intolerant and very dogmatic and impetuous: but he came at a time when such a man as he was needed. He was like a sharp surgeon's knife; palliative measures he tried at first, and when they failed he justified the use of the sword. He resembled Mahomet more than Jesus, and his theology is Paulism of the most downright Epistle-to-the-Romans type. Luther denounced the epistle of James as unchristian, because it laid stress upon good works. He also repudiated the book of Revelation; so he was not a champion of the whole Bible. His great service to the world was rendered when he set people to thinking for themselves, and told them it was their right and duty to interpret Scripture for themselves, refusing to bow to priestly arrogance. Luther was very earnest, and suffered immensely in the propagation of his views: but he had many inconsistencies, and is not by any means a pattern except in this, that he had the courage of his convictions.

The lecturer ended with a glowing peroration upon the Spiritual Reformation which is now impending, and urged all his hearers to be as zealous as Luther in defence of the right they saw to-day; and if to-morrow's sunrise should awaken them to still higher sense of duty, the power to perceive and hear and follow the higher light would be the result of their having truly followed the limited light which was theirs before. A beautiful poem was improvised after the lecture.

In the afternoon, a great many important questions were ably answered, and there was a fine poem. In the evening, the lecture was a remarkable one. The audience chose the subject: "Tell us about the spirit world, and the God who rules it; and something about the many different Gods of earth." A gentleman present, who was not a Spiritualist, on going out of the hall said to a friend: "The discourse this evening was the most phenomenally eloquent and brilliant torrent of words to which I ever listened, and there was some meaning in them, too." This opinion was fully concurred in by the whole assembly. The poem at the close was a fit ending to the day's mission services.

On Monday and Tuesday, Mr. Colville spoke in Central Hall, Union Street, where the impression he made on the Halifax public on Sunday was strengthened and deepened. Colville can draw enormous audiences, if his meetings are properly conducted, and advertisements are well attended to; and the financial result is sure to be encouraging, while much good is done spiritually. A VISITOR.

#### A "LUTHER" LECTURE BY J. BURNS, O.S.T., AT GOSWELL HALL.

On Sunday evening, Goswell Hall, which has been closed for spiritual meetings for five months, was opened at short notice by the Lecturer. There was a moderate attendance. One lecture had been announced, but the speaker said he had resolved to divide it into two, and illustrate the one next Sunday with dissolving views of Luther's career.

The following chapter read from OAH SPE, was intended to show the spiritual origin of the Trinitarian religions now passing away:—

#### GOD'S BOOK OE ESKRA, CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MEANING AND ORIGIN OF THE TERM, HOLY GHOST!

1 There came to Paradise, God's heavenly place, one, Taenas, a messenger from the chiefs of the so-called Holy Con-

federacy. God's chief marshal conducted him before God, and, being commanded to speak, he said:

2 Greeting to thee, O God. In behalf of the Three Sons of the Holy Ghost I come before thee to proclaim their words. I have been instructed by them, what to say, and I declare unto thee, O God, my words are their words. 3 First, that thou mayest hear us before we are adjudged; second, as thou claimest liberty to think and to speak for thyself, so do we all. And wherein error cometh of our proceedings, it is our own matter, and not thine. 4 As thou sayest: Behold the All Person, so do not we say; but we say: Behold the all expanse; it is but a shadow, a ghost. And, for convenience sake, we name it, Holy Ghost. 5 Is not this our privilege? Who can deny us? Hath one man rightful dominion over another? Or one captain, or one God?

6 God said: Proceed.

7 Taenas said: And we be right, then shall we of our own selves judge what we will do. But if thou be right, and this thing be an All Person, thou art then His servant to do His will. Are these points true?

8 God said: It seemeth so.

9 Taenas said: And liberty to both sides?

10 God said: Yea.

11 Taenas said: When I was a child, I was helped to walk; but now I am strong, I walk alone. Wherein then shall not my judgment also walk alone?

12 God said: Proceed thou, and I will speak afterwards.

13 Taenas said: We have seen in ages past, that peace hath been forever proclaimed by the followers of Jehovih; and that both on earth and in heaven such people become the sufferers and victims of tyrants of earth and of false Gods in heaven. 14 We propose war, in the name of the Holy Ghost, both on earth and in heaven. We can have no war with thee or thy people, on earth, or in heaven; for thou and thy people, angels and mortals, are all peace, warring not. 15 Our wars can be only with warriors. I put the matter thus: Thou hast a virgin daughter, and a villain assail her; thy doctrine is, to rush in and take thy daughter away from him; our doctrine is to beat him away from her. 16 We beheld evil Gods and evil spirits, assailing virtuous people on earth and in heaven. We propose to war them to destruction, for righteousness sake. More then are we to thy favour, O God, than against thee. 17 We dip our hands in blood, for sake of peace and virtue, for sake of liberty and knowledge. We shall say to the man of earth: Thou shalt become learned! To the es'yan in heaven: Thou shalt not return to mortals, but remain in thy place, and become learned and virtuous. 18 For which reason we come to thee, O God, that thou mayest know our foundation.

19 God said: Who then sayest thou, men and angels shall worship?

20 Taenas said: In this, we command them not. But we give them liberty to worship whomsoever they will.

21 God said: Thou hast said: Our doctrine is, to beat the villain away from the virgin; but what wilt thou, or thy example teach?

22 Taenas answered: That an assailant deserveth punishment.

23 God said: And wilt thou say to the peaceful and virtuous: Take up arms, give your enemies torments?

24 Taenas answered: Yea, verily.

25 God said: And by what authority, if they inquire of thee?

26 Taenas said: By authority of the Holy Ghost, and the Father (the Confederacy), and by the Son, that is, each and every Lord of the Confederacy. 27 For we shall teach mortals and angels that all things are by law; and the word, law, shall take the place of the term, Great Spirit, or Jehovih.

28 God said: Hear me, then, O Taenas, and in love bear my words to thy so-called Triune Confederacy, and to the high leaders, saying to them: Thus saith God of Paradise, Son of Jehovih, according to the light of this throne:

29 Ye shall triumph for a long season on earth and in heaven; but not in the way ye suppose. 30 For ye will be forced to provide a worshipful head for mortals and angels. And it will come to pass, your three heavenly places will become known on earth and in heaven as the Triune Gods, or Trinity! 31 And the people will worship an imaginary figure of three parts, Father, Son and Holy Ghost. And this will become their idol; and he will be accredited with love, anger, jealousy and favouritism, war and destruction. 32 Because ye say: Give punishment to the wicked, ye open the door of all evil. For he, who hath a quarrel with his neighbour, will accuse him as deserving punishment. They, that are in darkness, and being mighty, will fall upon the weak, and slay them. 33 A quarrel will ensue in your three heavenly kingdoms, and ye will become as three false Gods. And since ye profess not the All Person, each of ye three Gods will be forced to announce himself as such. 34 For the rule applieth to all men and to all angels, that they, who deny an All Highest Person in the Creator, become establishers of idolatry unto themselves. 35 Thou hast said: We shall leave mortals and angels to worship whom they will. Why, then, is it not well to worship Baal? And Dagon? And Ashtaroth? And yet, these Gods make slaves of their subjects, that worship them.

36 Taenas said: Nay, they are evil Gods. We will deliver their slaves into freedom.



37 God said: Who is master, and who is slave? Either on earth, or in heaven? Why not abolish your Triune Confederacy, lest ye rule over others? And you profess liberty, why not practice it? 38 Because ye proclaim liberty as your chief object, ye will entice the unlearned and the truant and the idle and the lazy; for all these claim their weaknesses as the boon of liberty. 39 It shall come to pass, in the far-distant future, your kingdoms will be made up of the lowest grades. And they will pull you all down from your present high resolves; and ye will become tyrants and evil Gods yourselves, and meet the fate of all your predecessors. 40 The earth and the heavens thereof were given into my keeping, for the resurrection of all the inhabitants; but I have neither commission nor desire to accomplish dominion by violence. As ye have withdrawn from my kingdoms, it is an act of your own. 41 Even mine own grief at your secession showeth me, how short I am in comprehending Jehovah's ways. For I declare unto thee, O Taenas, and through thee to thy chiefs, that though your course seemeth evil in my sight, yet will it be proven in the distant future, that Jehovah will appropriate your labours to an ultimate good. 42 Thus said the God of heaven and earth: Go thou therefore with my words to the chiefs of the Triunes. I part with you all, as a father parteth with a son, that goeth into a consuming fire.

43 Taenas said: In reverence to thee, O God, I go to them, that pity thee for thy too peaceful ways.

44 Thereupon, Taenas saluted in reverence, and departed, going his way.

#### THE LECTURE.

The Lecturer said all religious movements originated in the spirit world. These movements were divided into two classes—the true and the false. The true had its origin in the nature of things, man's nature included. Its one object was to do good and be good; to live in accordance with man's highest uses, and aid others to a similar state. No inferior emolument could recompense this service, which was wholly spiritual in its origin, means, and results. The Supreme Being, who does all things freely and graciously, was its worshipful Being; and this worship could only be paid by being like the Great Supreme—pure, true, disinterested. All men and spirits with this motive stimulated one another in this glorious work, and were inspired by, responded to, and co-operated with, one another, till they gradually worked themselves and all within their influence to higher and still higher spheres of spiritual improvement and glory. Their centre was the Great Spirit, who loves all, to benefit and elevate them. The "God" of this religion is the highest spiritual agent engaged in this work; serving humanity in the name of the All Person, and not in his own name or for his own glory. The glory of the countless millions beneath him is his aim, for by the glorification of the integral parts, the All Person is glorified. The true God is an "unknown God," nameless to mankind, and who desires no worship, but directs all to worship the Creator in love to Him, which is the basis of cheerful obedience to the laws of being, and the passport to true happiness.

The false religions spring from the influence of angels who rebel against the orderly rule of the universe, and make Self their centre, instead of the All Centre. They set themselves up as Gods, and would make spirits and men believe that they actually created the universe. They dub themselves with names held in great repute, and demand personal worship and homage. The religion they introduce is one of rites and ceremonies, rather than the doing of that which is right and good. In short: in place of the worship of the Creator they set up the worship of themselves. Their system is the slavery of the masses and the tyranny of the few. Kingcraft and priestcraft are their engines for effecting their purposes on earth. The king and landlord grind mankind down with "rent and taxes;" while the priest demands that you give up your souls as slaves, into the custody of the particular god or saviour which he traffics in. As a consequence, these heavenly usurpers derive tribute from their earthly devotees. When you pray to these false Gods, you give off to them part of your finest soul-magnetism, with which they decorate their heavenly places, and look grand at the expense of others; just as our kings and landlords live in palaces, surrounded by great parks, and fine woods and gardens, while the rent-payers that support it all, are ground down to bankruptcy or rot in fever dens. The two systems are essential to one another. A false religion gives a tyrannical government, a dishonest and selfish social state.

But the true religion works hand-in-hand with the false. The one is natural; it is implanted in the human soul. The other is acquired and may be grown through, like any other bad habit. It is permitted as a part of human experience,

from which comes lasting soul development. There are times in which the planet and its heavens are in an atmosphere in which the true religion cannot maintain itself; but the false ones flourish. Spiritualism has been similarly circumstanced. These last seven years had seen a mighty effort of evil to get the movement into its own hands, but the failure had been ignominious. It was always so with selfishness. The instruments of this evil power were indeed victims, and to be pitied. They caught the distemper; they suffered from it, and though they made others suffer, they were themselves the greatest sufferers. This view was one that removed harsh judgment from our minds, and led us to succour the erring, when their folly had reduced them to a state in which kindness could be useful.

The evil powers exterminate one another: that is their mission. When rogues quarrel, honest men get their due.

The good exterminates nothing, but makes all like unto itself. It is truly conservative and all-sustaining. Have we not seen the self-seekers in Spiritualism undermine and ruin one another—failure after failure? Let evil-doers alone, and they will come to an appropriate conclusion. Our duty is to succour them in their time of great need.

Let us suppose that Luther was far from being perfect, and that his ways were open to correction: that he was only a shade less theologically oblique than that which he displaced,—then we see the use of his mission. Like the fire which clears the ground of noxious brushwood, he rooted up the hoary errors of centuries. But this furze-burning process cannot go on for ever. Now his Church must endure the same fate. It is so in Spiritualism. What spiritual work based on the principle of Self, has succeeded? Our organic and commercial efforts have been a series of futile efforts or ominous failures.

It is those that are willing to suffer, and obediently bear the burdens heaped on them by others, that are the main stay of spiritual work. Those who seek their own ends lose all; those who, with singleness of purpose, abandon everything for the truth, are pulled through.

And yet Spiritualism has gone on without any real obstacle to its advancement. It is the plans of so-called Spiritualists that have gone astray—not Spiritualism itself, which is an angel movement, and not at all dependent upon self-elected human representatives. We are only true representatives of Spiritualism in so far as we are prepared to work for spiritual good, and seek no other return for our work than spiritual good—not spiritual good for ourselves, but for our poor, suffering, straying brothers. Then we are children of the Great Creator. We are like him, doing his work in his own way; and having thus served the interests of the Most Powerful of All, we shall not lack for that which our souls require.

Oh! for this Faith, this intuition, that Almighty Goodness and Justice exists, and will never desert those that are true and faithful to It!

The Lecturer closed by stating that he was responsible for all expenses. No one had invited him to speak, no one had offered to pay him. He spoke at the call of the Spirit, as he had something to say for the Spirit. He would gladly accept any aid which the audience might extend towards meeting the expenses; the balance he would make up by a few extra hours' work. The collection nearly paid the rent.

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

### EGYPTIAN SACERDOTALISM (Continued).

From what I can gather, Abydos was the head quarters of the Hierophants, as Antef (named above) and others to whom I shall presently refer, were all governors of that city, as well as heads of the Prophetical Order. There is a dignity about the sayings and doings of these men which is in marked contrast to the usual bombast, which so generally characterises the mass of Egyptian defuncts; and what is said, evidently leaves much more to be gathered than what actually appears.

There is nothing in the monumental or other records, between the 12th and 18th dynasties; but from this latter period they increase in number and importance; and the papyri—which are so abundant—show that the art of writing was developed to great perfection. The following are monuments of the distinguished men, both residents and governors of Abydos, who, I take it, were members of the Hierophant Order. One is of Peti-har-se-Khruti, who is made to speak



sometimes in the first and third person on the same monument (in fact it seems to have been the universal custom). This class of personages are all depicted in the same manner, i.e., seated on a chair, and receiving the homage of their sons, who pertain to the priestly caste. The one now mentioned had occupied high State appointments, as well as Prophet of Osiris, and after enumerating his chief works it is said of him: "Skillful in his calculations; versed in the principles of government, and in the affairs of the State; instructed in the Sacred Sciences; in the possession of all knowledge; he was one who manifested the goodness of his disposition in all his actions. He has done all that was required of him by his God; and obtaining the favour of his fellows, his memory is revered by all men." It closes with this injunction to those who should visit his tomb:—"Mark attentively! It is He, the Great God, the Great Supreme, whom I have served upon the earth, who hath put the (love of the truth) into your minds."

There is a reference, on the same monument, to an emeute which took place in Abydus, by a party who wished to establish another dynasty in place of the reigning House, or to divide the kingdom, which would be of vast historical importance, but unfortunately the part that contains this is too much mutilated to be deciphered. However, the above-named Governor quelled the insurrection. He put no man to death, and succeeded by the wisdom of his counsels in persuading the insurgents that Egypt would be more powerful and prosperous under a united Crown, than if it were severed into two kingdoms.

The other stele (No. 219, in the Louvre) is of one Unofre (of whom there are several records and statues), who was Governor of Abydus, First Prophet of Osiris, as well as of Horus. The High Priesthood of Osiris, had been, and continued, in his family for many generations. He lived in the reign of *Rameses II.* (19th dyn.). The inscription ends thus:—"Ye men of Abydus: I wish to speak of the good things which God (Osiris), in his purpose, bestowed on the servant of his temple. By his favour I was made a priest of Horus, the Son of Isis: and I was trained to this dignity from childhood. He made, as it were, the branches to grow day by day, like the plant of the field. Each day brought his blessing. He gave me the love of the people of Abydus; and He caused me to be distinguished by my merits. I mixed with the great ones of the Court, and was esteemed throughout the province of Abydus. The wisdom of my counsels rejoiced the Gods."

That the priests were not at all times the humble servants of Royalty, is shown by the usurpation of Her-Hor, a High Priest of Ammon, at Thebes, who, taking advantage of the weakness of the last of the Rameside family, seized the Crown and became the first king of the 21st dynasty. There is an interesting account, on a monument taken from a temple in Nubia, in the then capital of the Ethiopian monarchy. It is translated in full in "R. P.," IV., 95. It appears that some of the priests in connection with that temple attempted to introduce some novelty, which was regarded by the King as a heresy not to be tolerated, and which he took prompt and severe measures to stamp out. (It was about the time of the 26th dynasty.) They had conspired to kill those who would not side with them. But, as the inscription tells us: "God granted not that it had effect. God caused the speech of their mouth, which they had spoken to that effect, to be the ruin of them, for He smote them, causing the King's fire to pass through the midst of them, to impress wholesome dread in (the bosom of) all Prophets, and all Priests, who go in to that august God. The King decrees, by the greatness of his spirits and the magnitude of his might: 'If ever Prophet or Priest do an evil doing in the temples, let God smite them; let not their feet move any more upon the earth; let not their posterity continue after them, so that the temples may not be supplied with their crimes, but be free from their lie!'"

This mention of the King's fire being sent to destroy these (to him) wicked priests, suggests a reference to Exodus, ix., 23: "And Jehovah sent thunder and hail, and the fire ran along the ground." Also, Levit., x., 2: "And there went out fire from Jehovah, and devoured them, and they died before Jehovah." This referred to rebellious priests, and evidently betrays an Egyptian origin.

One of the most celebrated priests in the time of the middle Empire, was the eldest son of *Rameses II.*, *Khamuas* (who died before his father). He was High Priest of Ptah, at Memphis, and Viceroy of the Province, and of whom there are many monuments, statues, and records. He was the principal figure connected with Bull-worship in the great

Temple—Serapeum. There are also monuments of the sons of *Amenoph III.*, of *Sheshonk*, and of other monarchs who were First Prophets and High Priests. Many Queens and Princesses are recorded as priestesses, and dignitaries of the various temples. Some of these are called the Divine Star; the Palm of Love, &c. It would appear that black hair was considered of very high value, for of one of them it is said, by way of compliment to her charms, "The blackness of her hair is like the blackness of night." It was considered a great honour for a queen or princess to be invested with an office called Sistrum-Bearer; and there are some monuments giving details of such investiture and scenes connected therewith. One in particular relates to the queen of one of the Ethiopian kings, to whom the office was given, and which was to descend to her children's children for ever and ever. The ceremony of investiture was almost as imposing as a coronation. The sistrum was a musical instrument—not unlike the lyre, with strings—which was used on high festival occasions in the temple services.

Some of the finest sarcophagi in the various Museums are of priests, who seem to have expended great sums in funereal adornments; and this bears out the statement of Herodotus, that they did not live upon their own resources.

It may not be out of place, at the close of the chapter, to revert to the Literature of Ancient Egypt. The art of writing, as well as the "learning," was principally confined to the Sacerdotal Caste; and, as a natural consequence, the vast bulk of records relate to theology, in one form or other. Historical records come next in number and importance, which relate chiefly to the military expeditions of the various kings. It was the function of the Royal Scribe to record these; and of the Sacred Scribe to write out the temple records; and that these would form a vast number of scrolls—rather than volumes—may be imagined, from the great quantity of scribes employed for this purpose, ranging over so long a period. There can be little doubt, that the great Alexandrian Library—so ruthlessly destroyed (according to tradition) by the Ottoman Caliph—must have been very rich in its collection of ancient records. There are but few on secular subjects, and these are of a class that cannot be called first rate. Poetry seems to have been fairly well represented, and some of the songs and hymns would do no discredit to a Poet-Laureate of our own day.

I give an extract from a funereal dirge in honour of a defunct priest of Ammon (date unknown), which I have freely transcribed from the "Song of the Harper," translated by Ludwig Stern. The text is sadly mutilated, but the part that is given contains the clue to the rest:—

The Great One has gone, and now is at rest:  
His work is complete, and his charge is fulfilled.  
For men pass away, since e'er the sun shone;  
And youths coming forward will stand in their stead.  
For as Ra reappears at morn of each day,  
And when eventide comes, then sets in the West,  
So men will continue the race to beget,  
And women conceive, and children bring forth.  
The nostrils of each inhalet but once,  
The breezes that blow from dawn to the end.  
For all that are born and by woman have life,  
Must go to the place appointed for all.  
Not a moment of time can be added to life,  
When its course is complete, and destiny fill'd,  
By any who go that journey to take,  
Departing from this, to Eternity's shore.  
Be mindful, O man! forget not the day  
When thou too must go, and start for the land,  
From which, when once reach'd, there's none that return.  
If thy life has been just, then well it will be,  
And blessed thy lot, if righteous and good:  
For he that is just, will surely be bless'd  
By Isis, who gives a happy old age.  
The coward and brave, the friendless and proud—  
Not one can escape the grip of the grave.

The above gives a fair view of the high morality, and the conception of the future life in those bygone ages; but more of this will come out in the following chapters, which treat of the Theology and the Religion of Ancient Egypt.

(To be continued.)

Our "Luther" number is interesting, yet not what it would have been had "A Visitor" been able to give Mr. Colville's Lecture entire. Mr. Burns's reports suffer from the same cause, as those who attended Goswell Hall on Sunday evening will be able to testify.



## A NUN.

TRANSLATED BY SEBASTIANO FENZI,  
From the Italian of Renato Fucini.

She loved the fields, the skies—all that is gay—  
The rose, the song . . . and they took her away!

"My daughter, listen," the Confessor said,  
"Dost thou not hear it? 'Tis God's voice o'erhead,  
"That calls on thee as his affianced bride."  
And she, with ruffled heart, anxious replied:—  
"I hear it not!—oh! no! it cannot be!  
"Oh! do not drag me to the nunnery!  
"I love children, their smile, all that is gay:  
"Oh! kill me not!" . . . And they took her away!

She sobbed, implored—but all to no avail!  
Ill-fated maiden, she—doomed to the veil!

They cropt her flowing locks; a sable gown  
Around her nimble, gentle form was thrown.  
She saw, but wept not—pale and sad she now,  
Like withered flower, bent low her passive brow,  
But from the day they forced her in the grave  
Alive to linger, her young heart, that gave  
Sweet promises of love, lost all its flame—  
Her nature soured, and peevish she became.

Naught craves she now within this tearful vale:  
Ill-fated maiden, she—doomed to the veil!

Born to the sweets of home, the mother's kiss,  
All that life can afford to her compressed:  
And oh! how fleeting sped the hours of bliss,  
When lost in rapture, to her bosom pressed,  
She whispered: "Mother, if both you and I  
"Must share the common lot of all and die,  
"My heart's most fervent prayer—I ask no more—  
"Is to be first to gain the dismal shore!"

They told her tother day: "Your mother died!"  
And she, moving her lips to a chilly smile,  
Thought: God has now recalled her to his side!  
Not even tears can she now shed the while:  
Her heart is parched, she can nor weep nor wail;—  
Ill-fated maiden, she—doomed to the veil!

In her first dreams of puberty, she guessed  
Love's sweet misgivings; stored them in her breast.  
But, meteor-like, she saw them disappear,  
Nor felt she safe she'd seized their meaning clear.  
She dreamed of fair-haired babes, and deemed that all,  
Her, both as mother and as wife, did call.

A prey to longings fierce, she cannot sate;  
She now sinks blighted. Her last words belie  
The state in which her poisoned feelings lie:—  
"Thou Lord receive a soul immaculate!"

Within the grave-yard, a sequestered spot  
Contains her ashes:—damp and dark, a stone,  
By nettles crowned, records her name alone;—  
But not a friendly tear for her cruel lot:  
No flower, no sigh!—her sad and mournful tale  
Inhuned with her, none know, none can bewail,—  
Ill-fated maiden, she—doomed to the veil!

Florence, August 6, 1883.

## A BISHOP ON THE CHURCH.

The Bishop of Liverpool opened his Diocesan Conference yesterday, at St. George's Hall, Liverpool. Having referred in feeling terms to the late Primate, he said that, with the exception of Parker, no archbishop had ever entered Lambeth Palace at a more critical period and under heavier responsibility than Archbishop Benson. Reviewing the state of his diocese, he said candidates for confirmation had increased from 4,700 in 1881 to 6,200 in 1883, while nine permanent and seven temporary churches had been opened for service, and six would shortly be added. He drew a gloomy picture of the diocesan finances and of the spiritual destitution of the diocese, and declared his determination to appoint a committee to take active steps to mend matters. Speaking of the Church at large, he expressed his fear that there was no likelihood of the different schools in the Church giving way to or tolerating each other, and that unless the God of Mercy interposed the Church could not live much longer, but must go to pieces and perish. He could not see the approaching death of such a grand old institution as the Reformed Church of England without deep sorrow.

His lordship, referring to the Episcopate, said there was no order of men criticised so severely and savagely and vilified, sneered at, ridiculed, abused, and condemned so unceasingly as English bishops. Unless they were treated with more consideration and fairness, he predicted a day would come when no right-minded man who loved direct spiritual work and hated wasting precious time in strife and wrangling would consent to be a bishop at all.—"Daily Telegraph."

## SPONTANEOUS MEDIUMSHIP.

Every year or two cases occur of articles being thrown about by an invisible agency. These manifestations usually occur in the presence of young girls. We cut the following account from a newspaper. Further particulars have been given, for which we have not space:—

Our Shrewsbury correspondent writes: "In the neighbourhood of Wem; a town on the Shrewsbury and Crewe branch of the London and North-Western Railway, some unaccountable proceedings are reported. At Wood's Farm, four miles from Wem, occupied by Mr. Hampson, his wife, two children, and two female servants, on Thursday last, while the family were just about to sit down to tea, at four p.m., when it was still daylight, a saucepan suddenly jumped off the fire, and this was followed by the tea things being swept off the table and smashed. Several pieces of burning coal were then hurled off the fire, and set the clothing of an infant four months old in flames, and before the clothes could be removed the child was severely burnt on the hand and arm, and its hair was singed off its head. A small American clock on the mantelpiece was next dashed violently to the ground, and several other articles on the mantelpiece were also thrown down and broken. Something was thrown against the face of a large cased clock, and shattered the glass and face, and a lamp globe and chimney were smashed. The mat of the lamp took fire from a piece of burning coal falling on it, and a basket on the parlour table was also discovered in flames. The neighbours were fetched in, amongst them being Mr. Lea, a neighbouring farmer, Police-constable Bowen, and others, and although the smashing of crockery, and the hurling of articles from one side of the room to the other continued, they could not discover the cause. Mr. Lea and Police-constable Bowen were both struck by things thrown by an unseen agency. It was feared that the house would be set on fire by the burning coal, and consequently the fire was removed from the grate and the furniture from the house. All went outside, but several things were flung from the inside through the windows. In the kitchen six panes of glass were broken and several in the parlour. Strict inquiries have been made by the police and others, but there appears to be no elucidation of the mystery. Mr. Hampson says he cannot account for it unless it is something in the coal; but the coal could not throw articles about the room. The affair has caused considerable talk in the neighbourhood, and a great amount of incredulity is expressed." Our correspondent, who personally visited the house, adds that the accounts of the occurrence were received from several eye-witnesses.—Nov. 5.

HETTON.—Dear Editor,—Seeing in the MEDIUM a paragraph relating to this Society, as to whether our meetings are still carried on or not, I reply,—they are still carried on in the Miner's Old Hall, and with great success. Since our last report, we have had the pleasure of adding many members to our list; and there is a stronger inquiry here now than ever there has been in the past. The following is a list of speakers that have officiated here since our last report: Sunday, Sept. 23, Mr. A. J. Edmunds, of Sunderland, subject: "Life." Sept. 30, Mr. Jos. Stevenson, of Gateshead, subject: "Spiritualism: its Principles, etc." Oct. 7, Mr. John Livingstone, of Hetton Downs, subject: "A Reply to Rev. W. Baitey." Oct. 14, Mr. Henry Burton, of Newcastle, subject: afternoon, "A few Thoughts on Immortality," evening, "A Reply to Rev. W. Baitey." Here I may say, that the above-named Rev. has been here giving some of his insulting lectures, and trying to drive the thoughts of the people away from Spiritualism; but instead of doing this, he has been the means of bringing many to our public meetings to hear our Teachings; and instead of weakening our new investigators, he has given them strength, knowing that his arguments were mostly all false. Oct. 21, Mr. J. G. Grey, of Gateshead, subject: "What benefit did the Christians derive by the Crucifixion of Christ?" Sunday, Oct. 28, Mr. Wm. Westgarth, of Sheriff Hill, subject: "If God made man perfect, why did he mourn?" Sunday, Nov. 4, Mr. J. Livingstone, of Hetton Downs, subject: "The Birth of Jesus, and how it came about." All the above were well appreciated, and the greatest attention was given throughout, and the Hall was crowded on each occasion, especially on the day we had Mr. Burton, and as it was his last visit, we engaged the New Hall for him, and there were betwixt 500 or 600 people hearing him. At present we are busy getting up a subscription, to help the Newcastle Society to make a presentation to him, prior to his departure from England to Queensland. Speakers for the following Sundays: Nov. 11, 18, and 25; Mr. Francis, Walker, of Sunderland; Mr. J. G. Grey, of Gateshead; and Mr. William Westgarth, of Sheriff Hill,—Yours, in the Cause of Truth, Downs Square, Hetton Downs. JOHN PRINGLE, Sec.

MANCHESTER.—On Sunday last Mr. Armitage, of Batley Carr, dealt with several subjects handed up by the audience; the principal one being "Secularism, Spiritualism, and Christianity, and their relation to each other." In the evening Mr. Armitage had numerous subjects handed up. The one chosen—"Why does not God kill the Devil?" was dealt with in a very efficient manner, which was testified by the numerous murmurs from the audience.—A. LAWTON, Sec., M.S.S.S.



## A PRIVATE SITTING WITH MR. HUSK.

Mr. Burns.—Dear Sir,—You will remember the arrangement to meet Mr. and Mrs. Husk. They agreed to the proposals made by Mr. Scott, and we met the same evening, at Lamb's Conduit Street. We were ushered into a room that wore quite an Eastern appearance, the subdued light of which gave it also a mystical look, and to myself a very pleasant feeling. We had a few minutes chat with Mr. and Mrs. H., and then were invited into the next room; Mr. S. sitting on the left side, Mrs. E. on the right of Mr. H. However, Mr. S. had to change for Mrs. S. to take his place.

Very soon "Irresistible" found power to produce the voice, and made himself very interesting, answering questions and making witty remarks. We asked him to show himself, but he said the "Boss" was coming soon, and would show them a much handsomer face than his. When "John King" came he was very anxious for us all to see his features. He came within twelve inches of my face, talking all the time. He held a paste-board covered on one side with luminous paint. He held it in all positions for us to see him. Mr. S. asked if Mrs. S. had hold of the medium's hand during the time, which of course she had. "John King" said: "I shall have to go back to the medium for more power." Coming again close to us, Mrs. E. said she felt a hand on either shoulder. Then we had the direct voice of a Lancashire control, which sang "Come home to the childer and me," in a very good voice. Then a priest offered prayer in Latin. I must not omit that "Irresistible" was floating over our heads.

I could give more of what occurred, but I am afraid I have already transgressed upon your time. We feel very much indebted to you for your kindness.—Yours fraternally,  
14, Beeston Road, Leeds, Nov. 12, 1883. J. EDDISON.

E. H. L. sends some verses on the love of money displayed in the Church. We give one verse:—

I have candles and all sorts of dresses to buy,  
For I wish you to know that my Church is High,  
I don't mean the structure, the steeple, or wall,  
But so high THE LORD cannot reach it all.

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1883.

### NOTES AND COMMENTS.

As we go to press we have received a number of orders for the special "Egypt" number, giving the illustrated origin of the Christian Religion. This Number will appear next week. We hope to receive many more orders.

Mr. Clarke's Lecture on the Bible chimes in well with the Luther week. In a letter to the "Devonport Independent," Mr. Clarke says:—"I am described as 'Minister' of the Society, and as this may lead to confusion, I may say that I lay no claim to the title, which among Spiritualists is pretty much at a discount. I have filled for some time past the office of Secretary, and of late my brethren have honoured me with their confidence in placing the Richmond Hall platform at the disposal of myself and the intelligences whose servant I am. Personally, I am of opinion, that Spiritualism, as a movement, is too democratic to tolerate the ministerial office. Most of us who hold the intercommunion of the two worlds to be a fact, have erased from our vocabularies the word 'priest' and all the other words tending to uphold the superiority of one over another, in matters of religion; and if any are 'ministers,' it is only in the sense that they are the 'servants of all.' I am convinced that a time is coming, when all the different churches (as such), will cease to exist, together with their priesthoods and ceremonials; and on their ruins will be erected the true spiritual church of humanity, whose ministers will be those men and women, who, loving their fellow creatures well, desire to do all they can to make them happier and wiser, a position I, for one, aspire to, as the noblest aim of a life."

We direct attention to the advertisement of the "Agnostic Annual," on another page. We have it on sale, and would be glad to supply spiritual teachers with copies. It is a work that all Spiritualists should read, and thus be prepared to refute the position it assumes. The task is easy, and youthful advocates of our Cause, who fear to take hold of a difficult task, but would be gratified to appear clever at the expense of learned professors, should pitch into this work.

"Brightonian" reports an impromptu seance at which there were powerful table movements. The table answered mental questions. Two of the sitters privately feigned to put questions, when really they did not do so. In these cases they received no response. This convinced them that there was no trick. The table floated without contact, all feet being in view. This long report of varied phenomena has created much interest in Brighton.

Miss Lottie Fowler has occasion to return to America as soon as possible on private business. She desires to make such arrangements as will enable her to secure passage money. She proposes to make a short tour on the way to Liverpool, calling at Belper, Leeds, and other places, where friends may desire to sit with her. She would give two private sittings a-day, and a general sitting in the evening. She invites correspondence from those who can extend to her suggestions or co-operation on these matters. She is now in very good health and spirits, which has a very favourable influence on her see-

ing power. She can be seen daily at 60, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

The Concert on behalf of Institution week has fallen through. The Hall could not be had on available nights. Those who desire to hear Mrs. Weldon and her large and talented company of musical coadjutors, should attend Charles Street Chapel, Goswell Road, on Thursday evenings, November 22 and 29, and December 6 and 18. Admission, 2s.; 1s.; and 6d. To those who call on us we can give a ticket which will admit for 3d. For our own part, we are quite too busy with other work to devote the time necessary to get up a concert for any purpose. We have done our share of that work. Those who desire to help the Spiritual Institution, can do so without so much labour on our part.

MORLEY.—On Sunday we had Mrs. Ingham, of Keighley. She opened the meeting by prayer. After singing another hymn, No. 61 in the "Lyre," she went under control, and spoke for about fifteen minutes to a full audience. After that she went into the audience, and gave some good tests; some who had not been spoken to before receiving attention. When the medium was brought on to the platform again, the control gave his name "David Weatherhead." He is still working in spirit-life as he worked here in this life, for the good of mankind. Others spoke during the evening, and the meeting was brought to a close by a very appropriate prayer. The audience were highly satisfied with the speaker. Afterwards it was resolved that we should have a Tea and Entertainment on the 22nd of December, which will be announced in due time. I received a letter this morning from Mr. Morrell, of Keighley, saying that Mr. John Scott will be with him next Sunday at Morley, in which case he asks me to announce two services for them: to commence at 2.30, and 6 p.m.—J. R.

MACCLESFIELD.—Rev. A. Rushton will give a "Luther" discourse on Sunday.

LEEDS.—Correspondence intimates that the friends were delighted with the appearance of A.T.T.P. amongst them on Sunday. Speaking of his address, one of our correspondents says: "It was a treat."

### THE HEALING POWER—THE EFFECTS OF AN ACCIDENT REMOVED.

Mr. Burns.—Dear Sir,—Several months since, I fell from a ladder, with my arms full of books, backwards against some hooks, and injured my spine. The pain and discomfort increased; two months after the accident all the nerves of the back seemed affected, and a burning sensation alternating with numbness spread from the back to both upper and one lower limb. At this crisis I heard of Mrs. Berry, the American Healer. I have taken thirteen treatments, and have recovered my normal condition. Both back and limbs are relieved, and I can exercise now as freely as before the fall; my general health is also much improved.

My sympathy is with the suffering, and I am glad to be able to give any testimony, which may be of use to them. If you will kindly give a place in your paper to this note, you will confer a favour upon, yours sincerely, ROSAMOND DALE OWEN.  
25, Alma Square, St. John's Wood, N.W., Oct. 19, 1883.

### A FRIENDLY APPEAL IN AID OF THE SPIRITUAL WORK.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir, and Fellow Subscribers:

I have been very pleased to observe that there has been of late several efforts made to raise a fund in aid of some of the workers in the Cause, and for the spread of Spiritual Truths. I have been much gratified to see so many responses to the call. For, to use a scriptural phrase, "Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn." The labourer is worthy of his reward; and I think that this is applicable in more cases than those that have been alluded to. I have often thought that yours must be a somewhat checkered life; reading some of your appeals in our valuable paper, for assistance to carry on the work. I have talked over the matter with our circle of friends, and I have at last resolved to put the matter before the readers of the MEDIUM, to see if something cannot be done to raise a fund to assist you in your hard struggle to keep up the circulation of the paper we so much appreciate, burdened as you are with responsibilities that have devolved on you. If we can form a committee to start the ball rolling, I think, perhaps, our efforts will not be in vain. I will willingly lend any assistance I can to bring this matter to a successful issue. Hoping that some of our kind subscribers to the MEDIUM will rally around you in your labours for the spread of the Light and Truth of the existence of our immortal nature, after what man calls Death, I remain, yours fraternally,  
33, Moore Street, Chelsea, S.W. THOS. CUSDEN.



## OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

We hope our readers have determined to work with a will for the wide circulation of our Christmas Number. A more appropriate and seasonable present could not be imagined. It will, in addition to the usual Number of pages, be furnished with a wrapper, and two pictures will be given as a supplement. The price will be 2d.

We solicit advertisements for the wrapper. The large and universal circulation will render it a valuable means of publicity.

## NEXT WEEK—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.

## MR. BURNS'S ILLUSTRATED LECTURE ON "LUTHER," AT GOSWELL HALL.

At 290, Goswell Road, on Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock, Mr. Burns will give his second "Luther" Lecture. This time the subject will be illustrated with a fine series of views shown by the oxy-hydrogen lantern.

Be in time to see the commencement.

## INSTITUTION WEEK 1883.

Institution Week is upon us, and yet we have scarcely alluded to the matter. Our spiritual work is so all-absorbing that it seems impossible to get time or space to speak of the most urgent needs of the Cause. We hope our spirit of devotedness will be communicated to all our readers, and that they will, at one lift, remove the burden from off our shoulders, and which is a sad reward for all our toil. We bear it in patience till the allotted time come for relief.

## OPEN-AIR WORK.

CLERKENWELL GREEN.—There was one of the best meetings of the season on Sunday morning. After Mr. Burns spoke—whose remarks are given in another column—Mr. Kipps gave an address just at the time that another meeting, on Emigration, or some such matter, was opened up close by us. Then Mr. Brown spoke, and succeeded in winning the multitude to our centre, and thus closed the day in triumph. These meetings will not be continued next Sunday, as Goswell Hall must be prepared for the illustrated lecture in the evening. It is not likely that these open-air meetings will be resumed this season.

VICTORIA PARK.—Mr. Jennison, Mr. Emma, and friends, met at the usual place in Victoria Park. Mr. Jennison gave a short account of the open-air work from the commencement, and then quoted some passages from the Bible, that coincide with spirit-manifestations that take place at the present time. He also explained how the spirit takes control of the body, and concluded with a few remarks against capital punishment. He was followed by Mr. Emms, who spoke for some time upon the necessity of improving the dwellings of the poor, and the rationalization of the land; and urged all present to work for these reforms, and to earnestly investigate Spiritualism. The gentleman who has spoken for two or three Sundays then addressed the meeting on behalf of Spiritualism. At the close a vote of thanks to Mr. Jennison and Mr. Emms was unanimously passed by the meeting. This was one of the largest meetings of the season, and a very successful one. Several Spiritualists, Light Mediums and "Seed Corn," which were eagerly accepted. There was no opposition. Mr. Jennison will be at the Bazaar next Sunday at 11, weather permitting.—WILLIAM L. B. R.

BLAKE.—On Sunday next, November 18, Mr. W. J. Colville will speak in Belper, in the hall occupied regularly by the Spiritualist Society. The meetings will be at 10.30 and 6.30; also on Monday and Wednesday at 7.30 p.m. On Sunday at 3 p.m. Mr. Colville will conduct a special meeting for enquirers, as on his last visit to Belper. All seats free; voluntary collections. BLAKE.—Mr. R. A. Brown, of Manchester, will deliver two addresses in the Science and Art School, Paradise Lane, on Sunday, Nov. 18th. At the close of each address a collection will be made on behalf of the Widows and Orphans left destitute by the dreadful Colliery Accident at Clayton-le-Moors, near Accrington. All friends in the Blackburn and Accrington districts invited.—R. WOLSTENHOLME.

## TO ALL INTERESTED IN BENEVOLENT WORK.

I hope the Editor of the MEDIUM, with his usual generosity, will allow me to remind the charitably disposed public, now that Christmas is again approaching, that Miss Caroline Corner, 3, St. Thomas' Square, Hackney, London, N.E., is endeavouring to raise a fund to enable her to bring comfort and pleasure to a great many poor children, at the happy Yule-tide, which will be a very dull season indeed for many of the poor little creatures, unless Miss Corner's able and willing hands are sustained in her noble work. She is publishing a most fascinating account of some of her experience in travel, at the low price of 1s. 6d. per volume. Any one who will send to her for a copy of this work, or who will send a few stamps (three or four even), towards the object for which she is so earnestly striving, will be performing an act of genuine charity. Cannot some of us deny ourselves some little luxury, and send the cost of it to Miss Corner, to aid the poor children who will otherwise be left desolate? When in London, six years ago, I found Miss Corner and her mother among the most zealous and charitable Spiritualists I have ever met. They devote time, means, and talent unsparingly to help the distressed. Let us do what we can to second their laudable efforts. Apologizing for this trespass upon your valuable space, believe me, as ever, the friend of all,

W. J. COLVILLE.

## MISS CAROLINE CORNER'S CHARITABLE ENTERPRISE.

To the Editor.—Sir,—Will you kindly allow me to acknowledge, with best thanks, subscriptions towards my book-fund from the following ladies and gentlemen?—

Baroness Adelma Von Vay.	Mrs. Gunyon.
Captain James.	Signor Damiani.
Mrs. Rogers (Kensington Pk. Gs.)	H. Hogan, Esq.
H. Wedgwood, Esq.	Mrs. Hardinge-Britten.
Sir Wm. Topham, Bart.	J. F. Collingwood, Esq.
Edwin Dottridge, Esq.	Miss Arundale.
Miss F. Theobald.	Dr. Wyld.
T. Dowsing, Esq.	Mrs. Tyndall.
Mrs. Popham.	Signor Piperno.
Mrs. Nichols.	J. Bowring Sloman, Esq.

I trust next week I may have another good list to acknowledge. The book, "Rhineland," is already in the press, and, judging from the success which attended its smaller forerunner, "My Visit to Styria," I have no reason to fear its failing to give great satisfaction. I only hope it may do some benevolent good besides.

CAROLINE CORNER.

3, St. Thomas's Square, Hackney.

[We have received a donation of 10s. from Mrs. Raeburn, Edinburgh, towards this charity.—Ed. M.]

## 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 Slinkensmirk Family," "My Visit to Styria," &c., &c.

## CHAPTER II.

Meanwhile, by sense of touch, aided by custom, for it was pitch dark, our little heroine had found her way into the thoroughfare without. The atmosphere was foggy and dense, and the sudden change from the close apartment brought on a terrible fit of coughing. She was compelled to pause awhile; her chest was so fearfully racked. But this was reckoned as nought. In the height of such suffering a smile lit up her features, because there was a beacon ahead that beamed again brightly and cheerily for the future; and physical suffering is nought compared with that which racks our finer organism.

She turned into the street, and after this brief detention went on, keeping a sharp look out on either side, and drawing a mental comparison as to quality and cheapness of the goods offered for sale.

By-and-bye she stopped in front of one of the vendors of butcher's meat, and, after making a careful selection, a bargain was struck, the purchase secured, and on she wended her way. At the corner of the street something else tempted her to pause and make another purchase, and again another, a bit further on, so that at last the little gold coin had to be broken into. She received the change with a deep sigh. But when she remembered the pains it was to relieve, the aching limbs it was to strengthen and warm, the regret was exchanged for a great gladness of heart, that re-acted on her footsteps, and made her progress along the dirty, slippery pavements doubly rapid, doubly sweet.

In due course she gained a low, underground doorway, reached by some half-dozen broken stone steps. This door opened into a damp, musty-smelling passage, so dark that her only warning of what was to come was the familiar stumble over the stairs. Mounting these stairs—a task that to one unaccustomed would have been no easy one, for what with age and rough usage they were in the last stage of decay,—she went on, passing many a lodging of uninviting order, until panting with exertion, she reached her own home.



She pushed open the door—it swung on one hinge—only a wee bit at first, and peeped in. All was still, just as she had left it that morning, saving that a kindly neighbour had stepped in, attended to the fire and the occupant's wants generally, lighting the rushlight, etc.

Now she entered, a cheery smile on her face, her arms laden with her precious burden, her heart as light and joyous as the happiest child's on earth. She entered, and sunshine with her, into that wretched, poverty-stricken home; and going up direct to the mattress in the centre of the room she went down on her knees, bending low over the poor emaciated form, and pressed her lips to the sorrow-lined brow.

"Mother, I have come home," she said, softly, tenderly kissing her again. "And I've brought some rare good things that will make you strong and well again. It seemed to me as I came along, Mother, that your sufferings are at an end: That after to-night all pain would have left you, and that you'd be well and strong again, and happy, too, mother,—only think of that! I don't know how it was, but something seemed to tell me this; something that spoke within. And it made my footsteps so light, I scarcely felt the ground, and was astonished to find myself at home so soon," she went on, stooping to scrutinize each line and shade of the delicate, wasted face, and caressingly brushing away the silver-streaked locks from the transparent brow.

A smile lit up the faded countenance, and a weak white hand was placed lovingly on the child's fair head. There was a depth of infinite affection in the soft blue eye, a depth so strong it brought tears like a veil, that subdued the unnatural lustre of the large expressive eyes. And now she speaks, feebly, and with great effort; she says:—

"Tell me, child, what you have done to-day? Tell me—all—that you have seen and done. I am weaker, much, to-night. But the pain has gone. It left me when I heard your footstep on the stairs. And I don't think it will return—any more—I don't think so, Aimée, dear. Your impression will be right. It has been a dark, dark hour, so dark, so long; but the dawn is at hand. I am sure of it, and all anxiety and pain are over—yes, darling,—over now. God is good."

The voice sank low, lower and lower, until the words were difficult to catch. But the old grey shade was passing away, and in its place a sublime serenity was stealing over the features, now in repose. Aimée watched this change eagerly, yet without comprehending. She only knew that the dearly-loved face was regaining some of its old long-lost loveliness; that suffering had passed away; that for the first time for many long months her Mother was free from pain. And the child looked on, her eyes brimming with tenderness, and was rejoiced.

Presently the pale lips moved, and the invalid spoke again:—

"Aimée!" she said, in a stronger voice now. "Aimée, dearest, there is something I should like to tell you—something you ought to know. Come close, dear. Take both my hands in yours—it gives me power. So. Now, I will try."

She drew a long breath, and her lips twittered for a second or two, but no sound came from them. Aimée thought they moved in prayer, the countenance looked so sublime. By-and-bye she smiled a sweet glad smile, and then continued, but ever so weakly now:—

"Aimée, child, your Father—IS NOT DEAD. If—if only you could find him! I have dreamed about him so much of late: of his being in great distress, of his shame, of his remorse. He went away and left me, left us both, child, years and years ago. We were married. See, here is my wedding-ring, still worn, still treasured for his sake; for I was and I AM his wife, although he left me—he left me and our child, our baby-girl—you, Aimée. And the marriage certificate is in that box, the one I always keep locked. You will find your father some day—soon, I think. I had a dream this evening early on, and in it I saw my husband and our child together, and—and—my Father was there, too, and he smiled on the child and forgave. My poor, poor Father! He was changed, too; bent and broken with grief: grief and age both. But grief it was that changed him most—made him a kinder and a better man. Aimée, I dreamed all this, but it was something more than a dream. It was no light phantasy. It was reality; a foreshadowing of what is to be. And it was this that relieved me, and made me so happy, oh, so happy, darling!

"But, Aimée, be kind to him—your Father. Be a loving, tender child. Let the past be forgotten. Remember only that he is your Father, your Mother's first and only love; that he loved your Mother once. He did, child, once—at first, until—until—another came between us, and drew him away. He will remember—all. But he lived to bitterly regret; and—all is past, forgiven and must be forgot. Only this, Aimée, he is your Father, your Mother's early love, and he made her more than happy once, in those sweet, sad, bygone days. I have suffered, child, but I would not have it otherwise. All is for the best. I was young then, and I loved him. Tell him—tell him, child, I loved him always. I could not, could not forget.

"Dear, it hurts me—I must not talk. Those early days make me long to renew my life; to be strong, and beautiful, and young again, as I was when first a bride. Kiss me, Aimée—again—oh, it soothes me so. Stay beside me, child. Never mind the good things—only a few minutes while I go to sleep.

I cannot take anything now, dear—When I awake. Kiss me once more. Good night, darling. Good night."

The heavy lids closed in sleep, still, tranquil sleep, and time sped on. The rushlight grew shorter and shorter; the coke fire burnt dull and low; the pot remained simmering on the hob, yet the young girl dare not move from her post, lest she should awaken the sleeper. She had no idea of the hour, her thoughts had occupied her since last the silence was broken. That last communication of her Mother's furnished food for inexhaustible thought. Hitherto she had thought, nay, fully believed, her father was dead. Instinct had told her there was something painful connected, in some way or other, with the early life of her parents. Children have these instincts, and if they be of thoughtful natures these premature gleams often serve to mystify and cause their little minds endless worry, that their elders little dream of. A child's life is not all sunshine.

But now a new mine was opened for Aimée's over-wise reflections. While sitting beside her Mother's mattress, still as a mouse, she whiled away the hours by allowing her brisk imagination to wander forth, and make all sorts of wild discoveries, which she deemed prolific of happiness for the future. She should find her father, SHE SHOULD, of course; and he would come back, full of his old affection for his old love; and Mother would get well again, and be beautiful as she was in the water-colour sketch—a young girl with wavy golden hair, lovely violet eyes, and downy dimpled cheeks: a rough sketch, but one she prized very much, and which she had only once taken from the box that was "always kept locked," and shown Aimée one day, a year or more ago. And they would all be happy together, and never be hard pressed, and suffering, and poor any more.

But now a drunken brawl in the street disturbed the current of her golden imagination. She awakened with a start from her sleepless dream, awakened to find all as it had been when she gave herself up to her delicious reverie, excepting that the fire was almost out—only a spark was left. There on the top of the cupboard were the curious medley of things, the most conspicuous a broken guitar, some medicine bottles, the box that was "always kept locked," a few articles of crockery, and a hat-box containing clips of drab kid, coarse calico, and sundry grotesque specimens of doll's arms.

In the manufacture of the latter, she, who now lay painless and unconscious on the old worn mattress, had eked out a livelihood for herself and child. But disease had come, and increasing warped her strength, so that little by little she was compelled to give up, until in time she was forced to give up work entirely—this, only of late. It was at best but a scant livelihood, but it had sufficed; and the child had been kept at home, useful in helping her mother, and adding her mite to their meagre resources. But it had to be given up, and the child must go out to work.

This went far to finish breaking the mother's heart. Since then she had wasted away; slowly yet surely pined away. She fought long and resolutely against it, and still persisted in sitting up for awhile to stitch away at her work. If she managed to get a dozen-and-a-half doll's arms made, that was better than nothing; the pay was miserably small—twopence-halfpenny a dozen, and the materials not found. But in her better days she had been reckoned a "very quick hand"; and working hard, morn, noon, and night, she had succeeded in keeping the phantom from the door. Then, when her strength failed, her heart went along with it, and the disease augmented and steadily increased until now.

Aimée cast a glance at the heap of "rare good things," all piled together where she had hastily placed them when she came home so long ago, almost another day it seemed; and she smiled faintly, then turned to look at the invalid sleeping by her side. So still, so calm, she lay; it seemed she could never awake. And so beautiful! All the old hard lines were gone; only a soft smile, as of rest, relief, peace, and content, was upon the delicate chiselled features.

Aimée was thinking, how beautiful her mother was! so beautiful for this earth. There was a light upon the face, she had never seen there before. It reminded her of a picture she had once seen—her mother had taken her to see it in her better days—and she had never forgotten it; it had haunted her young life ever since, although at the time she had not been old enough to understand its meaning. Nevertheless, something in it had impressed her child-mind, and shew the same, the very same again, now in her mother, and caused her soul to expand and glow with sudden life and power, so that she was not as the same child, of but a few months ago.

She released one hand to touch the clear brow. It was cold. The hand she held was cold; like marble, and the fingers were locked and rigid. She pressed her lips to the brow, and they were chilled. She laid her warm cheek close against the breast, until it also was chilled, chill to the bone, it seemed. All the while she, the mother, reined still—perfectly calm, at rest; her only expression one of peace.

"How long she sleeps," Aimée murmured. "How cold she is!"

She glanced at the fire, all but out. But she made no attempt to restore it. She only thought of imp Thos. C. from her own life, and in order to do so she



mattress, and nestled close to the cold, cold form, clasping her arms around, pressing her cheek against the breast; first one cheek then the other, holding the hands to her bosom, gently rubbing the feet. But in vain. She could get no warmth into them. LIFE WAS GONE!

Then an impulse moved her to speak:—

"Mother! mother!" she said, in an earnest anxious whisper. "Mother, speak to me—Aimée, your child, your pet, your own darling Aimée. Speak, just one word—one word, Mother, just a word."

But no word, no token came in response—it was the silence of death.

Again another impulse stirred her, and she stared, wondering, terrified, into the peaceful unanswering face; stared long. Then with one loud agonizing shriek—for the truth came to her at last—she bounded from the mattress, and into the furthest corner of the room.

"Dead! she is dead," she cried aloud in her terror, pressing her hands on her eyes to keep out the terrible sight.

It was a corpse she had been endeavouring to warm with her fond caresses; her mother was dead. This thought racked her with terror and dread, so that she screamed out in her fear.

It is terrible, these first moments of a great anguish; but perhaps after all, it is when the excitement of the shock is over, and we are settling down pacified, and feel the long sad lonely dreary days are approaching—grey, monotonous, sunless, dead—that human courage and endurance are most strained to face, to brave, the worst; for what is worse than living on, on when the blossoms of our hope are crushed and irretrievably dead? This alone comes when our hearts are worn and old; when we have lived and suffered and loved. Kindly friends speak cheering words of what time will do; but alas! it is then, in the still, shadowed days, when old memories are constantly recurring to rack us with a stab of vain regret, in the midst of the humdrum of existence, and when the world thinks we have forgotten, and are one with them once more—it is then that the misery presses most, and sympathy then is long since withheld.

"Dead! she is dead," the young girl repeated, until the words sounded to her like the refrain of some weird, far-off funeral chant; and all the while she crouched there in the corner, staring, with a fascinated fearful stare, at the still white corpse.

By-and-bye a noise below, as of some one stumbling on the stairs, acted as an electric shock on her overwrought nervous system. Her heart gave one tremendous bound, her pulses throbbed, a flood of fresh life thrilled her; then a blinding mist of tears came between her and the mattress, where the dead lay. The magnetic gaze was broken: she was freed.

And now, with one quick bound, she darted from the room, groping her way down the narrow winding stairway, as well and as fast as she could. About half-way down, she stumbled against somebody, whom, she did not wait to find out, only she saw it was a man; then, pushing aside, she went on. The lamp-lit street once gained, she drew her first long breath. She was surrounded by her fellow creatures now.

Whither she went she knew not, neither did she care. All she wanted was to be amongst her fellow creatures: with the living, away from the horror, the white stillness of death. The streets were thronged with life: no matter of what order, it was life, and it warmed and soothed her, this feeling that she was not alone. Poor child! the time of her real sorrow had not yet come. She was paralysed to all save a sudden feeling of great terror.

On she went, up one street, down another, through the gusts of searching wind and rain, passing her friends, the baked-potato men and the sellers of smoking-hot drinks, unmindful of the cheerful glow from the bright red fires now, deaf to the harsh laughter, the blasphemous curse, the ribald jest, the wanton jeer, that fell on her ear from loiterers around the many vile haunts made tempting to allure the weak, the deluded, the depraved of this, our civilized land. On, on, as though some extraneous power were steering her course, so little had inclination to do with it. No one paid heed to the slim, hollow-eyed child, in the worn merino frock, hatless, shawless, walking on as in a dream. Such instances are common in the streets of our teeming metropolis, and are not deemed worthy of remark. Meanwhile the night was wearing on. Midnight: and still she went on, threading her way, and instinctively avoiding the drunken and depraved. Spite of her natural antipathy to such scenes, she dreaded the moment when she must be alone. Alone! how she shudders at the thought. It grows upon her with such weight that she determines to scrutinize each passer-by, in order to find some sympathetic soul to whom she may tell her terrible tale. Alas! she recoils from all. Of the host of her fellow creatures, for the most part British-born, she cannot find one.

Miles now lie between herself and her home. She has wandered into quite another district of the great Babylon; and yet she presses on. She cannot—cannot go back. She is amongst the living. She cannot go back, to be alone—alone with the dead. No: she must go on.

As yet she is feeling strong enough for aught. Only her mental faculties are distracted; she cannot concentrate her

thoughts to find an answer to the question, as to what she had best do. She puts her blue-cold hands to her throbbing temples, but finds it impossible—she cannot think.

The scene is vastly changed now; the neighbourhood much improved. The multitude is diminished; the atmosphere less confined. She moves along slowly, lingeringly. The wind has gone down; the rain has ceased; the mist has cleared away; and the stars are shining brightly in the deep dark sky. A waif, a stray. Handsome equipages pass her by, and she catches a fleeting glimpse of a vision of fairy-like splendour from within: women of radiant fairness, enveloped in costly furs, with gleaming jewels on their necks and brows; and men of lofty stature, easy grace, with heads moulded like Grecian statuary, and fine dark eyes, that beneath the careless lustre have a harassed unrest in them. The former glanced out of the window, drew their soft wraps about them, so that they looked like lovely pictures set in the most becoming of frames, and sank back self-satisfied on the luxurious cushions. Their escorts looked out; they also caught sight of the slight girl-figure, in the lone bleak midnight—looked again, a softening light of compassion for a moment taking the place of that false lustre, murmured a word of commiseration beneath their breath, turned up the collars of their great coats, stroked their long moustaches, and went on talking small-talk to their fair companions. Then a policeman would pass by. One, more inquisitive than the rest, turned the full glare of his bull's-eye upon her, which made her heart thump violently against her sunken chest. She commenced to tremble so, and her head grew so dizzy, she reeled and could scarcely stand. She steadied herself, by grasping an iron rail. But the weakness grew upon her, increasingly, so that she felt, she knew, she could bear up no longer. (*To be Continued.*)

## PROGRESS OF SPIRITUAL WORK.

### EXETER.—DISAGREEABLE CLAIRVOYANT SCENES.

Above all other "phases of mediumship," clairvoyance seems to be the one most generally and universally valued and coveted. It is natural that this should be so, when it is considered that our relation to the spiritual realm is very similar to that of a blind man, or at least to that of a creature of immature physical vision, to the material world.

Spiritualism is causing us to vividly realize our spiritual surroundings—the vast and wondrous realm to which our inner life belongs; and we are naturally impatient to see it, to have our interior perceptions awakened to behold the sublime realities of those mysterious realms.

We not unreasonably imagine, that if we could have open vision of our spiritual surroundings—of the realities and inhabitants of the spiritual realm,—we should more clearly comprehend the relations of our two-fold life, and the philosophy and import of the mysterious operations which are taking place within, and also without, the spiritualistic frontier. But we must not be impatient; for nothing can be hurried; and these interior unfoldings can only take place in the sequence of orderly development, like all other natural elements, which unfold and ripen in their proper season.

We are nevertheless encouraged to "covet earnestly the best gifts." Clairvoyance is indeed a gift, rare and priceless; yet we must not forget that its possession entails serious responsibilities and results; so serious, indeed, that only those should covet it who are conscious of an impregnability arising from strength of nerve and an unquestioned integrity of character and purpose. The above reflections have been suggested to me by what took place in our circle on Tuesday evening of last week; when a friend to whom I have already referred as possessing clairvoyant powers of a high order, had his spiritual sight opened to see scenes so terrible, that he was literally frightened. He had hitherto seen only the bright and beautiful aspects of spiritual existence; but so far as my observation has gone, it is the fate of every clairvoyant to have glimpses of both sides of the picture. I have known clairvoyants, in the trance, scream with terror at what they saw, and I have heard friends say that they have seen scenes so terrible that they were almost afraid to be again controlled.

At the circle last week our friend was for the first time unconscious, and on coming to himself he abruptly left the room, saying he had seen such things as he could never forget. He is an earnest member of a local religious body, and notwithstanding his being scared, I have no doubt he is destined to do a great work as a medium.

Immediately following the great publicity recently given to Spiritualism in the local papers, our Movement has taken a curious turn. On the last two Sunday evenings our Hall has been literally thronged with young people of all ages. I need scarcely remark that an audience composed of such elements is not likely to be of the most grave and orderly character; especially as these young folks seem to have got the idea that Spiritualism is something which temporarily promises to furnish them with matter for a little bit of fun. Nevertheless we look upon this youthful life as needing instruction and development; and as those who will mutually influence the mind of the rising generation in religious as well as in other matters. Here is plenty of work for the spiritual teacher, and we realize our responsibility as well as perceive our opportunity.—OMEGA.



[From the "Western Independent," Oct. 31.]

IS THE BIBLE USEFUL; AND NECESSARY  
FOR MAN'S HAPPINESS?AN INSPIRATIONAL ADDRESS BY R. S. CLARKE,  
PLYMOUTH.

The Free Spiritual Society in the neighbourhood continues to exist, though its sphere of operation is a somewhat obscure one. Since Mr. Colville's visit to the St. James's Hall, however, the numbers of those who have allied themselves to the Society have been increased, and his lectures have given a fresh impulse to the movement in this part. A further development of the work is in contemplation, and some time during the present week, services will be held in Stonehouse. Since the Rev. C. Ware severed his connection with the Society, at Plymouth, the position of minister has been filled by Mr. R. S. Clarke, a gentleman of considerable ability, and one pre-eminently suited to that position. The services of the Society are held in Richmond Hall, Richmond Street, Plymouth, on Thursday and Sunday evenings. On Sunday last, the hall was crowded to hear an inspirational address, delivered by Mr. Clarke, entitled, "Is the Bible useful; and necessary for man's happiness?"

Mr. Clarke observed that two distinct propositions were to be answered, each, evidently, of an important character. Premising at the outset that their opinion was their own, he did not wish them to accept it because the Spiritualists said it, he merely wished them to give their attentive consideration to it, so that if it appeared reasonable, they might accept it; if unreasonable they might reject it. Naturally, there would be differences of opinion on the subject, and there were such diversities in the spirit world as well. Spirits did not change their opinion with death; they still retained the opinions they entertained whilst on earth. They, as Spiritualists, could not help if their opinions were repugnant to the feelings of their hearers. They dealt with them honestly, and they would not feel offended if those who heard them would be frank enough to confess that they differed from them. Rather would they have an honest opponent than one professing to be their friend who was in reality their foe. A man whom they would call a coward and hypocrite, was one who was afraid to express his opinion through fear of consequences that might ensue. The mere fact that they had within them faculties to think, was proof that they should express their thoughts; all honour to the man who gave expression to his thoughts, and whether he differed from orthodoxy or ought else in so doing, they would not imprison him for blasphemy, but would extend to him the right hand of fellowship, and would hail him as a brother. The subject under their consideration was, he confessed, an extremely difficult one, for whilst on the one hand they had superstitious credulity to contend against, on the other they had the danger of a dumb materialism; either of which would bring a man down. There was no doubt that the Bible recorded occurrences which men could not believe, because there was no evidence of their having occurred. Of course, a man was justified in disbelieving that which was revolting to him, and of criticising any belief which was repugnant to his conscience. Taking their stand as Spiritualists, they disputed the infallibility of the Bible, it being the work of fallible men. But what did the Bible consist of? In answering that question, they would observe that there was not only one Bible in the world, but that nearly every different religion had a Bible of its own. In India they found scriptures, which were anterior to the early Jewish scriptures, and which contained equally Divine passages, and equally sacred truths to those found in the Jewish scriptures. In Persia they found sacred writings or Bibles, and among the Mahometans they found in the Koran great truths; but to learn truth, properly, they must look into the vast arcana of Nature. There was God's own book, on the leaves of which were written indelibly those truths, which proved themselves Divine, inasmuch as they proved themselves to be emanations from the Master Mind and Architect of the universe. Within man they found another Bible which could not lie, in the conscience. Thus it was that God revealed

himself by universal agencies. Men often talked about Nature, but had they viewed her properly they would have looked up to Nature's God; for they claimed that it was a record of Divine will and a demonstration of the existence of a God. That night he proposed considering the Hebrew and Christian scriptures. Many things recorded in them were presumably true; but how much truth was there in them? Many things termed truths were such as the people did not derive profit from. The Bible, they were told, was the Word of God, but the seeker after truth would enquire who made it the Word of God? The Bible did not proclaim itself to be so. It was a Council of fallible men who had to go through all the records, omitting portions, if they were to believe what they were told, under the miraculous interposition of the Holy Ghost. They confessed that to them, this was a most unsatisfactory method; they could not conceive of anything more dangerous than that a body of men should set themselves up as infallible and say, "This is the word of God; believe it, or you will be damned." He would have occasion to show them from what he should produce from the Bible, that while it was useful, it was not necessary to man's happiness. They would be sorry to think that man's happiness should be bound up in any particular book. But was the Bible useful. They claimed that it was useful to all sincere students and enquirers after truth, because it showed them that in times past God revealed himself through the medium of men like themselves, and that it was His intention that revelation should be universal. The Bible was useful, too, because it taught many lessons; in the prophets, they found that the burden of their prophecies was against vice,—evil, wrong-doing, not only on the part of individual men, but in high places, and on the part of nations. They declared with one accord that what a man sowed that should he reap; they declared with one impulse that vice, sin, evil must bring their punishment in their train; and that love, justice, truth must bring their reward with them. He wished to point out that the revelation in the Bible was of a distinctly progressive nature. They would notice for instance in dealing with the moral character of God, that the God of the New Testament was different from the God of the Old. They would also notice that there were texts which could not be reconciled. In one part they were told that God was a God of anger; in another part that he was a God of Love. The utility of the scriptures depended on the sense in which they were read. There were some persons who said that all the things mentioned in the scriptures, must be taken literally; there were others who would spiritualise the entire text, and yet again there were those who believed the Bible was infallible in every word. If one reached such a degree of absurdity as that, where would he stop? Of what use, for instance, was it to believe that the sun and moon stood still, whilst Joshua and a few of his filibusters pursued their work of bloodshed. It was altogether contrary to science. What use was there in believing that the Lord said that they were to go forth and embroil their hands in their fellow-creatures' blood? After referring to the Pentateuch, and pointing out that that part was obsolete, Mr. Clarke said, in reply to the first question, that in so far as the ideas contained in the Bible were in accord with truth, and uplifted humanity, they were useful. Proceeding with the next question, "Was the Bible necessary to man's happiness?" he said that those who believed the Bible only would say yes, but those who were more reasonable would say no. They were told that in the Bible they might find salvation; but then came the most serious problem, millions had never heard of the book, were they to be lost? It was something too preposterous. To affirm that they would be, was to assert the foulest blasphemy the human mind could conceive. They confessed that their conception of God was a nobler one than that. It was infinite justice, infinite love that would



never commit a crime, infinite love and truth that would never commit an injustice. To imagine that those who had no opportunity given to them to learn should be lost, should be eternally submerged in flames, was something too hideous, something too revolting for the mind to conceive of. But, returning to the question, one would have imagined that if the Bible had been necessary to human happiness, its author would have taken immediate steps to get it circulated. Up to the present time the circulation of that book did not appear to be quite successful, inasmuch as millions were living who never heard of it. Rather was man's happiness to be attributed to the amount of light which was in him. All the prophets and seers living in times past were illumined by that light. Jesus, Confucius, Buddha, Mahomet, were illumined by that light, and Socrates, Plato, and all the world's philosophers and teachers, in whose works were found glimpses of the Divine mind, and the unfoldment of the Divine will. This universality of revelation showed clearly that it was the eternal purpose of God that good should triumph over evil, and that the golden age should come when the brotherhood of humanity should be an accomplished fact.

**BIRMINGHAM.**—At Oozell Street Board Schools, last Sunday evening, Mr. Groom delivered a lecture on "Evil, and its Cause." Evils past and present he traced to the selfishness of man; and showed that evil was not natural, but abnormal and self-destructive; that there was nothing permanent but good, and love was the highest principle in nature. When man understood the spiritual laws, then would he get a clearer conception of Deity, and it will give an impetus to do good instead of evil. Next Sunday Mr. Wallis will lecture morning and evening.—COR.

**BRADFORD.**—Mrs. Illingworth spoke fifty minutes at Walton Street Church, on Sunday afternoon, on the deep root which the seeds of Spiritual Truth are taking, and the promise of good fruit that is near at hand. At 6.30 Mrs. Illingworth spoke on "Poor Humanity," and handled the subject in excellent style. There were a great many strangers present.—COR.—Mr. Verity, Secretary, in a recent communication, in speaking of the success of the work, says the place is getting too small, and the friends have it in contemplation to build a place of their own.

**LEICESTER:** Silver Street Lecture Hall.—On Sunday evening last, Mrs. Hawkins occupied the platform for the first time by herself alone, when the spirit guides took for their evening's discourse: "Is God a spirit?" There was a fair congregation present, and the address gave satisfaction.—R. WIGHTMAN, Sec., Mostyn Street, Hinckley Road.

**PLYMOUTH:** Richmond Hall, Richmond Street.—On Sunday morning last, Mr. Atkinson read a trance address, subject—"Why is darkness necessary for some Physical Manifestations?" after which a discussion took place concerning dark seances.—In the evening at 6.30, Mr. Clarke gave a lecture; subject—"Is it reasonable to worship God?" There was a very good attendance.—Next Sunday we have Mrs. Groom with us. In the morning she will lecture in the above Hall, subject to be chosen by the audience. In the evening the subject will be, "Spiritualism, the Voice crying in the Wilderness." On Monday evening she will lecture, subject—"Moses and Carile: Were they Inspired men?" On Tuesday there will be a public tea, after which a public meeting, in which Mrs. Groom and others will take part, when we hope all our friends will endeavour to help make Mrs. Groom's visit one of great value to the Cause. Admission to the Sunday Lectures free; on Monday a charge of threepence will be made; Tickets for the tea, on Tuesday, to be had of the Secretary, Mr. R. S. Clarke, at one shilling each.—J. PAYNTER.

**STONEHOUSE:** Sailor's Welcome, Union Street.—Mr. R. S. Clarke gave an inspirational lecture at this place on Sunday afternoon. The attendance was small; subject of the lecture—"The Evidences of Spiritualism," after which the Control invited questions, which were readily and ably answered. Next Sunday, service at the above Hall at 2.30 p.m., admission free.—J. PAYNTER.

A pleasant evening was spent on Sunday night, at Temperance Hall, Gurney Villa, when addresses were delivered by Mr. Eales and Mr. J. Dunn, to a small but harmonious company. A grand influence pervaded the meeting, and the spirit-friends did their work well, advising the friends to work in discovering and disseminating the Truths of Spiritualism.—J. DUNN.

**THE LONDON SOCIETY** for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination.—On Monday evening, November 19, William Tebb, Esq., will report upon "The International Congress at Berne," and a paper, "Vaccine Disasters," read there; at the Rooms of the Society, 114, Victoria Street, Westminster. Chair at 7.30.

# MEETINGS, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 18th, 1883.

## LONDON.

**SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION.**—Tuesday, Mr. Towns's seance, at 8.  
**EDGWARE ROAD.**—52, Bell Street, at 7, Psychological Experiments.—Mr. Hopcroft.  
**MARYLEBONE ROAD.**—Spiritual Mission Room, 167, Seymour Place, at 11, Mr. Hopcroft. At 7, short service and seance. 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: "Woman, her Place and Power."

## PROVINCES.

**BARROW-IN-FURNESS.**—75, Buccleuch Street, at 6.30.  
**BATLEY CARR.**—Town Street, 6 p.m.: Mr. Armitage.  
**BEDWORTH.**—King Street, at 6 p.m. Wednesday, at 7 p.m.  
**BELPER.**—Lecture Room, Brookside, at 10.30, 3, and 6.30: Mr. Colville. Also on Monday and Wednesday at 7.30.  
**BINGLEY.**—Intelligence Hall, 2.30 and 6 p.m.: Local.  
**BIRMINGHAM.**—Oozell Street Board School, 6.30: Mr. E. W. Wallis.  
**BISHOP AUCKLAND.**—Temperance Hall, Gurney Villa, 2.30 and 6: Messrs. Hills and C. Lupton.  
**BLACKBURN.**—Academy of Arts and Sciences, Paradise Lane: Mr. R. A. Brown.  
**BRADFORD.**—Spiritualist Church, Walton Street, Hall Lane, Wakefield Road, 2.30 and 6 p.m.: Misses Harrison and Musgrave.  
**Wade's Meeting Room,** Harker Street, Bowling, at 2.30 and 6 p.m.: Mrs. Gott.  
**Spiritual Lyceum,** Oddfellows' Rooms, Otley Road, at 2.30 and 6 p.m.: Mrs. Illingworth.  
**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.**—Peacock Yard, Union Street, at 2.30 and 6: Mr. Blackburn.  
**HETTON.**—Miners' Old Hall, at 5.30: Mr. J. G. Grey.  
**KEIGHLEY.**—Spiritualist Lyceum, East Parade, 2.30, and 6.30: Mrs. Ingham, and Mrs. Scott.  
**LEEDS.**—Tower Buildings, Woodhouse Lane, 2.30, and 6.30: Mrs. Butler.  
**LICESTER.**—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. Britten.  
**MACCLESFIELD.**—Spiritualists' Free Church, Paradise Street, at 6.30, Rev. A. Rushton: "The Luther Commemoration."  
**MANCHESTER.**—Bridge Street Chapel, Bridge Street, Ardwick, 10.30 and 6.30: Mr. W. Johnson.  
**MORLEY.**—Spiritual Mission Room, Church Street, at 2.30 and 6: Mr. A. Morrell and Mr. John Scott.  
**MIDDLESBOROUGH.**—Granyille Lecture Rooms, Newport Road, at 10.30, and 6.30.  
**NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.**—Weir's Court, at 10.30 a.m. and 6.30.  
**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.**—48, Albion Street, Windsor Bridge, at 2.30 and 6.30.  
**PLYMOUTH.**—Richmond Hall, Richmond Street, at 11 and 6.30, Mrs. Groom. Also on Monday and Tuesday evenings.  
**SHEFFIELD.**—Psychological Institution, Cocoa House, Pond Street, at 6.30.  
**SOWERBY BRIDGE.**—Progressive Lyceum, Hollins Lane, at 2.30 and 6.30, Mr. Hepworth.  
**STONEHOUSE.**—Sailor's Welcome Coffee Tavern, Union Street, at 2.30: Mr. R. S. Clarke: Subject to be chosen by the audience.  
**SUNDERLAND.**—Avenue Theatre, at 2.30 and 6.30.  
**WALSALL.**—Exchange Rooms, High Street, at 6.30.  
**WEST FELTON.**—At Mr. Thomas Corker's, 12 Grange Ville, at 6 p.m.

**MR. J. J. MORSE'S APPOINTMENTS.**—London: Sunday, November 18th, Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer Street, W., at 7, subject: "Woman: her place and power."

**KEIGHLEY:** Saturday and Sunday, November 24th and 25th.  
**Newcastle-on-Tyne:** Monday and Tuesday, November 26th and 27th.  
 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.

**MR. R. S. CLARKE'S APPOINTMENTS.** Plymouth, Richmond Hall, Sunday, November 18th, at 6.30.

A reception at 1, James Street, every Friday, at 8 p.m.  
**Stonehouse:** Sailor's Welcome Coffee Tavern (large hall), Union Street, Sunday, Nov. 18, at 2.30: Subject to be chosen by the audience.

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

**MR. W. J. COLVILLE'S APPOINTMENTS.**—BELPER: November 18th, 19th, 20th & 21st.  
**LIVERPOOL:** Nov. 25. **MACCLESFIELD:** Nov. 26 & 27.  
**LONGTON, Staffordshire:** Nov. 28 & 29.  
**BRADFORD:** Dec. 2, 3, and 4. **Newcastle-on-Tyne:** Dec. 9 & 10.  
 W. J. Colville's address is 4, Waterloo Road, Manchester.

**MRS. HARDINGE-BRITTEN** will lecture for the present at Liverpool, the 1st and 3rd Sundays, and at Halifax the last Sunday of each month.—Address The Limes, Humphrey Street, Cheetham Hill, Manchester.

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**MALTON.**—On Sunday afternoon Mr. Fred. Wilson (otherwise the Little Clown) gave an address in the Temperance Hall, to a highly respectable and appreciative audience. Being commemorative of the birth of Luther, he traced briefly the early history of the Great Reformer: his heart yearnings for liberty, his bold denunciations of that which was false, his interview and examination before the Diet at Worms. The speaker dwelt particularly on that which gave him courage above his fellows, viz., his great trust in God at all times, and the relief seemed to come in the most trying circumstances. The speaker rivetted the attention of his audience, whilst he sketched in graphic language the prominent outlines of his career, and closed his address with a powerful appeal to all present to supplement his efforts by adhering firmly to that which was true, and resisting everything that was false. A portion of the Temperance Choir, at the solicitation of Mr. Wilson, gave selections of music at intervals.—COR.

**JOHN THOMPSON.**—Your communication is not "poetry," nor has it the slightest connection with "Lord Byron." This kind of pretension brings Spiritualism into ridicule. We must use our own taste and judgment as to what is poetry, and then we will not be imposed upon by invisible humbugs.

**YORK.**—A Manchester Spiritualist who has recently migrated to York, desires to find the local agent for the MEDIUM, and to become a sitter in a circle. Kindly communicate with this Office.



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