

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

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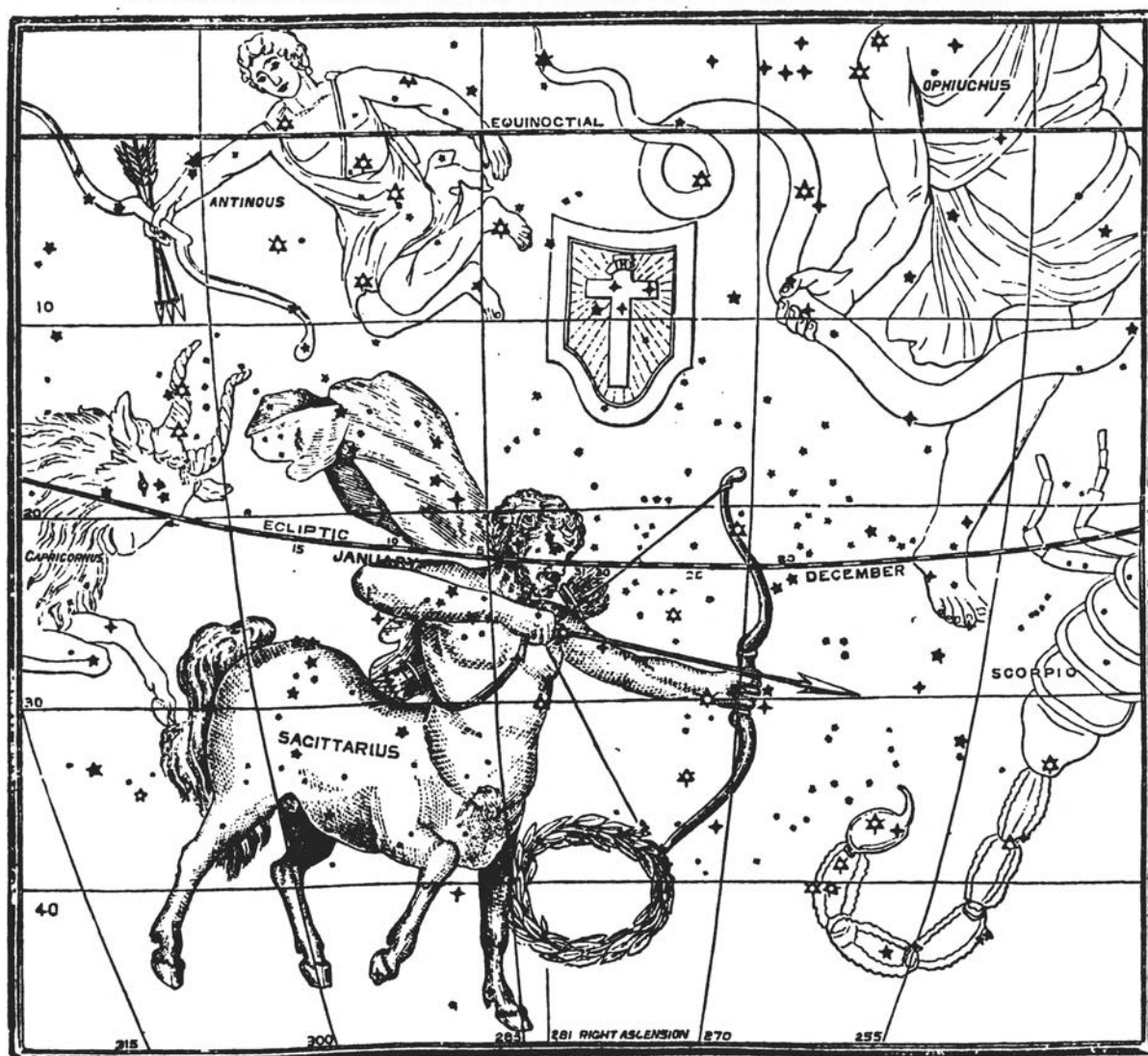
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EGYPT: AND THE WONDERS OF THE LAND OF THE PHARAOKS.
 BY WILLIAM OXLEY.



THE TWELFTH PICTURED SIGN, SAGITTARIUS, OF THE ASTRO-THEOLOGICAL PLANISPHERE.

A fac-simile of Jamieson's Star Chart, for December, 1820. Illustrating the Death of Evil, and Birth of the Young Divine Child, Antinous or Jesus: showing the Cross and the Crown, with the numbered degrees; 281 R. A. being December 25th. and 286 R. A. being January 1st. The intermediate degrees being the celebrated astro-theological, non-dies, or the Saturnalia and Carnival of the Romish System. The value of L. H. S. on the Cross, in numerals, supplies the key to the Mythos.

EGYPT: THE LAND OF WONDERS. By William Oxley.

THE TRANSITION FROM OSIRIANITY TO CHRISTIANITY.

[The Illustration is a copy of one of the pictured Signs of the Zôdiac, of which there are twelve, which form the Celestial Chart, or Planisphere; and by the use of these, along with a knowledge of the astro-theological laws on which they were constructed (examples of which will be given), the whole of the Bible narratives, as well as the Apocalypse, can be interpreted as Solar, Stellar, and Planetary phenomena. The Biblical allegories of the Creation of the world and man; Destruction of mankind; Deluge; History of Israel; Pentateuch. Psalms; Prophets, with their narratives, hymns, and prophecies; Birth and Death of Jesus Christ; and the Apocalyptic Drama; are one and all understandable and interpretable by this wonderful Astro-Theological Planisphere, the secret of which, and its mystic meaning, was discovered and published by Henry Melville, in "Veritas: a Revelation of Mysteries—Biblical, Historical, and Social—by means of the Median and Persian Laws." Second Edition, 1876.]

I HAVE now reached the point that forms the connecting link between Egypt and Christendom, and which is of surpassing interest to the British nation, in more ways than one; for if that link—which I am now about to describe—is sufficiently strong to bear the strain of fair and unbiassed criticism, then the demonstration of our origin is established. Our customs—that is, folk-lore, and usages connected therewith—festivals, traditions, names of persons and deities—and last of all our religion, were brought by wanderers from the banks of the Nile, who eventually settled in the British Isles. How or when the settlers came, is a question I leave, but the facts are too patent to be ignored or even disputed. To us, the religious element is of profound importance, inasmuch as it is that, especially since the great Revolution of the sixteenth century, which has given an impulse to the national life, and made us what we are at this present moment. Its Egyptian origin is still strongly marked, and until Sacerdotalism, with all its external modes of worship, is cast aside, this will never be lost. The Egyptian Church festivals are still continued in the Romish and Anglican Churches, under diverse names; and the doctrinals as well as rites and ceremonials of these two sections of the Church, were anticipated and in use in Egypt, ages before they were known in Christendom.

As an illustration of one, viz., sprinkling with holy water, there is an inscription at Gebel Barkal, in Nubia, translated in full ("R. P." II., 74), which recounts a military episode in the history of *Pianchi-Mer-Amen*, 21st dyn., about 1,000 B.C. This king, prior to starting on his expedition—which was for the purpose of overthrowing some rival claimants to the throne—collected his troops, and while reviewing them, gave sundry orders, among which was: "When you enter the city of Thebes, enter in with lustrations; array yourselves in your best garments. *Sprinkle yourselves with holy water of his (Ammon's) altars.* Prostrate yourselves before his face, &c., &c." This is equivalent to the "blessing of the armaments" of modern warfare, which is still practised in Russia; and the prior appeal—before actual fight takes place—to the "God of Battles" is the usual formality, even in our own country.

The sprinkling antedated the Romish use of the sign of the Cross, which symbol itself was used in ancient Egypt, for I have in my possession part of a coffin of the time of the 26th dyn. (about 600 B.C.), with an undoubted Latin cross inscribed thereon. But what is still more startling (as shown and described in the Hon. Villiers Stuart's work), the ground plan of Christian Cathedrals and Churches—always in the shape of a Latin cross—was used in making the tomb of *Taiti*, queen of *Amenoph III.*, 18th dyn., 1,470 B.C. It is a perfect Cross, with nave, north and south transepts, and a chancel at the end, with a frontage that if erected perpendicularly, would show an exact cross, resting on a wide pedestal. Here the Christian Cross or Crucifix is actually seen, in an architectural form, all these centuries prior to the Christian era, in the form of a symbol which gave its true meaning before it was degraded to its present application by Christian Ecclesiastics. The conception of a divine-human sacrifice, by death upon a cross, formed no part of the Egyptian Religion, and not in any of the temples could I discover the

slightest trace of altars whereon sacrifices of blood were made. In no sense whatever did their altars betoken the idea of a sin-offering, by a vicarious immolation of animal, much less of human, life. Theirs were thank-offerings, presented to their deities in gratitude for blessings or favours received. Even in the Christian Church itself (which will be verified further on), the symbol of a crucified man was unknown till the sixth century A.D.

During the Ptolemaic regime, the Osirian System reached its most external ornate form, and the number and extent of the temples of that age, still existing, prove that the ecclesiastical phase of that system was then in its prime. When the Greek dynasty was extinguished by the conquering Roman Power, no more temples were built; and although some of them were completed and ornamented by the Roman Emperors, yet they were either too indifferent or otherwise engaged, to trouble themselves with the religion of the country; and from that period the decline set in, which culminated in its final extinguishment as the national religion, by the Emperor Theodosius, in 379 A.D. During these centuries, the people had become enervated, and were either too prostrate or apathetic to offer any resistance.

Many causes contributed to this, the most notable of which was the building of Alexandria, the capital of the *Ptolemies*, and the emporium of commerce; and more than all, the seat of learning, for it was then, and long afterwards, the centre of attraction for all the *literati* of the Greek and Roman provinces. It was founded by Alexander the Great, in 332 B.C.—who was interred there in a splendid mausoleum—but enlarged and beautified by the *Ptolemies*. The part east of the great harbour contained the Royal Palaces, Theatre, Museum, and Library, and altogether Alexandria was then the handsomest city of its time. The famous Alexandrian Library contained the richest treasures of human knowledge, collected from all sources, and is said, at one time, to have contained seven hundred thousand volumes, or rather rolls of MSS. Tradition—for it is nothing else—makes the Turkish Calif, Omar, the ruthless destroyer of these precious treasures, but according to history, part of it was destroyed during the siege of the city by Julius Cæsar. The chief destroyers were a mob, instigated and led on to this wanton course by the Christian Archbishop Theophilus, in 391 A.D. (Omar did not take possession till 300 years after). This is corroborated by the Spanish historian, Orosius, who visited Egypt in 413 A.D., and he says that he saw only empty shelves. It was in Alexandria, that the fabled miraculous interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures into Greek, which is known as the Septuagint, was undertaken by command of the second *Ptolemy*, about 260 B.C.; but of this more anon.

Under the patronage of the *Ptolemies*, the various Schools, including Mathematics, Astronomy, Philosophy, and perhaps Religion, had their home in Alexandria, and hither flocked all the men, who have left the impress of their various characteristics to this day, and to this cause was due the Revolution which affected, not only Egypt, but, all the then known world. But still another factor has to be noticed, which was a most powerful one in the development of the system which had its home in Alexandria, and that was the introduction of the worship of the Indian deity, *Christna*, called *Christos* or *Christus*, by the Greeks and Romans. This, strange to say, came by the way of Ethiopia, in the extreme South, as well as by the way of Persia, Chaldea, and Phœnicia. Caravansaries, in those days, were the mode of communication between Egypt and surrounding countries, and by this means, not only trade but ideas were interchanged between India and Greece, and the Levantine and Egyptian peoples; and it is this which shows that the Buddhist and Brahminical propagandists had introduced their deities and worship. We know that the principal teachers of the Platonic Philosophy were travellers, and most of them visited India for the purpose of studying and learning from the Indian Hierophants, and in some instances they were initiated into certain Orders, which continue to this day. While this influence was being brought to bear in the North, it was at the same time, and even prior thereto, acting upon the South, *via* sea communication between the Persian Gulf and Ethiopia; as the following will prove. The modern Abyssinians are descendants of the ancient Ethiopians, and though Christian in name, and in sympathy with the Greek Christian Church, yet they are quite independent of its jurisdiction; and as to the claims of the Roman Catholic Church, they reject them *in toto*. Originally *Christians*, they are now called *Christians*; but of a different stamp from what we understand by Christianity.

From very ancient times, Ethiopia seems to have been to Egypt, pretty much what Scotland was to England; and although the most powerful monarchs invaded Ethiopia, yet they never seem to have made any permanent conquests above the Second Cataract, excepting during the Ptolemaic dynasty, when it seems to have come under the Egyptian Power, probably by other means than conquest. So powerful was Ethiopia, that history and the monuments show that she supplied a dynasty (the 25th), which governed Egypt for at least 120 years. That there were two, if not more, Ethiopian kings who held the crown of Egypt, and who are not named in the Lists, is certain. These were *Ra-ba-ka-nuat*, and *Ra-mer-ka* (*Apsalut*) who married an Egyptian Princess. Interesting accounts of both these kings are given from Stele in "R.P.," IV., 794; VI., 71. All these kings were Ammonites, i.e., they were worshippers of the Theban God, Ammon-Ra, and it is a question whether the Theban kings did not derive this worship from Ethiopia. At that period the symbol of Ammon-Ra, was the Ram, which was the same as that of Christna in India; and both referred to the Solar Divinity, or the Sun in *Aries*. This explains what follows, and demonstrates that the Ram—afterwards the Lamb—was still in vogue down to two centuries prior to the Christian era. That the true equinoctial precession was known, is proved by the presence of the book of Jonah, in the Old Testament, and the frequent introduction of the Fishes (*Pisces*) in the New. Of course, the real signification of this is only known to those who are versed in astro-masonic theology: nevertheless such is the fact.

After the retiring or expulsion of the Ethiopian kings, they were succeeded by a Northern dynasty (the 26th), whose capital was Sais, in the Delta. *Psameticus* was an enterprising and reforming monarch; for he broke down the old exclusiveness, and not only opened several ports to foreigners, but encouraged their trade, and actually employed Greek mercenaries in his armies. From this time, say 660 years B.C., Greek manners, customs, and language began to tell upon Egyptian society.

To Sir Henry Salt (see his "Travels in Abyssinia," 1814) is due the discovery of monuments, which taken with another mentioned by Cosmas, a monk and traveller of Alexandria, in the sixth century A.D., throw much light upon the question now in hand. The monument, described and interpreted by Sir Henry, is at Axom, a town about twelve miles from Adowa, in the north centre of modern Nubia. This stone has two inscriptions: one in Greek and the other in the old Ethiopian. In addition to these two inscriptions, there is a space, which I have reason to think had another inscription, in the Tamil language, but this has been erased. Like the Rosetta-stone, it is the same inscription in two languages (the missing one, of course, is conjectural). The monument was erected by *Aeizanes*, the last king of the native Ethiopian dynasty, and after his death his kingdom was incorporated by the Egyptian king *Ptolemy Evergetes*, about 250 B.C. The employment of Greek sculptors for this work, as well as for the obelisks in the same neighbourhood, shows that the Greek element was patronized, even as far south as Ethiopia. The part of the inscription (translated in Salt's work), which bears on my subject, reads thus:—

"We, *Aeiza*, king of the Axomites, Ethiopia, &c., &c., King of Kings, Son of God, the Invincible Mars." (What immediately follows is an account of the suppression of a revolt by two of the king's brothers, and finishes with)—"In grateful acknowledgment to Him who begat me—the Invincible Mars,—I have dedicated to Him a golden statue, and one of silver, and three of brass, for good."

Here we have a repetition of the claim to divine descent by this Ethiopian king, from which it would appear that the monopoly of this honour was not confined to the kings of Egypt. But I here mention, that the names of the Greek and Roman Deities are translated terms by Salt. The original reads: "*Uper de eucharistias to eme gennesantos anikito Areos.*" And in another inscription (to be referred to) this sentence occurs: "*Di ne echo ton megeson Theo mo Agne eucharistianos me kai egenesse.*" These are of vast importance to my subject in hand, inasmuch as it proves that the Ethiopians worshipped the Deity in the Ram Form, or, in plain words, the astronomical Ram, *Aries*, was the object of their worship, and this was precisely the same as the Indian Deity Christna,—called by the Greeks, *Christos*. What India had to do with the matter will appear shortly. The reference to the "Eucharist"—250 years before Christ—is more than remarkable: it is simply astounding, as it

demonstrates beyond all cavil; that this pre-eminently Christian rite was in use centuries before the time of Christ.

That the Indian Deity, Christna, was the object of worship, under their way of writing the name as *Chrestos*, or *Christos*, is shown by the other inscription referred to, which was discovered and mentioned by Cosmas in the sixth century A.D. It is at Adulis, the port for Axom, on the Red Sea, and the inscribed stone was originally part of a throne, before which criminals were executed. Part of the inscription reads: "I have conquered the peoples of Gaza" (here follows the names of about twenty different tribes or nations). "Many peoples have become my tributaries without war. Then I have sent land and sea forces beyond the Red Sea, and I have conquered the Arabites, &c., &c. I forced their kings to pay me tribute, and made them secure the protection of the land routes, and also of the seas. Of all my predecessors none before me have conquered all these peoples. I have rendered thanks to the God Mars, from whom I am descended; and because of my descent, I have conquered all the regions from the Orient to the Land of Incense; as well as from the Setting Sun to Ethiopia. I have set down at Adulis, and, having collected my armies, I have consecrated this seat to Mars, this twenty-seventh year of my reign."

The sentences I have italicized prove that there was connection with India, both by land and also by sea, and this is the part that concerns me in this chapter.

I think I have adduced sufficient evidence to show that the Indian *Christos* was not only well known, but had worshippers, in the lands converging on the north and south of Egypt; and how the then new system afterwards became converted into Christianity will, according to my view, be seen in what follows; but sufficient for the present, that we have historical data for this in the centuries immediately prior to the era of A.D.

The generally accepted belief is, that Christianity—as a system—is based upon the appearance of a Being,—at once divine and human, as to his parentage—in Palestine; who gathered followers, and at his decease commissioned the same to carry forward the work that he commenced; and that after him St. Paul organized the receivers of the new doctrines into Churches, and that these Churches were the first which became the parents of the mighty number which exist in our time. This belief necessitates an actual, literal Being, or Person; but the doctrines which flow therefrom I do not stop to speak of. Diverse from this "Belief," I hold that true Christianity—considered as a living spiritual truth—is the gradual development of a system of thought, and is the resultant of the highest and best conception of the human mind, as an Ideal of purity, and every virtue that it is capable of expressing; and further, that this Ideal was presented to different nations, long before the Christian one was known; and that it was the literalizing, or personification, of this *written Ideal*, that afforded conditions for the superstructure of ecclesiastical systems, dependent on a separate caste of men, set apart for the purpose of its support and propaganda. As these men were able to grasp and wield power over the intellect and even persons of their votaries, so in exact ratio, the spiritual and intellectual Ideal (which is not a monad, but universal) was lost, and the assumed historical Personage is exalted at the expense of spiritual liberty, and the birthright prerogative of humanity. In short, it is my aim to show, that the supposed Founder of Christianity is not an historical personage, but an old Ideal presented in a newer and better, and higher form than its predecessors; and further, that this Ideal is not dependent upon a past historical, but is held up as the standard of attainment by humanity, and as each realizes the truth within him or herself, then they will find that the real "Christ," is not, and was not, an historical Person, but a spiritual life-giving principle within their own selves.

In giving forth such a statement, I hold I do not destroy but fulfil, i.e., fill full, all that has transpired in the past: not with human traditions, but with spiritual and intellectual truth. I have already given unquestionable evidence, that the offspring of a human maternity by a divine paternity, was not a new thing in the world when Jesus was said to be born in such manner. *Amenoph III.*; *Rameses II.*; and even some of the Ethiopian Kings claimed exactly the same conditions of birth, 1,450, 1,390, and 250 years before Christ; and the last-named date shows that, just prior to Christ, the idea of the "advent of a Son of God" into the world was then afloat. These named Kings were literal, historical characters, and if the Jesus of the Gospels was the same, it only proves that there were more claimants than one in the field at same period. It is not a little singular, that the only instance recorded

where Jesus is shewn in immediate contact with his mother, he rather disowned than honoured her. It was his followers that made this part of his history of such vast importance. Again, the history itself is founded on *ecclesiastical tradition*, and what this means will be exemplified in due course. In this respect it is paralleled by the written histories of Osiris, Krishna, and even Mahomet. Dismissing this vein of thought, I would say in conclusion, if the Ideal is made universally applicable to every human being who has come, and will come, into this world, instead of making it an historical past, then it becomes the most powerful lever for the upliftment of humanity, with one exception, and that is the ignoring of the sexual relationship. It is a strange fact, that while all the other Messiahs and Saviours of the world enjoyed this relationship, yet the Christian one was a celibate; and with the exception of St. Peter, the first of his apostolic successors, all, down to the present occupant of "St. Peter's Chair," are (or at least are said to be) celibates. *How* it came about is not very clear, but *when*, there is not much difficulty in determining.

As a collateral evidence of the the non-historical character of the Scriptures (of all nations), the Egyptian Monuments and Records preserve an ominous silence respecting the Israelites and Jews, and this, notwithstanding the sculpture of *Sheshonk* of the walls of the Temple at Karnak, is confirmatory of my statement, for whatever may be argued as to the natural disinclination of the Egyptian historians to record their own defeats, it cannot apply to the Ptolemaic times, and to the 250 years preceding the siege of Jerusalem, by Titus, the Roman Emperor. To my view, the Jews are not a nation, but descendants of a religious or semi-religious Order, the origin of which is shrouded in mystery. That Palestine was inhabited by the Phœnicians, about the period referred to, is an historical fact, and whether the Jews of the Bible were there at the same time is very doubtful; for the Old Testament Persons, from Adam down to Jacob and his twelve sons, and even onward, are personifications of astral phenomena, like as Jesus and his twelve disciples (with names scarcely disguised) personify the Sun in his annual course through the twelve zodiacal signs. Another fact to be noted is, that the terms Israelite and Jew were used in the degrees of the Greek Eleusinian Mysteries. The Israelite, the eleventh, was the God-seer, purified from guile; and the Jew was the God, or the mystic perfection and deification of the human principle in the Hierophant himself. It still remains to be seen what the Palestine Exploration may unearth, but as yet, it has been unsuccessful in discovering any undoubted Jewish monuments. The murder of Christ by the Jews at Jerusalem, rests alone upon the Christian writings, and these writings rest upon ecclesiastical traditions. The fable of the miraculous interpretation of the Hebrew Records by order of *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, which is called the Septuagint, will not now pass for genuine history.

By command of the same *Ptolemy*, Manetho, an Egyptian priest, wrote a History of Egypt from the earliest known times, which substantially has been found to be in accord with what the monuments reveal. This was the commencement of the age of Literature, and under the patronage of the three first Ptolemaic kings, the Professors of Science and Literature found a hospitable reception at their Court in Alexandria. While the Osirian Religion continued to be that of the State, during the Greek dynasty—as shown by the vast number of their sculptures on the temple walls—yet they not only tolerated but encouraged the Philosophers of another system, whose various Schools, or systems of ethics, continued to be taught in Alexandria for two or three centuries after the Christian era. This is now classed under the term of Old and New Platonism, and *this is the link* that connects the Osirianism of Egypt with the Christianity of Europe. As will be seen, this so-called Philosophy, so far from being an abstruse and abstract deductive or imaginary set of principles alone, was actually allied with the purest morality: the Teachers of which required the same from all their disciples and students. More than this, Societies and Communities were formed, and flourished as concrete systems down to the time when the Christian Court of Rome, backed by the Secular arm, compelled them to find refuge in the Secret Societies of Rosicrucians, Alchemists, Freemasons, and others, who preserved, during the long dark ages of ecclesiastical tyranny and supremacy, the flickering light of Spiritual Truth from being utterly extinguished.

(To be continued.)

THE SPIRIT-MESSENGER.

SKETCH OF MY EARTH-LIFE.

A CONTROL BY "REV. ROBERT TAYLOR."

Recorded by A. T. T. P., January 23, 1884.

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

The Sensitive, under control, said:—

Whence comest thou, and whither dost thou go?

I can answer that question, being anxious to know the advancement of humanity during the half century that has passed since my spiritual labours commenced; for I have been a worker in the vineyard of humanity; I have been preaching that the highest star in heaven is Self-hood.

There are millions in the spheres at labour who have nothing of the brightness of this star; those who, when on earth, were the gravest amongst men, and who never dissociated the Bible from the sword; those who were rulers in the Church, holding the honourable positions of Deans, Archdeacons, and Bishops, and who acted the part of bitter persecutors to perfection; men whose lives were lives of hard severity to their fellow men, and who, had they been living in these days on earth, would undoubtedly have made themselves conspicuous by condemning to martyrdom this body, which I am now using.

But, softly, your life will be long enough to take down from me, word by word, all that I have to say. I know not the power of my newly-gained position, so let me in its preliminary course take every step slowly and surely. As this bitter, fierce spirit died away, this spirit of persecution, so have men learned the ways of mercy's path. I find that men are but crawling out of darkness, even to-day; they are on their hands and knees, and what they are learning of spiritual truth, is secretly and by stealth.

I am not speaking of every case, but I am speaking of the world as I find it now; but such as these have the very pity of angels. They dare not stoop down from their high places and occupy the position which I occupied on earth, the pulpit, or pedestal of shame; but better open ignominy than to hide hypocrisy by false teaching. If they feel, as "Ammonius Saccas" in his introduction of me told you that I felt, then I say, that they merit the pity of angels. I know them; I can tell them my visit to earth now is under different auspices. I see through regenerated discernment, the familiar marks by which men of truth may know them, despite their high gifts, their grand attainments. Their apprehensive, half-startled look is always with them. They know that they are leading humanity into shady bye-paths, keeping them from the fragrance and dewy purity of spiritual truth. They are not speaking out to their fellow-men, their fellow-sinners; they are not keeping silence from mistaken pity, but are keeping silence through selfishness, and in doing that are receiving self-torture as a reward. For what is their silence doing for them? It is compelling them to add hypocrisy to sin. Better the open ignominy that I lived through, than the life they are leading. That it may be possible to work out an open triumph for self-hood, they are keeping back the truth which they dare not acknowledge. They cling to the flesh-pots of Egypt, refusing the wholesome cup, which lies ready to their hands. They do not like to face the position which I faced: standing alone in the world; alone, with no dependence on society; alone, boldly combating the old system of ancient prejudices; alone, with the freedom of thoughtful speculation. They are afraid of a hostile world; they are afraid to be pioneers to tear down the existing system of religious thought and ancient prejudices. Such a life, and for such men, is a life of intense misery. I have lived it, and I know it, therefore I am not supporting idle theories, but speaking of those things which I know; therefore they receive and merit the pity of angels. Self-hood is supposed to raise itself above the pity of angels, therefore, I pray to the great God, that He may make known to them, that life on earth should not be made up of little selfish considerations; that knowledge is the power needed to raise humanity nearer God; and that success on earth, and success through life everlasting, depend wholly and solely on self-knowledge.

Has there ever been a man born of woman who has not prayed for success here on earth, or everlasting success hereafter? I wandered and I found the first germ of humanity's success, to-day I have realized that humanity, as a whole, was advancing, and the lever which has produced this universal human advancement, has been the utilitarian spirit that has been so lately invoked. What has produced this most marked change? Turning from fable to fact; turning from superstition to truth, claiming a more secular education, and less of the orthodox theology of former days.

"Give us," cry the utilitarians, "less of original sin and atonement, and teach our children to be observant; for the Church dignitaries and authorities have never cared much about giving culture to the powers of observation of the human soul. Teach our children the strength which lies in co-operation; the strong impulsive force that lies in adhesive vital combination."

The masses, or the majority of them, have become acute ob-

servers, and it would not require a second Daniel to prophecy the downfall of fable and superstition. I have found that this development is not confined to any special race; but that this great mental activity, this lately awakened power of observation extends universally, and so men are realizing that the best results are those obtained from united labour.

It is a spirit which has a downward tendency to conceive, that he is out of or beyond the spirit of the times. If there was one who could have truly conceived this, it was myself. I had found out something for which in my days there was no demand; on the contrary, it was a something which entailed a bitter persecution on me. But I gave up my life to create a demand; I worked in order that a good result might ensue. I had been warned sufficiently of the difficulties of the road which I meant to take. "Ammonius Saccas" told you this. Clairaudiently I heard the voice, saying, "I appeal to your judgment and decision; it is my duty to point out the peril," and I answered, at last, after much wavering; after much self-communing; I answered: "It is for me to plan out the weary plan that awaits me. It is self-hood's task to supply me with sufficient composure, energy, and decision. I may not be enabled to evade calamity, but with the right hand assistance of a loving guide, I am preparing myself to meet it. Although a charge of extreme bitterness was often urged against me; yet this charge is false, for I had wearied self-hood with inward communings, whilst acting as the curate of the Rev. Mr. Lloyd, at Chichester, and had tendered my resignation of that curacy, alleging to him that my scruples prevented me remaining longer in the ministry, so that my after-disappointments had nothing to do with the stern decision to which I had come in respect of the Christian doctrines.

Before I enter on my commencing struggle, I must refer your readers back again to that to which "Ammonius Saccas" could only casually allude, namely, an account of my life.

I was born of a studiously orthodox family. In my introduction, he alluded to the clairvoyant appearance of my dear mother, who still in spirit-life retained her orthodox views, and whose face betrayed the agony of her soul, by reason of the course of conduct on which I had determined, and my father's face was gloomily threatening, when he appeared to me. As for my brothers, they prayed that they might prevail on me to live in some foreign land, and there hide my dishonoured head, when placed in forced retirement. Through my horror of the deceitful practices of orthodoxy, a retirement was advised by the Rev. Dr. Buchner, the Bishop of Chichester, and having been compelled to give up my appointment with his friend, the Rev. Mr. Lloyd, they unitedly advised me to leave the country; not, as they selfishly observed, for their sake, but for my own. This advice I accepted for a term, hoping to get after-preference, and to gain for myself an independent position. It is a fearful thing to be dependent, even for the very necessities of life.

I retired to the Isle of Man, finding only one enemy there, and he a minister of the doctrine of peace and love, and this one was the Bishop, who either through recognising my name, or through some writing in the public papers there, threatened me with perpetual imprisonment, if I did not leave the Island at once; at the same time boasting that he could and would do so without the slightest scruple. Well may the infidel cry: "These Christians love one another."

I heard an incident in the Sensitive's life which has aided much to give him his freedom from fallacy. This incident I will introduce here. He, as you know, is one of the unlearned, and at the same time without calling or profession. He was then employed in one of the Metropolitan workhouses, having varied duties to perform, amongst others that of gate-porter, receiving-ward servant, and several other offices. One day there was brought the body, of what had been a young man in the pride of health and manhood. A false step on a foggy morning had precipitated him into one of the basins of the dock. He was rescued and hastily conveyed to the workhouse, which was the nearest place for help. Means of resuscitation were at once commenced, but all in vain. The director of the Puseyite Chapel, close at hand, with his shovel hat and sombre gown, was quickly in attendance. The brother and the wife of the man were orthodox Christians, attached to the Church of Rome. This Puseyite divine prayed fervently, that God might receive the soul of his brother departed; when in walked another minister of Jesus Christ, a more orthodox soul, a bona fide Roman Catholic ordained priest, and not a Puseyite or so-called High Church minister, and in a deep harsh and malignant voice, turning to the kneeling mourners said: "Why are you kneeling and receiving the offices of a heretic priest," and as these two men faced each other, the Sensitive, who was with them at that time, and inclined to Christian Creed, looked on them, scowling one at the other, looking as if in very deed they would like to fasten their fingers in each others throats, and he said to himself and to God: "Is it true that Christians love each other?"

You may be sure that I left the Isle of Man. Landing in the capital of Ireland, I founded a Deistical Association; but orthodox Dublin threatened my life. It raised cries of blasphemy; tore up the benches of my meeting house, and on many occasions put my life in imminent danger. You may be sure also that I soon left Dublin; for although firm in intention I was only human.

Then came the lecturing, on what was termed by orthodox divinity, "Sermons from the Devil's Chaplain." I need not dwell on the persecutions and the imprisonment I was made to suffer. The solitary hours of confinement gave me many opportunities of communicating with friendly men in spirit-life.

Here I felt rather tired. Although not a word did I utter, the control felt it, and said:—

I am afraid I am infringing on your time: you seem tired.

I said, I could go on for some time longer, and he proceeded:—

As for my imprisonment, I made friends of all but one, and he of course was the Chaplain, the Minister of peace and love. I could not make peace with him, or rather he would not make friends with me, or keep peace with me. I do not know, whether you ever read the Communion Service, in the Book of Common Prayer; but if you have not, I can tell you, that it is full of God's curses on man, and also full of threatenings against the evil-doer; and although there was but a handful of listeners, the Chaplain of Oakham Jail seemed to receive a beneficial effect in hurling these curses of God against his unfortunate congregation.

Once I got access to the pulpit Book of Common Prayer, whilst performing some prisoner's duty. I wrote a reproach on this fondness of cursing in the Hebrew language. This note took only three lines, but the consequence was, that I made an enemy, an unforgiving enemy of the Chaplain during this my imprisonment. With this exception, all amongst the jail officials were my friends; and they were the first to deny the wretched scandal, that was formulated, that during my imprisonment, through the mistaken kindness of those whom I had misled, I obtained brandy, and under its influence attempted to murder one of the officials of the prison. This base and groundless calumny fell harmlessly. My friends knew me too well to believe it for a single moment.

The real cause that had placed me as their prisoner, suffering these indignities, was not any offence against the laws of my country. My offence was an offence against orthodox claims, and orthodox teachings; for humble as my places of lecturing were, they used to be filled from base to ceiling, for I had determined, that I would begin at the beginning of the orthodox fallacies, and proceed carefully step by step until I had lifted my audience to my level. It was no part of my work to descend to theirs, but to lift them up to the same range of thought, which I had reached; and in this my labour, I asked the aid of Him, who is alone Almighty, Omniscient, and All-Merciful and All-Loving.

You will, dear Recorder, publish this series of lectures in the order in which they follow, making the introduction by "Ammonius Saccas" the first of the series: the next in order will be this one, that I have made to-night; the third will take place on the opening of your next series of sittings, and will be on the birth and surrounding circumstances of Jesus of Nazareth. Good night, and may God bless you.

I have no doubt that in the series of lectures which is to follow, we shall have a full account of the doctrines and tenets of the Rev. Robert Taylor when in earth-life, and in all probability get some account of his workings in the higher state. I shall therefore wait until the series is ended, before I make any comments on his earth career, further than giving a short account of when and where he figured.

I recollect well, a little over fifty years ago, there was a bookseller named Carlyle, who had a shop in Fleet Street, at the corner of (I think) Bouverie Street, and all my knowledge of what were the teachings of the Rev. Robert Taylor, were what I read in the shop-window. As far as my recollection goes, they were on pure Deism; but in public opinion, or rather in the opinions of those who did their thinking vicariously, and they who expected to expiate for their sins vicariously, Deism was quite as heinous an offence as Atheism is in the present. The state of opinion in the earlier part of the century, is evidenced by the persecution of Paine, Hone, and the other Free-thinkers of the day; but their writings and opinions on exploded doctrines were as milk compared to the effusions of writers who, in the present day, are petted in high places, and who, in skilled and euphonious language, have carried their readers into the dreary regions of Agnosticism; not denying positively the Almighty Disposer of events, but saying, "We have no evidence of him, and we do not know him." *Blasphemy, so-called*, may be published at fifteen shillings, and no notice taken of it, but if published in a twopenny weekly, it must be put down by the strong hand of the law. But this will not last long; the school-master is amongst the masses, and they will not be deluded into belief of doctrines contrary to nature and repugnant to common sense.

WALSALL.—Special Anniversary Celebration, February 17 and 18.

A PREDICTION.

The vast assemblage of Spirits now walking the earth, is prophetic of the future advancement of Mankind. They come in thousands to help poor human nature to unfold herself. A constant stream of angels is gravitating to earth, to help their fellow-workers; and never have they been so busily employed as now. They break down the strong doors, which imprison man's spiritual perceptions, and endeavour to let the light of the soul escape, that others may see. Now is a new Dispensation at hand; with the New Year a new birth takes place—a glorious birth of freedom from the bigotries of the past age. The angels are satisfied with the progress of clearance already accomplished, and they sustain and urge each other onward with words of hope and encouragement.

A crisis is at hand for those who have hitherto led lives of blindness, and in spite of themselves will their eyes be opened, and they will be convinced of their own inherent spirituality, and of the truth, that the so-called dead still live—can still commune with those in the body. They will fight hard against these convictions, but without avail, for at last will they be compelled to admit that Truth cannot be hid. Each day is some small advantage gained by the army of workers, but the work must of necessity be slow; for the difficulties which stand in the way—old beliefs and ideas—are numerous and formidable. Still, daily a little is done; a grain of sand dislodged, and with this we are content. More will follow, we know, until the high wall of Materialism be removed, and the old thoughts be buried in the ruins, from out which shall rise Man in his Spiritual Nature, endowed with the attributes of his Maker. Truth shall shine forth from his soul, drawing others to him.

Yes, the earth-order will change, for God loves his people too well to leave them for ever in doubt and ignorance. Since the world began—since man inhabited the globe—this work of clearance has been in operation; but now will it advance with rapid strides, until all shall be harmonious, and the people shall dwell in brotherly love together.

This is a prediction, handed down to earth by one who has long left the material body; by one who is even now but a child in knowledge of spiritual life, although many years have elapsed since his advent here. Knowledge is illimitable, and, in the eternity before us, will knowledge be acquired for still further degrees of development. Thus onward and upward we ever travel, filling our souls with truths that ever give us delight; each new study more elevating than the last, until our spirits, soaring nearer the Centre Spirit, we live in the presence of the Sublime Creator, the Spirit Supreme.

This message has been transmitted from a high grade, through the spirits employed for this purpose. In the transmission, the idea remains the same, although the mode of expression changes, and when it comes to you, the Medium, again has it to be changed, to clothe it in the language you know on earth. Thus no message from on high is quite the same as that impressed on the first receptive spirit. The higher spirits pass the message from mind to mind, in the descending scale of communication; each spirit entrusted with it hears and understands it according to his spiritual development. Some mediums receive DIRECT messages from those on high, but rarely can they put them into words. The mind speaks to mind alone, and this being spiritual, cannot be expressed correctly by material words and sounds. A translation is made but it cannot be the counterpart of that impressed, for the sense must be altered to fit it into words. Soul impressions are the highest forms of mediumship, but the other modes must also be developed for the eyes and ears of those who would not believe, unless the phenomena were visible. All phases of mediumship are useful, for, without these outward signs, the progress of mankind in spirituality would be slow and difficult to accomplish.

—From the shores of the eternal Land of Soul,
"LUCRETIA."

LITERARY NOTICES.

"THE ROMANCE OF MY LIFE."

I am delighted to see that my late charitable work so satisfactorily begun, is being taken up by others more experienced and far more able than I.

In Styria, the Baroness Adelma Von Vay is about to publish, in German, a volume of Essays and Prayers (written or spoken under spiritual control) for every day in the year, the proceeds of which the authoress will herself put to the best practical use in relieving and assisting the poor peasants—particularly the children—many of whom are in a most wretched, low, and pitiable condition. The Baroness, well-known and still more esteemed and beloved, as she is by all classes of society, from crowned heads downwards to the hungry wayfarers who make the "Hungarian Baron's" pretty villa a haven of rest and relief, will assuredly meet with success, and reap many a blessing, besides the all-sufficient inward satisfaction she will enjoy in feeling and knowing she has done still more good in the world.

And now I rejoice to find that here in London our little waifs are, through the generosity of another kind heart, to "have a day in the country."

For this purpose Mrs. Gunion (Edith Saville) has written a fascinating little book, "The Romance of My Life," that once taken up cannot be put down. It is the life-history of one born in the poverty-stricken streets of the crowded city: a most appropriate theme for the object of the work. From beginning to end it is an excellent picture of human nature, teeming with those quaint bits of child-philosophy which are so apt, so full of unsophisticated wisdom.

Having had the good and Merciful Father of All portrayed to him as a monster man with saucer eyes, Jack, Joe's confidante, who had a propensity for "applying other people's property to himself" would say: "Joe, is God peeping out of the clouds? Just look if you can see his big eyes."

One day when there was a loud thunderstorm, and he had not been stealing nor cheating, said Jack: "Joe, I 'aint been cheatin'. What is God so savage about?"

To which his comrade made the ready and logical response.

"But p'raps somebody else has, Jack!"

Throughout there is such an air of reality that one cannot regard it as fiction: and yet it is a veritable "romance," although the hero is so common-place a little fellow—but one in a multitude, alas!

Interspersed, and in nowise interfering with the interest of the story, are sentiments eloquently expressed, of the broad yet highest and noblest order.

The concluding chapter reads like a glorious prophecy of the future, suited alike to old and young. The very last sentences in the interesting little book are these:—

"The breath of intelligence is diffusing its perfume over the earth, and the white-robed goddess of Truth is unveiling the temples of hypocrisy and falsehood—her greatest foes."

The price being so low (1s. 6d.) one might well have doubts of its proving a success in a benevolent way: but to my delight I hear that the fund is already satisfactorily increasing, and should it continue, in a short time the authoress will have sufficient, whereby to give a large number of wan, wasting little creatures an enjoyable day in Epping Forest, when suitable weather comes.
CAROLINE CORNER.

RHINELAND. By Caroline Corner, Author of "My Visit to Styria," etc. (J. Burns.)

Miss Corner displays as much wisdom as benevolence in the method she is taking to collect money for improving the condition of the poverty-stricken denizens of the East End. "Rhine-land"—from the sale of which she has already realized sufficient to give a Christmas "treat" to a select company of ragged hungry children—is a pretty little volume, attractive in exterior, and amusingly instructive in contents. This "reminiscence of her youth" is an interesting account of a first visit paid to the romantic district on the "banks of the Rhine." Interspersed with good descriptions of scenery she relates many legends of that historic land, and indulges in personal retrospection of the happy time she spent as the guest of Prince Emil Wittgenstein, to whose memory she dedicates her story. From the further proceeds of her venture she hopes to defray the cost of "a cup of good tea," and a suit of comfortable apparel, given to a number of poor old people.—"The Whitehall Review," January 24th, 1884.

THE THEOLOGICAL CONFLICT.

TESTIMONY OF "ANGELIC REVELATIONS."

To the Editor.—Sir,—Although Mr. Oxley writes a long letter in this week's MEDIUM, he still leaves unanswered my oft-repeated request, to say WHERE he has perused those early manuscripts in which he asserts the name of Jesus is not found.

In the interests therefore of the great Truth, I am humbly endeavouring to uphold, I must point out this continued silence to your readers; remarking only, that it still leaves my position invulnerable!

But another unlooked-for testimony is now added to the personal existence of our Lord, in the valuable letter contributed this week by Mrs. Olara Rowe.

This testimony is written by Mr. Oxley himself, as The "Recorder" of "Angelic Revelations," and to this therefore he can hardly demur!

I refer every reader to this testimony, in which the "Recorder" (Mr. Oxley) asks the angels, "Are we to consider these two (Vishnu and Jesu Christ) as actual human beings; who once appeared as such on our earth?" To which plain question, the angel gives an equally plain answer, "IN THE AFFIRMATIVE!"

This affirmative answer was subsequently confirmed twice over!

Thanking Mrs. Olara Rowe for so valuable an additional

testimony, recorded by Mr. Oxley himself, to the truth of our faith, I beg to remain, Sir, faithfully yours, "LILY."

[We have received a vast pile of correspondence on this subject, all of which must stand over till next week.—Ed. M.]

MRS. HARDINGE-BRITTEN AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

If any person was under the impression that Spiritualism was defunct in Newcastle, or even in a decaying condition, they would have been agreeably surprised had they attended the lectures delivered by this highly-gifted lady about a fortnight ago. She lectured under the auspices of the Newcastle Society, who specially engaged for her a large Hall on the two Sundays during her visit. It was a treat to see the desire for spiritual food manifested by such large numbers of people. This Hall was filled to overflowing each Sunday, at least 500 persons were present, many standing all the time rather than not hear. The officials were obliged to close the doors to prevent crushing. Many could not obtain admittance, and the police on duty stated that as many were unable to get in as would have again filled the Hall.

On two or three week evenings, Mrs. Britten lectured in the Society's Hall, in Weir's Court, when every available spot was occupied, and great enthusiasm manifested; in fact her visit practically constituted a great Spiritual Revival on Tyneside. There were a great many old friends of the Movement present, and a large addition of the general public. Mrs. Britten also held a debate on "Spiritualism, the Reform, Science, and Religion of the Age"; this was also crowded, but no opponents ventured to tackle the lady speaker, and the meeting resulted in the answering of questions; the Rev. J. Boyle presided.

The chair was taken on the different occasions by Alderman T. P. Barkas, Mr. Kersey, Mr. T. Thomson, and Mr. Geo. Wilson. The visit of Mrs. Britten was appropriately terminated by a Tea and Entertainment, in which several lady and gentlemen friends contributed to the harmony by Vocal and Instrumental Music, Recitations, etc., and a very enjoyable evening was spent. During an interval a cordial vote of thanks was tendered to Mrs. Britten, and the following poem was read, having been written by a lady member under inspiration.

TO EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN.

Dear friend,—I greet thee, and had I
The flower of speech which ye possess,
I could not then speak all I feel

For thee, our Queen, our Prophetess.
But tho' our lips are frail, our hearts
Are full, are brimming o'er with love
For thee, our messenger divine,
Our Angel friend, our carrier dove.

For like the gentle bird of old,
That sped afar on noiseless wing
And braved the dangers of the night,
A message sweet of love to bring;
And, spite of hawk, or shot, or snare,
Sped on and on its silent way,
To bring the anxious watcher news
Of the dear loved one far away.

Thou bringest tidings, word from those
We laid aside in awe and dread—
In direst anguish, bitterest grief—
Thou bring'st a message from our dead:
Ye say they live, those dear ones live,
Free, and are joyous, bright and well;
Ye tell of ecstasy unbounded,
And, oh! ye never tell of hell.

As from the egg the eagle soareth,
As from the acorn rears the tree,
As from the worm, that writhes and crawlth,
The butterfly floats pure and free,
So from the form that dies and withers,
Sinks and is buried neath the sod,
A spirit rises, fair and beauteous,
An unattained image of its God.

Ye tell us this in language grand,
Ye kindle aspiration's fire,
Teach us to live a nobler life,
Long to be purer, better, higher;
And when, for all his wondrous love,
We thank our God on bended knee,
For more than all his precious gifts,
We thank Him that he sent us thee.

Farewell! farewell! God speed thee dear one,
May angels follow where ye tread,
And clusters of the bright immortals,
For ever hover o'er thy head;
And when the builder, Death, releases
Thy soul, to track eternity,
Oh! wave your mantle ere ye go,
And let its shadow rest on me.—E. B.

Many are eagerly looking forward to Mrs. Britten's next visit in March, previous to her departure for America, and ask why we cannot always have her amongst us. Mrs. Britten's

new work, "Nineteenth Century Miracles," was read from and exhibited, and spite of the considerable list of subscribers here previously, many regretted when they saw it that they had not subscribed before publication. However, as it was, orders were taken for twenty-eight copies more, thus nearly if not quite one hundred copies of this splendid work have been disposed of on Tyneside. ERNEST.

WORK IN LEEDS.

The week ending with last Sunday evening was, both with Spirit and Spiritualist, a very busy one. I mean, that great activity was manifested in connection with both the external and the internal workings of our Spiritual Movement. I submit the following particulars.

THE NEW HALL.—There was nothing in the new building which has been taken, except the bare walls and the floor; so that much work has had to be done therein, before it could be used for meetings. Our committee were, therefore, during last week, busily engaged in urging on the preparations, so that it could be occupied on Sunday last. The urgency might not have seemed necessary; but there was, no doubt, a special spiritual agency in the matter, for during the week it suddenly occurred to some of the friends that the old room was opened on the corresponding Sunday exactly two years ago. This coincidence was quite an undesigned one, so far as the friends were concerned, but not so, probably, with the higher powers. The new place is conspicuously named "The Psychological Hall," and the body of people meeting therein will be denominated "The Spiritual Church."

We held meetings in the old room on every evening of last week, except Wednesday and Saturday; the average attendance being about thirty. There were more than forty present on Tuesday evening. It is very pleasing to see the amount of spiritual vitality and interest that exist; the meetings were all very enjoyable and successful—not even the pouring rain on Thursday and Friday could keep the people away from the meetings; they evidently felt it good to be there. Some of the meetings have been of a highly spiritual character; and the manifestation of mediumistic powers has been varied and abundant. Each meeting has differed from the others in the mediums selected to speak, etc. On Saturday evening we held our first circle in the new room—the results of the meeting being exceedingly good.

SUNDAY SERVICES.—The opening services at the New Room on Sunday, were in every respect, and in the highest sense, a success. Being very commodious, and supplied with, for the most part, entirely new fittings and furniture, it presents a very attractive appearance. In its situation and accommodation, it is certainly a credit to our Movement; and there is every reason to believe that it will become a centre of extensive and successful work. I shall be surprised if the success does not become embarrassing, so far as that room is concerned; but, of course, the Spiritualists' motto, however much they may expand and grow, is still Onward!

In the morning a dedication service was held, conducted by the writer. At the close of my address, four trance mediums, seated at different parts of the room, were consecutively controlled to offer prayer and give exhortations.

For the afternoon and evening meetings, the society secured the services of Mr. E. W. Wallis. The subject of the afternoon address was: "An hour's communion with the dead"; the evening subject was: "Is Spiritualism a Religion?" The audiences were very large, intelligent, and appreciative—the room in the evening being quite full. It was a beautiful sight, and, for myself, I felt quite proud to preside over such meetings, and, in particular, to again meet and listen to Brother Wallis. The addresses were most comprehensive, earnest, logical, and masterly.

Fifty copies of the MEDIUM were easily sold, and a goodly number of the hymn-books, bound in cloth, were also disposed of.

PUBLIC DISSEMINATION OF SPIRITUALISM.—I am pleased to see that the MEDIUM is regularly placed on the table of the public reading-room; a liberal friend has for several years supplied it to that institution. I also notice that in the Library there are several standard volumes of our literature.

We have already obtained much notice in the local newspapers; reports of our work appeared last week in three of them. We know, by experience, the influence of this work.

OMEGA.

MR. BRIGHT AND THE ANTI-VACCINATORS.—At the monthly meeting of the London Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination, the following resolution was proposed by the Rev. I. Doxey, and carried unanimously:—"That having regard to the recent letter of Mr. John Bright, admitting the dangers incident to vaccination, and denouncing the cruelty and injustice of the law: Resolved, that the best thanks of the society be conveyed to Mr. Bright for his timely and emphatic utterance, coupled with the suggestion that during the approaching session he should give effect to his convictions by supporting Mr. P. A. Taylor in obtaining the repeal of the oppressive law."

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THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1884.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Next week's MEDIUM will be enriched by an Illustration of Fac-simile (on reduced scale, from a photograph by M. Sebah) of the Tablet of Abydos, by Seti I., 19th dyn., containing the Royal Ovals, with names of seventy-six Egyptian Kings, from the foundation of the Monarchy. This is the first (known) printed Illustration of this precious monument that has been presented to the public, and is invaluable as a reference to all students of Egyptian History.

Apart from all Christian controversy, this chapter on "Egypt" will prove of great interest on account of the information it furnishes on matters of history. Its seems very bad taste on the part of Christians to show umbrage at investigations of this kind, but it was worse some time ago. During the last century it would have cost a publisher his liberty and possibly life, to have issued such a paper as the MEDIUM. The old spirit still lingers; but its nails have been pared down to petty obstruction and weak abuse. For the credit of their Cause, we hope our Christian friends will take notice of these particulars; for the car of progress will roll on whether they like it or not, as it has done in the past: Thank God!

On Monday evening, in the Presbyterian Church, Norwood, Miss MacLachlan lectured on the "Covenanters." The chairman greatly wished there were some of that sort of folk amongst us to-day, seeing that popery was thrusting itself in so busily everywhere. The Pastor, Mr. Taylor, thought that the great merit of the lecturer's theme was that it was a plea for religious liberty. The lecturer in her peroration claimed that in the case of Romish oppression, all the Protestant sects would to a man combine, and resist the onslaught on their conscientious scruples. Now we doubt all this. We ask these good Presbyterians if they are wholly on the side of religious freedom themselves? Where is the Christian who is the champion of religious freedom, if that freedom seeks an expression opposed to Christian creeds and claims? The next demand of the fettered soul will be to shake off the assumptions of Christianity, and then a coalition will spring up of a remarkable character. The Papists and Protestants, Episcopalians and Presbyterians, Calvinists and Ranters, Jesuits and Salvation Army, will all unite together to persecute and destroy the new heresy! Have we not had a smell of it already in the correspondence columns of the MEDIUM?

It is most significant that "Robert Taylor" should come on the scene at the very time that the libels on him were copied into the MEDIUM from Mr. Peebles' work on "Jesus." This "coincidence" is altogether unpremeditated by man, a spiritual arrangement entirely. One party is inspired to bring to the front falsehoods, that another actor in the drama may vanquish and explode. All are necessary to the work. Let us, therefore, on whichever side the spirit world ranges us, regard one another as fellow workers, and in love esteem our opponent's efforts, though our duty to the Unseen may urge us to demolish the work done through his hands. It is his "earthworks" we are knocking down, not the Brother or Sister.

We are possibly not stating anything new when we declare W. J. Colville to be a phenomenon! The produce of his mediumship which we print this week attests the fact. The spiritual part of the programme of Thursday evening was a wonderful arrangement. It was wholly due to our inspirational and kind friend Mr. Tietkens, that the duet "Excelsior" was sung, and placed immediately before the discourse. The grand effort of the vocalists suggested the theme for Mr. Colville to speak upon, who straightway went at his task as if he had been reading from a book; and what an able and melodious essay it is to be sure! The poem is no less remarkable, on rather an utilitarian subject; but the reporting of it is more wonderful still. Mr. Colville was in our office on Friday scribbling a few memoranda, as we thought, on some odd pieces of paper he found lying about. We addressed him repeatedly, and he answered without the slightest embarrassment. In a short time he tossed the papers from him and said: "Here is the report of the Poem." What! write a poem off in that careless fashion, and a report, too, of an unstudied effort of the day before? But so it was, and it went to the printer without being read over. In such a manner "Bertha" is being thrown off. Till it appears in print, the "author" (who is author?) never sees what he has rapidly jotted down.

Correspondence from various parts of the country indicate that "Mr. Fitton" is making himself active in spirit circles. This "Mr. Fitton" is, we understand, the person who was discovered simulating spirit forms at Littlebro' some time ago, and who has been under a cloud since. His seances were largely reported in the MEDIUM, and often we urged the observance of such conditions as would render the phenomena self-demonstratively spiritual. We regarded the matter as an experiment, and reported what Mr. Fitton's friends chose to send till the bitter end. No explanation or extenuation has been forthcoming to mitigate Mr. Fitton's imposture, and hence we have to announce that we deny his meetings, and those who hold them, publicity in our columns. The Cause has already suffered sufficiently through Mr. Fitton; and if he had moral sense he would not permit himself to be placed in a position for which he is wholly unfitted by his past imposture.

Having received various letters concerning "Bertha," during past few days, I beg to state that the book will now be out very shortly. Immediately it is out, full particulars as to the places in all parts of England where it can be procured, will be published in the MEDIUM. I am still prepared to furnish plain copies at 2s. 6d., and Souvenir Edition at 3s. 6d., to those who send me postal orders for the required amount to 4, Waterloo Road, Manchester.—W. J. COLVILLE, Feb. 4, 1884.

It may be useful to state that Mr. L'Estrange, 50, Summerlayton Road, Brixton, may be obtained as a professional pianist; also that Mr. and Mrs. Alexander and Madame de Lisle are accessible to those who may desire to avail themselves of musical services. We make this statement in acknowledgment of the valuable services rendered by these ladies and gentlemen at the concert on Thursday evening.

The pressure on our columns is so great, that we have, this week, been forced, at considerable outlay, to fill the MEDIUM as full as it will pack. Yet a number of communications, some of them current reports, stand over till another issue. We hope our correspondents will kindly bear with the necessities of the case.

Spontaneous phenomena have broken out at Arundel. The report must stand over.

Mr. G. B. Taylor will read a paper on "Compulsory Vaccination" in the schoolroom, St Martin's Street, Leicester Square, on Monday, Feb 18th, at 8.30. Admission free.

EXETER.—The second Sunday of our new society fully came up to our expectations, and our work bids fair to spread its influence over a wide field of thought; each being fully alive to his work, and the "Seed Corn," printed with special heading by our esteemed friend, Mr. J. Burns, did good work among the people. The friends of Truth have no need to lack, with the aid of such leaflets, and earnestly do I recommend them to those Societies who have not as yet had them. Again we had a high intellectual treat by the same control of last week, the spirit reviewing the previous subject, and taking up an oration on "Thought." The audience was kept in rapt attention.—R. SHEPHERD, Sec.

MORECAMBE.—On Saturday a small meeting was held at the house of Mr. Watkinson, who is developing into a physical medium, and arrangements were made to have a meeting on Sunday, when a grand circle was formed, and Miss Llewellyn was controlled by an Italian lady, who sang some Italian songs, and forms were seen in the room. Arrangements were made, through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Watkinson, to hold meetings at their house until a room can be obtained. Mr. James offered up prayer partly under control.—J. W. JAMES.

HEYWOOD.—On Sunday, February 3, Mrs. Yarwood, in the new Bechabite Hall, delivered a powerful address on "Spiritualism, and its teachings," which was treated in a masterly and eloquent manner. At the close she described spiritual surroundings in eight cases, all of which were acknowledged to be correct, and in five of them names were given. The chair was occupied by Mr. J. Wild. He and Mrs. Wild related some of their experiences, and how they were brought into Spiritualism.—J. H. PELL.

THE NEXT ANNIVERSARY—A RECEPTION TO MRS. BRITTEN.

To the Editor.—Sir,—The success attending the Re-union at Neumeyer Hall, on Thursday evening, has suggested to myself and others that I have spoken to, the desirability of having another such gathering in commemoration of the approaching anniversary of Spiritualism, on which occasion the respected Guest I propose should be our old and well-tired friend Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten. I hear that she is about to return to America in Spring, and it is fitting and agreeable to the feelings of many that she should have a farewell reception in London, especially as she has also just completed her great work on the History of Spiritualism.

I would suggest that a kind and most respectful invitation be sent from the Spiritualists of London to Mr. and Mrs. Britten, desiring their presence in London at the end of March. On Sunday, March 30, Mrs. Britten could give one or more orations in some suitable Hall, and on a convenient evening, a large Hall could be secured for a great demonstration of London friends, to bid her God speed on her contemplated visit to the United States.

Hoping that immediate steps will be taken to secure these ends, and that Mrs. Britten may kindly respond, I am, truly yours,
J. WOOTTON.

83, Little Earl St., Soho, Feb. 5, 1884.

MR. COLVILLE'S PROPOSED SERIES OF SUNDAY MEETINGS IN NEUMEYER HALL, LONDON.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I listened with much interest to the admirable lecture given by Mr. Colville, at Neumeyer Hall, on Sunday, and should be glad to hear whether an arrangement can be made for him to give a series of Sunday Lectures in London. I contribute £5 towards this object, and no doubt numbers among those who heard Mr. Colville's discourse yesterday will be willing to contribute towards a Guarantee Fund. Perhaps in next issue of the MEDIUM you will be able to say what sum will be needed in order to secure Mr. Colville's services for twelve Sundays.—Believe me, truly yours,

M. E. TEBB.

7, Albert Road, Regent's Park, February 4.

A lady writes from Paris:—"I have great pleasure in enclosing £10 as my contribution to the series of meetings to be addressed by the guides of W. J. Colville in London, during April, May, and June. I am afraid I shall seldom be present myself, but request my friend, W. J. Colville, to present nineteen of my tickets to persons whose spiritual growth will enable them to appreciate the discourses, but whose material circumstances are such, that they could ill-afford to pay the modest sum asked for a season ticket."

A. T. T. P., having met Mr. Colville in our office, expressed his great interest in the projected lectures, and desired his name to be put down for £1.

Communications respecting this matter may be addressed to Mr. Colville, 4, Waterloo Road, Manchester, or at this office.

Mr. I. MacDonnell will deliver an address at 167, Seymour Place, on Wednesday evening. Mr. Dale attends on Tuesday and Thursday evenings to unfold a benevolent work, in which spirit friends may take part.

MANCHESTER.—Not having had any notice beyond the original four Sundays, we were under the impression that the meetings in Co-operative Hall, Downing Street, were discontinued. We are informed that it is intended to make them a permanency, and that Mrs. E. H. Britten will speak on Sunday, at 2.30, subject, "The Twelve Commandments"; evening at 6.30, subject, "The Signs of the Times." All seats free, collection to defray expenses. All are invited.

NOTTINGHAM: Morley Club Lecture Room.—On Sunday last, two excellent discourses were delivered in the above room, through the mediumship of Mrs. Harvey (late of Bedworth, near Coventry), who has come to reside near Nottingham. The friends here greatly miss their usual medium, Mrs. Barnes, who has hitherto been such an ardent worker in the Cause here, but now lies dangerously ill in the hospital, and who needs the hearty sympathy and prayers of all Spiritualists. Mrs. Harvey will again address our meetings on Sunday, the 17th inst. All Spiritualists and enquirers made heartily welcome.—WALTER FINCH.

MR. C. CHAMBERS' TESTIMONIAL.—A list for subscribers' names will be forwarded to each society, for secretaries to take what members can give towards putting our brother Chambers in a little business. Secretaries will please send names and money collected to the MEDIUM for insertion. The list will be open for fourteen days—from February 11 to 25.—W. PATTERSON, Garden Street, Gateshead.

We have received the following kind note with enclosure:—"Dear Sir,—I have collected 14s. on your behalf. I am a Spiritualist, and this is what I collected amongst my customers, to help you on in your noble Cause; please acknowledge the receipt of this in the next week's MEDIUM, so that my friends, that so kindly contributed, may know that you have received it all right.—Yours respectfully, E. O. HARMS, Wholesale Fraiterer, Monkwearmouth."

THE RECEPTION TO MR. W. J. COLVILLE, AT NEUMEYER HALL.

On Thursday evening of last week this hall was well filled with a select audience, met to welcome Mr. Colville to London, and enjoy an evening's re-union as friends and supporters of the work of Spiritualism. The wet and stormy night had a favourable effect in preventing overcrowding; but as it was, there were visitors from all parts of London and suburbs, extending as far as Kingston-on-Thames, and in addition, Col. Phelps, of Birmingham, and other visitors from a distance. The old friends of the Cause are being gathered into the garner of the Spirit, so that many familiar faces were conspicuous to the memory by their absence in the form. This was feelingly remarked on by Mrs. Guppy-Volckman, who, with Mr. Volckman, had driven fifteen miles to be present.

At eight o'clock the chair was taken by A.T.T.P., the Recorder of Spiritual Controls, so familiar to our readers. Though suffering much, he was kind enough to make an effort to be present, and his venerable years and steadfast devotion to the Cause of Spiritual Truth elicited the warm sympathy of the meeting. His words were few, but felicitous, and strictly to the point. He referred to Mr. Colville's first appearance in public at Doughty Hall, and spoke highly of the faithfulness, ability, and irreproachableness which had characterized his public work. Not desiring to intrude upon the enjoyments of the evening, and the address from their guest, which was to follow, the chairman left the platform for the use of the *artistes*, to whom was confided the chief duties of the evening.

A.T.T.P. left at the close of Mr. Colville's address, which came in between the parts, and Mr. R. Cooper, of Eastbourne, was appointed his successor in the chair. This gentleman also met with a very hearty reception, having done such good work in the Cause many years ago, by establishing the Spiritual Lyceum and the "Spiritual Times." Mr. Cooper gave a brief account of the history of the Cause in London, and that in course of time English Spiritualists sent speakers to America, in return for assistance which had been previously derived from that country. He accompanied Mr. J. J. Morse to America, and in due time went to the ship to welcome Mr. Colville on his arrival in Boston. He spoke highly of the services which Mr. Colville had rendered to the Cause in America, and said he had become an institution in Boston. Thus by a happy coincidence, historical testimony in reference to Mr. Colville, came from both sides of the Atlantic.

It was a remarkable programme, in so far that all the vocalists were gentlemen, and all the ladies who took part were instrumentalists! Mrs. Weldon's health would not permit of her leaving the house in such an evening; and indeed, bearing the strain of legal work under which she is at present, she had the sympathy of all whom her absence disappointed, and these were not a few; for the exclamation from many places was: "We have come expressly to hear Mrs. Weldon."

Mr. L'Estrange led off the concert with a brilliant pianoforte solo, and he did a similar duty at the commencement of the second part, besides accompanying the violin selection. This gentlemen's eminent services were essential to the success of the evening. Miss Pickering also gave two solos on the piano, the second being most ably and conscientiously performed. A great novelty was a Zither solo by Miss Maggie Hall. Madame de Lisle so distinguished herself by her violin performance, that she was twice recalled by the demand of the audience for an encore, which the advanced state of the evening prevented her acceding to.

Mr. E. A. Tietkens sang two songs; Mr. R. H. Davies, one; and Mr. Colville, two; Mr. C. Alexander sang once, and Mrs. Alexander proved a most sympathetic accompanist. These gentlemen sang in their usual efficient manner. The chief vocal feature of the evening was the duet, "Excelsior," by Mr. E. A.

Tietkens and Mr. C. Alexander; these gentlemen seemed inspired with a power to cause their hearers to feel the due import of the theme before them, and when they concluded the audience was in a condition to appreciate Mr. Colville's discourse, which immediately followed, and which, by request, was on the subject of the duet just sung:—

"EXCELSIOR!"

(Reported by Mr. Thomas Bradley.)

It is with sincere pleasure that we respond to the request of this audience to-night, that we address you for a brief space on "EXCELSIOR," perhaps the grandest and sublimest of all the magnificent poems ever penned by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, America's greatest poet.

After several years of labour in the home of Longfellow, it can but afford us the deepest satisfaction on taking up the thread of our work in London again, to find so many friends assembled to give welcome and cordial greeting to whoever, for the time being, may be specially called to do a work inspired by the spirit world in your midst.

If there be any one word in the English or any other tongue, which expresses perfectly the entire end and aim of inspiration, that word must surely be *Excelsior*.

The progress of life is incessantly upward and onward; nature is never guilty of backsliding; the laws of being in their undeviating course make no provision and allow no room for failures. The progress of the world is onward; the progress of man is onward; and even though as ages roll, worlds as well as nations and individuals may be apparently quenched in oblivion, obliterated through the ravages of time and the crash of striving elements, considered spiritually, failure is a word that has no meaning, it is not to be found in nature's lexicon; it is possible only in appearance, and like darkness can have no absolute or positive existence anywhere.

The charming duet so beautifully rendered, just before you called on us to speak, no doubt suggested to your minds the theme "*Excelsior*," and it may be that, even while the gentlemen were rendering it so harmoniously, the thought struck and troubled some of you, that grand and majestic though the *Alpine Boy* may have been, Longfellow depicted failure rather than success, when he made the *Alpine traveler* to die in the snow, ere yet he had reached the altitudes toward which he unceasingly and untiringly pursued his toilsome way. This poem, one of Longfellow's finest, subtlest, and most spiritual, has not been rightly interpreted by the great bulk of mankind, as it so completely revolutionizes human ideas of victory and defeat; it so completely overturns every standard of success admitted in business and professional circles; where this present material life is regarded as the one and only real life for man, where Mammon is worshipped as the deity, where gold is lord and king, and worldly station and influence regarded as the supreme good, that we need not wonder at many a practical, hard-headed man of the world pronouncing poetry Quixotic, ideal, transcendental, imaginative, unreal, without understanding anything of the true meaning of the sublime words which he uses to disparage—not to acknowledge and exalt—the highest genius known among men, which is spiritual perception.

Poets—untrammelled by many of the useless conventionalities of life, unfettered by the rigorous laws of logic which compel the theologian, the essayist, the political economist, and the materialistic philosopher to limit nature to what the senses and intellect without the aid of intuition can discover—soar away unrestrained into a world which is vastly more real, infinitely more substantial than that outer realm of sense, which is but the feeblest and most external and limited manifestation of the unseen potencies of nature's self. What is there in nature that does not lose in power by too

much externalization? What is there that does not suffer loss, when it is brought within the narrow compass of man's outward observation? What is there that is not dwarfed and rendered incomplete, when brought within the range of man's physical vision? The Poet's horizon is wider than that of other men; his universe is broader, higher, deeper, more enduring, because the Poet, without denying their true place and value to the five senses of the outer frame, admits and employs a more perfect and subtler sense, even intuition. Call it imagination if you will, imagination is a spiritual faculty. Say, if you will, that poet's live in dreamland, dreamland is a reality. Not Hans Andersen, in his fairy tales; not the author of the *Arabian Nights*; not Cervantes; not Jules Verne; not Lord Lytton; not any author of what the world calls fiction or fancy can ever transcend facts. Fact is larger as well as stranger than fiction. Reality is infinitely greater than unreality. The unreal is but the shadow of the real; the myth is but the shadow of the substance; the dream is but a dim perception of something not clearly defined. The aspirations of the mind are due to glimmering perceptions of yet undiscovered bliss. No wish can be too extravagant to be realized in eternity; no ideal can be too high for you to attain unto it, and even perhaps pass beyond it, in some state of your unending existence as a spirit. No project need cause you alarm on account of its vastness. Great works, it is true, are not accomplished as rapidly as lesser ones, but set your heart upon anything, no matter what, and if you but keep your eye steadily fixed upon the goal, and your feet constantly marching in its direction, the way may be long and toilsome but the result and reward are sure.

The great question in life is: For what are we striving: for what are we spending the multiple energies of our being? Is it gold we desire? Then it may be, that that very gold after which we hanker may yet be ours; but it may be our clog and not our crown. Is it fame for which we strive? Then that very fame may be our ruin. Is it any material good? Then that very material glory may prove our downfall. Is it wealth of mind; is it treasure in spirit; is it power to bless and aid mankind? Then, building upon the solid rock of spiritual reality and not upon the sand of temporal evanescence, though our bodies should literally be lost in *Alpine* snows ere yet our day of earthly victory has dawned; though dogs should find us inanimate clay; and monks should inter our bones amid the fastnesses of the mountains; though the world should mock and cry—Behold the defeat of Idealism! Behold the overthrow of him who placed faith in the transcendental: the soul—which is beyond the snow, beyond the Alps, beyond the scent of the dogs, and the speech of the world—takes up its glad refrain in worlds beyond death's swelling river, and returns to earth as a descending star, vocal with joy, with renewed hopes and aspirations, to cheer the toilers who are yet below, with that boundless inspiration, which is conveyed in the matchless word, the key-note of all progress, *EXCELSIOR*.

Such a poet as Longfellow endeavours to translate into common forms of speech, that all may understand the ineffable beauties of spiritual realization, which Musicians, Painters, and Sculptors, can express in form and colour, in symmetry of shape and sound, but which they cannot translate into the vernacular of man's earthly conversation. The Poet endeavours to follow Music along its airy way, and find words in which to embody in that majestic harmony of his, which carries you so near to the gate of heaven, that you seem to see the angels and to participate in their enjoyments, while you are ravished with the exquisite and transcendent majesty of those compositions which can never die or grow old and stale, because they are written in the language of the immortal spirit, and interpret some of its loftiest experiences and grandest flights towards the ideal not yet attained. He accompanies Beethoven,

and takes you with that pathetic and tender-hearted man into the companionship of sorrow, that you may alleviate and eventually overcome it, as you bring in the light of hope to those whom every earthly comfort fails, and for whom all earthly dreams are but as broken and empty cisterns from which these can obtain no living water wherewith to slake the insatiable thirst of the immortal spirit. He enters with Schuman and Schubert into the profoundest depths of the soul's strivings for expression, ever denied to it so long as matter is not fully vanquished. He carries you to where Mozart, at the gorgeous festivals of the Catholic Church or in the gay dance, exhilarates your whole frame and plentifully supplies you with mental ozone in his florid strains of joy; but he can do more than this great composer ever did or could do on earth: he will finish his requiem for him; he will let you catch a glimpse of the ascended spirit beyond the murky shades, which in this low world obscure from it the sunshine which lights up the heavenly hills and vales with glories inexpressible. He will let you spend an hour with him when the business of the day is done, "ere the evening lamps are lighted," in sweet communion with the brave and dear and saintly ones whose footsteps once made music on your stairs and in your halls. He will let you see the smiling and triumphant faces which beam upon you, though your eyes are ordinarily holden that you perceive them not in their accustomed places at that family board, where you miss oftentimes so keenly the outward and visible presence of the dear ones who made your home a heaven in the now departed days. And he will never let you catch a glimpse of paradise, or peer ever so little behind the thin blue veil which hides the invisible from your external sight, without teaching you some lesson of practical importance, which if learned and followed, cannot but redeem your life from that wretched triviality and unsatisfactoriness which it must necessarily wear, if there are no prospects beyond the mortal, and no means of attaining to the fruition of one's desires, other than those most meagre ones afforded in this earthly state of scarcely more than semi-conscious being.

Who is the Alpine Boy, who has so fascinated the Poet, that he must needs writes his biography in a gem of poetry, which ere this has been translated into every modern tongue, and has become as familiar to your ears as the nursery rhymes with which your mother sang you to sleep in your cradle in your infancy? Who is this marvellous, dauntless hero, who can resist so bravely every word of specious worldly policy, and even the allurements of the senses and the pleading entreaties of seductive human love? The Boy is the symbol, the embodiment, the impersonation of any and every true-hearted man or woman, youth or maiden, boy or girl, who sets out in life with some definite idea of conquest, with some unshakable resolution to overcome difficulties which to others less brave and sturdy may be really insurmountable. He stands for every one, who has a mission and who knows it: who realizes he did not come into this world to be idle or by chance. He represents the toiling multitudes, unknown to fame, who wear their hearts, and brains, and bodies out in writing what no one reads, in painting what no one sees or appreciates, in singing and composing such music as no one hears. He represents the great army of those incipient geniuses, who when, just in the very bud of fairest promise, just on the very eve of having their highest hopes fulfilled, are either engulfed in the waves of cruel adversity, rendered helpless for life by an accident brought on by others' carelessness; or, as is often the case, suddenly removed, as in the twinkling of an eye, to that unseen, and to many, undiscovered realm where, however active they may be in spirit, the world as a whole knows nothing of them, and can only shed a tear of perplexity and sorrow o'er their graves, put up a monument, and inscribe in letters of gold upon it its studied phrases of assumed gratitude and recognition; or in a few instances, really weep its eyes

red and its heart heavy because its darling is no more, because its fairies idol has turned to clay, and it has been painfully reminded, more strikingly than usual, of the utter instability of all upon which it stakes its all, when even the loftiest things it can admire are only dust and ashes after all.

The mission of Longfellow to the world was unquestionably to convey the lesson to mankind, that though every fairest earthly dream be unfulfilled on earth, though high ambition fails to scale the mountain-top it can only scan and eagerly desire to reach, that though a life may be pitifully wasted, miserably thrown away, to use the phraseology of those who cannot see beyond the dust which hides their eyes to every object in the realm of spirit, still no one who has ever made "Excelsior" his motto, can fail to exert so divinely great an influence upon mankind, that posthumously and spiritually, if not in any ordinary external sense, his influence upon society can in reality be nothing less bright and inspiring than that of a speaking star, which like the angels seen by Jacob in his vision, descends the airy ladder which is placed in unseen ether space between the world of matter and the realm of spirit, to reap its highest and brightest reward for every earthly toil and danger, in no other way than by becoming a guiding-star and a guardian angel to those who are circumstanced on earth to-day, as he who is now the arisen one was circumstanced ere yet he had made his transit to the sky.

The poet who writes must feel. Think ye, that any character in history can be diviner, purer, more unselfish than its prototype and antitype in actual life? Think ye that men can *invent* an ideal more glorious than any reality in the universe? The mere thought that such can be the case is too preposterous, too utterly irrational for thinking minds, even for an instant to entertain. Neither Longfellow nor any other man, who wrote in prose or poetry divine, can have written *only* of himself. The poet is a medium or mediator between the worlds of flesh and spirit. Why is he so, but because he is a poet; and why is he a poet? but because his harp of being is more finely strung, more perfectly tuned than the largest share of human harps can be. He is more sensitive to interior sights and sounds than are most men, and then his muse, his occupation, his very mode of life, his susceptibility to all that surrounds him,—all this unfolds his mediumistic gifts. Like every other power of mind or body, sensitiveness can be cultivated or repressed. Spend your time in counting money, in driving hard bargains in the market or on 'Change, steel yourself as much as possible against every influence which stirs romance or feeling within, cultivate the physical and not the spiritual persistently, and then do not ask with eyes dilating widely with surprise, why some one else can see and hear in a realm of spirit, of the very existence of which you are ignorant.

The true poet is not he who discourses of the spirit world as though its geographical outlines could be as clearly determined and as arbitrarily mapped out in space as you can describe the circumference of a globe or tell how many millions of miles intervene between the earth and the sun, or between one star and another in the constellated groups of worlds perceived but faintly even by the telescope. The spirit world is here, as much as elsewhere. Even as your children are taught the Omnipresence of the Deity, so should all be taught the Omnipresence of the World of Spirit. Earths are but garments of spiritual spheres, as your ever-changing mortal bodies are but habiliments of your essential selves. The happiness or misery of a departed spirit,—departed do we say?—well, departed from the fleshly envelope at any rate, is not due to any localization of his abode in a certain spot in the universe. The mother is here to-night, brooding over her child, and if her spirit be filled with pure affection, then she is even now and here in heaven. She marks the progress of her child from sin to virtue, from ignorance to

knowledge, from fear to courage; and she is to his inner nature the "banner with the strange device, Excelsior." He reads the writing on the mystic scroll, though he may not know that that living scroll is in reality his angel-mother.

The men of genius are here, some of whom, during their brief sojourn in material form, were doomed to work in mines excluded from the sunlight and unknown to fame. They are here whom the world called idiots, for their pains, and over whose defeat it clasped its hands, because the dreamers found out, as it boastfully exclaimed, when too late, that we had better eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die, and not expend our energies for naught in seeking for the philosopher's stone, which we shall never find if materialism be correct.

But who is the wise man in the end, according to the Poet? Solomon, who though endowed with more than common wisdom, in spite of knowledge lived for the pleasures and the glories of sense and time alone, and then in his declining years on earth wrote Ecclesiastes, and pronounced everything under the sun but "vanity and vexation of spirit," even esteeming man no better than the beast, because in physical dissolution the human frame has no pre-eminence over the brute creation; or he who presses bravely on, deaf to the entreaties of misguided, because sensual, affection, deaf to the wise politic words of earthly *savans* who counsel the eager and impetuous youth to abandon his vain project of climbing to the inaccessible mountain peaks, where many and many a weary disappointed traveller has lost his way and met his end. Who is the wiser, who the happier, when all earthly comforts fail? He who has quaffed the cup of earthly pride and pleasure to the very dregs, which he finds so bitter that he curses the wine when he has drunk it and has lost his appetite for more, or he who bravely endureth all things and hopeth all things, and at length becomes to others not the *ignis fatuus* to lure men to their doom, which earthly conquerors often are, but a living speaking star of whom it may be justly said, that though dead, as men count those dead whose forms they cannot see, is nevertheless more powerfully, eloquently, intensely, brilliantly alive than even in the halcyon days of earliest youth, when the steep ascent to snow-capped mountain's brow, was for the ardent youth a journey no more to be dreaded or shirked than a pleasant stroll on a bright June morning, through some peaceful valleys or up some gentle hillocks, where the cattle browse in safety on the sweet flowers and dainty verdure which enchain the senses all, and make no other music, in our eyes, than the oft reiterated ejaculation of youth and health, "How beautiful it is to be alive!"

We pray you, see in Longfellow's brave Hero the fulfilment of every most sanguine and audacious hope of man, which is based upon belief in the absolute certainty of some day attaining even to our very highest ideal state of absolute fruition. If you are a painter, let Angelo, or Raphael, or Guido, or Rubens, be your model; nay, take them all and countless others for your model, and despair not that in the art of the future the combined excellencies of every school and master will be outwrought in some diviner painting than any masterpiece to-day exposed in Rome. If music be your dream, then seek not only to be joyous as Mozart, pathetic as Beethoven, majestic as Mendelssohn and Handel; seek also to reconcile these great composers' varying styles, until with Bach and Wagner's clashing of many strings, as a prelude to the music of the future, you may continue Gounod's softest dream in which he realizes the mysteries of deep undying love. For what are the toiling myriads of earth working mid such ceaseless strife to-day? What service are the toilers both by land and sea rendering to their kind, when their hands are only engaged in fingering coal or rigging, and their voices are used up in giving directions to those employed under them or with them, so that this ceaseless and profitless toil,

anxiety, and strife, may never cease? What use is it to be a poet, if your compositions are received so warmly by the world that they are burned unread, or so coldly, that when published the volumes remain on library shelves unopened till the mildew destroys them? What use is it to be a singer, if you lose your voice, and are too hoarse to utter even a tremulous note in song?—a performer on some cunning instrument with dexterous hand, if you lose the use of your hand, or have your instrument sold to buy food and clothes and lodging, lest you starve, while no one cares whether you live or die, because you are born before your time, or find yourself stationed where your talents are not marketable commodities? What use is it to know how to govern a kingdom, if no one ever gives you an opportunity to make a speech that anybody hears, or write a penny tract that anybody reads? What we require is, the use of all the wasted talent which lies buried in the out-of-the-way corners of the world to-day, when society as a rule only asks—What is the size of your bank account; and who was your grandfather?

The Poet opens up a new and other world. He shows you that interior realm, where you are now accomplishing deeds of valour of which the world knows nothing. He tells you of the thousand hungry souls whom you may feed, the thousand fainting hearts whom you may cheer, the thousand darkened eyeballs to which you may bring the light of day. You are now in the World of Spirit, as much as you ever will be. Your thoughts are noted by a cloud of witnesses, which ever encompass you. Your inmost desires link you with invisible armies, who can fight the good fight more valiantly because of the assistance, unknown to you, they derive from you: and when, with every earthly barrier broken down, the clear light of the spirit world breaks in upon you, and you see your work as angels see it, then will you know that not a thought, a wish, a tear, a sigh, a prayer was lost or ever can be lost. All are treasured up in the immortal storehouse of the spirit. All help to make bright the worlds invisible in which you *really* dwell, and which you will see and acknowledge when you can bear the revelation. Prudence is diviner than foolhardiness; affection is divine, and uplifts the soul whence it springs and toward whom it flows; but that life which is truly great, which has for its watchword "Excelsior," ever strives to realize the higher expediency not the lower, the affections which endure eternally, not those which are but passion, and drag the spirit to the clod.

"Excelsior!" let this be your motto, and all things are yours in time present and eternity to come.

This able oration, delivered entirely impromptu, produced a very marked effect. The poem which came later on was even more remarkable. Certain subjects were sent up from the audience, which were put to the vote of the meeting, when the following was chosen:—

"THE RIGHTS OF PROPERTY AND THE RIGHTS OF MAN."

(Subject selected by vote of Audience.)

There are inalienable rights
Which appertain to every life:
Each child is born with right to breathe;
To mingle in the varied strife
Of earthly business, pleasure, toil;
To bask in Sol's meridian light;
To watch the stars come forth at eve,
And know the grandeur of the night.

Dame Nature spreads her carpet green
For every sentient form on earth;
Decks it with flowers, till loveliest sheen
From damp and darkness springs to birth;
She gives the sun and air to all,
Her Author cannot partial be,
The righteous and the fallen ones
He treats with equal equity.

It may be that some eyes can see
More beauties in the light of day,

More colours in the fragrant flowers
Bestrewing every earthly way
Than others; it may be some ears
Can hear more subtleties of sound
Than other ears, and thus to each
The universe has special bound.

But while in talent, power, and gifts
Some stand, their brethren far before,
Yet from those to whom much is given,
Ere they can pass the heavenly door,
Much is required, while other souls,
Less favoured on the earthly plane,
Need only use what powers are theirs,
And they an equal crown obtain.

The Rights of Man are Liberty,
Equality, Fraternity:
All have an equal right to try
To win that prize—Prosperity;
For whose external form some lives
Are shattered even into dust,
Because the spirit doth not know
At all times where to place its trust.

What is your property? The trees,
The earth, the air, the sky, the sea,
Are all your own, if you have eyes
And ears to know their symmetry;
All works of art, all treasured store,
All beauties wheresoe'er they're found
Are yours, if so be that your eyes
Are not for ever on the ground.

Man's property is what he earns,
What he's enabled to enjoy;
Not acres of untrodden land,
Or gold he never can employ.
He has the right to hold on trust,
And as a steward he may use,
Whatever he by honest work
Doth with his native powers infuse.

We say not that the Rights of Man
Destroy all property you hold,
Or wrest from you what'er you use,
But when the tale of life is told
You'll find, each one, no other place,
No other crown, no other joy
Than springs from whatsoe'er in life
you did for others' weal employ.

The miser may not take his gold
Into the unseen realm, where dwell
Th' enfranchised spirits of the blest,
Who scarcely can the glories tell,
In earthly language, of their homes,
Because beyond all sense and time
They dwell, within a home of love
They builded while in earthly clime!

Your thoughts and energies go forth
To greet you in the life beyond;
Each tie of love that you have found
Links you for ever in the bond
Of ageless friendship with such souls
As you have blest and cheered below,
Whatever you've to others given,
In heaven your property you'll know.

We settle not disputes of earth,
Concerning rank, or wealth, or land;
We leave it to your sense of right,
Urge you be cautious where you stand;
Place firm your feet on that sure rock
Named Justice, which can never fail;
And whatsoe'er life's circumstance,
Your joys in heaven must needs prevail.

We claim these rights for every child:
The right to be allowed a way
To carve out for himself a path
By conquest over self each day;
To be placed equal with the peer,
E'en though he be a beggar's child,
In this, that there be room for him
To toil amid life's strivings wild.

And if to every one you give
An opportunity to grow,—
Give work to all, that every one,
Lit by the light of effort's glow,
May rise to whatsoe'er estate
His own abilities may lead,
The problem of the Rights of Man
Is solved, for all have what they need.

In spirit life, nor gold, nor ease,
Nor place, nor influence below
Avail you anything, you have
Whatever from yourself doth flow

To others, and which echoing back,
Doth greet your spirit once again,
Can let you only realize
The good you've given or else the pain!

Search for the means pure bliss to yield;
Search for a spirit true and wise;
Do good, and think not of thyself,
And thou'lt have treasure in the skies!

PROGRESS OF SPIRITUAL WORK.

MR. COLVILLE IN LONDON AND PROVINCES.

On Sunday last, February 3, Mr. W. J. Colville spoke to a highly attentive and appreciative audience in Neumeyer Hall, at 3 p.m., and in Cavendish Rooms, at 7 p.m., when the attendance was so large that though many extra seats were provided quite a number of persons was obliged to stand throughout the entire services. During the past few days, Mr. Colville has been very busy holding receptions. He has held two at 103, Great Portland Street, one on Friday, February 1, at 8 p.m., and another on Tuesday, February 5, at 3.30 p.m.; one at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Nichols, 32, Fopstone Road, Earl's Court, S.W., on Monday, February 4, at 5 p.m.; one at Norwood, Wednesday, February 6, at 8 p.m., at the residence of an influential Spiritualist; one in Brighton, Thursday, February 7, and two at the Spiritual Institution, one on Tuesday, February 5, at 8 p.m., the other to be held this evening, February 8, at 8 p.m., to which everybody is most cordially invited.

Mr. Colville informs us that his guides are contemplating making arrangements for the holding of regular Sunday services in Neumeyer Hall, where they purpose delivering a consecutive course of thirteen discourses on Sunday mornings. In order to give these addresses at a time when most people are in town, negotiations are pending for the securing of the hall for April, May, and June. Mr. Colville has some provincial engagements already made, which will occupy his time through February, and his guides are making arrangements in Manchester and vicinity for March.

On Sunday next, February 10, he will speak in Belper, morning and evening; subject, 10.30 a.m., "How can we secure the fullest communion possible with the invisible world"; 6.30 p.m., "Spiritualism as a life principle, and its practical influence on daily life"; Monday, February 11, 8 p.m., Answers to Questions. Wednesday, February 13, "England and her future." In Rochdale, Thursday, February 14, subject to be chosen by audience; and in Bradford, at Walton Street Church, three times, Sunday, February 17.

In another part of our columns, our readers will find important suggestions, intended to be of service to all friends of the Cause, who are desirous of promoting the success of the forthcoming Neumeyer series. We may add, that the intention is to secure a competent reporter, and at the close of the series to present these thirteen lectures to the world, in paper covers, at 1s.; a better edition, bound in cloth, will also be issued. As a great many persons in all parts of the country have expressed a desire for a volume of Mr. Colville's inspirational discourses, it has been thought well to make arrangements for the presentation of a connected series to the public.

BIRMINGHAM: Oozell Street Board School.—Last Sunday, Mrs. Groom delivered an address on, "Spiritualism: Why does it not die out?" It was treated from many standpoints, showing that it had always existed and always will; being the religion of the universe and of God, and the great saviour of the whole human race; fitting in with nature and her laws. There was a very intelligent audience, and they listened with intense interest. Three poems were given, and about fifteen clairvoyant descriptions, and all but one were recognised. Messages and names were given and recognised. Next Sunday Mr. Groom will deliver a lecture on, "Unnatural and Natural Religion." Mr. Gray will take part in the service.—COR.

MANCHESTER.—Miss Allen, of Birmingham, gave two inspirational addresses on Sunday, on "The Teachings of Jesus compared with the Teachings of Christianity," and "If a man die shall he live again?" which gave satisfaction to large audiences.—W. LAWTON, Sec., M.S.S.S.

SUNDERLAND.—On Sunday, Mr. W. H. Robinson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, gave the audience in Albert Rooms a splendid address on "Spiritualism and its teachings." He was well supported by Mr. Rutherford, as chairman, the audience being well pleased with the pleasant manner in which those two gentlemen conducted their instructive remarks.—On Shrove Tuesday, the Sunderland Spiritual Evidence Society intend holding a social tea and entertainment in the Colliery School, Monkwearmouth, and they will be glad to welcome all friends who can make it convenient to come amongst them.—G. H. PYNE JONES, Sec., S.S.E.S.

LEICESTER: Silver Street Lecture Hall.—On Sunday evening last, Mr. Bent delivered an inspirational address on "Our Spirit Friends," which was listened to with great attention by the audience present.—R. WIGHTMAN, Sec., Mostyn Street, Hinckley Road.

BRADFORD.—Mrs. Gregg, of Leeds, spoke twice in the Walton Street Church to a full house. In addition to addresses, poems were given.—*COR.*

C. BAKER.—The case of burnt paper being restored, is a reliable fact. That is all that can be said of the most ordinary phenomena. None of the philosophers give a cause for any phenomena. That is a speculation for the future; unless Mr. McDowall has got hold of the secret.

PLYMOUTH: Richmond Hall, Richmond Street.—On Sunday, February 3, we had three good meetings. In the morning Miss Marshall and Miss Young were the mediums. In the afternoon Messrs. Burt, Williams, and Snell were controlled to speak to the audience; others were influenced. Our evening service was crowded. A large number of questions was written and handed to the chairman, when Mr. Clarke's guides proved themselves equal to the occasion, by fully and clearly answering them to the satisfaction of the majority of those assembled, as was shewn by their frequent applause. In the course of the evening, Miss Marshall and Miss Young were controlled to sing. Mr. Stentford occupied the chair. On Sunday evening next, Mr. Clarke will give an Inspirational Lecture on "The Spiritual Universe," and will also answer the remaining questions, for which there was not sufficient time last Sunday. On Wednesday evening, the 20th instant, a grand Entertainment, in aid of the funds of our society, will take place in the hall. Friends will oblige by keeping themselves disengaged for that date.—*JOHN PAYNTER, Sec.*

IPSWICH.—At a meeting of the debating class in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association, at their rooms in Ipswich, on Monday, 21st January, the subject for debate was, "Is there any truth in Ghost Stories." The subject was well handled by the gentlemen who took the affirmative side of the question, and after an animated discussion an adjournment was proposed and carried. The adjournment meeting was held on Monday, January 28, and some good arguments were stated, and some well authenticated ghost stories were brought forward, the idea apparently being that all ghost stories were delusions. Even the gentleman who opposed, admitted the presence of spirits around us, as did others who opposed; it was also admitted, that these spirits exerted a great influence upon us for good or for evil. On the affirmative side, it was stated that ghosts were the spirit or the soul of a deceased person, or the soul or spirit, separately from the body. It was further stated that the term "Angel" may apply to the spirit of man. Several cases were quoted from the Bible in support of this. I will only mention one of the instances—see Rev. xvii, 6—9: We read that when John was about to worship the angel, he (the angel) said to John: "See thou do it not; for I am of thy Brethren the Prophets." Some ridiculous stories were brought forward, the idea being to attempt to show that all persons who believed in ghosts were deficient in intellect, or that it was due to exaggeration. After much discussion the sense of the meeting was taken, and the affirmative side had a majority. I mention this to show that a change is evidently coming over the minds of many in Ipswich, and although there is no organization in connection with Spiritualism, many are in the quiet of their own homes, and amongst family and friends, truly anxious and searching after truth.—*WILLIAM DAY.*

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MR. E. W. WALLIS'S APPOINTMENTS.—

For dates, address E. W. Wallis, 4, Lower Rushall Street, Walsall.

MRS. HARDINGE-BRITTEN'S APPOINTMENTS.—Mrs. Hardinge-Britten will lecture in Manchester, Sunday, Jan. 6, 1884; in Newcastle, Sunday, Jan. 13 and 20; and Manchester, the 27th; also in Liverpool and Manchester, on the alternate Sunday of February.—Address The Limes, Humphrey Street, Cheetham Hill, Manchester.

MR. W. J. COLVILLE'S APPOINTMENTS.—BRIGHTON.—Feb. 7.

BELPER.—Feb. 10, 11, 13,

BRADFORD.—Feb. 17.

HALIFAX.—Feb. 18. **KEIGHLEY.**—Feb. 19.

W. J. Colville is open to engagements. Address—4, Waterloo Road, Manchester.

MR. J. J. MORSE'S APPOINTMENTS.—LONDON: Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer Street (near Regent's Circus), at 7 p.m., Questions Answered by the controls.

Mr. Morse accepts engagements for Sunday Lectures in London, or the provinces. For terms and dates, direct to him at 103, Great Portland St., Oxford St., London, W.

MR. R. S. CLARKE'S APPOINTMENTS.—PLYMOUTH: Richmond Hall, Sunday, Feb. 10, at 6.30, subject: "The Spiritual Universe." A reception at 1, James Street, every Friday, at 8 p.m.
4, Athenaeum Terrace, Plymouth.

MEETINGS, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 10th, 1884.

LONDON.

EDGWARE ROAD.—52, Bell Street, at 7. Mr. Veitch, "Immortality and Spiritualism."
MARYLEBONE ROAD.—Spiritual Mission Room, 187, Seymour Place, at 11. Mr. Hoperoff. At 7. Seance; Tuesday, 7.45, Mr. J. M. Dale; Wednesday, at 7.45, Mr. I. MacDonnell; Thursday, 7.45, Mr. J. M. Dale; Friday, at 7.45, Mr. Towns; Saturday, at 7.30, Mr. Savage. J. M. Dale, Sec., 50, Crawford Street, Bryanston Sq. The Room is strictly reserved for circles. It may be engaged for private sittings.
CAYENDISH ROOMS, Mortimer Street, W., at 7: Mr. J. J. Morse: Questions Answered by the Controls.

WEEK NIGHTS.

SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION.—Tuesday, Seance, at 8. Mr. Towns.
BROMPTON.—Mr. Pound's, 108, Ifield Road, Wednesday, at 8. Mr. Towns.
HARROW ROAD.—At Mr. Wright's 17, Amberley Road, on Sunday and Thursday at 7.30. Private Circle, admission only by previous application.

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 10.30 and 6.30: Mr. Colville.
BINGLEY.—Intelligence Hall, 2.30 and 6 p.m.: Mr. Collins Briggs.
BIRMINGHAM.—Oozell Street Board School, 6.30: Mr. Groom.
BISHOP AUCLAND.—Temperance Hall, Gurney Villa, at 6 p.m.: Mr. J. Eales. School, 10.15.
BLACKBURN.—Academy of Arts and Sciences, Paradise Lane: at 10.30, 3, and 6.30: Mr. E. W. Wallis.
BOLTON.—H. A. Tovey, 16, Halton St., The Hough.
BRADFORD.—Spiritualist Church, Walton Street, Hall Lane, Wakefield Road, 2.30 and 6 p.m.: Mrs. Butler.
Wade's Meeting Room, Harker Street, Bowling, at 2.30 and 6 p.m.: Mr. Hepworth.
Spiritual Lyceum, Oddfellows' Rooms, Otley Road, at 2.30 and 6 p.m.: Local.
EXETER.—Oddfellows' Hall, Bampfylde Street, at 6.30.
GATESHEAD.—Central Buildings, High Street, 6.30.
GLASGOW.—2, Carlton Place, South Side, at 11.30 and 6.30: Mr. Griffen. Lyceum at 6.
HALIFAX.—Pescok Yard, Union Street, 2.30 and 6 p.m.: Mrs. Gregg and Mr. J. Blackburn.
HETTON.—Miners' Old Hall, at 5.30.
KEIGHLEY.—Spiritualist Lyceum, East Parade, 2.30, and 6.30: Mrs. Wade and Miss Wilson.
LEEDS.—Psychological Hall, Albion Street, 2.30, and 6.30: Mr. Armitage.
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. Mrs. Groom.
MACOLESFIELD.—Spiritualists' Free Church, Paradise Street, at 6.30.
MANCHESTER.—Gospel Temperance Hall, Tipping Street, Ardwick, 10.30 and 6.30: Mr. R. A. Brown.
Co-operative Hall, Downing Street, 2.30 and 6.30, Mrs. Britten.
MORLEY.—Spiritual Mission Room, Church Street, at 2.30 and 6: Mrs. Butterfield.
MIDLESBOROUGH.—Granville Lecture Rooms, Newport Road, at 10.30, and 6.30.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Welf's Court, at 6.30: Mr. W. H. Robinson.
NORTHAMPTON.—Cowper Cottage, Cowper Street, 2.30 and 6.30: Mr. Gardiner, Junior.
NORTH SHIELDS.—Bolton's Yard, Tyne Street, at 6.
NOTTINGHAM.—Morley Club Lecture Room, Shakespeare Street, 10.45 and 6.30.
OLDHAM.—178, Union Street, at 2.30 and 6.
PENFOLD.—48, Albion Street, Windsor Bridge, at 2.30 and 6.30.
PLYMOUTH.—Richmond Hall, Richmond Street, at 11, Mr. Clarke; at 2.45, circle; at 6.30, Mr. R. S. Clarke: "The Spiritual Universe."
SHEFFIELD.—Psychological Institution, Cocoa House, Pond Street, at 2.30 and 6.30: **SHOWSBY BRIDGE.**—Progressive Lyceum, Hollins Lane, at 2.30 and 6.30, Mr. Ware.
SUNDERLAND.—Albert Rooms, 7, Coronation Street, at 6.30, Mr. T. B. Small.
TUNSTALL.—Rathbone Street, Mr. W. Dudson, Medium.
WALSALL.—Exchange Rooms, High Street, at 6.30. Mrs. M. H. Wallis.
WEST PALFREY.—At Mrs. Taylor's, 24, John Street, at 6 p.m., Mr. W. Pickford; two Children to be named.

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