

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

SPIRITUALISM.

ESTABLISHED: AS A MONTHLY—JUNE, 1868; AS A WEEKLY—APRIL 8, 1870.]

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER

No. 716—VOL. XIV.]

LONDON, DECEMBER 21, 1883.

[PRICE 2d.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

SPIRITUALISM is one of the natural sciences; it is a question of fact. No amount of authoritative assertion will make man immortal, unless he be naturally so—thus fashioned by the Creator; and no dogmatism and denial can disprove immortality or rob man of it, if it by birthright belong to him.

The human mind is fed by facts. All that man knows is gathered by observation or inspired into his mind by a higher power. There are thus two kinds of facts in human experience. The one kind is physical and sensuous. The other is mental in kind and moral in tendency. The first is liberal in its action, and constantly seeks to extend the boundaries of knowledge; the other is conservative, and questions the propriety of an act before committing oneself to it.

Now, Spiritualism as a system partakes of both of those kinds of facts. A large number of our fellow countrymen are prepared to admit that there is a relationship between the invisible world and the world of sense; but they question the propriety of cultivating the acquaintance of spirits. They fear they may be evil and work nothing but harm. They avoid any connection with Spiritualists, fearing that they may be a class of people, whose associations are not creditable. Thus prejudice rules the mind, and our newspapers teem with articles on Spiritualism and Spiritualists, having no basis of truth whereon to rest the superstructure that is placed before the public mind.

In the faith of the Spiritualist, the reliance on Good occupies a more prominent position than the fear of Evil. When knowledge is gained all things are seen to be good if properly used. Hence, Spiritualism challenges the fullest investigation. That there are bad men in and out of the body is admitted; but ignorance of the conditions under which they exist will never remove these evils nor render them less harmful. To point out man's relationships and how properly to observe them—towards God and Cæsar, man and spirit, the visible and the invisible—is the great mission of the Science of Spiritualism.

At this annual holiday time, marking the close of one year and the approach of another, we Spiritualists take the opportunity of laying the great question of man's immortal future before our countrymen, in this present special number of the MEDIUM. Another year has passed over our heads: whither has it led us, towards what goal do we approach? Without positive convictions on this question life is a dreary mockery. The moral purpose of life is its only enduring charm. With its light in his mind the poorest man is grateful for existence; without it, the wealthiest is a miserable wretch, who repines at his fate and regards existence as a

curse. In short, correct views on this great question form the basis of all religion and true happiness.

Can we, then, offer our fellow creatures a more appropriate and enjoyable Christmas present, with all the compliments of the season—and seasons, time without end—than some information of that kind, which is the Divine spice, adding zest to all the manifold blessings of existence?

THE PORTRAIT OF A SPIRITUALIST.

As a Supplement to this Number we give the portrait of a gentleman who writes in the MEDIUM under the initials, A. T. T. P. It is usual in giving a portrait, to accompany it with some facts derived from the biography of the person represented. This we would do much more fully than we attempt on the present occasion, were it not that A. T. T. P. has a work at present in the press, the introductory chapter of which gives a very extended sketch of his life, his mental experiences, and how he became a Spiritualist. The proof-sheet of this chapter we have perused, and from it we derive this running statement, which is all that space will permit just now.

The gentleman whose portrait we give this week is of good family, and had the education of a gentleman. After considerable travel, he studied for the Bar, was admitted, and after spending the best part of his life in India, retired on ample means, some dozen years ago. He settled down on an estate near the New Forest, overlooking The Needles, Isle of Wight. Here he hoped to spend his days in the enjoyment of agricultural pursuits. But the felicity he hoped to secure was illusory. Having found the popular religion insufficient, he had relapsed altogether into materialism, which did not endow life with satisfaction.

In this state of mind he became acquainted with Mesmerism, and found that he was a powerful mesmerist, and could heal the sick. Through experiments in clairvoyance he found that man possessed powers which the doctrines of materialism failed to account for. This caused him to think; and being a lover of truth, he desired to gain more knowledge of these psychical subjects. This brought Spiritualism before his notice. He read "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," by A. R. Wallace, F.R.S., &c., &c.; "Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism," by W. Crookes, F.R.S.; "Report of the Committee of the Dialectical Society on Spiritualism," and other works, and he soon found a world of deep interest opened out to his mind, not dreamed of in the philosophy of materialism. He called at the Spiritual Institution, where THE MEDIUM is published, and became a reader of it. We remember our first interview with him; how kindly and

seriously he listened to our views, though then he was still far from calling himself a Spiritualist. Yet we found that he was a man of vast resources of organization, and informed him that he would yet belong to the Camp of Spiritualism, which before twelve months were over actually came true, though to his mind quite improbable at the time of our statement.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF A. T. T. P.

It is frequently asked: Why is it that the spirits do not come to me? Why cannot I be a medium, and have the manifestations? The answer is, that all persons are related to the spirit world, and we all have our spiritual friends, guides, and foes, but the means and methods of spirit operation differ greatly in the great diversity of humanity. All men may realize their spirituality, but some only after very much seeking. It is hard for such minds to rise above the level of Materialism. There are others who have a superabundance of spiritual ability, and can not only get satisfaction on spiritual questions for themselves, but can be of use to others. Thus the goodness of the Creator is made manifest in the fact, that when the resources of humanity are properly utilised, no one will require to remain in spiritual darkness, but "all shall know the Lord from the least even unto the greatest." It is the mission of Spiritualism to bring this about.

When A. T. T. P. called at our office—soon after we made his acquaintance, some nine years ago it might be—and asked us to give him a phrenological examination, we found that we had an organization of extraordinary capacity under our hands. In following these remarks we beg to refer the reader to the portrait. A man of full development will be perceived, not falling short of any organic characteristic. The body is well balanced, the vitality abundant, yet the fluids are not of coarse quality. The animal forces incline more towards spirituality than the earthly plane. The peculiar development indicates what may be termed a man of soul, a man with a wide sphere of surroundings. In detailing these matters we made use of language which we never applied in any other case. We alluded to the fact that a vast number of diverse mentalities could find a means of expression in his copious magnetic atmosphere; which seems to have been a foreshadowing of his work in Spiritualism.

The brain is large, lofty, and harmonious. It indicates much force of character, sound judgment, intellectual capability. The vital forces endow the constitution with great energy. This blending of vital energy with nerve susceptibility, gives an organic quality favourable for the approach and control of spirits. From this combination of temperaments a large portion of the elements of the body are constantly kept in an atmospheric state, partaking decidedly of mental attributes, and are available for the expression of thought. This is why we were able to prognosticate that which has been so signally realized in this gentleman's intercourse with spirits.

It is organic quality that determines mediumship and the ability to derive satisfaction from sitting with mediums. A. T. T. P., as a sitter, brings with him a suitable condition and class of spirits, which use the medium to advantage. Another sitter might induce spirits to control of quite another class, and ultimately injure the medium and make his powers appear to be unreliable. Great trouble has arisen in Spiritualism through the alleged conduct of mediums, but it has been much more due to the sitters, while the censured mediums have been victims. The more private and select a medium is kept, the more peace and comfort will that medium enjoy, and the more reliable will be the communications received. We make these passing remarks for the guidance of all who may enter upon the subject, and the experiences of A. T. T. P. bear us out. Our sole aim in this Christmas Number is to be useful to mankind, and give them such hints as may be in our power, to aid them in arriving at truth respecting their spiritual nature. This is also the object of the gentleman of whom we write, who has no personal conceit or purpose of any kind to gratify in acceding to our request on the present occasion.

RECORDS OF SPIRIT CONTROLS.

After following the subject up in a general way for some years, A. T. T. P. casually met one day the medium who has been closely associated with him ever since. They met in a room, strangers, but the medium passed under spirit influence, and began to talk to A. T. T. P. about Calcutta, using the native language, and accurately describing the features of the place. This aroused his interest; a full statement of the

facts appeared in the MEDIUM soon after. A. T. T. P. then began to have sittings with the medium in private. We had known him for some years previous. He was and is a working man, though from having been in a position once where he had to use the pen, his handwriting is pretty good. Time after time the two sat together, and the medium falling into a trance was controlled by spirits to speak and give long messages. These, A. T. T. P. began to take down in a kind of cipher or short hand, such as is used by judges in taking notes of evidence. These, in the first instance, were principally from spirits of Asiatic origin, and as they were very interesting matter, a few of them were sent for insertion in the MEDIUM, under the general title of "Oriental Controls." These were succeeded by others of a more general character, but bearing the names of spirits of ancient times, and they were styled "Historical Controls." More recently he spirits deal more with questions of general interest, and allude less to biographical matters, so that the title which they formerly bore cannot now be applied to them.

It may be asked—What evidences are there that these trance communications are not learned by heart and delivered as if coming from spirits. Their vast number is an objection to this theory. Over one thousand have been recorded, sometimes several in a week; and much of the matter is impromptu, in reply to remarks made by the Recorder, A. T. T. P. The personages from whom the messages purport to come, are of the most diverse character, ancient and modern. It is hard work for an educated person to find traces of them in the Biographical Dictionaries. Many of the particulars given are not to be found in books, but they are stated as from a mind that knows all about the man's life; and these new features often explain that which has puzzled historians, or rendered the character, as found in history, contradictory. Quotations from works are frequently given, and these are unknown, often, to the Recorder. Names are pronounced which he has never heard of, so that he has to write them phonetically. Passages in languages, ancient and modern, are quoted, and these can be frequently traced to classical authors, or they are the vernacular of people with whom the medium is wholly unacquainted. In modern instances the Medium or Sensitive gives utterance to personal particulars which can be verified. Besides these points, others arise in the process of dictation which are of a remarkable character. The medium will be sitting entranced—eyes shut, so that he cannot see anything; or he may be walking about the room in a similar condition, and so situated that he could not see what the Recorder writes even if he had his eyes open. Under these circumstances the Recorder will be writing down the wrong word, when the spirit will at once stop him and give the correction. When stray thoughts enter the Recorder's mind, as he is taking down the utterances of the Sensitive, the latter will at once point it out, and say how much it interferes with the process. We might multiply instances to show that the Sensitive is wholly genuine in the matter, and that there is a wonderful mental process going on, in which both the mind of the Sensitive and the Recorder take part, in addition to some other minds which belong no one in the body.

The class of spirits which control, depend on the conditions. A few months ago we published a case in which some spirit of a defunct drunkard laid hold of the Sensitive and made him drink till he was intoxicated. On that occasion, a spirit who in earth-life had been degraded by drink, and still loved it, took control. Anger, or any passion of the mind induces the control of spirits of a kind in keeping with the passion in activity. Exalted spirits sometimes desire to control, and cannot do so because of the unsuitableness of the conditions which the present aspect of human society affords. Thus, though the message may come from a spirit, still the mind of the Sensitive and Recorder are party to its being delivered, and when the minds of these persons are in a state of inharmony, from any cause, the message is sure to partake of features thus induced.

Several hundreds of these messages have appeared in the MEDIUM. Somewhere about forty have been printed during the present year. Just here we will introduce one as a specimen. It purports to be given by the late Dean Stanley, who was acquainted with Spiritualism when in earth-life. He repeats an argument which the Sensitive used under his influence when discussing with a Secularist:—

DOES EVIL IMPUGN THE GOODNESS OF GOD?

A CONTROL BY "DEAN STANLEY."

Recorded by A. T. T. P., November 21, 1883.

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

[This is a Control where the Sensitive, on his road to my chambers, was interviewed by a Secularist, who having asked him whether he believed in a God, and being told that he did; made use of the words repeated by the Control.]

The Sensitive, under control, said:—

"If God is Almighty, then all things are known to Him; all causes and all results. If you believe, then, in an Almighty God, I ask you—Is He the cause of the prevailing misery, of famine, and of death down in the dark mine, or on the bosom of the ocean? If He is all good, why this prevailing death and disease? Why the death agony of thousands of sufferers, when Ischia was laid in ruins, burying in them the unhappy ones over whom your God exercises, according to your admission, providential protection?"

This was put to the Sensitive in his normal state, on his admitting "That he believed in a God, and that he also believed in a future state, and that man did not perish like a beast of the field, but lived on under the providence of the Almighty for ever and for ever." The questioner would have found but poor satisfaction, had the Sensitive been left unaided in his hands! for he was one who had contested with the best of the Christian Evidence Society, and successfully had held his own. But it being necessary that aid should be given to the Sensitive, I was for this purpose deputed.

The Sensitive said: "So far from the slightest slur resting on the goodness of God, I consider that there is no earthly trace, that even faintly represents the position between God and man. He is more than what a parent is to his child, although the parent lives but to labour for the welfare of his own; God's feeling towards man exceeds the parent's love, for God is many degrees more perfect in love than the parent is; and can we conceive that He will not exercise this love for man's welfare? You have referred to explosions in mines, to shipwrecks by sea, earthquakes on land, and other natural and fatal evils. I know that these are deeply afflictive. Life in such cases seems to have been given but to be hastily removed. Such events make men's hearts die within them, and dark sorrow brings up many faint remembrances. We think of the lost ones, and of their qualities; we think of the happy hours spent with them; we think of their words of wisdom, of their hallowed and virtuous affections, but is this an irremediable and irrevocable affliction? Is it unalterable misery? Or is it an evil from which good must result?"

"Men are born to immortality; their new birth has come on them in their moments of dying agony. They have not travelled to a fairer world by the more easy stage of the sick body, but still an entrance into immortality is a true mercy at the hands of God, if it has pleased Him so to order."

"God cannot change natural law for the benefit of the one or the many; neither on any occasion have natural laws been suspended; and He who framed this natural law foresaw all the consequences in the beginning of time, even when He created them. The very fact of the law existing proves that its results cannot be inconsistent with perfect benevolence, and he who judges otherwise is charging the Almighty with maladministration."

"Man has the most solid reason for adopting the conclusion, that nothing can happen without God's knowledge, and that all the vast affairs of the universe in every particular event, in every instant of time, are under the wisest and the best direction. The truth, which all thinking men must acknowledge, is this—That the dawn of a new era, of a newer revelation, belongs to men of to-day, and that this fact is being recognised by the most diffident and wary amongst men. Its work is to purify the hearts of men, and to exalt their hopes both on earth and in the hereafter; preparing them for that pure and ever-increasing happiness, which God gave when He bestowed on men the greatest of all His gifts—immortality. Would you have me believe, because a vessel sinks with all on board, or because the wails of the widow and the cries of the fatherless are heard at the mine's shaft, that God has cut Himself off from all interference with man? No; I could never accept such a belief. I believe God to be the Sovereign Arbitrer of all events here and hereafter. He makes the sun to shine and the rain to fall. Through God the Judges of the land decree justice, and God retaineth every soul in the situation which He judges fit. It is He who hath appointed times to all, and the places in which they shall dwell. He hath clothed the world with richness, and filled it with a variety of exquisite beauties. The meanest flower, which grows on the hedge side, He has adorned with artistic skill; and shall His noblest creature, Man, pass by unheeded? No; for there is a God—a God of providential care."

"But it is your right to ask, what is my opinion respecting the part which these natural evils to man play in the government of my God; and as that remains but partially answered I will try and answer it fully. It is, indeed, a consistent ques-

tion. It has pleased God to reveal Himself to man, in this the present time, by means of most interesting truths, and great natural phenomena respecting man beyond the grave. The very laws by which God governs the universe, endow science with fresh discoveries; the latest being that which has come to man, a brighter and a fuller light; and, as a consequence, we shall have men of patience and profound enquiry, free from temptation to carelessness; a community with enlightened minds, and with souls filled with ardent zeal. There is still a little period of danger and suffering. The chosen pioneers have still to listen a little longer to menace and execration; but it is God's will to save men, who are in love with liberty; to save those who already feel for the suffering of their fellow beings. He has given to such pioneers the angelic spirit of forbearance, that they may tide over this small passage of tribulation, for patience, gentleness, and caution are needed. Experience tones down irritability; impetuosity never gained any triumphs, and the failure of the present should act but as a lesson to them, the better to prepare for the success which lies in the immediate future."

"It has been said by many, that God permits evil, but does not appoint it; but God foresees all results. He gave to man all his propensities: how to live, how to work, where to work, and how to reason. He appointed every experience, and fixed the strength of every motive. This being so, good and evil, both physical and natural, come but from one source; are derived only from one plane, and that source is the Almighty God. Then, of evils; and who can argue that such terrible disasters as earthquakes and shipwrecks are not undoubtedly evils in earth experiences, and their source is clearly traceable to the Almighty Father of all men. Well; I believe that all physical and moral evil is appointed for a further end; not for the infliction of pain, but for the production of a more perfected happiness. I believe that evil in the hands of God is the means of producing ultimate good. I believe that the proof is ready to hand. Who will say that hunger is not an evil; but the ultimate good is, when hunger is appeased, and gratified appetite produces the ultimate good. Take all the horrors of human life on earth, and all men's crimes, and they are evils; but the most important lessons have been learnt from these evils, and from these men. The excellencies of virtue have made their claim on man's attention, and a great desire has possessed even the fallen amongst men to try and gain the reward of virtue. Evil is evil only, because it produces misery. Evil can produce nothing else. Every deviation from good must be attended with misery sooner or later in varying degree; but punishment never comes without an inducement to penitence. If this be so, and often penitence is firm and lasting; if this be so in the case of minor evils, which are really proved to be the means towards ultimate good, is it not fair to argue that, in the greater evils which visit men on earth, that they are but steps nearer to that good towards which men are progressing?"

"I go further, and say, that evil is not only conducive to the natural conditions of man, but in reality is the very source to which he is indebted for the creation of all his conveniences and comforts. Let me try and prove this. If there were not contumely and injustice, there would be no forbearance. If there were none who were tyrants, violating the rights of others and neglecting their mutual responsibility, there would be no forgiveness amongst men. There could neither be charitable sympathy nor compassion; therefore, what men conceive of evil, is but another form of good in the plan of the living God. Then there is the consequence of this fuller light of the present day, that all punishment is self-inflicted; that all evil is self-conceived, and that punishment is but correcting Self. That it is man's destiny to be ultimately restored to purity and happiness. That I believe in God is indisputably true, and from that belief no hypothesis, no theory will ever drive me. I may not have proved to your satisfaction, that he who can believe in God can also believe that God is Almighty, and that from Him all results flow; that God benevolently counteracts evil by making it an instrument of good. Would you have me believe that my God is malignant and cruel because men die? Bad as this belief would be, it could be made worse by believing that myriads on myriads of my brothers and sisters are doomed to inexpressible torment, and never-ending misery. This is a belief which would be orthodox; either hypothesis my heart execrates: the minor one would make me only doubt the wisdom and goodness of my God; but the orthodox doctrine would make me deny the mercy of my God. Man has not, in accordance with law, the liberty of doing evil, even with a good design; for man is not omnipotent; he cannot foresee results, and therefore cannot make his purpose a sure one; but God, with perfect knowledge and almighty power, can foresee, can make sure His purpose, can complete what would be ruinous for man to attempt."

"I believe, then, that God planned all in benevolence in eternity, and for ever-increasing felicity to all men. Much light has been thrown on the work of Almighty God in this nineteenth century, but the most lasting, and the most useful lesson to man has been, that evidence which has established the doctrine of the ultimate happiness of all, and the universal restoration to happiness as breathed in every event of man's life on earth. I am not bound to bring forth evidence of this

in order to harmonize with the Bible; I do believe in God, and yet have a perfect right to dispute the claims of Bible revelation. Every piece of evidence, from whatever source derived, if it be just, must harmonize with truth, and if the Bible be true, it must harmonize with the Truth itself. One single, solid piece of evidence founded on just principles is acceptable; the just principle being that of truth. A newer Revelation, then, than that of Ezra or of the Apostles of the Christian era is in the possession of men to-day; a revelation which they value, and which is leading them to just and noble conclusions; one not confined to the few, but spreading wider every day.

"I believe God to be infinitely good; I believe that the earth abounds with proofs of His goodness; His perfect goodness. He, who could create so beautiful an earth, must be perfectly good. There is wisdom in every portion of His government. The Creator of the world makes known His intelligence. So that we have proved the intelligence and goodness of God, in which there is no want nor weakness, for He, who can create all things, needs nothing. He who created all things must have perfect knowledge of them, and logically must be incapable of error. Now evil can arise from no other source than weakness; now God having no weakness cannot be evil.

"You ask me: How does envy, malice, hatred or injustice arise? Let me take envy first. An envious man is one, who desires what cannot be attained. God, who can attain all things, must be incapable of envy. Injustice is withholding from another, that whose right it is. He then, who can attain all good, cannot be unjust. Thus the soul recognises Him as the Supreme or Almighty God. Now He, who is Infinite in power, Almighty in goodness, and great in mercy, has as His reward, His gratification of such His desire which is in the obedience of man's will. It is in man cultivating his reason, in this pure and unalloyed happiness, that the Almighty reaps His reward for creation, and in obedience to God man reaps his; for man can realize the pleasure of a cultivated understanding, of perceptions quickened, and endowed with new gifts; a life in a world of beauty, to which the ignorant are strangers. All these are ministering to improvement and gratification; every object is awakening fancy, and giving a life of soothing, elevating, and delightful pleasure. Such is the reward, which reason when cultivated, bestows on its votaries.

"The life of man should be a life of happiness. But how few there are, who are realizing a full harvest out of cultivated reason. Some there are whom the taste of liberty has maddened, and others whom doctrine has fettered. These are not reaping the full harvest of emancipated reason; for some are believing too much, and others are believing not enough. There is a great looking forward to the future by the men of to-day. Men can live actually in the past, as well as in the future, and spiritual facts will soon make this truth known, that men are mutually dependent: men both of the past as well as of the present. It is an essential part of the plan of God, that the highest happiness enjoyed by man can only be known through man.

"The time is not far distant, when men shall realize, that they have within reach in their own homes the newer and brighter, because truer, Revelation, than this of Ezra, or the Old Testament, or than the writings of the Evangelists and the Apostles; a Revelation which shall speak all languages, all dialects with an accurate knowledge of all provincialisms; a Revelation, which shall tell men that God's plan is thorough and complete; a plan which inevitably has embraced natural result: which take the form of evil, but which are in perfect consistency with the character of the universal Father, and in accordance with His plan, which embraces the government of all worlds, and whose ultimate object is the perfection and happiness of men, and consequently, that which is known as physical and moral evil, through the wise dispensation of a benevolent Deity, acts but as a stepping-stone to ultimate good."

The atheistic acquaintance of the Sensitive was silenced, even if not convinced.

I shall meet with him again; and in accordance with your idea of having witnesses, shall have an opportunity of speaking with him again before witnesses.

May God in heaven bless you.

I may here say, that when the Sensitive came he brought with him a spirit drawing by an entirely new artist, of whom I never heard, who signs himself El Mudo, Juan Hernandez Naverite, of whom biography says: "Born A.D. 1524, died A.D. 1577; deaf and dumb," hence his name El Mudo: that he executed some excellent paintings, and is said to have been a pupil of Titian, or if not a pupil, that he visited Italy and studied Titian's works. The subject matter of the picture is three heads. Those of Madame Guyon, the well-known founder of the Quietists in France in the Seventeenth Century; Ezra, the Jewish Prophet in the centre; and on the right, that of Ammonius Saccas, a Greek philosopher of the Second Century, and founder of the school of the Neo Platonists. This is certainly a most strange mixture; but when my good friend, "Dean Stanley," had finished what he had to say about the Sensitive and his interview, he took this picture in hand, and began talking of Ezra as being the "compiler

of the Old Testament;" He having reduced to writing the various Jewish Traditions, which up to his time had been passed orally from generation to generation. He then called my attention to what was written on the picture, that Ezra was the spiritual guide both of Ammonius Saccas and Madame Guyon; and he also told me which did not appear on the picture, namely, that Madame Guyon was the first real Spiritualist in Modern Europe.

I had long been under the impression that Ezra was, as "Dean Stanley" described him. How, or where, or when, I got these impressions, I know not, but the information of "Dean Stanley's" account will explain how some of the glaring inconsistencies cropping out here and there in the Old Testament, can have occurred, viz., by the compiler putting in traditions contradicting each other, without noticing them; for instance, Moses could not have written a book describing his own burying place.

PORTRAITS OF SPIRITS DRAWN THROUGH THE MEDIUM OR SENSITIVE.

We now approach the second section of the subject. The longer the acquaintance with these drawing phenomena, the more impressive they become. When the works of the several spirit artists are seen side by side, the identity of style is very striking. The range of treatment has been quite extensive. There have been many portraits of well-known characters, some of them remarkable likenesses; and to be dashed off hastily, very creditably finished. Notably so was the portrait of Ada Byron, daughter of Lord Byron, which was noticed in the MEDIUM a year ago. It was at once recognised by those who had seen original portraits in the possession of the family. Classical and nude figures have been very remarkable for the artistic power displayed. We asked A. T. T. P. for such information as he could afford on this manifestation, when he kindly supplied the following:—

To the Editor,—You ask me under what circumstances I get the spiritual drawings of which you have given a facsimile copy in the MEDIUM of this present number. I may say, about six years ago the Medium with whom I sit, brought me a likeness of Dost Mahomed Khan, the celebrated Afghan ruler, purporting to be done by an artist calling himself "Freeholder," but who I believe is Benvenuto Cellini, the celebrated artist and goldsmith, who flourished in the sixteenth century. At a sitting held a few days after this, "William Blake," who was known as the spirit artist, and who passed away in 1828, controlled the Sensitive, and told me that "Freeholder," alias "Benvenuto Cellini," had his work to do, and that work was through the hands of my Medium; to give me a number of sketches on various subjects. He said that I must not expect first class work from the hands of a long shore porter; that in his own case "Freeholder" worked through the hand of a skilled engraver. He then mentioned several of his pictures, all of which, he said, were done by him while the Sensitive was in trance, his hand being guided by "Freeholder." He then gave me instructions to get paper, paints, and brushes, and to give them to the Sensitive, which I did. On that very same evening, after "William Blake" ceased to control, "Benvenuto Cellini" controlled very violently, talking Italian and rattling away at a fearful rate. Seizing a piece of chalk that happened to be on the table, he drew on it a full-sized human head, wonderfully well done, and often since has he in my presence given me pen and ink sketches.

The bulk of the pictures are done in the Sensitive's own house, sometimes in the dark and sometimes in daylight. It seems as if the power was indirectly derived from me, as it is only either shortly before or shortly after a visit to me that I get any of these pictures. I have now received upwards of a hundred and fifty, the most of which bear the name of "Freeholder." I have also pictures bearing the name of "Adam Pynaker," a Dutch artist, who lived in the seventeenth century; "Reni Guido," "Alonzo Cano," "Michael Angelo," "Fuseli," "William Elstob," and latterly by "Naverite," known as "the Mute"; he who gave me that picture of which you have given a diminished copy in this present MEDIUM. There is nothing new in these spirit drawings, there are many others through whose agency they have been given, and notably through that of Mr. D. Duguid, of Glasgow.

I write these few remarks simply for believers in spiritual communication. Spirit drawing through the hands of an illiterate uneducated man, is only one of the many ways and means through which the unseen world forces itself on the attention of those who want something real and objective before they can realize not merely an immortality on the "goat and sheep" principle, but an active, ever-progressing conscious immortality, which teaches that, whatever may be the beginning of life, the grave is not its end; that human life is too short to work up to its intended purpose, and that therefore to carry out the intention of Life's Creator, it is destined to live

in another form, but retaining the individuality it made in its earth form; ever progressing towards but never reaching perfection. For God alone is Perfection.

Many of my sceptical friends are puzzled with the manifestations, and think them strange, but they have not the courage to try whether they would or would not get the same results did they go the same way to work. I am constantly bored: Why? Why? Why? Why this or why that, and my only answer is: I know nothing of the why; all I know is, that I get these pictures, and these different controls—through the hands in the one case, and through the mouth in the other, of an uneducated working man.—Yours, etc., A.T.T.P.

Our facsimile does not quite do justice to the original drawings. They are washed over with colour, which the photographic process does not truthfully reproduce. For instance, the rays surmounting the left and right hand figures are golden in the original, but they photograph black. It would be well for the controls to work in black and white on such subjects as are intended for reproduction. The whole of the work is given, the reduction being about one half. The inscriptions at the foot are in the careful style of the Medium, but the signature, "El Mudo," is not his. All the spirits that control give a peculiar signature, some of which might be compared with their hand-writing in earth-life, but we are not aware that it has ever been done in the case of this medium, though it has been successfully accomplished with other mediums. A few years ago we published a facsimile of different hand-writings and sketches of faces, dashed off by the entranced medium in the presence of A. T. T. P.

The three spirits represented, belong to three different eras of spiritual expression, "Ezra" comes first: he is generally credited with the compilation of the Jewish Scriptures, on the return from the Babylonish captivity. The Law, the Pentateuch, was then possibly the only part considered divine or in form. Spiritualism shows that Moses or other Recorders might receive the Decalogue and other matters from spiritual sources, and yet, as a whole, it might not be the infallible and all-comprehensive "Word of God," as held by the Church at the present day.

The portrait of "Ezra," indicates a wiry, working organism, with a full brain, great energy, and a fine sense of literary discrimination. He would be bold, wary, persevering, enthusiastic; somewhat rash; a man who would not allow small matters to stand in the way of his purposes—just such a man as would have the ability, force of character, self-sufficiency, and temerity to do such a work as gathering together the scattered materials of a Bible—"God's Word!" He does not seem to be an inspired man so much as a literary editor acting under impression; though possibly capable of the trance. These features of character we gather phrenologically from the portrait drawn through the entranced medium, and which is presented to the readers of the MEDIUM this week.

Ammonius Saccas was not a theologian, but a philosopher. The inscription states that Ezra was his spirit guide, and afterwards that of Madame Guyon. The Alexandrian Greek founded the Eclectic School of philosophy, in many respects closely allied to that form of thought, which has prevailed in Christianity. We see here a link between Egypt and the present day, in the labours of this thinker and his collaborators. Ezra was a servile ritualist; in Ammonius, we have a man of more soul; one who could *feel* the truth and laboured to express it afresh, through the conflicting forms that then prevailed. He formed a kind of halfway house between the ancient and the modern, and that which is to be in the immediate future. As a system it has been incoherent, speculative and unsatisfactory.

In Madame Guyon we have a true Spiritualist. She was highly inspired—all soul, and spiritual energy. Rays of inspiration crown her and her opposite, while Ezra is devoid of the soul realization of spiritual truth. The Quietists of France, of which Madame Guyon was a founder and leader, were something like our Quakers. She rejected altogether external forms in connection with religion, but expressed in a glowing manner an experimental piety, which moved her hearers in an extraordinary way. This did not please the Church. She was grievously persecuted; shut up in a monastery and then in the Bastille. The great and saintly Fenelon, author of "Telemachus," was her friend, and suffered much for sharing her opinions. He was the best man of his age; a true Spiritualist, and yet he was shamefully persecuted; because he was too good and knew too much of truth to be the creature of ecclesiasticism. Is it not so to-day?

As a specimen of Madame Guyon's thought, we take the following extract from a recent number of the "Christian

World Pulpit." We are glad to see that such a prominent publishing house is beginning to cull from the writings of Spiritualists:—

IN HARMONY WITH GOD.—Whenever I meet with the will of God, I feel that I meet with God; whenever I respect and love the will of God, I feel that I respect and love God; whenever I unite with the will of God, I feel that I unite with God, so that practically and religiously, although I am aware that difference can be made philosophically, God and the will of God are to me the same. He who is in perfect harmony with God is as much in harmony with God Himself as is possible for any being to be. The very name of God fills my soul with joy.

A volume translated from Madame Guyon, was published by John Thomson, Glasgow, a few years ago. The Spiritual writings of Fenelon, and this writer should be made more fully known. The sentiment in the extract we quote is well sustained by that in the message of "Dean Stanley" given above.

We must close this faulty review of A. T. T. P.'s work, with the statement that portions of it appear in the MEDIUM quite frequently, and his forthcoming work, in addition to his personal experience as a Spiritualist, will contain upwards of 50 of the most select spirit communications, out of the great number which he has received.

As a last word we would remark that in these communications recorded by A. T. T. P., there is not the slightest motive for deception. The medium is indeed a working man, and the matter is entirely beyond his control. Agreeable to A. T. T. P.'s convenience he sits with him; in which capacity he is a mere passive instrument. A. T. T. P., as a gentleman of ability, education, and vast experience, starting as a sceptic, is not likely to be duped. If so, he would be his own victim. His spiritual work not only costs him money, but it entails on him an astonishing amount of labour. All these lengthy communications have first to be taken down in cipher from the lips of the Sensitive, after which they are regularly deciphered and transcribed. All this would be quite a laborious task for a gentleman over his three-score-and-ten, were it not that he is sustained by the conviction gained of experience, that he is indeed in communion with the spirit world, and thereby bestowing truths on humanity, for lack of which many perish, and society gropes and groans in darkness.

AN EGYPTIAN CHRISTMAS CAROL.

ODE TO OSIRIS.

From a Stele in the reign of Thothmes.

18th dynasty, 1,570 B.C.

O Osiris! to Thee, the Great Lord of all times!
Thou art King of the Gods, and with names manifold;
Who in changes of form, art most holy and high;
In Thy Being, majestic; in the temples adored,
In the which are Thy Forms, that are mystic portrayed.
In the West Thou dost dwell, and in Sokhem contained
As the One who art Great; and as Master invoked.
In the Temple of On, Thou art praised as the One
Who art First, and from whom all fertility comes.
To command is Thy right, who dost sit on the Seat
In the Hall of Two Truths, where the judgment is given.
O Mysterious Soul! Thou art Soul of the Sun;
Thou art Holy, and Great—of the Wall that is White;
In the region of Ner, of the Tree which is Life.
Thou art Author of Prayers, for to Thee they are said.
To keep vigilant watch, is existent Thy Soul:
In the temples Thy Names, are of manifold forms:
Thou art worshipped as Lord! and the Terrible One!
As the Lord of the Age; of the times without end.
All who go to the place in which Thou dost dwell,
They must pass by the road, through the gate of the tomb.
In the mouths of all men, Everlasting! Thy name.
Thou art Maker of Worlds, and the Feeder of Gods,
And the Spirit of God, in the dwelling of Souls.
The great River of Heaven has its waters from Thee.
'Tis for Thee that the ground in abundance brings forth.
Thou dost open the gates, and the heaven on high,
With its Stars must obey Thy great word of command.
In the South of the heavens, as the Master invoked:
In the North of the heavens, they adore Him as Lord.
Both the Stars that are fixed, and the others that move,
Are the place where He dwells, and are under His face.
By the orders of Seb, must all gifts be to Him;
All the Gods in the heavens and the Spirits below,

Must the reverence yield, and to Him give the praise.
 They see Him who is high, and in awe they behold,
 As His Holiness moves through the vault of the sky.
 In His dignity great, He is first of all Souls,
 Of His Kingdom no end, for established it is.
 All the Gods own His sway: He is highly beloved,
 By all those who behold, for His face is most fair.
 He imposes His fear in all lands of the earth,
 And they love to exalt Him the First over all.
 There are none to complain, there's abundance for each;
 As in heaven so on earth, He is Lord of renown.
 In the times of the feasts, then His praises resound,
 And from both the two worlds they in unison rise.
 As the eldest by birth, of his brethren the first,
 He is King of the Gods, and 'tis His to bear rule.
 In the two hemispheres, in the worlds that are there,
 It is He who maintains and gives justice to all.
 It is He who hath placed on the Seat of the Sire,
 And has handed to Horus—His Son and His Heir—
 The Insignia, which to his office pertain.
 The delight of His Sire; of His Mother the love;
 He is valiant and strong; overthrows the impure;
 His opponents he strikes—but Himself none can touch;
 He inspires with His fear all the hearts of His foes,
 He has taken the bounds, which the wicked had fixed.
 He is steadfast in will; He is watchful and firm,
 As the offspring of Seb, who His virtues hath seen.
 He is Ruler of worlds; and to Him hath been given
 All the nations of Earth, who must yield to His sway.
 He created this world, by the power of His hands,
 With its waters, its air, vegetation and flocks,
 As well creatures that fly, and the four-footed beasts.
 To the Son of great Nou, is all judgment assigned,
 And the world is at rest, when the throne He ascends,
 Which the Father had made for His Son to succeed.
 Like the Sun in the sky, He enlightens the dark;
 By the plumes on His head, He disperses the shade.
 As the Sun—at the dawn of each day as it comes,
 Doth this world inundate—so His coming compares;
 At the top of the heavens doth His diadem shine,
 His companions are Stars, as they run in their course:
 As the Leader of Gods, they accept Him as Guide.
 Both in will and in word, He is good and is true;
 He elicits the love of the small and the great.
 It is Isis the good, both His Sister and Spouse,
 That with vigilant eyes o'er His body kept watch.
 She dispersed all his foes, and all evil repelled
 By the force of Her voice and the words from Her mouth,
 For Her wisdom is such that Her speech never fails.
 She avenged all the wrongs that her brother endured.
 With Her heart full of grief, when they took Him away,
 Though lamenting Her loss, yet She never repined.
 Then commencing the search for the dead One's remains,
 She set out on the trail, and she never once stayed,—
 For no stop would She brook, in the journey She made,
 Till the lost One was found, and 'twas then that She paused,
 With Her wings at full stretch, which She spread o'er the
 corpse.
 She made air to vibrate, for the dead to inhale;
 And the rites She performed for the burial scene:
 The remains of Her Lord were infilled with new life;
 And extracting therefrom, that by which She conceived,
 She gave birth to the Child, who in secret She nursed;
 There are none who can tell, how or where this occurred.
 But the arm of Her Son hath developed in strength
 In the dwelling of Seb, that extends o'er the earth.
 At His Advent, the Gods give the glory to Him,
 And with joyous acclaim do they hail His approach,
 As the Heir who succeeds to His Father's domain.
 It is Horus, the Son, who—by Isis brought forth,
 By Osiris begot—is courageous and just.
 By the mighty in heaven, by the Gods who are there,
 He was seen and received: and by them recognised.
 As the Boy, who himself is the Lord of all things.
 The great lords who had sat in the past on the seat,
 Where the judgment was held for the sins of this world,
 Their authority gave to the hands of its Lord,
 For to Him it belongs, in whose reign there is peace;
 'Tis established, His right, for His action was just,
 And the title is his, which his Father had borne.
 By the orders of Seb, he wears Royalty's garb;
 And the Kingdom He takes of both worlds to Himself.
 On his head sits the Crown of the regions on high.
 As the Judge of this world, He will do what is right.

Both the earth and the heavens are beneath Him in space,
 His commands are obeyed by the race of mankind.
 E'en the orb of the Sun as its circuit it makes,
 He controls, and the winds, with the waters and air,
 Vegetation and trees of the wood own His sway.
 As the Life of all herbs He fecundates the seeds;
 With abundance He causes the earth to bring forth.
 He dispenses His gifts with most liberal hand,
 On the earth, so that all may be fed and be glad,
 And their hearts may rejoice, who His bounty receive,
 And with joy in their breasts they to Him give the praise,
 For His goodness and love, which are gentle and mild.
 There are none but must give all the glory to Him,
 For his tenderness melts the most obdurate heart,
 And His love is so great, that each bosom is filled.
 To the offspring of Isis—to Horus Her Son
 Must the offerings be made,—'tis His due and His right.
 When his anger is roused, then His foes must succumb;
 By the sound of His voice He makes evil to cease.
 To the end of His time has the violent come,
 The avenger draws nigh, and will judgment award;
 For the Son—born of Isis—has conquered the foe.
 And His name is most holy, His goodness is vast;
 Veneration to Him shall be offered by all,
 And respect for His laws that can never be changed.
 Now is opened the path for the wayfarer's tread;
 The two worlds are at peace, for all evils depart;
 And the earth shall bring forth, in abundance and joy:
 For the sway of its Lord, to its boundaries reach.
 He, iniquity, sin, and all evil, forgives.
 Oh! how mild is Thy heart, who art Isis's Son:
 Of the uppermost heaven Thou hast taken the crown,
 And to Thee has been given all the dwelling of Seb,
 With authority, which, to Thy Father pertained!
 In the writings of Thoth, and the words of the Seer:
 Are contained what is said in regard to this truth.
 As the Father commands, e'en so shall it be done,
 In accordance therewith, with the word that He spake.

The above Ode is from a stele of a functionary named Amen-em-ha, who appears to have been connected with the Temple of Ammon at Thebes, and is supposed to have lived in the reign of *Thothmes I.* The stele itself is in the Bibliothèque Nationale, in Paris, and is translated in "R. P.," vol. IV., p. 99. It is this translation which I have used, so as to put it into metrical form, rigidly keeping to the ideas, and using the words of the translation as far as possible; but the sense, as I have rendered it, is in perfect harmony with the original.

Although the Translators have headed it "Hymn to Osiris," in reality it is a composition comparable to our Christmas Carols; commemorative of the Birth of Horus, exactly as the Carols are of the Birth of Jesus. I have given this Ode at length, inasmuch as being applicable to the approaching Christmas and New Year's Festivals, it proves that these very Christian Festivals were antedated in Egypt upwards of 1,500 years before Jesus was said to have been born. At that time it was in general use (as see the numerous examples in the necropolis of Memphis, as well as of Thebes), and was used in the Temple Services of that remote period. Like portions of the Ritual, it was utilised for funereal monuments, &c.

The Ode is extremely valuable, inasmuch as it presents in a condensed form the Egyptian theology which prevailed with but little radical change from the commencement to the extinction of the kingdom. It will be seen at once, that the conception is in strict accord with the Christian doctrines, and in fact, excepting the names, they are identical. Substitute Jehovah for Osiris, the Father; Mary, for Isis, the Mother; and Jesus, for Horus, the Son, and the rest is the same.

The *Dramatis Personæ* of the Ode are based upon the solar Phenomena, which the author has plainly made manifest. The Death of Osiris refers to the expiration of the annual cycle, and the Birth of Horus—as the successor of his Father—is simply the commencement of a new year. As the sun reaches the lowest point (*in appearance*) of the winter southern arc, at the winter solstice, he is said there to die, and is reproduced, or born again, at that point; from which he commences to rise till he reaches the vernal equinox and summer solstice, where he is in his glory, or glorified. On this natural phenomenon rests the vast theological superstructures which form the Religions of the world; the fundamental idea of which is—resurrection! *i.e.*, the rising again from the grave, or the dead, in a new form, to enter upon a new life. With this as a key, the whole becomes

transparent. Considered from the intellectual and spiritual stand-point, the whole allegory is—not only lofty in conception and beauty of thought, but—*true in fact*; and demonstrates the clear insight that the Egyptian Hierophants had into spiritual verities, as well as the confidence with which they spoke of the continuation of conscious life beyond the grave. How they became possessed with the knowledge, is no secret to those who are acquainted with modern psychology. To the discredit of modern Christianity, be it said, that that knowledge—which is as attainable at the present as ever it was in the long, long past—is taboo'd; and as a consequence, it is obliged to fall back on writings and records (which are only intelligible in psychological light) of many centuries past, and which admit of no substantiation, but must be *believed* as having literally occurred, under penalty of ostracism from Church associations, and a threat of eternal condemnation. Such is the plight to which Christian Sacerdotalism is reduced, in consequence of its unholy and unnatural alliance with the agnostic materialism of the day.

When I speak of Psychology, I mean all that is comprehended in the Science of Man—not as a mere animal that is born to find its pleasures in sensual enjoyments, but—as a Spiritual Being, compounded of all the substances, qualities, and principles, ranging from the animal right up to—God! Surely with such a subject, he who ignores the highest and only enduring part of humanity, and would close the gate which opens to fields of research worthy of man—who has the germ of the angel and the God within himself—is guilty of treachery to the nobility of his own nature. This is the great sin of the Christian system (at least on its so-called Evangelical side), that “it neither goes within the gates of knowledge and experience itself, nor will it permit others that would to enter therein.” The Romish section allows it *within certain limitations*; but true to its instincts and spirit, it only permits that to be known and practiced which tends to support her own ecclesiastical claims and power.

Returning to the Ode, and using the allegory as a stepping-stone to ascend to catch a view of that which is allegorised, we shall see that the eulogy bestowed is not overdrawn. The Personalities are veils which cover living principles, precisely as the human physical body itself hides, or encases, the vital substances and essences that are alone human; and what these are I here explain in language as plain as the subject permits.

The Osiris is the Psyche (commonly known as Soul) within the human organism, and like the natural Sun which *appears* to go into darkness, or death, but which in reality neither goes into darkness nor dies! even so, the Soul—the true Ego—neither is born nor dies. But as the Sun *appears* to go out and die to sight, so the Soul appears to become extinct at death, for it vanishes from sight. Here we have the dead Osiris; and the dismemberment of his parts, is the dispersion of the atoms which formed the physical body in earthly life and conditions.

Now Isis comes on the scene, and sets out in search of the dispersed portions, and finding them, she collects them together—excepting the one part, the phallus (which is the symbol of the animal organism)—and then extracts the *essences*, from which she conceives and brings forth a child, at once the successor and reproduction of his Father. (I call attention to the very significant sentence introduced at this part: “but where and how this occurred, no man knows.”) To understand this part (I must assume acquiescence in what I am advancing for the purpose of elucidating the meanings). Man must be considered as a *dual* being—in reality, much more, but this is enough for present purpose,—formed of two interior radicals, named Understanding and Will; or Intelligence and Force; or Wisdom and Love; the latter of which is the life-bearing principle and faculty. In proof of this we have the male and female, each of whose organic structures is duplex, *i.e.*, 2 arms, 2 legs, 2 eyes, 2 nostrils, 2 lungs, &c.

That which is symbolised by the Isis, in the allegory, is the innate love of life, or desire for continued existence, and this is essentially the feminine principle. The collection of the dispersed members, and the extraction of the essences, is the withdrawal of the psychic elements from the physical body; and it is those essential elements that form the covering for the Soul—ego—of the new individuality, as diverse from the old personality. This is called the “Child that is born in secret” (because the process is invisible to the outer eye); and, as Horus, it is the successor of Osiris, which are convertible terms to express the same Ego in progressive conditions of existence and being. That which becomes visible to clairvoyance is an *actual* phenomenal objective form

—known to Occultists as the astral body—and hermetic literature teems with narratives concerning the appearance and visibility of this apparitional spectre.

The joyous reception of the young child, Horus, by the Gods, is the expression of ecstasy experienced by the newborn Being, finding itself a conscious Individuality in another sphere of existence, and its recognition as such by those who have preceded it in the same experience. It is the process—possessed by this (apparently) new Being—that is symbolised by the possession of the throne of Osiris by Horus. Nevertheless, the Osiris is still the Great God: which simply means that the *interior life*—or that which creates the form—continues, on a more exalted plane: for the inmost life-principle itself is incorruptible, unchangeable, and eternal, and to which past, present, and future, have no application.

This esoteric key unlocks all the symbology, so graphically delineated in the after-death scenes connected with the Great Judgment, Hades, Amenti, &c., &c., which abound in the Ritual, Papyri, and Monuments of the Egypt that is gone. A study and mastery of Hermetic Philosophy can alone bring out the real meaning and application of these wonderful ancient Records. The slight unavailing of this fragment which I have essayed, will, I trust, demonstrate that there was, and is, an underlying philosophy, based upon a true Knowledge of Man, his antecedents, and his future; and though the profundity of that knowledge, pertaining to those times, may excite our wonder, it will be of small avail, unless present and future generations can gather up and utilise the same for the production of a still higher Wisdom and Knowledge, manifested by a clearer perception of the Laws of Kosmos, and their adaptation to human wants and human aspirations.

WILLIAM OXLEY.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING FROM SPIRIT-FRIENDS.

Christmas is once more approaching, and another year has sped, even as a flash of lightning. Time, on earth, passes quickly, and you know not whither it will bear you on its wing. Season after season come and go, in the rapid flight of time. Your earth-life is fleeting—day after day, week after week, year after year follow in quick succession; pleasures and sorrows come and go; flowers bloom for a brief season then wither and die; nothing remains, all is evanescent. It is the Almighty's decree that nothing shall remain stationary, but that progress shall be the ruling law of the Universe, bringing each one nearer to the land of unchanging beauty, where time—the fleeting time of earth—is not known. But even there, CHANGE is seen: the soul is for ever changing its clothing, casting off that which impedes its further spiritual development, and arraying itself in fresh habiliments for its flight into still higher planes of spiritual progress. We greet our brethren from this side of life, and would pray them to cultivate the inner spiritual growth—that which time cannot destroy or kill. The soul is immortal, and that only will live for eternity. So then prepare yourselves for the life awaiting you in the everlasting future, and see that your souls are ready for that great change called Death. Give your souls spiritual food that shall make them strong to bear the change from Death to Life, for so it in reality is. That which you call Death is LIFE, and that which you call Life is DEATH, for the mortal body is one of decay and death, the spiritual body one of perpetual life, a portion of the Almighty, who is the EMBODIMENT of Life.

Let not the New Year, now so close upon you, pass away without finding some improvement in your spiritual nature to record. Try to raise yourselves higher; seek help from those whom God has appointed to be His messengers. They are standing near you, even now, and are waiting patiently for your call. They will instruct and strengthen the weak. Help is ever at hand for those in trouble and doubt, for God, who will not leave His children desolate, has sent His ministers on earth to guard them.

Cannot you see the bright beings whose mission it is to help the frail ones of earth? Listen! They are calling you even now to their protection. Keep them not waiting, but turn to their loving bosoms, and there will you find all that is needful for your future happiness in the vast Beyond.

—From the Land of Spirits. Written through the Mediumship of “LUCRETIA.”

MILLOM.—On Sunday afternoon, December 9, a number of Spiritualists of Milloim, met in the Lecture Room, Main Street, for the purpose of witnessing the ceremony of naming a child, son of Mr. W. Tyson (a trance speaking medium), of Milloim. The ceremony was performed by Mr. W. Proctor, of Dalton, who in trance delivered a very suitable and interesting address. During the course of his remarks he pointed out to the audience a great many errors in the popular faith; he hoped the father and mother of the child would teach it a better creed. Mrs. Richardson, another medium, also spoke. The singing of the doxology brought the meeting to a close.—COR.

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THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1883.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

To all our readers, old and new, we give a hearty new year's greeting; coupled with sincere thanks for the great interest which has been excited by the present issue of the MEDIUM. First, and specially, we thank A. T. T. P., for granting us the use of his portrait. Then, our contributors, industrious and talented, have freely and joyfully laboured to diffuse the light they possess. Our readers have ordered thousands of extra copies; in addition to which we have a goodly pile yet to spare, which will soon be reduced when the quality of this issue is seen and duly appreciated. Then advertisers have kindly furnished announcements, which have enabled us to give a wrapper to the week's precious contents. May these friends, Advertisers, Readers, Writers, have increasing prosperity; particularly in that form which lays up treasures, "where moth and rust cannot corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal."

A. T. T. P.'s portrait is from a negative by Henderson, London Bridge, reproduced by the "Ink Photo" process of Sprague and Co., Cannon Street, the Spirit Portraits being, of course, multiplied by the same process.

Mr. Oxley's Egyptian Christmas Carol is a kind of interlude—a seasonable interjection—to his work on "Egypt," which has been appearing in the MEDIUM, with illustrations, since May last. The first issue in January will contain the opening portion of the chapter on "Egyptian Scriptures," illustrated with an engraving of the Judgment of a Soul. It will astonish many to learn that Christianity and the Bible existed in Egypt thousands of years ago. They are more Egyptian than Jewish. Read Mr. Oxley.

Mr. Colville's Romance, "Bertha," is a work of a very comprehensive character, but we have selected a chapter detailing the proceedings at a seance. With this kind of thing Spiritualists are well acquainted, but we introduce it for the information of thousands to whom the subject is new. Mr. Colville's book is now in the press. Nearly 1,000 copies have been subscribed for, and still they come!

Mr. Ware's Sermon shows what use the Bible can be turned to on the Spiritualists' platform. Will the Pulpit come forward and allow that a comparison be instituted?

Hans Edward's Poem, "Lucretia's" little homily, and Kynnersley Lewis's Song will be perused with pleasure by the many friends of these pen workers.

Miss Corner's pathetic sketch is well suited for a recitation. Her beautiful book "Rhine-land," ready next week, we offer to Lyceum scholars, as a prize for the best recitation of this poem. We leave it to our friends in the respective districts to report on successful candidates.

Speaking of the Lyceum, we must allude to Mr. Kitson's instructive Dialogue. It was recited at a recent anniversary, at Batley Carr, and now we hope it will be recited in many places all over the world. Mr. Kitson does great credit to Spiritualism and the West Riding.

All persons may develop their mediumship by attending to the "Rules for the Spirit Circle" given on another page.

EXETER.

During the past fifteen months Exeter has been the scene of a deeply interesting, and, we may also say, a somewhat extraordinary spiritual work. At Michaelmas, 1882, the writer of this came to this city for the purpose of teaching the people concerning the grand facts and truths of the wonderful subject of Spiritualism (this being purely virgin soil, so far as that subject was concerned). We may well be proud of the result! By means of public addresses, private circles, distribution of literature, and discussions in the local newspapers, we had succeeded at the end of twelve months in stirring the mental life of the community, not only from end to end, but also to its very depths; and this not only in the city, but also over a large portion of the county.

The agitation of thought thus produced reached its culmination about the end of October, when the excitement became so great that, for a time, we ceased to hold public meetings, being quite unable to accommodate or manage the throngs of people who came inquiring, and seeking admission thereto. The Oddfellows' Hall has been on this account closed for the last five Sundays, and as it is uncertain when it will be reopened, I will here ask the Editor to omit it from the List of Meetings for the time. Nothing succeeds like success, but success itself may at times become embarrassing on account of circumscribed conditions and circumstances.

But the pause in our efforts is justifiable and necessary on other grounds. To be always at a fever heat of excitement is dangerous both to mind and body, as, indeed, I myself have found it here; and the present rest was much needed for my self as well as for the Movement. Nature could not always sustain the exuberant life and fruitfulness of summer time: an interval of winter quiet and recuperation is not only appropriate but absolutely necessary.

This cessation of public operations is, however, only temporary, and preliminary to a far grander and more conspicuous work soon to be inaugurated. Meanwhile our mediums and friends are gaining strength and improvement in many private circles.

At Newton St. Cyres, on Sunday week, quite a host of identified relations and friends communicated with us through the medium, Mrs. C.; we spent three hours in delightful familiar intercourse with departed ones whom we had known in the body. On the same evening, in the city, the mediums and friends held a large meeting in a private house, and I am informed it was the most spiritual meeting they have ever had.

Our esteemed friend, Mr. H., the trance orator, having derived great advantage and improvement from his visit to the North of England, is again among us. Last Tuesday we had an impassioned discourse through him, on "Social Reform," by "Robert Dale Owen," and on Friday evening an extraordinary oration was delivered by "Demosthenes," on "The nature and power of Electricity." OMEGA.

The peculiar contents of this week's paper has caused us to contract greatly the usual weekly reports, except one or two that came to hand early. We have done our best.

Mr. Duguid's thoughtful paper is really a prose poem; the words of a seer who can also think spiritually. This combination all mediums should strive for. He is a practical man in these matters, and he gives excellent advice.

After a successful sojourn in Glasgow, Miss Lottie Fowler goes to Edinburgh on Monday. Her address may be obtained on application to Mr. J. T. Rhodes, 123, Nicolson Street, Edinburgh.

Mr. Colville has had quite a successful fortnight's work on Tyne side. We must defer particulars till next week.

LEICESTER: Silver Street Lecture Hall.—Mrs. Groom on Sunday. A crowded hall: trance address, impromptu poems, and clairvoyant descriptions of spirit-friends. The annual tea, Thursday, Dec. 27, at 4.30, tickets 6d. each.

THE MANCHESTER and Salford Society have decided to build a hall of their own. At the annual tea meeting (see advertisement) the fund will be inaugurated by a well-loaded Christmas Tree, the sale of refreshments, a bazaar, etc. The great work of Spiritualism falls on a few. Now is an opportunity for all to do something. The self-devotion of Mr. R. A. Brown, as president and general apostle of the Cause, should instil great ardour into the Manchester friends, and render the new hall an early and positive success.

BIRMINGHAM.—Miss Allen spoke at Oozell Street Board Schools last Sunday. Mr. R. S. Clarke, Plymouth, speaks morning and evening on Sunday next.

Mr. Colville spends the Christmas and New Year holidays in Paris. "Bertha" is to be translated into French.

BRADFORD.—A Bazaar will be held at Walton Street Spiritualist Church, Dec. 25 and 26, to be opened by Mr. Lambelle at 11 a.m., Dec. 25. We hope there will be a large influx of visitors.

Goswell Hall meetings are suspended till January. A concert and ball on January 17, tickets 1s. 6d.

NOTTINGHAM SPIRITUAL UNION. On Christmas Day, a social Tea Party will be held in the Morley Club lecture Room, Shakespeare Street, at 4.30. At 6.30 a Miscellaneous Entertainment will be given, consisting of dissolving views, songs, recitations, etc. Tickets: Tea and Entertainment, 1s.

A LEGEND OF LONG AGO.

BY HANS EDWARDS.

Long ago, in distant ages, that have passed beyond the ken
Of our most enlightened sages, lived a haughty King of men.
Dwelt he by the sunny fountain, in a valley broad and fair,
Where the Zephyr from the mountain fanned his cheek with perfumed
air.

Ah! but he was tyrant cruel! Well the nations knew his power:
Woe to him who added fuel to his wrath in wrathful hour!
Rode he out one wintry morning with the noblest of his train—
Gold and gems his robe adorning—decked his steed from girth to rein.
As they tramping passed in glory o'er the snow that spread around,
Came a beggar, gaunt and hoary, knelt before them on the ground.
"Give, O King!"—he pleaded despairing, "To sustain a waning life!"
But the King, his aspect wearing nought but rage and passion rife,
Cried, "Begone, we hate to view thee! Get thee hence, thou worm of
earth."

"T'would be mercy if we slew thee; yet even that thou art not worth!"
But the poor, starved form before him pleaded still with hungry eyes:
Spurred the King his charger o'er him heedless of his agonies!
All alone he lay there broken,—this poor bleeding man of woe:
Quivering, shivering, giving token with his life blood in the snow,
That the red stream gently oozing from his panting hoof-marked
breast,

Was from pain his spirit loosing—was but weeping him to rest.
Onward rode the King, unheeding over hill and dale and stream,
And the day's last rays receding did upon his helmet gleam,
Ere he sought again his dwelling, followed by his warrior train;
Then the night wind wildly swelling, played with tatters on the plain,
And the fluttering rags kept telling of the poor, forsaken slain.

On his throne the Monarch rested: all his courtiers around him stood.
By his side his jester jested to assuage his wrathful mood,
Music filled their hearts with pleasure, as it sounded through the hall—
Echoed in harmonious measure, with melodious rise and fall.
But the King's brow still kept darkened; passion lit his angry eye;
Suddenly he rose and harkened—'twas a feeble wailing cry:—
"Give, O King!"—distinct the pleading. Well the beggar's voice
he knew!

And the courtiers all receding marked with dread the ghastly hue
That across their sovereign's features cast itself with frightful glare:
Knelt they down, these servile creatures, wondering how the voice
came there.

Not a single word was spoken, as they trembling bowed the head,
But the pallid cheek gave token that each heart was filled with dread.
Dimmer grew the light around them, darkened by a power unknown,
And the deepening shadows found them stealing outward one by one.
One by one they left the palace—with a spectre step they fled,
Much they feared their Monarch's malice, yet they feared much more
the dead!

All alone the King stood quaking, courtiers, harpers, jester gone;
And the strength his knees forsaking, down he fell beside the throne.
Then his victims stood before him, hideous in their presence there,—
Then their bleeding forms swept o'er him as their laughter rent the air.
"Ha, ha, ha! great King, we woo thee! Ha, ha, ha! we seek thy
face!

Ha, ha, ha! we come to sue thee, thou great Monarch give us grace!
Grant, oh, grant, thou mighty master, but a little from thy store,—
Threatened by a great disaster, we fall down thy face before!"
Whilst these cries and shouts deriding smote upon his coward ear,
From their midst the beggar gliding, spake in accents slow and clear:—
"Hear, O cruel-hearted warrior, hear the message which I bring:
Thou must pass the awful barrier, thus commands the Greater King;
Thou to-night must leave for ever all the treasures thou hast won;
Thou must cross the darksome river—throneless, crownless, all alone!"
Then the wretch in terror falling, grovelling on the pavement lay,
With beseeching accents calling: "Give but respite for a day!"
But one day!"—he gasped with eager words, "Oh, but this respite
bring,

For the King is now the beggar, and the beggar is the King!"
But the spectre, gaunt and hoary, heedless of his fearsome cry,
Answered brief: "The King of Glory thus commands: 'The King
must die!'"

And the Monarch, humbly kneeling, cast aside his empty pride,—
Felt the death-air o'er him stealing—followed forth his beggar guide,
Stricken with th' appalling feeling of a heart by conscience tried.

November 27, 1883.

The first work done with an new engine was to print the
wrapper for this number of the MEDIUM. The roots strike
deeper.

Miss Caroline Corner's new book, ready next week—"Rhine-
land"—has been subscribed for by the Earl of Shaftesbury,
the Bishop of Bedford, Lady Caithness, and a host of promi-
nent personages.

Mr Colville has been invited to a grand public reception in
London, early in February. It is hoped he will find it con-
venient to be present, and that "Bertha" will also be in readi-
ness to put in an appearance.

W. J. Colville will lecture in Rodney Hall, Liverpool, Sun-
day, Dec. 23, at 11 a.m., on "The Origin, History, and Spirit-
ual Significance of Christmas;" and at 6.30 p.m., on "Matter,
Force and Spirit." Poems after each lecture. Friends are
requested to remember the public reception at Camden Hotel,
Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8 p.m., to which all earnest truthseekers
are cordially invited. The exercises will be very interesting.
Punctuality to the hour requested.

SONG OF THE GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

Through earthly cloud and sunshine, loved one, dearest,
I'm with thee still;
In peaceful dreams, and in the heart's deep thrill,
My voice thou hearest:
In visions of the night I waft thee far,—
Beyond the silvery moon and twinkling star.

I led thy feet in childhood through the flowers,
And by the streams;
And of thy future oft I showed thee gleams
In pensive hours;
When noble aspirations lit thine eye,
Unseen, unheard, unknown, thy Guide was nigh.

The land I leave for thee is full of Beauty
And Peace and Bliss;
Yet deeper bliss is mine when thee I kiss
In love and duty;
Thy joy I feel, thy grief I ever share,
And for thy spirit-home weave garlands fair.

KINNERSLEY LEWIS.

A SPIRITUALIST'S SERMON.

GAMALIEL'S WISE COUNSEL TO THE
OPPONENTS OF TRUTH.

A DISCOURSE BY THE REV. C. WARE.

"And now I say unto you, refrain from these men and let them alone: for if
this counsel or this work be of men, it will be overthrown: but if it is of God ye
will not be able to overthrow them; lest haply ye be found to be fighting even
against God." Acts, v., 38-39 (Revised Version).

The present Christmas Number of the MEDIUM will no
doubt, as in former years, be filled with a great variety of
matter, instructive, entertaining, and stimulating—much
statement of fact and much exposition of principle, much to
inform the mind, to please the fancy, and to develop kindly
sentiment.

Our purpose in the present discourse is particularly to
utter a word of advice to opposers and persecutors; to those
who would hinder and obstruct and discourage the work in
which the pioneers of Spiritualism are engaged; and we
cannot do better than remind them of the wise counsel of the
ancient Jewish Rabbi, Gamaliel, to the religious and secular
authorities of his day; whose prejudices and passions had led
them into a rash and furious crusade against those who in
those days were advocating a faith and promoting a work
very similar to our own. Yes, we say, that which is to-day
called SPIRITUALISM—the truths we are seeking in connection
therewith to promote; the facts which we are witness to;
and the practical teaching based upon those facts, correspond
in a striking manner with the belief, work, and teaching of the
first Christians—those spiritual workers we read about in the
Acts; and hence the advice given by the wise Gamaliel is as
appropriate now as then, to all who would oppose the Cause
of Truth.

It would be a suggestive question to ask, what is *Ortho-
doxy*, of which we hear so much? What is it you have to
believe to-day in order to be orthodox? Then compare this
with the orthodoxy of those days, according to the record in
the Acts. To put it briefly I would say, that in those days
they believed in manifestations and communications from
the spirit-world; that their friends who had passed from
earth were their companions and guides (their one persistent
testimony before the authorities and to the people was, that
their friend and teacher, Jesus, who had been cruelly mar-
tyred, had repeatedly re-appeared to them, and that he was
now amongst them controlling and directing them in their
work); they believed that by the aid of this invisible agency,
they could exercise wonderful gifts and perform mighty
works; and their teaching was simply a repetition of the
words of Jesus their master, concerning the *spiritual king-
dom* to which man belonged; concerning the *necessity of
spiritual growth and development* during his earth life to
prepare him for that kingdom; concerning the great truth of
the *Divine Fatherhood* which gave him the strongest possi-
ble claim upon man's love and obedience; and concerning the
brotherhood of the human race, which made it incumbent
upon mankind to love one another, and labour to promote
one another's good. What a beautiful practical illustration of
the latter truth we have at the close of Acts, ii. May the
day soon come when this shall be again realized: when men
shall cease to destroy and overreach one another for selfish
ends; but when all shall love and help one another as mem-

bers of the one great family. This then we say was the orthodoxy of the Acts of the Apostles; and this being so, we are the orthodox people—for *orthodox* means *believing according to the truth*. In any case we say to scoffers and to those who actively oppose, "Refrain from these men and let them alone," &c., &c.; as in the words of the text.

We will—in our meditations upon this subject—go back to those times, and consider wherein the circumstances of the present, so far as our own belief and work are concerned, correspond with them; and thus be enabled to appreciate the appropriateness of this counsel to all who would malign and oppose the belief and work of Spiritualists.

We will consider:—

I. THE NATURE OF THE WORK.

Those were very remarkable times. Certainly the Christianity of the Acts of the Apostles was something very different from that of to-day—the formal, fashionable, easy-going religion called orthodox. In connection with the Christianity of that day there were wonderful phenomena—remarkable manifestations of *invisible intelligent power*. Reader, what was that invisible intelligent power? That is to say, by what agencies were those results produced? Those early Christians were all overshadowed by a holy, solemn, mysterious influence, which filled them with ecstasy of enthusiasm, and with great boldness and courage of speech and action. In connection with the regular teaching, and the daily and weekly meetings, there were "mighty signs and wonders" wrought; the sick were healed, houses were shaken, lights appeared like cloven tongues of fire; persons were released from prison; frequently disembodied beings appeared: in every direction this mighty, mysterious, invisible power was at work; filling the people with awe and wonder, convincing multitudes of the truth, and producing a grand spiritual awakening. No person can read those first pages of Church history with unprejudiced eyes, without noticing a mysterious invisible power at work, producing remarkable effects—inspiring men and women with a wisdom to teach and an eloquence to speak for which they had no natural capacity; for they were not educated in colleges—being but simple working people; fishermen, mechanics, men of business, they were all filled with this mysterious influence, and were instrumental in accomplishing wonderful results—healing the sick and diseased, in addition to all their teaching and speaking.

Well, and what do we see going on in our midst? We perceive an invisible intelligent power at work producing a variety of phenomena; inspiring men and women to offer prayer and teach the people; to utter the most sublime sentiments with greatest energy; to deliver eloquent addresses; to discern spirits and describe spiritual scenes: to reveal and delineate secrets, thoughts and character; to remove pain; to foretell coming events. We see people wrought upon, material objects moved, numbers of people being enlightened and convinced of spiritual realities; made happy and filled with zeal to make known the truth to others.

Intelligences, invisible to us, are controlling the brain and vocal organs of various persons, and are talking to us about the spirit-world, and their experiences in passing away from earth; telling us that they find their conditions and experiences beyond death altogether different from what they were taught; telling us that they pass out of their material body clothed in a more refined and glorious body; telling us that in that state beyond they can see their friends in the flesh and be with them as much as ever; and if conditions are supplied establish permanent intercourse with them—a matter of which they were ignorant but which they discover to their great surprise to be true, and which they long to make known. They tell us that the world must not be any longer kept in ignorance of these grand facts, and that the inhabitants of the spirit-world are labouring earnestly to make them known to all. This we say is what is going on in our midst; and spirit friends from every home are waiting and longing to communicate with their loved ones who are left behind. Yes, dear reader, in *your home your friends* are waiting, and there you may have proof of their presence.

Then upon this basis of wonderful phenomena, *quite a new system of teaching* is given. There is a vast difference between doctrines spun out of men's own heads, and spiritual teachings founded upon the facts of man's nature. The doctrines of orthodoxy have their source entirely in the former, but the principles of the Spiritual Philosophy are based upon the facts of human nature. Now it matters very little to us what doctrines men have invented or what may be accounted orthodox in the popular mind; we have to do with the

Truth. We learn, then, that religion is not a profession of faith in certain creeds, but that it is *Life, the life and growth of the individual spirit*. In every human form there is an immortal germ, an emanation from the Infinite Spirit; religion is the unfolding and growth of that germ—the growth of the individual in intelligence, love, and goodness, *i.e., in likeness to God*. It is the ripening of the fruit for the spiritual garner. Again, they (the spirits) all tell us that we are not made good and happy by the merits of another, but by our own efforts and works, by our own advancement in intelligence, wisdom, and goodness. What then has Jesus done for us? *Jesus has shown us how to live—aye, and what most Christians conveniently overlook, how to die for truth and righteousness*. By his example in life and in death he has shown us the *way of salvation*. It is as an *example* that he is *the Way*. And this is what Spiritualism is doing: showing us the way of salvation—not by belief in a creed, whether Catholic or Protestant, Calvinistic or Arminian, Mahomedan or Christian; but by *spiritual growth*, the development of the inner life in knowledge, purity and beauty. You say you wish to be among those bright and happy spirits; then what must you be? We cannot deceive ourselves; we are seen as we are, whatever we may profess; our spirit is reflected in our words and actions. This then was the work and teaching of the first Christians, and this is the work and teaching of Spiritualism. Consider:—

II.—THE OPPOSITION RAISED AGAINST THIS WORK.

The results of this great Spiritual Movement were very remarkable. The teaching and testimony of these first Christians, accompanied by the phenomena and mighty works that we have mentioned, resulted in the convincing of multitudes in a little time; it spread like wildfire—it was a wonderful spiritual awakening. Read from 12th to 16th verse of this chapter. Then came the opposition: the bishops and clergy of the Jewish Church, combined with the free-thinkers and materialists took the alarm, organised a determined opposition, put the leaders of the movement in prison; and, in the blindness of their infatuation, they persisted in this opposition in the face of the greatest manifestations. They had seen the miracle of healing wrought upon the man forty years old; they had seen the leading spiritual teachers released from prison by spirit power; yet still they persisted in their opposition—Why? Not because they loved the truth, but because their cherished beliefs and interests were in danger. It expressly says, in the revised version, "*They were filled with jealousy*." So long as these creeds and interests were not interfered with, these workers might go on; but they saw their orthodoxy tottering; their vested interests were in danger; and this being the case it was time to stir and put down this Movement, this Spiritualism, which was spreading so rapidly.

I need scarcely remark that we have had a little experience of this: Spiritualism from the commencement has had to encounter the same kind of opposition, both from the religious authorities and from the public. To myself during these three years of my public work in Spiritualism, this opposition has been a matter of ordinary experience; again and again have I had the Pharisees and Sadducees in combination against me, until I have come to regard it as quite a matter of course. But I am thankful that I can say with a brother teacher of former days, "Now, thanks be to God who causeth us to triumph, and maketh manifest the savour of his truth in every place." How much of this triumph we owe to our invisible friends, we shall only know when we enter the spirit world; but we now exult in the fact that "we are more than conquerors through those who love us!"

Notice:—

III.—GAMALIEL'S WISE COUNSEL.

The policy of opposition is a very foolish one, for opposition always promotes that which it seeks to destroy. Perhaps we owe more for our success to opposition than to anything else. We owe so much to it that we rather covet it than otherwise. And it is worth our while to mark, that opposition generally emanates from those possessed of least wisdom; from little minds not from great ones. Look at the conduct of the wisest man among those bigoted priests, GAMALIEL. In the midst of their ignorant and bigoted clamour and fury, look at his calm and dignified bearing; listen to his sagacious and weighty words: "Refrain from these men," &c. What calm judgment! What elevated reason! What irresistible logic! It was an appeal from the

arbitrament of passion to that of reason: reflect upon what you are doing; if this new doctrine be not true, why do you fear it? if you have confidence in the truth and influence of your own systems and teaching, why go into a passion?

Says Shakespeare:—

"Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

"If you believe you have the truth go on promoting it, and the other if false will die a natural death; but if this other be true and yours will not bear the light, why run your heads against a wall—fighting against the truth instead of promoting it?" I must acknowledge that the opposition to Spiritualism on the part of religious teachers and professors has always been to me most unaccountable; and my object in delivering and publishing this discourse is solely to repeat and reiterate to all such opposers, scoffers, and persecutors, the wise and weighty counsel of Gamaliel to the misguided and bigoted members of the Jewish Church assembly—"Refrain from these men and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men it will be overthrown; but if it is of God ye will not be able to overthrow them; lest haply ye be found to be fighting even against God."

AN EVENING WITH THE SPIRITS.

A CHAPTER FROM "BERTHA."

A SPIRITUAL ROMANCE, BY W. J. COLVILLE.

(Now in the Press.) (Extracted with Author's permission.)

LADY ARMADALE'S SEANCE.

On this particular occasion she had just been to a most remarkable seance in Curzon Street, at the residence of Mrs. Euphemia Damocles. This lady, who was quite a leader in the fashionable world, had recently become interested in spirit phenomena, through the mediumship of Mr. Wilhelm Egbert, a young German, who had come to London partly for his health and partly to perfect himself in the English language.

Mr. Egbert was quite a young fellow, not over twenty; not very tall, not very stout, not very anything. He was, in short, an every-day young man. He had brown hair, and brown eyes, and a small moustache, and rather a sallow complexion. He was fairly educated, well-behaved, gentlemanly in his bearing, unpretending and evidently unsophisticated. This young man was living at Hackney, and had been invited to Grosvenor Square to spend a few days at Lady Armadale's, that she and her friends might have a thoroughly good opportunity of proving the genuineness of his mediumship, about which so much had been said, both in private conversation and through the Organs of the Movement, which had filled their columns week after week with glowing accounts of the stupendous marvels which took place nightly in his presence.

Lady Armadale objected to too frequent sittings; she knew that they impaired a medium's health. She also endeavoured to counteract the influence of monetary considerations, as they bore upon the exercise of spiritual gifts, as much as possible. She sincerely deprecated the atrocious practice of selling spirit phenomena, and knew full well how utterly impossible it is for mediums to command or promise phenomena, as so much depends upon conditions, with the nature of which even the most advanced investigators are still quite at sea. But Lady Anstruther somehow or other always got surprising results in her little library, where the seances were always held. This room was not my lady's boudoir: it was her literary and spiritual sanctum, whither she would resort when she was in a studious frame of mind, or had important letters to write. She rarely threw it open except for very select and strictly private spiritual gatherings, and then about 9.30 p.m., after dinner was cleared away and the after-dinner chat was over, she and her few invited guests would retire into the privacy of this sanctum with the medium, whom she always invited to dinner, and treated as a friend of the family.

One Sunday evening she decided to have a very special seance with Mr. Egbert, at 10 o'clock. She and her friends could go to church if they liked, at 7; she would of course not miss hearing Mrs. Coral, who was speaking on several consecutive Sundays in the Caveblock Rooms, in Moorhouse Street. She also desired Mrs. Coral's presence, but the lady in question after her Sunday duties was too tired to go anywhere except to a cup of coffee, and then to bed; so Bertha had not the pleasure of meeting as yet the lady whom she looked upon as the most marvellous and beautiful specimen of female

humanity, it had ever been her privilege to hear and see. Bertha had heard and read several of Mrs. Coral's trance addresses by this time, and each one made a more profound impression upon her than the last; so, with her own experiences in inspiration, she was quite prepared for some of the marvels she was to witness on that Sunday evening in Lady Armadale's library.

As it was a special festival at the Sacred Heart, Bertha was obliged to be at church till 9 o'clock that evening; and her brother had been also specially secured for the solemnities of the gorgeous feast. So about 9.30, Signor Reni and his sister arrived at Grosvenor Square, just after Lady Armadale's carriage had deposited her and several of their friends, whom she had picked up and invited at the Caveblock Rooms.

Mrs. Coral had been unusually eloquent and impressive that evening. She had thronged the hall with eager listeners for some time past, but never before had she seemed to take the audience quite so near to the gates of pearl, which lead to the golden streets. During her discourse she had been made to say, that the time had already come for wonders transcending those of days of yore, and that even that night, within gunshot of Westminster Abbey, events would transpire which would demonstrate the existence of the soul beyond the grave, as all the sermons preached within that venerable pile since its erection, one thousand years ago, had entirely failed to do.

Lady Armadale was on the tip-toe of expectation. Mr. Egbert had sat next her at the lecture, and though he appeared to sleep profoundly, she had detected a deep spiritual trance; and sometimes she had felt the invisible power pulling away at her as though she grasped the electrodes attached to a galvanic battery, whose strongest electrical current was pouring its force into her whole system. These were premonitions of an extra good seance.

Lady Bun, Lord Clarence Clive, Hon. Mrs. Viceroy, Mr. and Mrs. Camomile, and Miss Straw were the only invited guests, besides Victor and Bertha. Refreshments were ready and waiting in the breakfast room: a light, cold collation, and of the simplest and most delicious nature, served with *café au lait*, was thought the best repast for the occasion. Fruit and cake were plentiful, but there was no meat on the table; heavier food for those who desired it would be served at midnight, when the seance had ended.

Lady Bun was a pleasant, middle-aged lady, very well connected and very intellectual. Lord Clarence Clive was a man of forty, or thereabouts, who had spent fifteen years in India, and had delved as deeply as circumstances permitted into Hindoo Theosophy. Hon. Mrs. Viceroy was a pleasant, affable little body, over sixty, who made you feel at home the moment you were in her presence. Mr. and Mrs. Camomile were irreproachable neighbours, but had never sat in a spirit circle before, though they had read the *Pruning Knife*, and attended Mrs. Coral's lectures. Miss Straw was a writing medium, though a strict Swedenborgian, and a very precise maiden lady, not far off fifty.

Bertha was seated next the medium on one side, and Lady Armadale sat by him on the other. Victor and Bertha sang a duet charmingly, and then the influence which inspired the young lady caused her to offer a sublime invocation, then very softly and sweetly they all sang a hymn in unison: "Angels of Light." The medium was by this time deeply entranced and breathing heavily. Suddenly, with all hands upon the table, it rose at least three feet from the floor. All hands being upon it, the sitters had to get up out of their chairs. Signor Reni was as strong as a young elephant, and, using all his force to keep the table down, it still continued rising till it neared the ceiling; all hands being kept upon it till the sitters had to stand upon their chairs to keep their hands upon it: then slowly descending as it rose, it again settled itself quietly on the floor. Then after the lapse of a minute or so, it began to tilt, swaying to and fro like a vessel in a storm, till five loud raps, heard somewhere upon or under it, announced the readiness of the operating spirits to converse with the sitters by means of the alphabet.

The first message was from a brother of the hostess, who often came to her and gave her valuable advice on business and domestic matters. The next was from a cousin of Lord Clive's, who had passed away in India, a young and beautiful woman to whom he had been engaged, and whom he would certainly have married had not death interposed. The tears coursed down his cheeks as the name was accurately spelt—a long curious name—Isabella Claudine Monroe Clifford, a combination which it would have been highly improbable for the medium to hit upon. Then the Camomiles

received tests which astounded them. Last of all, Bertha was addressed, and that by a spirit professing to be an aunt. Bridget Hannah Maria Mary Anne Jane James was spelt out. Every one at the table thought the spirits were making fun with them, if the spirits had anything to do with such a string of names. Bertha certainly could recognise no such aunt, but the spirit persisted in declaring her identity and relationship. "I am your aunt," was spelt out again, "I went to spirit-life from Oxford, in 1855, two years before you were born; your mother and I were not friends; look at the register when you get home, and you will find me there."

Bertha, knowing nothing whatever of such a peculiarly-named relative, could not suppress an audible smile, while the gentlemen at the table were literally convulsed with laughter. This seemed to annoy the spirit, and so the movements ceased, and the medium awoke feeling rather drowsy, but not much exhausted, as the circle had been harmonious.

It was by that time 11.30, but so anxious were the sitters to witness materialization, that the medium was implored, if not too tired, to sit behind the curtain and await such yet more startling evidences of spirit power, as might be given.

As materializations, or, as they were often called, form manifestations, had taken place oftener than seldom in that same room, Lady Armadale had arranged a curtain, so that a recess was formed, which answered as a cabinet or kind of laboratory for the spirits, in the seclusion and darkness of which they could make ready the appearances which were often shown at the aperture. Mr. Egbert was not very strong, and therefore it was thought advisable not to let him sit too long for these exhausting phenomena, which draw so heavily upon a sensitive's vitality.

Signor Reni expressed a desire to sit next the curtains, as he was rather sceptical, and had, moreover, the opinion that if good, healthy magnetism was needed to assist the spirits, he would be sure to supply it. Mr. Egbert slightly demurred, as Victor was rather a formidable-looking person, and in these days of "spirit-grabbers," mediums cannot be too careful as to whom they allow to sit near them in a circle. Victor also expressed a desire to search the medium and the cabinet, if such a proceeding should receive the sanction of the medium, and Lady Armadale.

At this her ladyship almost lost her temper, and said if Signor Reni wanted to strip people to see that they had no masks and dresses under their clothes, he might do it in his own house, but he certainly should not in hers. However, if he wanted to go behind the curtains he could do so, and he might also go into the rooms behind, above, and below, to satisfy himself that there were no means of egress and ingress other than the one by which he entered.

Having rather taken offence at Lady Armadale's reproof, he was not in the best of humours when he seated himself by the cabinet, with a sort of "You can't cheat me" expression on his rather fierce though very handsome countenance. Bertha was sweetness itself, and did her best to pour oil upon the troubled waters, which she quickly succeeded in doing by passing under influence, and reciting one of the most charming little poems on three subjects suggested by persons in the room: one of which was the rather unpoetic topic of "humbug," growled out by her brother, much to Lady A.'s displeasure. However, the poem softened down all asperities, rounded away all angularities, and left the company in the best possible frame of mind to duly appreciate the evidence so soon to be presented to them.

Scarcely had Bertha's accents died away, when a soft rustling noise was heard at the aperture, and instantly a beautiful little figure, gracefully draped in snowy robes, stood before the awestruck and delighted spectators.

"Oh, my darling little cherub! it is you, Gertie,"

Shouted Mrs. Camomile, as she darted from her seat, and would have taken the lovely little form in her caressing arms; but Lady Armadale, knowing how dangerous it is to the medium for sitters to touch the forms without permission, gently held her back, and addressing the little form said,—

"May this lady touch you?"

Three raps answered "Yes" from the cabinet, and Mrs. Camomile, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, softly touched the little head, and examined the raven locks, and looked deeply and steadily into the hazel eyes, exclaiming:—

"Yes! it is my child. There can be no deception here."

And then, falling down upon her knees, and kissing the little cheeks, and putting the little arms around her neck, she fervently thanked the great Framer of all nature and her laws, that so perfect a demonstration of life immortal had been

vouchsafed to cheer her bereaved heart; for she had never been quite the happy woman again, she had been before her only child, her little darling Gertie, had been called, at four years of age, to swell the ranks of the immortals.

Mr. Camomile came gently up, and touched the little head, and then the vision faded, and the form was gone.

Lights were called for, supper (though it was 1 a.m.) was freely partaken of by medium and sitters alike. Only Mrs. Camomile sat rapt and pensive, and as she walked home (only a few steps) leaning on her husband's arm, in the sweet fresh small hours of the morning, she vowed a vow, which in all her after life she sacredly kept, as our tale will prove as we proceed.

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES IN LOCH LEVEN CASTLE.

AN ECHO OF THE DAYS OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

ON this occasion I extract from the repertory of past experiences, the following incident. The unfoldment of its different parts has strongly induced my mind in favour of the spiritual or supernatural side of our existence; maintaining a faith in spiritual things, notwithstanding the strong tendency to doubt arising through contradictory and unspiritual sciences.

When one analyzes his own convictions, it is satisfactory to find that the strongest proof of an unseen world comes to him through his own individuality or conscious knowledge, unalloyed with the errors in observation or judgment of other minds. Such a result is in keeping with the constitution of man's spiritual being, and the adaptation of the spiritual universe to meet those wants which spring up within him. Unless the spiritual sense be opened, we can experimentally know nothing of spiritual things, and in this light the need and appropriateness of spiritual teaching, investigation, and development become apparent. Hence the claims of Spiritualism upon the attention of mankind. When a love of the spiritual is induced within the mind, it resembles the breaking of morning light, and the gilding of mountain peak, and forest, and vale with the beams of the beautiful sun: new life is inspired, and a new day of action is commenced.

With these preliminary remarks, I enter on the recital of my story.

A few summers ago I was on a visit to a farmer, ten miles distant from our home; and having some business to do with him, I found that I would not return home that night, and was requested to stay with him. As I had enjoyed his hospitality before, and the members of the house were anxious to get a chat after the toils of the day were past, and not reluctant to hear of spiritual experiences, I gladly agreed.

On this particular occasion, before the shades of evening had settled down (it was at the end of May), I resolved to take a stroll for a mile towards the upland, and catch a glimpse, if possible, of the beautiful Loch Leven, which surrounds an island, with the remains of a Castle where Mary, Queen of Scots, was confined for a time, and her escape from this place formed a remarkable episode in her history, being the first step towards the ruin which inevitably overtook her.

I reached that part of the road thus elevated, and, true to my expectations, a beautiful and picturesque scene opened up to view. In the foreground lay the placid waters of the Lake, burnished with the gold of the setting sun, whose round disc was dropping behind the Ochil Hills; the low, wooded island on the bosom of the water showing the ruined walls of the Castle; and from the water's margin to my feet came the beautiful green sward, and on either hand, along the ridge where I stood, was a fringe of trees with their bright green leaves; and above, the deep azure of the sky with little fleecy clouds, which appeared as the wings of an angel-band, whose forms, being more bright, were hidden from view. Truly the scene inspired the grandest thoughts, and with little effort the soul was borne above the meanness and absorbing interests of earthly things, and this divine enchantment overpowered all conceptions, and instilled into the surroundings the air of peace and gladness. One realizes an interpretation of the word "heaven" in such a scene, and finds fulness in the poet's dream of bliss and truth, in those apparently unreal visions.

While in this ecstasy of delight, and walking along the road, an impression urged me to look round to the left; and, in turning again to the right, I noticed, a few paces in front of me, a man clothed in the garb of a clergyman, or, at least, in black clothes, tall in form, and with a pleasant-looking face.

I was acquainted with most of the parties in that locality, but this stranger had a peculiar appearance, pleasant and inviting. With trepidation I approached him—as a feeling of awe came over me—and coming beside him I was constrained to stop. He spoke to me with a pleasant voice, and every question was appropriate to my thoughts at that moment: relative to the beautiful evening, the still waters beneath, and the fish with which the waters abound. He captivated me with his clear knowledge of my mental position. He assumed a more distinct tone of voice, and said,—

That I would be on the surface of the water soon; eat the fish found there; and enjoy a banquet within the walls of the old Castle.

This strange utterance of prophetic words overpowered me. "We shall meet you within those walls at banquet," produced in my mind a feeling of solemn stillness, and the ecstatic experience again returned, but in this momentary change the unexpected companion of my lonely walk was gone from me. Gradually recovering from my astonishment, a fear came over me, and the rapturous state vanished. I began to search for an explanation, and looked for a meaning, but no relief came to me; and walking up and down the road to discover a trace of my companion nothing was found. I hastened to my temporary home, and felt that the whole scene was a connected seance, and that the lovely evening and the united beauty of the natural landscape all conspired to yield harmonious conditions for such results. I considered the visitor a being of occult or spiritual character, and the words spoken "were for many days."

That night passed by, and on the following day, while at work, the farmer and his son came to me and said, that, as I was seldom in that quarter, and as they had arranged to go a day's fishing, they asked me to accompany them. They presented the pleasure in many forms to entice me to go, but I thought of duty, and having much work to do, I would rather persevere with it, to get back early to my own home.

They went, and through that day I reflected on the assurance of the previous evening, and eagerly awaited their return home, as I timidly thought that perhaps this spiritual visitation might be the omen of unpleasant circumstances. Evening came, and the company returned, all having passed off well. Their baskets were laden with fish. I had to remain to the following day, and while we were all seated at dinner, and the dish of savoury fish on the table, I told my story so far as the fish were connected, and how it was a fulfilment of prophecy. This produced a great impression on the company, as they found something remarkable in their part of it. When going to embark in the boat, they were advised by a strange-looking gentleman on the shore, to go in a certain direction, quite opposite to the proposal of the boatmen: they obeyed this advice, and were most successful.

This part of the experiences I record, were a year old, and the vivid impressions all had passed from my mind; when, as things would have it, a number of Spiritualistic friends in Glasgow resolved to have a picnic somewhere out of town, that would accommodate also sympathizers in Edinburgh, Kirkcaldy, and other places where the Cause was represented. Kinross, on the banks of Loch Leven, was chosen, and this was made known in the MEDIUM. The day approached, and above two dozen friends met together, from different places, and at the Inn of the little town a pleasant reunion took place. It was then proposed that the party should embark in boats for the Island, and visit the Castle.

We got there, and found within the building a room fitted for the entertainment of visitors or parties, who frequent the place. We sat round a rude but spacious table, and each of the party spread out his stock of provisions, until the board was covered from end to end with an abundant display. We feasted with real satisfaction, and afterwards for two hours enjoyed communion with the invisibles, receiving various communications regarding the place, and a history of the times, and all the prominent features of the ruined place were explained; also a presumed history was given of the experiences of Queen Mary, while confined there, and the political connection of events at that eventful period of Scottish history. All present felt a most remarkable power, and a soul-stirring feeling imbued all the company with strong convictions of the presence of the unseen forces of spirit life; and to this hour there lives happy and bright memories of those two hours spent in the old Castle, with its inhabitants of former days.

After this scene had passed away from memory, and other requirements filled the mind, I was engaged one evening looking over some memoranda of these and other like spiritual visits. I saw a short account of this strange interview on the banks of Loch Leven, and the striking connection of our visit with the prophetic utterances; and all had taken place without any collusion or attempt to square the incident, but from the womb of futurity all was smoothly and beautifully evolved. It was, to my mind, sealed with truth in every detail, and rendered at the same time in the ordinary occurrence of things.

First, the vision of the stranger by the Loch, was unprompted, and no spiritual manifestation was being sought. Secondly, his utterances were far from the aspirations of the mind that received them—gratuitous statements of the utmost improbability. But next day the first portion of them was actually fulfilled, this unknown gentleman directing to where fish might be caught, contrary to the plan of the banquet in boatmen. Then came the closing fulfilment—the experienced the old Castle, where, indeed, spiritual friends performed their part of the compact, and met us with credentials to proclaim the continued existence of men and women who figured on that scene in historical times!

Did such an experience stand by itself, it might possibly be explained away; but in the experiences of our own circle, not mentioning the hundreds of other mediums, stories of the kind could be multiplied to any extent. Spiritual truth is stranger far than the world's fiction. There is no need for invention

when facts serve the purpose so well, and they serve a far better end. Spiritual truth strikes the death-blow to superstition, enthrones a sense of moral responsibility on the judgment seat of the mind, placing a light before man's feet, and sending him forth on the pilgrimage of life accompanied by "ministering spirits."

The moral must be still more distinctly enforced. What profit can it be to a man if he gain the whole cyclopædia of spiritual knowledge, and miss the grand object designed by the pouring out of the Spirit? In primitive times the presence of these phenomenal expressions of spirit life, made men who received them good and noble missionaries, and faithful apostles of the living truth; and the deep convictions within their souls bade defiance to danger and to death in the struggle to uphold them. If Spiritualism be only an amusing and experimental philosophy, then its study is only a learning to be wiser; but as an inspiration of hope and joy, then under its tuition we live to be BETTER.

As the time of summer and the reign of the flowers is the season in which our story is located, we consider the power of prophecy comes to man in this very thought; for that Land which yields these gems of spiritual truth, has an "everlasting spring," and the beauty of an unfading summer! Nature in some of her climes is indifferent to winter, and flowers bloom perennially; so we know in Spirit life there is an absolute principle of progression, and no flower of human worth fades, or virtuous inclination is extinguished through the rude and desolating blast of vice. It is the influence of that balmy air, and the vitalizing power of that active life, which comes near us in these manifestations of spirit presence; and through all the vicissitudes of the Spiritual Movement, we are ever impressed with its inestimable value, and that really and truly it is the Gospel of Good News.

A. DUGUID.

13, Oswald Wynd, Kirkcaldy.

LYCEUM DEPARTMENT.

WEE MEG.

"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

A CHRISTMAS-TALE.

BY CAROLINE CORNER.

An orphan, was Wee Meg

Her parents both were dead, her father drown'd
At sea, her mother that same year had died
Of broken-heart, 'twas said; and then it was
That one—a kind good man though poor and aged—
Had taken little Meg to call his own,
And teach her baby-lips to lispen the word
"Grandad," in place of lips long dead and gone.
A silent man was he: his neighbours knew
Nought of his history, but judged 'twas sad;
And no one cared to ask, for 'mongst the crowd
Of busy toilers each was pleased to accord
A simple, quiet deference unto him,
Unsought, unasked.

And so he took Wee Meg—as she was called,
Because she was so small (and yet her soul
Was large and wondrous strong for that weak frame)—
To house, to care for, and to share his all.
A scanty "all," it yet sufficed for him
And little Meg, that was, so long as strength
Did last. But years three-score he number'd
And ten, the age to man apportion'd!
For joy upon this earth. His eye-sight failed,
So dim he scarce could trace the leather-pricks,
But oft would pause and sigh: "'Twas not so, Meg,
In olden time: Nay, nay—those good old times
Gone by." And then in winter chill his limbs
Grew stiff and ached, his stand he could not keep,—
The cobbler's stall near by where years he stood
Through wind and rain and snow. But now, at last
Fain must old age give in. And thus it was,
At six o'clock his stall was taken home,
Save on a fine warm night.

The old man's face
Was missed, and customers did sore lament
The loss, for though well patched and worn, his goods
Were cheap and durable; and oft from out
The hard week's wage, hard earn'd, on Sat'r-day night
A mite, hard spared, was wont to go in shoes
For little children's feet: and mother's eyes
Grew bright, their steps so light, so swift, they reached
The busy spot ere yet they knew. Alas!
No stall was there to-night, no shoes to buy!
Then mothers' hearts sank low in one deep sigh—
"No shoes to-night to buy!" The vision passed
Away—a vision borne of mother's love,
Of tiny feet well-shod and pattering o'er
The garret-floor, made neat and tidy for
The Sunday morn. And now the thought was quenched;

And through the tear-born haze which gathered fast,
There gleamed the gin-shop's glare.—A well-known tale
It is how wages went, and little feet UNSHOD!

The old man's means grew less
And less, as winter—winter bleak—came on;
Now time another year had added to
His good old age, and stole his strength away.
"Grandad is old and poor, Wee Meg"—so oft
Had he to say; and hard it was, how hard
Save God and he none knew, to hear the child
In baby-fashion ask "Grandad" for "more."
Then turn'd he back to work, nor sought to brush
The dew that came to shade still more his sight,
But with his whole remaining strength did work
Until he blinded grew and faint—he was so old.
"Grandad is old and poor." So oft she'd heard
These words, until of late they seemed to eat
A hole in Wee Meg's heart, and gnaw, and fret,
And vex; but not as pain, the want she knew
So well, ah no! this pain was of the soul.
And then from out this feeling new there grew
A plan whereby the old man might be fed
And warmed and clothed and kept alive throughout
The winter months. Once taken root, this plan,
A sprout henceforth did thrive. Wee Meg grew strong
Of heart and mind, and silently resolved
(As though in truth led on by spirit-guides,
This weak, wee child, so simple and so small),
To put to test the plan her soul devised
And angels blest.

Thus weeks rolled on, and now
Wee Meg would sit up all the night, till dawn
Broke through the sky-light and espied her
E'er so hard at work, her lap heaped up
With piles and piles of ribbons, muslins fine,
And dolls, with waxen faces pink and white,
And flowing golden curls: her own mite self
Nigh hid, in fact, in grandad's old arm-chair.
The plan had answer'd well. In two short weeks
Her tiny fingers, quick to learn the trick,
Her mind to fashion and contrive, Wee Meg
Became a busy worker in the hive:
And coming from the stores, both arms well-filled
With fresh supply, would oft hear children ask
(Children all richly clothed, with big blue eyes
Like yet unlike her own, "too soon grown old")—
Ask for the dolls which she, Wee Meg, had dressed;
None others would they have. And hearing this
Her pulse beat loud and fast, her wan cheek flush'd,
Her eyes grew bright as theirs, those children fine,
The burden seemed quite light. Meg knew not 'twas
Her HEART and not the BURDEN that had changed.
With all haste home she sped; her wee face beamed
Like morning sunbeams bright within the door.
"Come to cheer up Grandad," give new hope
To him whose strength doth fail as doth the light
Of winter-noon tide passing swift away.
"Hard is the leather," and "the wax," he says,
"Not what it used to be. The golden sun
Shines not as once it shone, my little Meg."
To which the child makes answer: "Nay Grandad"—
Full well her child-mind knew the cause, and yet
'Twas not for her to say, but Grandad cheer
With sight of wee bright face at garret-door,
And make his old heart young.

"Hush! Step lightly, Meg,"
"Grandad is fast asleep." At once she paused,
And murmuring pressed a hand to stay her breast
That thumped and leap'd so strong she feared its noise
Would break the old man's sleep. She paused, and yet—
'Twas hard to wait! she longed to tell—tell all—
Her heart it was so full of glad some news.
But, no! And so she moved with noiseless tread,
Her busy thoughts in time with beating heart,
Dreaming a waking dream of Christmas-Tide,
While Grandad calmly slept. Until, at last
All was made trim. And still the old man slept.
"Grandad sleeps long," she said, and then she sigh'd,
A sigh made up of weariness and haste.
Poor little Meg, she had so much to tell!
And Grandad, still he slept and hours dragged on.

But soon Wee Meg again is hard at work,
A small white face from out the muslins fine,
Two tiny, busy hands, all could be seen
By yellow candle-light—while Grandad slept
Undreaming that the child was up.

Her thoughts run on, wild thoughts of happiness
In store: of Christmas-Tide, and Grandad's joy
At sight of those good things her industry
Has bought: his faint, desponding heart rebound
Again, as in the days of yore, those "days
Gone by."

"Yes, Grandad shall be young again,
In heart, if not in years." The sun should shine
Its blessings rich upon his silver'd head,
And summer come again, though winter's rime
Lay white and cold upon the dreary street;
And joys like blossoms of the spring should burst
Upon their lives anew. "Yes, Grandad SHALL
Be young again, in heart, if not in years."

Now with these thoughts the work went swiftly on,
The thread entangling with the currents of
The mind, as streams oft-times close-running mix
And take thereon, henceforth, a swifter course.
So she dreamed on, her blue eyes wide awake,
Her thoughts and hands meanwhile a race did run.

And night wore on; and all was hush'd and still.
E'en in that narrow street did silence reign,
For 'twas that darksome hour before the dawn
Of bitter winter-day. Unheeded both
The stillness and the cold: unconscious she
Of want, of weariness. The worn, wan cheek
Now lit with bright red spot, which nigh eclipsed
The brightness of her eye. Anon, within,
A hard and hacking cough, the only sound
That stirred the silence grim. But this was quick
Suppress'd lest Grandad's slumber should be broke,
And waking he should learn the truth. A smile
Stole o'er the wee white face—in youth grown old—
When for a moment brief the eyes were turn'd
Towards the mattress where the old man lay,
Then, back again to muse; her fingers small
And thoughts in brisk and busy chase, until
She quite believed it was reality
And no mere fancy-thought.

'Twas Christmas-Day:—
And Grandad, hale and hearty as of old,
And warmly clad, and she, so trim and neat,
And smiling from sheer happiness of heart,
Did justice to the joyous Christmas fare.
Sure, 'twas no fancy! Now she licks her lips,
And opens wide both nostrils to take in
The luscious scent that came at hunger's call.
So good, it was! And Grandad—best of all
It was to see how he enjoyed! And then
To hear his cheery laugh, that merry laugh
Remember'd well in glad days long ago.
The hard, hard times since then were quite forgot.
The dear, dead past returned with chasten'd strength
Of after-trials, child-borne, yet how hard!
And now—Oh such a sense of dreamed-of joy
Suffused her hung'ring soul! She felt no pang,
No pain; but one great joy this Christmas-Day.
For Grandad now was young again—and she—
And BOTH were warm, well-fed and clothed. The cough,
That hacking, tearing cough, no longer teased:
Wee Meg was grown quite tall, and strong was she
As any of those children dressed so fine,
Her wondering eyes had rested on so oft
In harder times. And strange! It now appeared
She spoke with one—a soft-eyed, lovely child,
On whom her own child-eyes loved best to gaze
When coming from the stores. But now it seemed
One glance sufficed to tell a curious tale,—
Of two child-lives, on earth so far apart,
Yet near akin, soul to soul they seemed,
The rich man's child and little Meg: herself
All cloth'd in white, pure white, spotless and fine,
The poor Doll-Dresser's gown in texture and
In beauty e'en the same, in purity,
As that worn by the rich man's child. And now:—
Heaven's wide gates are open,—through them troop
A host of angel-forms, like seraphs fair,
All clad in white, with crowns upon their heads,
And on their foreheads high a gleaming star.
And even as they come, this angel-band,
Strains of glad music float, sweet voices sing:—

"Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest;
A mansion is prepared,
A home amongst the blest.
"Earth's trials now are over,
A brighter life begun;
The Cross ye bore so bravely
Is now the Crown you won."

Muse on, Wee-Meg, muse on, while Grandad sleeps,
And night's dark hours roll on and pass away.

The hours rolled on; the night-shades passed away,
And daybreak dawned on earth—another day,
Fair and unsullied yet by touch of man.
And some to want awoke—a few to joy—
And some to crime, and some to misery,
More misery than joy in London vast.
Within the garret in the drear back street,

The morning breeze did bear a message sweet
To old age and to youth, "too soon grown old."
This was the message: "PEACE."

All in the dark,
Dark night the old man passed away—his sleep
So sound he never more shall wake to earth
And want and misery. And little Meg,
In joyous dreamland wandered so far,
Her spirit gained the "mansions of the blest,"
And there perforce must stay. The angel-band,
In chorus loud did sing, "Welcome! Wee Meg!"
The rushlight's fading strength an instant shed
Its sickly glare upon the wee, white face,
Low drooped upon the shoulder, then went out,
And left the picture to the early dawn,
That came an angel pure to bear the child
Away.

The thread had dropped; the blue eyes closed.
Calm, in her sleep, Wee Meg had dreaming died!

THE SPIRITUALIST CHILDREN'S LYCEUM.

A DIALOGUE.

Between B., a Protestant Sunday School scholar; and A., a member of the
Children's Lyceum.

By ALFRED KITSON.

A.—Good evening, Miss B. It gives me great pleasure to meet with you once more.

B.—Yes; it is quite a long time since I had the pleasure of seeing you. I hope you have not been ill during your long absence from Sunday School?

A.—No, thank you. I never enjoyed better health.

B.—Indeed! What ever then can account for it: I hope no one has offended you?

A.—Oh, dear no. It is not to any such cause that my absence is due. I must inform you that I have attended Sunday School quite regularly.

B.—Indeed! And, pray where? It must be one that holds out great inducements for you to attend it in preference to ours.

A.—You must know, dear Miss B., that my parents have become adherents to the religion of Spiritualism, and after embracing its higher truths, they said that they could not conscientiously send their children to learn the catechism, and the ideas peculiar to the various sects of religion which they have proved to be erroneous. Therefore, they decided to form a Sunday School of their own, which they call a "Lyceum," where they could teach their own form of religion and the truths of Spiritualism, which I have attended since its commencement.

B.—And so you have turned to be one of those people, who throw the Holy Bible on one side, which is very little better than Atheism. If I had my will on them, I would have them all put into prison; for they are not fit to be at large. And you, A., above all other persons, surprise me beyond expression, at having anything to do with these people. I always gave you credit for possessing a good judgment, and thought that you would have more sense than to be led away by one of the Devil's own devices, which our Minister says Spiritualism is.

A.—I feel very sorry for you, Miss B., that you should be led to make those erroneous charges. It is quite evident to me, that you have trusted to other people's opinion, and that you have never been to one of our services, to hear the teachings for yourself.

B.—Been to one of your services, indeed! I'd be very sorry to do it. I should expect to see the Evil One, or smell sulphur. No: you'll not catch me there, I can assure you!

A.—Your words are cruelly bitter, and not at all like what I should have expected from one of your usually kind and benevolent nature. You appear to think that our services are all that is vile and wicked. But I can assure you that such is not the case. There is nothing that I have seen that approaches to irreverence of God. While their sincerity in worship is as true and good, if not superior to any that I have ever seen. And then you are wrong in supposing that the Bible is discarded, for we generally have a chapter read out of it at the commencement of our services. We frequently have lessons out of the New Testament, at School, which are explained in a much more satisfactory way than the old one.

B.—I beg your pardon, if in my ignorance I have said aught to wound your feelings, for you know that I always had a strong attachment for your company, and respect for your judgment. But, really, the reports that I have heard respecting this new thing called Spiritualism, and your connection with it, were too much for me. But it appears that it is not wise for any one to form an opinion on anything on mere reports. It gives me great pleasure to learn that you are taught out of the blessed book—the Bible. I should much like to know what you mean, by the more satisfactory way in which it is explained than the old one. Can there be two ways?

A.—There are many ways. Every one interprets it according to the light within him. I will give you one or two instances

of these differences. First, you will no doubt remember the passage where Jesus gave to his disciples the power to heal the sick, make the lame to walk, the blind to see, the deaf to hear; and also gave them power over unclean spirits, and promised that these gifts should follow to all them that believed.

B.—Yes: I remember the passage well. But what of it? Surely you don't mean to say that it is in the world to-day? I always understood that these gifts died with the disciples.

A.—And so did I, previous to attending the Spiritualists' Lyceum. But there we are taught that they exist in the world to-day.

B.—To day! You surprise me. What doctor possesses the wonderful power? I know of none.

A.—You must not look for it in the medical profession. It is not possessed by them; because they have been taught to rely on their own skill, and not on the power of the spirit. And I must further add to your surprise, by informing you that these gifts are possessed by those people who are derided so very much for being Spiritualists: for I myself have experienced their beneficial powers.

B.—I have heard that they claim these gifts. But our Minister says that it is of the Devil.

A.—And yet this Minister will tell you that this Devil to whom he attributes these, goes about like a "roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." How strikingly opposite are these two characters given to one person! But, really we need not be surprised at the way in which it is received to-day by those whose duty it is to teach the people truth: there is an adage, which says that history repeats itself, and they said of Jesus—"He hath a Devil." And how much more superior was his life to ours? And, secondly, respecting eternal punishment. Our teachers say that it is contrary to the goodness of God to create a being whose sole work is to allure His children into the paths of sin and wickedness, and so on to destruction, away from their heavenly home. We cannot suppose a kind and loving earthly father doing this to his children. Such a one would be looked upon as a vile monster, and would not be allowed to be at large. Then how can they attribute this wicked character to a Heavenly One? And, thirdly, they teach us that, in fact, there is no personal Devil, such as is described in the New Testament, which they say properly means Selfishness; and that the greatest enemies mankind have to fear, are Selfishness and Ignorance. Fourthly, they teach us that there is no punishment which is intended to last for eternity. For all suffering, whether in this life or the Spiritual, is reformatory, and is instituted to teach us to do better. Therefore, we have only to suffer in accordance with the extent of our shortcomings or sins. And this not in a lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, but in spiritual darkness, where there is "weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth."

B.—No Devil! No eternal punishment! What strange teachings are these? What inducement is there for people to do that which is right if these are done away with? But where do you or your teachers get their authority from? Not out of the Bible, surely.

A.—There is the greatest of all inducements to be good, which is, the consciousness that whatever of wrong we do, that we shall have to bear the full penalty thereof. For you know that Paul says when writing to the Galatians, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." And pray what can be more just than this? With regard to the teachings of no eternal punishment; we read that Jesus, after he was crucified, descended into hell to preach unto "the spirits in prison" that had done wrong in the days of Noah. Now if their punishment was to be eternal, what object had he in view in his mission? We know that his whole life on earth was an endeavour to raise the downcast, and bless the poor and needy in spirit, which leads us to infer that his mission to those poor, benighted souls, was to preach to them the glad tidings of a loving Father, and to induce them to work off the consequences of their misspent lives; and so "rise from glory unto glory, until in heaven they take their place," as that beautiful hymn expresses it, which we so often sing. But even if the Bible was silent on this point, it would be no less a truth. For we have overwhelming evidence given at the spirit-circle, that those who have done wrong on earth can return and tell us respecting their place of abode, and the effect the actions of a misspent life have on them in the spirit world. Which in many cases is quite heart-rending, and is, of itself, calculated to induce people to lead good and virtuous lives. These descriptions are borne out by the evidence given by those bright souls who communicate at the circle to teach us the way of life. They, too, often descend to those spirits in prison, as Jesus did, to preach to them: for they love to do good.

B.—Really, Miss A., you quite overwhelm me with your reasoning. I never heard you speak like this before. How wonderfully you have improved of late, and although I have read those passages so often, I never viewed them in the light which you have shown them. How strange!

A.—Thanks for your good opinion; but I wish to inform you, that we are taught to think and reason for ourselves, at our Lyceum, which is a sure way of improving the mind.

B.—Yes, I should think so, if you owe your wonderful im-

provement to its influence. But why do you call it our "Lyceum?" In what does it differ from our School?

A.—It differs from the ordinary Sunday School in this: that our teachers confine themselves to no particular book to instruct us out of, but teach that which will advance our knowledge of life in general, and thus learn to know and love God through the wisdom of His works. At present we have lessons on our bodies: their construction, and their motion; and how the strength is maintained; and also how disease is caused, and how prevented. Then we have lessons on the brain; and the offices of its various parts, which as you know, is popularly called Phrenology. And I hear that to these are to be added, in time, Geology; or the science of the formation of the earth; and Astronomy, or the science of the sun, moon, and the heavenly bodies; and Botany, or the science of the order and construction of flowers; and above all, to teach the cultivation of our voices, so as to enable us to sing in concert. It is on account of these sciences being taught, that it is called a "Lyceum."

B.—Really, Miss A., you almost take away my breath with the magnitude of your programme. Why, you will all become doctors and professors!

A.—But, I understand, that it is not the intention of our teachers to make doctors of us, so much as enable us how to avoid the need of them, by teaching us how to obey the laws of our being. You know that prevention is far pleasanter than cure. But this is not all. We are taught concerning the spirit world: its homes, and scenes of inexpressible beauty; spiritual and moral precepts—indeed, too much for me to relate to you at present. Therefore, in order that you may not be kept longer in ignorance, I give you an invitation, if it be not beneath your dignity, to pay our Lyceum a visit, and judge for yourself.

B.—Thanks for your kind invitation, which, seeing that you have excited my curiosity, I accept notwithstanding your allusion to my dignity. For where there is truth to be obtained, I hope that I possess sufficient courage to search for and adhere to it, whatever my friends may say or think of me.

A.—Well said! Now, that sounds like your old self. It will give me great pleasure to call on you on Sunday next, and introduce you to our Lyceum. But my time has now expired, and I must wish you good night.

B.—(Shaking hands) Good night.—EXIT.

HAMMERSMITH.—A few friends have agreed to take two rooms at 39, Overstone Road, at a rent of 17s. 6d. per week, if they can be supported. The large room is suitable for public meetings. Address, L. G. W., as above.

PLYMOUTH.—Mr. Clarke spoke twice at Richmond Hall on Sunday, in addition to which there were thirty at the afternoon sitting.

MEETINGS, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 23rd, 1883. LONDON.

EGGWARE ROAD.—52, Bell Street, at 7, Mr. W. Wallace: Trance address.
MARLBOROUGH ROAD.—Spiritual Mission Room, 167, Seymour Place, at 11, Mr. Hopton. At 7, Seance; Wednesday, at 7.45, Mrs. Hawkins; 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 circle. It may be engaged for private sittings.
CAVENDISH ROOMS, Mortimer Street, W., at 7: Mr. J. J. Morse,—"Crime, a Study in Psychology."

WEEK NIGHTS.

SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION.—Tuesday, Mr. Towns's seance, at 8.
BROMPTON.—Mr. Pound's, 105, Isfeld Road, Wednesday, at 8, Mr. Towns.

PROVINCES.

BARROW-IN-FURNESS.—75, Buccleuch Street, at 6.30.
BATLEY CARR.—Town Street, 6.30 p.m.: Mrs. Ingham.
BEDFORD.—King Street, at 6 p.m. Wednesday, at 7 p.m.
BELPER.—Lecture Room, Brookside, at 6.30.
BINGLEY.—Intelligence Hall, 2.30 and 6 p.m.: Mrs. Butler.
BIRMINGHAM.—Ozell Street Board School, 6.30: Mr. Clarke.
BISHOP AUCKLAND.—Temperance Hall, Gurney Villa, 2.30 and 6 p.m.:
BLACKBURN.—Academy of Arts and Sciences, Paradise Lane:
BRADFORD.—Spiritualist Church, Walton Street, Hall Lane, Wakefield Road, 2.30 and 6 p.m.: Mrs. Gregg.
Wade's Meeting Room, Harker Street, Bowling, at 2.30 and 6 p.m.: Mr. H. Briggs and Miss Musgrave.
Spiritual Lyceum, Oddfellows' Rooms, Otley Road, at 2.30 and 6 p.m.: Mr. Armitage.
GATEHEAD.—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: Mrs. Britten.
HETTON.—Miners' Old Hall, at 5.30.
KEIGHLEY.—Spiritualist Lyceum, East Parade, 2.30, and 6.30: Local.
LEEDS.—Tower Buildings, Woodhouse Lane, 2.30, and 6.30: Mrs. Illingworth.
LIVERPOOL.—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.: Mr. W. J. Colville.
MACCLESFIELD.—Spiritualists' Free Church, Paradise Street, at 6.30, Mrs. Burgess.
MANCHESTER.—Bridge Street Chapel, Bridge Street, Ardwick, 10.30 and 6.30: Mr. Brown.
MORLEY.—Spiritual Mission Room, Church Street, at 2.30 and 6: Local.
MIDDLEBOROUGH.—Granville Lecture Rooms, Newport Road, at 10.30, and 6.30.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—
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.
PRESTON.—48, Albion Street, Windsor Bridge, at 2.30 and 6.30.
PLYMOUTH.—Richmond Hall, Richmond Street, at 2.30, circle; at 11 and 6.30, Mr. Paynter.
SHEFFIELD.—Psychological Institution, Cocoa House, Pond Street, at 6.30, Mr. Heyworth.
SOWERBY BRIDGE.—Progressive Lyceum, Hollins Lane, at 2.30 and 6.0, Mr. Wilson.
SUNDERLAND.—Albert Rooms, 7, Coronation Street, at 6.30, Mr. J. Livingston.
WALSALL.—Exchange Rooms, High Street, at 6.30.
WEST FELTON.—At Mr. Lumsden's, 15, John Street, at 6 p.m.

RULES AND CONDITIONS FOR THE SPIRIT-CIRCLE.

"Desire earnestly spiritual gifts, but rather that ye may prophesy"—Paul.

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

LOCAL CONDITIONS.—The room in which a circle is held for development or investigation should be set apart for that purpose. It should be comfortably warmed and ventilated, but draughts or currents of air should be avoided. After each sitting the room should be thoroughly cleaned out and ventilated, that all residues may be dissipated. Those persons composing the circle should meet in the room some time before the experiments commence; the same sitters should attend each time, and occupy the same places. A developing circle exhausts power, or uses it up. Certain localities, because of geological formation, are regarded as more favourable for the phenomena.

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

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

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

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

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

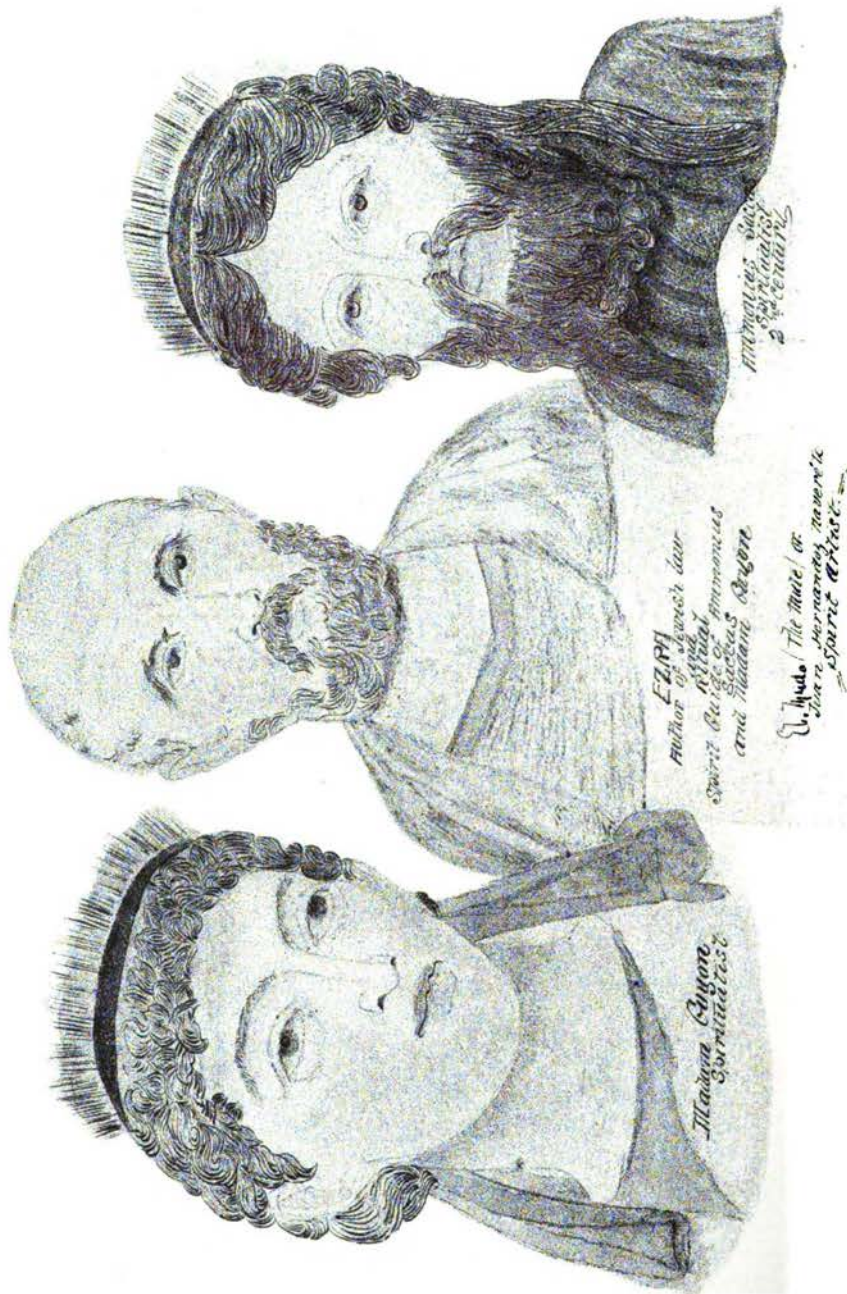
EXPERIENCE is the best teacher. Be guided by results. Ofttimes the usual conditions will appear set aside. The state of someone's mind or personal surroundings may determine matters beyond the scrutiny of the sitters. The circle is not suitable for all. Those to whom it is disagreeable or exhausting should avoid it. Sometimes one or two gross or strong sitters may prove obnoxious to those more sensitive and delicate, by absorbing the vitality of the weakest sitters. Such combinations should be avoided. Do not sit too frequently, nor one minute after the medium or most sensitive sitters become weary. Never sit without a worthy motive, of a spiritual, religious, or philanthropic character. Never use the spirit-power for worldly purposes, and avoid all who do. Family circles should shut out medium-hunters and intrusively sceptical persons. It is better for each family to produce its own Spiritualism. If anyone have not the power, it shows that nature has not prepared them for it.

MEDIUMS are often misunderstood by their nearest friends. Their feelings should always be respected when they have an aversion to any individual, or to sitting in any particular place or at any given time; never urge them against their will. Their refusal often arises from the impression of their spirit-friends, as a means of protecting them from impending evil. All mediums and sitters should lift up their souls to the Father of All, previous to every sitting, asking to be guided in all they do, and allow no selfish or inferior consideration to supersede the guidance that comes by impression or manifestation. The light of conscience within is the highest and surest guide.

DEVELOPED MEDIUMS of a high order often cannot sit in circles at all. Only in the presence of one or two congenial friends can they exercise their mediumship with advantage. Such persons should carefully avoid promiscuous sittings. In complete isolation the highest communications are most frequently received. These Rules and Suggestions are chiefly for Investigators. When sufficient experience has been obtained, each one will do well to follow such methods as are found most suitable, varying them as development proceeds. Always aspire towards the higher forms of mediumship and more spiritual purposes.

LITERATURE.—All Investigators should read the MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK, the weekly organ of the Movement, published at the Spiritual Institution, 15, Southampton Row, London, W.C., where there is a Public Library of the whole literature accessible to all inquirers. For a small subscription any circle may have the use of the most valuable works. For further information, specimen Numbers of THE MEDIUM, or in case of difficulty, address J. Burns, 15, Southampton Row, London.

CHRISTMAS GATHERING OF LANCASHIRE SPIRITUALISTS.—On Christmas Day a general gathering of Lancashire Spiritualists will take place in the Temperance Hall, Horsedgate street, Oldham, when a Tea Meeting will be held, at 4.30; after which a Concert and miscellaneous Entertainment will be given, interspersed with speeches by some of the prominent members of the Spiritual Movement in the Lancashire District, and others. Tickets for tea, etc., 9d. each. The friends from the various surrounding towns are respectfully invited to be present and make the meeting one long to be remembered.



DRAWN THROUGH THE HAND OF THE MEDIUM WHILE ENTRANCED.



Yours truly
A J J C

