



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

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NOTIONS AND NATURE AS A BASIS FOR HOLIDAY OBSERVANCES.

AN ADDRESS BY J. BURNS, O.S.T., DELIVERED BEFORE
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ON SUNDAY EVENING, APRIL 13, 1884.

I spent the days of my youth in a land where the so-called "festivals" of the "church" are unknown, and I was well up in years before I knew when Christmas came; and as for Good Friday, Easter, Palm Sunday, Shrove Tuesday, and other terms—it is only recently that I have been able to remember the periods of their occurrence. The more I know of their history and the fictitious merits attached to them, the less I like them; and I feel that I would have avoided that which could well have been dispensed with, if I had never heard of them at all.

The saints' days were, with us, fairs and quarterly terms; the New Year was the remnant of the most ancient calendar, and Beltane still survived as a Spring memorial, derived from a paganism more ancient than that upon which the popular mythology is based. A native observance is Yule, as the shortest day, and which appears to be astronomical in its nature.

All feasts and holidays appear to have been astronomical in their origin. The motions of the stars were first observed and recorded for the regulation of human affairs. From the phases of the moon we have the Sabbath. More accurate knowledge revealed the annual cycle of the earth round the sun, giving the exact year. A further extension of this research gives us the laws of prophecy, when great spiritual changes amongst men may be determined.

The welfare of man depended upon his knowing when the seasons came round, so that he might perform those duties peculiar to them. Without fixed terms and a means of estimating their recurrence, time could not be said to exist, and those engagements upon which civilization depend could not be entered into nor kept.

The "hot cross bun," consumed so plentifully during the week just closed, is a representative of an old calendar. The circular shape of the bun indicates the annual orbit of the earth round the sun. Its being "hot" means the power of the sun's rays. The lines which cross the bun at right angles indicate the four quarters into which the year is naturally divided. This bun with its distinctive marks, is one of the oldest

hieroglyphs that the world possesses, one of the earliest instances of recording and communicating facts by written symbols.

Fasts, Feasts, and Holy Days have been enjoined and forbidden in all religions. This shows that they may be abused, and become a source of evil as well as a means of good. After the Mosaic institution, nearly all spiritual teachers spoken of in the Bible were opposed to them; others regarded them as familiar occurrences associated with the usual ritual, or gave special reasons for their employment at any time. Isaiah reproves those who perform ecclesiastical fasts and penances, and says:—

Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out of thy house? When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?—Isa., lviii., 6-7.

A degenerate, unspiritual church is threatened with the destruction of its observances, by Hosea, which are no longer "sacred" or spiritually helpful. Amos prophesies against those who worship images, "the star of your god, which ye made to yourselves." Thus when astronomical facts became linked with so-called "divine persons," man-made gods, then such worship with its observances became an abomination. Says Isaiah:—

It is iniquity, even the solemn meeting; your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth; they are a trouble unto me; I am weary to hear them.—i., 15.

In the New Testament, Jesus and his followers are reproached for not fasting like the Pharisees (Matt. ix., 14); and the pious Pharisee—in that respect—is not so much appreciated as the publican (Luke, xviii., 12). Paul enjoins dietetics (fasting) as an aid to continence (1 Cor., vii., 5); and adds it to his sufferings in his mission. But there is no injunction as to the observance of those times, seasons, and proceedings so strenuously upheld by the sacerdotal party.

What is the intention and purpose of a holiday? It is to make "holy," i.e., healthy, to recreate the people. With the monotonous toil of life we get worn out. Fresh elements have to be inhaled, or evolved; and the holiday is a season for this purpose. It should renew the whole man—physically, mentally, and spiritually. By the repose of the overworked faculties,

it should set into action those that have been during the ordinary duties of life neglected, and thus restore balance and a renewal of force from the inner realm. It should not be mere animal recreation, but it should be directed to all parts of the complex nature of man.

There is no provision made for this form of alternate action, or culture, in the arrangements of modern society, except in the case of the few, who can command what they require in all respects. To let loose the ordinary rein held on the lower nature: to eat, drink, and sensually indulge, is the ordinary Christian's idea of enjoyment, and when he has got through with his orgies, it takes him several days to recover from the effects thereof. Even when these enjoyments are commendable, they are solitary and selfish; and as a people we have no systematic means of giving useful change and relaxation, so that the occurrence is of a national as well as a personal benefit. In some respects the Crystal Palace fêtes, and such other demonstrations, have tended somewhat in the right direction; but the crowding, discomfort, and hours of prolonged exhaustion in railway travelling, sow in many delicate constitutions the seeds of premature death. The Bank holidays have become such an abuse that prudent people stop at home. Even the recreation of our most Christian legislators on Epsom Downs is the patronage of blackguardism, and a custom that would be much more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Our Romish iconolatry, with its parentage, death and resurrection of a "god" of its own manufacture, with the pharisaical penances and blessings attending its mummeries, still take the mind of man farther from the Creator and the laws laid down for the regulation of His works. In short, wherever we look we find mankind ignoring Nature, that which is; and busily engaged in worshipping Notions, that which is the product of a perverted imagination.

What, then, can be proposed to take the place of all this perversion, if holiday observances we must have? Let us consult Nature, and the wants she imposes upon us. Take the hot cross bun as an illustrative diagram, and we find it divided into four sections, separated by lines that cross each other. Take the vertical line—the upper end represents mid-summer, when the days are longest, and heat and light most abundant; the lower end represents mid-winter, the shortest day, when heat and light are at a minimum. The cross line indicates when the days and nights are equal: the one ascending from winter to summer, the other descending from summer to winter; the first, the Spring, the second, the Autumn.

Thus there is astronomically indicated four periodical occurrences; but for mankind to observe an obscure scientific abstraction is rather a vague peg on which to hang a national fête. But these astronomical points have their mundane correlates in the four seasons of the year: the time of Seeds—Spring; the time of Flowers—Summer; the time of Fruits, or Produce—Autumn; the time of Transition—Winter. They are indicative of four ruling Spiritual sentiments, in which resides their religious significance: Hope rules the Spring; Enthusiasm, the Summer; Gratitude, the Autumn; and Faith, the Winter season. The complete rounding out of man's sentimental or love nature is what is called in the Gospel Love, in Paul's Epistles, Charity, and in the Harmonial Philosophy Universal Love. The latter is not a simple affection, but the full expansion of all the soul attributes of man.

These seasons are divided into two classes: Labour seasons, Spring and Autumn; Enjoyment seasons, Summer and Winter. The first couple, or the cross-line of the bun, are "fasts;" the second couple, or the vertical line, are "feasts."

Now the due observance of those periods, with their appropriate exercises, could never become an empty formality. Man's continued existence upon earth depends upon the outcome of Nature as expressed in

the products and operations of these seasons. The Holy Days would be times of thought effort and physical effort, to discover Nature's secrets for human welfare, the putting of those purposes into operation, which would enable man to co-operate with Nature to the fullest extent. This ground could be made to cover man's spiritual as well as his physical needs.

The question of Seed is the most important, as it is the initial point of Nature's programme. The natural year actually begins with Spring, and so it was held in ancient times, before a knowledge of Nature became obscured by the mummeries of theology. First, we want to know the pedigree of our Seed: who grew it? On what land? What was the condition of the crop from which it was derived? Is it of an approved variety? Is it adapted to our use and purpose? Culturists have but recently awoke to the importance of these questions, but the products of the soil are neither of the quantity nor the quality which they would be if these grand questions were probed to the roots. But that never will be, for improvement is endless; hence the significance of the Spring Holiday would never pass away.

But on the mental plane the importance is even more pronounced. The mind of man is fertilized by "seeds" of truth or of falsehood, which are continually being cast into the mental soil. There are great "Spring" seasons in man's life when this is especially true. How many of us find, when late in life, that our mental glebe has been sown with "tares" instead of nutritious "corn," and the remainder of our life is spent in unlearning, rooting out the tares, before the seeds of truth can be sown in our minds! The bulk of man's disputes and discourses consists of the mere chaff of empty words, in which "things," truths, form no part; all because the mind has been sown with the wrong seed, badly developed, grown by a bungling husbandman, and imparted without regard to time or season! We are to-day educated mechanically: crammed as if we were mere sacks, without respect to receptivity, or the needs of the mind.

Having plenty of good Seed, let it be well diffused. A girl in the United States has made herself famous all over the world by her knowledge and distribution of silkworms. There are thousands of refined and intuitive minds who could greatly improve the world by giving their attention to Seeds. Numberless improved varieties can be forthcoming, when the highest class of minds take up this work. Then the Spirit world would help. We can infuse our Spiritual qualities into the seeds we grow; and the Angels can infuse their qualities into us; and thus, in truth, celestial seeds may become externalized in mundane seeds, and we may eat the "bread of heaven," as it has been scoffingly said, that the Christians eat their "god" at the sacrament. Only, in the seed case, it would not be an empty ceremonial, a hollow mockery, but a divine reality, a scientific fact.

A Church might be built amongst men having this creed: GOOD SEED. It would regenerate the world; for it would build up mankind with divinely endowed materials; food with a soul in it—a pure soul, which would feed man's interior as well as sustain his animal body. The grand annual festival of this Church would be the labour of the Seed Month, during which, with the blessing of heaven, the womb of Nature is fructified anew for plentiful support of souls and bodies during the cycle of which it is the initiative. Much more important this than the immaculate conception or the annunciation of a "god." Let all our conceptions, all our fructifications, be as near perfection as possible; using the most approved germs, in the most approved manner, and in soils and climates best fitted for their growth.

In these simple ideas, implying an eternity of study and labour, is involved all that can bless and elevate man. It applies to man: body, soul, and spirit.

We would not in that Church simply talk and dis-

course upon Seeds, but we would bring to our places of meeting all surplus stock, and these we would freely bestow upon the poor and the unfortunate, till there were no poor, no unfortunate. By the glorious growth of that which is good and useful, we would literally choke that which is bad and useless. Weeds would be elbowed out of existence!

These Easter cards, Easter eggs—silly baubles, absurdly figured with unspeakable myths: Why send them about as presents, wasting money, mocking man? Would it not be much better to make presents of Seeds? Instructions for their culture might accompany them. But there are thousands of idle "refined" persons, who spend their aimless, weary existence painting, embroidering, and trying to make themselves and their surroundings look pretty! But they fail most lamentably; for they follow Notions instead of Nature; and their aim is based in Selfishness and not in Love. If they went to Mother Nature's Girton College, or Finishing School, and learned the mystic use of Seeds, then the whole world might be made more beautiful, than these little patches of aprons, fans, and slippers that so unjustly engross so much attention. Then the leisurely and refined person could perform the "penances" of the New Church, of which I speak, by spending its season of observances amongst the gardens of the poor, teaching the youth how to sow, plant, and cultivate—that education which is wanted more than aught else. Present day education induces helplessness and dependence. It consists too much of Notions.

Thrift—What is it? In this New Religion it will be the proper use of Seeds. These are the only things that grow and produce. And they do so without robbing any one else, unless it be the weeds, which they crowd out. The Jewish plan of salvation is by usury; putting out money at interest. But this is diabolical. The crafty creature who sticks postage stamps on a card, and ultimately amasses a fortune, simply executes an idle scheme by which he gets others to work for him. Money cannot produce money. Some poor wretch must be enslaved, and toil for naught, that your "interest" may be paid, and that you may ride on his neck like an afflicting parasite.

The Christian religion has supplemented the Jewish religion, by introducing a vast array of sensual vices, upon which lucrative but soul and body destroying businesses can be raised; and thus the poor, sensual toilers become poorer every day, while the usurious speculators become correspondingly richer. The National Debt is the objective embodiment of the British religion. The "sheep" on its "right hand" are the wealthy capitalists, sportsmen, and speculators; the "goats" on the "left" are the toiling, sensual, unhoused, vermin-infested, starving, vice-driven, police-watched masses.

That is the British Christian religion: for by its fruits you know it. Our probity and respectability as a people exist in spite of our "religion;" because the Great I AM is in and around us everywhere; and notwithstanding our ignorance and perversions, we cannot obliterate His plans or deface His work.

The True Religion is that which reverently seeks to learn these Divine Laws, Methods, and Purposes. By such a Religion alone is mankind to be "saved." Goody-goody sentimentalities, however logical and seriously indulged in, can only mock the Almighty and deceive man. The Great and Good Father and Mother have placed us in a school, where by observation and experiment we may learn that which is for our interests. If we neglect our lesson, we need not think to hoodwink the Unchangeable, by flattery and hypocritical penitence. The "religious" teachings of the day are awfully "irreligious."

The subject is so vast, even as touching this one season, that I can take up only a handful of the mountain that looms before me. If thousands of religious teachers and workers throughout the land had been engaged on it for the last month, they could not have exhausted it. What I desire to enforce is, that

Existence, in its many phases, is the only source of knowledge; that agreement with its diverse methods is the only means of progress and happiness.

When man's mind coincides with natural truth, he gains a power that is invincible, and he places himself in a plane of Spiritual life which is salutary and enlightening. On the contrary, when man works in ignorance of and in opposition to the truths of Being, he is continually crossed and thwarted; he has to resort to innumerable falsities to cover his primary mistaken course, and he becomes allied with a spiritual sphere of darkness, lies, and evil, which causes himself and his system of working to be false and rotten from top to bottom. Such is the state of the world to-day, as far as it is under the influence of conventional Notions.

On the other hand, if the culture and observances of a people were intelligently harmonious with the Divine Soul of Nature, the soul force thus given off would visibly alter the phenomena of Nature, and improve it vastly for man's welfare and comfort. Individual man can improve individual persons, plants, and animals. So could aggregate man improve and modify existence as a whole, on its invisible as well as its visible plane. If man can improve and control seed and soil, why not the climate also?

Then God and man would be at-one-ment, and it would be a hard matter for individuals to find an incentive or an opportunity to go in opposition to those universal and invincible forces, which would pull him upwards and onwards in spite of himself.

THE SPIRIT-MESSENGER.

THE CHARITABLE WORK OF REV. ROBERT TAYLOR.

A CONTROL BY "THOMAS PAINE."

Recorded by A. T. T. P., April 1, 1884.

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

Beloved One, if you remember, I concluded the last Control with the ultimate confession of belief on the part of Robert Taylor, and attempted to explain to your readers the various stages through which his mind had passed. First, I gave his literal acceptance of the Bible, and his great expectation founded on his faith. I next attempted to describe his great soul-stricken disappointment at the failure of that faith, which in him was perfect, when he found that the law of Nature, or God, was unalterable, and stronger than any faith formed under any pretensions.

Then we arrived at his conclusions, that the words contained in the New Testament revelations were written in ignorance of these laws, and that the events must have been greatly exaggerated. Then I presented him to your readers, Beloved One, as being opposed to Church formation, with all its symbolism and traditions, with all its dogmas, with all its mysteries respecting the worship of Jesus the Christ under emblematic forms, which ignored the man, and also ignored the life. Then I arrived at the last part of the former Control, in which Robert Taylor resolved, "that the humanity of the man, Jesus Christ, could alone be accepted, and his example followed," and said, "that from this day I ignore the mystical, and accept all that is real in his life." Now let us follow him, day by day, in the life which he led, strengthened by this resolution.

Are there any, Dear Recorder, who will deny to him knowledge, and intellectual strength? Will any one deny that humanity's claims stirred his soul with a fervour stronger than prayer itself? There are many listening to me now, who remember his first night's lecture; after he had been contemptuously ignored by the Church authorities. They designated him the Devil's Chaplain. And why did they do so? It was because he taught homely truths; because he attempted to make men believe, and feel the presence and the power of God.

In the revolutions of time, there are but very few changes made in localities. Take various portions of this vast Metropolis, and the peculiarities, noticed to-day, will be found to have been in existence a century ago. Take the Borough of Southwark, the field of labour in which the Rev. Robert Taylor both sowed and reaped. There the peculiarity, which has been its distinguishing feature, is its poverty. Take that part of the Blackfriars Road, with all its little turnings; there poverty has ruled supreme from time immemorial: thieves, drunkards, lost women, and base-born children are there to be found

in numbers; alas, the sad truth, in great numbers. I do not mean to say, that throughout the Borough, there is not a respectable section of humanity; God forbid, but the man must be untruthful, who denies that that portion of the Metropolis suffers from poverty, and its attendant evil, vice.

Robert Taylor started to speak to these men, and to these women; and those who remember his efforts, his appeal in earnest spiritual faith, his musical, inspired voice, will bear testimony to the martyr life he so voluntarily preferred. Not like the chaplains of the state prisons, who hurl the sin of the convicts at them in every sermon; who look on them as the black sheep of humanity, a course which hardens them, instead of appealing to their hearts. No, no; he did not adopt that plan. He was not there to preach at them; he was not there in minister's gown and tabernacled honours, to overawe them, in order to prove his own superiority. No; he was there to do the work which he had chosen, and to do it boldly and bravely; he was not there to rob them of the little self-respect that was still left to them, but to preach that common immortality, which should make all men brothers. Not one word has passed his lips during the whole of his Controls in regard to his poverty; yet he was miserably poor; contented to live in a neighbourhood, as crowded as a rabbit's warren; where a foot of room was worth its weight in gold. Where poverty abounds, fecundity also abounds; children swarmed in every court and alley; poor little pale-faced starvelings. Poverty had made its mark in that neighbourhood; one has only to look at the tattered rags, that cover the men, and the women and children. In this region of hopeless misery, this man resolved to work; may God for ever bless him.

Churches are built, Colonial Bishoprics are founded, whilst immortal souls at home are perishing. O ye Moralists! what remedy have you for this? You are not prepared to be just; you prate about early marriages, and the possibility of abstaining from bringing into this world the little ones, whose life-surroundings must be marked by poverty's pressure. Human nature, I tell you, is the same in the hovel, as in the palace; the poor cannot forego that, which the rich may carelessly indulge in. There are many marriages without means; many children born to pauper lives. I know it, but there is a remedy, and so the Rev. Robert Taylor thought, and taught in the life of the man, Jesus of Nazareth. But who was prepared to take this life as an example? I answer: None, who were orthodox; none, who believed in doctrine; none, who wished to be held upright, and honourable before society. But Robert Taylor thought it possible.

Now, as we follow his life, having the life of Jesus as an example, let not the orthodox think, that I am taking any departure from facts for the purpose of saying stronger things to them. I am only prepared to speak of Robert Taylor as his little world knew him.

What was his little world then? Very much like what it is to-day, if you took any side street from Blackfriars Bridge to the Obelisk. It was in one of these side streets in which he lived; in which were little houses, high rents, and very poor tenants. The neighbours were of the same sort as can be found there to-day. The receiver, the thief, and the hard-working man engaged in that great struggle of paying his way, of keeping his girls pure, and his boys honest; the hard-working woman, who is up in early morn, with her eighteen or twenty city rooms to put to rights, whose hands were as hard, and as horny, as those of any male labourer; the widow, with half-starved children, worse off than the cur dogs about the streets; the poor girl, so lost to shame, that she can smile decked in her gaudy clothes, eking out her daily wage by secret means, alas, too often resorted to by so many of the lasses of the working classes; and poor, painted wrecks of womanhood. Yes, it was in such a neighbourhood, and with such neighbours, that he lived in lodgings, too wretched for so great a soul. But he swore that he would lift these people up to a purer and holier life, and how he tried (God alone knows) with the utmost of his great endeavour, by unorthodox means.

He spoke against the mystical Christ, and the muscular Christian ruffianism which orthodoxy interposes. You, who are listening to me, have heard him hooted at; have seen him hustled, and sunk in the slough of the world's reproach; yet he feared not either the burglar, or the prostitute. The widow and the fatherless trusted him, and loved him; for he was always willing to help them, although the world had rejected him then. He saved many a girl from the streets. Many an honest woman has offered up prayers for his endeavours; for he has given a conscience, where before, all was conscienceless and blank.

There are leaders in all times, and he was one of them; there are many would be leaders to-day, as there were in his day, the good men of society; God forbid that I should misjudge them; those, who act up to the truth, as they realize it; but their realization is but faint and feeble. There ought to be no line drawn by the charitable; yet the modern Samaritan helps only those who are respectable.

In many of your Controls, the Charity Organization Society has been alluded to. What is that Society but the means of distributing the charity of the respectable. Hopeless pauperism must not appeal for aid, or help, and unless the character of the applicant will bear the strictest investigation, it is but

waste of time to hold forth the hand in supplication. Respectable poverty is occasionally relieved; but the poverty that has but little excuse for itself, that which lies, and whines, and drinks, it does not recognise. Its officers will say, "We were not formed to encourage pauperism." Yet what is to be done with those? If the respectable, the orthodox giver, will not have anything to do with these; who will? "What does the life of Jesus say in answer?" Robert Taylor said. You respectable divines may classify poverty, and relieve the deserving poor; Jesus Christ, in his life, looked to the wants of a man, not to his respectability; the only distinction that he made, and the only class of men against whom he raised his voice, was that of the Pharisee; the whitened sepulchre of his day. Robert Taylor would ask: "Are there any Pharisees in my day? I will," said he, "help these men, and these women, whose poverty has no redeeming trait. Jesus of Nazareth was loved of Mary Magdalen, the unchaste; he was not afraid to lodge in the home of Simon, the leper. I will not let these men, and these women, go down in the valley of darkness without trying to help them. True, it is, there are no signs of repentance in these men, or these women; but they need help. May God help me to give it to them."

He taught them to love, and to trust in him. This was a noble work of brotherhood, which arose out of his great faith in human nature; out of his great faith in the example of the life of Jesus of Nazareth. He made the fallen look on him as a brother. He gave a prayer, where before had been a curse; without any reward, praise, or popularity. He did this, alone amidst a world of foes, and quite friendless. And why? Because he did not preach the blood of Jesus; he worked without any organized authority; he belonged to no church; to no sect; in his charity, he did not even look for the deserving; he worked in accordance with the life of Jesus, recognising in him the pure type of humanity. What to him was the opprobrious term of infidel, and Devil's Chaplain? What to him was the fact that the police looked at him askance, and that it was publicly said: "That no man, or woman, leading a pure life, or with a clean heart, would ever acknowledge him?" He worked in no political dreams; he made no endeavour to stir up dissatisfaction amongst the labouring classes; he did not want the people to rise on the flood of revolution; he wanted them to rise by peaceable, and noble efforts. And will they rise? Ask him, when he speaks again, and he will tell you "that they are rising."

The middle, and upper classes, may laugh at them, and may call their trade organizations, and their thorough and complete net-work of clubs, tortuous and rebellious; they may prate of a caste providence. The day is fast approaching, when the masses will demand rights, and obtain recognition of them. He preached no republicanism; he preached no revolution. He could not rave at, nor vilify any set of men; if ever he abused any section of society, it was that which most deserved abuse, namely, that of the orthodox ministers. I remember once, when he was speaking to an excited meeting. There had been great ravings against the monied and titled classes; when he said: "We are here to defend our principles, and to give to all men the credit of honesty of purpose. The upper classes look on us as brigands, longing to wrest from them that which they possess, as having inherited. If we look on them in the same light, this would be in accordance with the views of the last speaker; but if this sort of feeling is to govern, what chance of the different classes understanding each other is possible? It is as easy to believe in an opponent's virtue, as in his worthlessness; in all times and more especially to-day, the people are troubled with reckless agitators, and frothy lecturers, who would pull all down and raise nothing up."

Again, he took care of even such as these. He taught them how to sink their minor differences; he taught them how to surrender their narrow partisanship, and led them out of their narrow grooves into a broader way. He shunned all those, who were hysterically angered, and who attempted to make abuse to serve for argument. Many were the scenes of tumult and violence he witnessed; yet there were many round that platform at the Rotunda, who would have died for him. Many men big and brawny in their development, who loved their teacher, who was no coward, although but slightly formed. Many a time and oft he has calmly faced the yelling crowd of men and women by his simple, earnest, unalterable dignity; for he was near to God by his likeness of and his nearness to man. Plenty of the East End Lazaruses; plenty of London modern lepers; plenty of disgraced and fallen Magdalens, he led heavenwards with him. He bore without complaining, even to seventy-times-seventy, insults. No trial seemed too severe for his forbearance; his patience was angelic; yet this man with unwearied sweetness; with a heart full of tenderness and hope, this man lived only that he might turn men from drink and devilry.

He, who was willing to receive as his brother and sister, not only those who had sinned against the law, but against him; those who laughed and scorned at his patience with them; those who swore and blasphemed on their refusal of his friendship; yet this man, according to the orthodox ministers of Christ was the "devil's chaplain." How they gloried at any unusual tumult at the Rotunda; how they gloried at one whom

he had helped, when he stood again once more in the felon's dock. "Here," they cried, "is the fruit of his painstaking. There could be nothing lasting, for he does not teach revealed religion and truth. Again, in his charity, he treats virtue and vice both alike; he encourages mendicancy; he helps without inquiring; the repentance of his hearers cannot be lasting, for he is not a Christian." Yet he persevered, making use of those even who are willing to turn charity into a pastime.

There are many noble ladies, and noble lords, who are playing at charity, and make of it a very pretty game; those who pick out a certain section of society to patronize. The last choice is as ridiculous as the rest; an offered prize for the best coo-termonger's donkey. They like this game of charity; they like independent giving; they like as people, possessing birth and money, to pose before the charitable world as givers to the poor. Yet he was willing to work with these, if he could: sometimes they refused to work with him. "You know," said one, "I would rescue the poor wretches from their filthy homes, and surrounding misery. You know, that I have done so, and those who have gone wrong after such help, let us consider them as hopeless cases." And he replied: "This is not in accordance with the life of Christ; it is not in accordance with his life's history. I want your help for some of these, and no shame, no disgrace, no sin shall overtry my patience. For their carelessness I will exchange my earnestness; for their levity, my seriousness; I will give them my love for their hate." He was no shallow philanthropist.

There are many doing good work amongst the poor to-day, but they do not gain the love of the poor. They give as superiors; they look on the wretched poor as something outside humanity; as something so totally unlike themselves, not having the same affections or the same nerves; so they go on gabbling amongst the poor; following the poor to their own haunts; relieving immediate distress; heading a subscription; doing good in a fragmentary manner; but although Robert Taylor accepted such help as this, still it was not the charity which he bestowed; it is not the charity, that thousands are exercising amongst the working classes to-day. There is many a labouring man bringing home his three shillings daily, who is yet willing to share that trifle with those poorer than himself. The lordly giver may avert starvation for the day; but the dock labourer is willing to avert it on the morrow, and continues giving his little, until the pauper grave renders his help needless.

The gaunt and famine-wasted women and children found a noble friend in the Reverend Robert Taylor. He who could not beg for himself, learnt how to beg for others. May God bless him, and you also, dearly Beloved One!

[In second sentence of last paragraph of last week's Control, for "former" read framer.—ED. M.]

A COLUMN FOR THE YOUNG.

SPRING-TIDE.

A Tale written under Spirit-Control.

By "LUCRETIA."

Continued from last week.

It was, indeed, a glorious day, and Nature seemed reveling in her own beauty. The sun shone down from the blue heavens, making everything look glad and joyous; the timid birds, disturbed by their footsteps, hopped from branch to branch, singing their sweet songs of joy; the soft air was redolent with the fragrance of many flowers.

They strolled about the woods, until their baskets were filled, then calling the wanderers together, Clara prepared to retrace her steps homewards; for already they had tarried longer than they could afford, but the woods, with the song-birds, the golden sunshine that bathed the trees and flowers in its splendour, and the pretty flowers that peeped from beneath the grass and leaves, had beguiled the time away, and they were unconscious how the moments had flown.

They had nearly emerged from the woods, when they saw advancing towards them a young man.

"Mabel," said Clara, "here comes Herbert. You must like him for my sake."

Mabel, smilingly, replied:—

"Indeed, I am quite prepared to like him for your sake, if not for his own."

By this time he had joined the ladies who were in advance of Mabel and Clara, and judging by the smiles and bright looks bestowed on him, he was a very welcome addition to their number.

Salutations being over, he looked eagerly round, evidently seeking for someone. At length he espied our two friends, and hastily approaching them he said:—

"Good day, Clara. I called at the house, and being told you were here, I came to look for you, and help gather the flowers, but I perceive that, unfortunately, I am too late to render any assistance."

"Thanks, all the same," laughed Clara; "but we have

enough. Allow me to introduce you to my friend Miss Reynold; Mabel, Mr. Forsythe."

Mabel gracefully bowed, and raising her eyes looked at the man before her. She saw one there who would be her destiny, although as yet she knew it not; but her heart felt irresistibly attracted to this stranger, whom she had never seen before, and whom, after this day, she may never see again.

Let us gaze over her shoulder, and see what manner of man this is, who has disturbed her hitherto calm nature, and has filled her whole being with a sense of exquisite joy and content; who has filled her bosom with undefinable emotions, and has caused the pretty rose-blush to rush to her cheeks.

We see a young man about the medium height, well formed, with dark brown curling hair, brushed back and showing a noble expansive forehead, where intellect and power sat enthroned. A moustache covers his lip, but not sufficiently to hide a well-shaped mouth. But the greatest charm about him is his eyes which are of a deep blue colour; eyes that seem to have a power to stir your whole nature; eyes into which you could gaze, and forget all else, save the kind, sympathetic heart that looked from without their depths.

As Mabel's eyes are rivetted on him, so his are on her, and they are both conscious of a feeling they are unable to analyze—a power that seems to draw their very souls together. With an effort they control themselves, and after a few commonplace remarks, they wend their way back to the Parsonage.

In the evening there is a gay assemblage, to celebrate Clara's birthday. The village band has been engaged, and to its strains the guests dance. Mabel is one of the gayest, as she flits to and fro, lending a helping hand here and there; but she is all the time whilst thus engaged conscious that she is being closely observed by those wonderful blue eyes that encountered hers in the wood; she feels their magnetic influence, and go where she will those eyes follow her: even in the dance, she is still conscious of them.

"Herbert, you have not danced once yet," exclaimed Clara.

"I will do so now, Clara, if you will let me have the pleasure of this waltz with you."

Clara's pretty face brightened with pleasure, as placing her hand within his arm, they moved towards the dancers.

Mabel, who had tired of dancing, wandered through the conservatory, and thence into the garden. She walked through the shrubbery, until she reached a rustic seat in a quiet little nook at the end. She sat down and gave herself up to dreaming. At length she was aroused from her meditations by hearing footsteps near, and looking up she saw Mr. Forsythe by her.

"I must apologize for intruding, but I did not know this seat was occupied," said he. "Do not let me drive you away," he added, as he saw Mabel preparing to rise.

She resumed her seat, and he sat by her side.

Again this strange feeling! What could it mean, and why should this man's presence make her heart beat so wildly? She could not move if she had wished, for some subtle influence held her, which she could not throw off; yet outwardly she was calm and collected, and talked with him on many subjects of interest to both.

Plucking a flower, Mabel spoke of its beauty, and how sad it seemed that such a lovely creation should in a few hours be withered and dead: all its fragrance gone—its petals dull and colourless.

"Not so," replied Mr. Forsythe. "Nothing dies. That flower which you now hold has a spiritual part that will never die."

Mabel was astonished to hear this, and smiled incredulously, but, looking in his face, she found it grave, and knew that what he said was no jest.

"There is no death," he went on: "nothing in this world dies. Do you believe in the immortality of the soul, Miss Reynolds?"

"Yes, indeed, I do," replied Mabel.

"Do you believe it possible for those who have passed the veil that hides our world from another, to return and visit those they have left behind?" asked he.

"I cannot say," said Mabel; "but it is a subject that has engrossed my deepest thoughts, and to me it seems only natural they should do so. I have sometimes a feeling that my dear father, who died two years ago, is near me, and at such times my soul feels elevated, and I seem to be in another world. But this feeling soon leaves me, and I have often thought it must be imagination only. Do you believe they return—our dear ones who are gone before? Tell me more, for it is a comforting doctrine, and one I would fain believe," and her eyes brighten with eagerness.

Smilingly, Herbert looked at the fair face up-turned to his, and said:—

"You are really anxious to hear?"

"Oh, yes, yes," cried Mabel. "I would like to know my father can come to me; can see me and mother, and knows how often we think and talk of him, and how dear his memory is to both of us."

"Since it be your wish, I will relate to you my wonderful experience, but if my recital tire you, I beg you will tell me so."

"You must know," said Herbert, "that I lived with my

father and mother in an old tumble-down house in Devonshire. My father was a younger son of a rich, proud family; and on his marriage with my mother, whom his people thought beneath him, he was disowned. Having a little money in his own right, however, he married my mother, and retired to this old house, where for many years they lived in happiness together. To them were born a son (myself) and a daughter, who, when she had attained her fifteenth birthday, fell ill and died. This was a great trial to us, as you may suppose. My parents were inconsolable for their lost darling, for of their two children, Jessie was the best loved. I did not feel jealous of the preference shown to her, for I too loved her—I might say idolized her. She was so bright and fair that she won all hearts; her presence ever brought joy where all was dark and gloomy; she was like a sunbeam flitting about our old place. She had a strange custom of sitting quietly, absorbed in her own thoughts, her face wearing an almost ethereal expression at such times, her large eyes fixed on the ground. While in this state, if spoken to she would start up and look alarmed, and when questioned as to the nature of her meditations, she would say the angels had been talking to her, and no more satisfactory answer could we compel her to make.

"On a beautiful summer evening she left us. How well I remember the scene! It comes before my vision even now, and once again I stand by her little, white-curtained bed, on which she lay. It is placed near an open window, that she might hear the birds sing, and smell the perfume of the roses that cluster round the window. She is sleeping! Her silken hair falls in little rings of soft curls round her forehead; her face, pure and calm; her lips parted in a faint smile. Hark! what are the half-articulated words she murmurs?"

"WAIT A LITTLE, AND I WILL BE WITH YOU."

"Her eyes then slowly open, and she calmly looks round. My father and mother are kneeling in prayer, each side of her bed, their hearts bowed down with sorrow. She looks at them with affection, and says:—

"Dear father and mother, you must not weep; you distress me by your grief. Dry your tears, for your Jessie is very happy. I know I am going to leave you, BUT I SHALL COME AGAIN. The angels have promised me so. I do not leave you for ever. My home will be bright and beautiful, for I have seen it, so do not weep."

"My parents looked at each other in silent wonder, at these strange words, but they only thought their darling was a little delirious through her illness. Again she speaks:—

"Herbert, dear brother, come close to me. We have loved each other as brother and sister should. Remember me when I am gone, and when you should think, 'I WISH JESSIE WERE HERE,' I WILL COME."

"I kissed her, and promised I would never forget my gentle sister. She kissed us all again, then glancing upwards, and stretching forth her hands, she said, 'Now, dear friends, I am ready,' and she closed her eyes, and her spirit winged its way to God."

At this part of his sad recital, Herbert covers his face, that Mabel may not see the tears that have risen to his eyes; but she, too, is deeply moved, and it is with an effort she can control her voice sufficiently to say:—

"Do not proceed, if it give you pain. I am sorry that I have been the cause of thus unintentionally bringing before your mind this sorrow again."

"Nay," replied Herbert, "do not heed me. I would not, if I could, forget this peaceful death-bed. My emotion is not altogether that of sorrow, for intermixed with its bitterness is the sweet, glad thought, that my sister is happy. I would not recall her back, if I could. But I will continue my tale, and you will understand why I can think with almost pleasure of my sister's death, for the end will show you what has changed my grief into joy."

"I will, however, pass over the mournful time that followed our sad bereavement. I left home, and for a year or two travelled abroad, and there the sad news was conveyed to me that my father was dead. I hastened home with all speed, to comfort and console my mother, for I was the only one left to her."

"On my return home, strong recollections of my sister Jessie took possession of me, and do what I would, my thoughts still would dwell on her. I felt impressed to go to her room, which I did, and found it exactly in the same order as when she inhabited it, for my mother would not allow it to be disturbed. She would go there every day, to dust it and keep it in order as of old, and it was there the poor mother would say her prayers, and read her Bible, for she said she felt nearer her lost darling in that room."

"I looked around. Yes! there was the same white-curtained bed, on which she had lain so often in happy dreams: flowers were placed here and there, as she had loved them to be; her books still lay scattered about—a little sketch lying unfinished on her table. Everything spoke of her presence. Overcome with emotion—for I had dearly loved my sister—I sank down on a chair, and my heart longed to once more see Jessie—to once more hear her dear voice. The room grew gradually darker and darker, but I heeded this not, so absorbed was I in my sad memories. At length, my grief was spent, and as I knew it was getting late, I moved to rejoin my mother."

"Suddenly, like a flash of lightning running through my veins, I thought of Jessie's promise to come to me if I should call her! Pressing my hand to my heart, in half-hope, half-doubt, I said: 'Jessie, my dear sister, I remember your promise; if it be possible for you to revisit this earth, come to me now—I CALL YOU!' Hardly had the words left my lips, when a strange sensation stole over me, and I sank powerless in my chair. The room, which before had been almost dark, so that I could hardly distinguish the articles in it, was now lighted by a soft, luminous atmosphere, and I heard voices singing afar off:—

"Cease, poor mortal, cease repining;
Know that life is fair and bright;
Know that love is ever shining,
Even in the darkest night."

"Weep no more for those departed—
Those who once to you were dear;
But weep for those who, broken-hearted,
Still in sorrow linger here."

"I listened enraptured at the delicious sounds: the whole room seemed flooded in harmony, and I felt I was in the presence of those of another world. My heart beat fast and wildly, but I controlled my agitation as well as I was able, and waited for what might happen. At length, the voices ceased, and a holy calm succeeded. I kept my eyes fixed in the middle of the room, for it was there the light seemed to centre, and as I gazed, I perceived the faint outline of a figure gradually develop itself, until it assumed the appearance of my sister! Yes; the same little Jessie I had known and loved on earth! She smiled on me, and held out her hand, as if she would touch me. She was dressed in a white, flowing robe, and her hair fell in little curls round her head, as formerly. Her features were the same, save the absence of that weary look, which her illness had produced. She remained but a few moments, gradually fading from my sight, but to the last her face wore that angelic smile, and her eyes beamed love and happiness. That was the FIRST time I saw her: we are often together now."

"Your recital has interested me much," said Mabel, "and I feel that I too should have loved your sister. How strange all this is; and what is this sensation your story has produced on me? Tell me, HOW CAN I see my father; how be SURE he is still alive? Tell me how to prove it, and come what may, I will obey your instructions."

"Dear Miss Reynold," replied Herbert, "be calm, and on another occasion I will tell you, but now there is not time; our absence will be noticed. Let us return to the party."

Mabel slowly rose, and as one in a dream walked away with her friend. Her heart was full of wild emotions, and she felt that a change had come to her—a happy change—that would transform her from a thoughtless GIRL, into a thoughtful WOMAN.

(To be continued.)

THEOSOPHY AND MEDIUMSHIP.

THE ALLEGED HIMALAYAN BROTHERS.

By W. H. HARRISON.

A statement made in the December number of *The Theosophist*, tends to raise anew the question of the alleged magnificent buildings in the Toda district; General Morgan says that he knows the country, that it has not been fully explored, and that the buildings may be there. One would have thought this question had been fully threshed out in the long correspondence in *The Spiritualist*, in which one who knows the country well, founded his denial of the existence of the buildings, on the circumstance that the country had been well explored. These two authorities may be left to settle the point between themselves.

Meanwhile, with my paragraph under his eyes, General Morgan takes no notice of my proposal to put Madame Blavatsky herself into the witness-box, to give a triumphant silencing to critics, by taking some English Theosophists to see the temples. The facilities for prolonged contention are very great when the strongest part of an argument is ignored, and the rest selected for criticism; but this method of dealing with truth belongs more to theology than to philosophy, can never lead to a definite end, and consumes unnecessarily much paper and printing ink.

In like manner he ignores my fair offer to put Mr. Sinnett in the witness-box against himself, by affirming that if he goes to Mrs. Kate Fox Jencken, he can obtain through her the same rapping phenomena which he describes in his book as proving that the raps in Madame Blavatsky's presence were under control. Most strong mediums have a few of the phenomena which they can obtain at any time with certainty. This is notorious in the case of those genuine mediums who obtain certain phenomena in public from one year's end to another. General Morgan contents himself by authoritatively

stating that the raps are under Madame Blavatsky's control, but not informing his readers that under his eyes was my suggestion to put Mr. Sinnett in the witness-box against him. If full believers will not admit Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Sinnett to be good witnesses to be proposed on my behalf, what other witnesses can be proposed more likely to satisfy them? What can be fairer?

A correspondent has written to me about a missionary, who was able to live among the Todas because he had no sense of smell. There is no record of his having seen the magnificent buildings.

Then there is unpleasant invective in General Morgan's letter. He charges me with "malice prepense" and misquoting, because I did not put the alleged Koot Hoomi's words "Plato was right. Ideas rule the world," in advance of said quotation. I gave the parallel quotations as I found them in Mr. Kiddle's letter, where the words mentioned did not occur, nor had I known of their existence would their publication have affected the case, except to those who clutch at straws. My quotation was generous, for it only gave a little bit of the plagiarism instead of the whole. If the matter be not a plagiarism clear and distinct, then the word plagiarism should be struck out of the dictionary, as itself a humbug. Some full believers seem as if they are unable to admit it is a plagiarism while it is under their eyes, and with such investigators one cannot work in searching after truth. What is the use of producing a clear fact, when it will not be admitted? These questions should be investigated without offensive personalities, and it is to be regretted that the subject unavoidably brings in Madame Blavatsky's name, for I am willing to admit that she has no superior among strong physical mediums. The responsibility chiefly rests with those normal persons who are governed by the rigmaroles, and great social intriguing powers of the controls of physical mediums, after all that has become known about them in the well-beaten track of public experience. Theosophy ought to teach that there is moral responsibility in bringing a public charge of malice without a trace of foundation, and no good is done by importing such personalities into public questions, or in continuing a discussion in which the strongest points on one side are ignored because they go home too forcibly to be dealt with, so the other points get subjected to the pecking operations.

A remarkable instance of parallelism with the theosophical phenomena, occurred in the production, through another medium, of *Hafed, Prince of Persia*. When that book came out, one of the engravings from a spirit-drawing, was found nearly all through to be a copy of an engraving of the "Death of Abel," in a book published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter and Galpin. But manacles had been added, and put on Abel's legs, to turn him into a Persian captive to fit the story. Thus small alterations had been made for a given purpose, as in the small variations in the alleged Koot Hoomi's plagiarism. The picture did not appear in later editions.

The parallelism does not end here. A literary man of good standing wrote, and it was published, to the effect that it was a marvellously good book, second only, in his estimation, to the Bible, and that he kept a copy of it at his bed-head, alongside the New Testament. The doctrines of "Hafed," however, are rigid enough to suit the excessively severe Christian opinions of the Scotch, who are not likely to feel at home with the Buddhistic teachings of the alleged Koot Hoomi, which teachings drove the President of the English branch of the Theosophical Society, out of the Society altogether. Therefore, if Koot Hoomi's doctrines are true because they have "psychologised" one literary man by their superlative excellence, "Hafed's" doctrines must be true because they have done the same with another. Unfortunately, the teachings are not the same, so that those persons who are not happy unless they place themselves under some authority as to what they are to believe, are put to mental confusion.

Once upon a time, some very beautiful direct drawings, in Flaxman's style, were produced through the mediumship of Mrs. Volckman, then Mrs. Guppy, and Mr. Guppy told me those drawings came when Mrs. Guppy's father, an eminent sculptor, was present. Mr. Guppy further said that his experience was that the presence of a person capable of evolving good ideals in his brain, was necessary in a circle, for the production of good phenomena in harmony with those ideals through a medium. Again, the Psychological Society had a sensitive, who saw an arrow when another person thought of an arrow; also, when members of the Society

thought he ought to see flames from magnets, he did see them, thus giving, when the two facts are taken together, good presumptive evidence that the flames were subjective visions, and not objective realities. When Mr. Sinnett, who I assume to have somewhat studied Buddhism, sat in the first instance in the presence of Madame Blavatsky, who advocates Buddhism more than Dr. Wyld likes, and when the GREAT UNKNOWN, called Koot Hoomi, John King, Jeremiah, Alexander the Great, the Muckle Horned Clootie, or other of the names by which he and his fraternity are known to various mediums, took part in the triumvirate, Mr. Sinnett's ideals took somehow objective form, and when he read them he discovered them to be exceedingly good, indeed, most remarkably good, which is not surprising. The same thing no doubt took place at the sances of Mrs. Guppy, "Hafed," and the Psychological Society. All were well pleased with the results, for one feels happy at seeing one's finest ideals in harmony with those of the higher world.

"They felt adown the small o' the back,
That gentle warmth which creeps upon us,
When we know we have had a good thing,
Although the vain world
Never can, and never will."

Like Mr. Hoomi, I have altered a word or two in this quotation to suit my purpose. These suggestions are made as fair matter for speculation, and not as truthful dogmas to be fought for through thick and thin, coupled with the abuse of opponents.

The author of *Hints on Esoteric Theosophy* has a judicial mind; he writes in all kindness and fairness to the medium, and he knows how to weigh evidence. His honesty is such that he does not withhold evidence in his possession which has a bearing against his views, so he printed those two pages which some of the votaries in London seem to me, I hope erroneously, not be likely to have the courage to quote. The method of full believers is more that of person who have a cause to fight for, than evidence to weigh.

The author of *Esoteric Theosophy*, living out in India, seems in the absence of information to think that Madame Blavatsky's phenomena are different to those of all other mediums, and that the latter all obtain the same kind of manifestations. It is true that of late years manifestations in London have been inferior in power and interest, and that several professional mediums have been obtaining nearly the same phenomena. It was not so always. The phenomena in the presence of Mr. Williams, Mr. Slade, Mr. Home, and Mrs. Guppy-Volckman, each differed from the other in the widest degree, and when the latter was in full power, her manifestations were very like those of Madame Blavatsky, especially in the manner in which solid objects are carried about. The phenomenon of the production of writing on a letter inside a sealed envelope, used to occur in Australia, as reported some time ago in *The Harbinger of Light*. The fluttering down of letters in daylight was once a common occurrence in the house of Mrs. Showers, at Teignmouth, and I have seen plenty of such manifestations, but did not see that the facts gave logical proof of the existence of a retired colony of gentlemen in the high Himalayas. In a book written by me, is a chapter containing a collection of evidence that under certain conditions, which appear to have been complied with in India, it might be possible to communicate with persons *en rapport* at a distance. This seems to have been done in India, according to a report in the December number of *The Theosophist*, and it is at once seized upon as evidence of the existence of the Brothers, because of the utterances of a medium, under the mesmeric influence of one of the most pronounced believers in the Himalayan fraternity. It would be as rational to point to an omnibus going along the street, and to exclaim, "There! how can you disbelieve the Brothers now?" The chain of reasoning is not absolutely clear.

Objects are said to be permanently duplicated, sometimes in the presence of Madame Blavatsky, and not changed by one of the impish pranks common enough, by the powers at the root of some of the physical manifestations. There are plenty of cases of temporary duplication in the presence of mediums, and Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace has recorded one which took place with a wine-glass through the mediumship of Mrs. Guppy-Volckman. Were she in full power, probably the powers about her would take pleasure in repeating all Madame Blavatsky's manifestations, but it is regrettable to state that she has not been in good health for some years. The records of her sances in *The Spiritual News*, and other journals of about that time, read very much like

(Continued on page 249.)

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THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.

LONDON, FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1884.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A large quantity of interesting correspondence awaits insertion.

A variety of thoughts on the recent holidays are given, also teachings bearing on views that read in harmony with the holiday discourses.

We have only heard of Rev. Robert Taylor as a theologian; the Control places him in altogether a different light. Surely there is some one living who can come forward and state whether the view of part of his life given in another column is in accordance with facts.

The correspondence from Mr. Harrison and Mr. Kiddle has lain over for three months, for want of opportunity to give it publicity. Cases of "Plagiarism" are frequent with mediums. That of Dr. Slade will be remembered. He wrote "inspirationally," not knowing of the pre-existence of the matter given.

Miss Dale Owen's programme of Lectures, given on another page, will enable friends in the North and Midlands to make arrangements for her visits.

We have recently had a call from Mr. Nicholas Morgan, of Sunderland, the veteran Mesmerist and Phrenologist. During conversation he mentioned the case of one of his subjects, who is a skilful performer on the flute. When this man is first, rendered blind by mesmerism; secondly, with his eye-lids closed in addition; thirdly, with his eyes securely bandaged, he can play on his flute any strange piece of music presented to him. If the person holding the music, trembles, moves the sheet in any way, or turns over the leaf at the wrong time, the subject at once detects it, as if he were in his normal state and using his eyes. While the experiment is going on, Mr. Morgan is walking about taking no interest in the experiment. To prevent the possibility of the subject having previous knowledge of the music, pieces have been composed on purpose to test him. Mr. Morgan speaks kindly of Mr. Ogle and his experiments with Dick. He is emphatic in his warnings against long sittings, and strangers handling the subject while under influence.

"Light for Thinkers" warns Lyceum conductors against developing children as actors and actresses. We want thinkers, not parrots. The stage is impure, and to induce the young to become stage-struck, is not an advisable element of education. The tinsel and applause of public opinion as demanded by the stage, is not the kind of stimulus to promote strength of mind.

The existence-of-Jesus question is alive among Spiritualists in America. "Light for Thinkers" has a correspondence on it. "Holt," in March 29 issue, states that during the early centuries a controversy raged as to whether Christ had come in the flesh. The reason why the question was not settled by quoting Josephus, was because the paragraph useful for such a purpose was not available till "that cunning rogue," Eusebius, inserted it into the copy of Josephus in the library over which that ecclesiastical historian had control. "Holt" refers to the appendix to Whiston's Edition for evidence on the matter. There were few copies of Josephus then, so that it was easy to make an author bear testimony in any desired direction.

EVIL SPIRITS.—I cannot say I am pleased to see the tendency amongst Spiritualists generally to a belief in "evil spirits." So far as I can make out, undeveloped spirits in the spirit-world are weak and sickly, simply wanting in all the qualities that

constitute existence. There is a deep philosophy underlying "evil manifestations," that leaves untouched the integrity and honour of the spirit-world. Another point on which I think Spiritualists are leading themselves astray is, that the spirit-world in its beliefs is much like the earth—Christian, Pagan, Papist, and what not, while in fact the truth is so simple and self-evident in the spirit-world, that it cannot be mistaken. An erroneous thought makes itself known by rupturing the relations between the spirit and other sources of light. The spirit-body itself is simply an idea in the mind of the spirit, none the less substantial because of that, yet corresponds exactly to the state of the mind. Here (on earth) it is different: the mind is an idea within the body. It is because of this that the truth is so difficult to grasp on earth.—JAMES McDOWALL.

"OVER THERE."—We think Spiritualists make considerable mistake when they teach that all the vexations, toils, and difficulties of existence terminate when the death of the body takes place. On the contrary, in some cases, the evils of existence appear to be hopelessly intensified. The earth-bound and depraved seem to make no progress for centuries. It is the best doctrine to teach that man's comfort depends on his observance of right, whether in the body or out of it.

NEW TYPE FOR THE "MEDIUM."

Mr. Joseph Eales has sent us 10s., kindly contributed to our work by the South Durham District Association Spiritualists. We will devote it to the fund for the New Type for MEDIUM. We have now got £2 1s., and feel confident that the proper amount will come in due course.

MISS ALLEN (OF BIRMINGHAM) IN NEWCASTLE.

This lady, who is a new speaker in our Movement, and highly recommended by Mrs. Britten and others, is announced to speak in Newcastle under the auspices of the Newcastle Spiritual Evidence Society, in Weir's Court, on Sunday, April 20th. Morning, at 10.30, on "What is Christ to us to-day?" evening, at 6.30, on "Has the age of Miracles passed." On Monday, April 21st, at 7.30 p.m., on "Some thoughts on Social Subjects;" and again on Sunday, April 27th, morning and evening. The attention of local Spiritualists is earnestly called to these lectures.

MR. COLVILLE'S LONDON MEETINGS.

On Sunday next, April 20, W. J. Colville's subjects will be, 11 a.m.: "The Spiritual Theory of Involution and the Darwinian Theory of Evolution: Are they in Harmony?" 3 p.m.: subject to be chosen by audience, followed by answers to written questions. All unreserved seats free. Voluntary collection. Everybody welcome. Choice music.

Mr. Colville is open to engagements to lecture anywhere on week days in or out of London; for all particulars address, 32, Fopstone Road, Earl's Court, S.W.

N.B.—Don't forget Mr. Colville's public reception at 15, Southampton Row, this evening, Friday, April 18th, at 8 p.m., prompt. Be prepared to ask questions, and don't be afraid to hear your own voices.

LEEDS.—Discussion between Mr. Frank Curzon and Mr. W. J. Colville, under the auspices of the Leeds Debating Society, and the Psychological Society, on Monday evening, April 21st, in the Albert Hall. Chair to be taken at eight o'clock. Question to be discussed—"Is Modern Spiritualism true in its phenomena, and beneficial in its teachings?" Admission—front seats, 6d.; back seats, 3d.; a few reserved seats at 1s. Tickets may be had of the Hon. Secs. of the two Societies, at the Leeds Mechanics' Institute, and at the rooms of the Societies.—W. J. Colville will speak in Tower Building, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 22 and 23, at 8 p.m. Subjects to be chosen by audience. Neighbouring Societies can secure his services for April 24 and 25, by applying at once to Mr. T. Duckworth, Belgrave House, Leeds.

The Baron and Baroness Von Vay are now on their way home to Gonobitz, Styria, after wintering at Pau and Biarritz.

Mr. Morse has assumed sole control of the Sunday evening meetings at Cavendish Rooms. He has so extended the accommodation at 103, Great Portland Street, that he now offers a private Hotel for the convenience of Spiritualists visiting London. It is already well patronized.

Professor A. Didier, after spending the greater part of his life in London as clairvoyant and mesmerist, has recently returned to Paris, his native city. He has still a warm heart towards London, and hopes to have a call to make frequent visits to this Metropolis.

LEICESTER: Silver Street Lecture Hall.—On Sunday evening last, Mr. Bent delivered an inspirational address to a good congregation, on "Higher Phases of a Soul's Development through the ages of Eternity," which was appreciated by the hearers very much.—R. WIGHTMAN, Secretary, Mostyn Street, Hinckley Road.

THE TRANSITION OF PRINCE LEOPOLD TO SPIRIT-LIFE.

INSPIRATIONAL POEM GIVEN BY W. J. COLVILLE, UNDER
THE INFLUENCE OF "WINONA."
(Published by special request of many friends.)

The Nation weeps, because the hand
Of Death, so silent, cold and still,
Has taken from the mortal form,
Obedient to God's holy will,
A spirit brave and true and fair;
Beloved and honoured through the land,
A tender husband, loving son,
True-hearted brother, who with band
Of firmest, strongest gold has bound
All hearts to his, in love's embrace;
A noble man, in deed and truth,
Adorned with many a noted grace.

The Queen in tears laments her dead:
Her noble Consort, tried and true;
Her loving daughter, who had passed
The gate of death securely through;
Her faithful servant, and her troops,
Who've bled and died on Africa's strand;
And now, her gracious, loving son
Has joined them in the Better Land!

Why weep? The angel, mis-called death,
But bears the happy soul away
To where, no more entombed in dust,
It treads with joy life's blissful way.

Why weep? when death is but a gate
To realms of purer bliss sublime
Than can be felt in this crude sphere,
Hedged in by bonds of sense and time.

Where has he gone? In ripened youth,
In early manhood's joyous day,
Surrounded by the sweets of earth,
How suddenly he drops away,
E'en as a full-blown rose may fall,
Its petals scattered on the ground,
E'er yet a blemish or a taint
In all its beauteous leaves is found.

No life is perfect; yet to live
In honour, faithful to its close;
To revel in fair dreams of art,
To scatter joy where'er one goes:
This opens up a vista grand,
Beyond the portals of the sky,
And surely must assure the soul
A home of beauty far on high.

Not born nor trained for tented field,
Not called to mingle in the strife:
The gentle Prince for study lived,
And where sweet music's strains were rife,
With grandest harmonies you'd find
Him entering in with loving zest,
To all that could promote the arts,
And, through them, make his brethren blest.

He passes out to join the ranks
Of friends and kindred, loved so well;
To gain a stronger, firmer form,
More power the anthems loud to swell.
His spirit-home must needs be bright
With many a glittering, sparkling gem:
Because of kindnesses he's shown,
Most beauteous is his diadem.

But not because a prince by blood,
Is he exalted in that Sphere,
Where only nobleness of mind
Can make its owner's pathway clear.
The humblest son of hardest toil,
The lowliest beggar from the street,
If beautiful within, can there
With nobles and with princes meet!

O weeping Mother! ope your eyes,
And see the health-glow on his cheek;
Oh! listen, in the quiet hours,
Your risen son to you shall speak;
And with him spouse and daughter come,
With choicest flowers rich and fair,—
With lilies and forget-me-nots,
To shed their grace and perfume rare.

Oh! sad and stricken, widowed hearts,
Lift ye your eyes above the sod,
Behold! where in the Brighter Land,
Basking beneath the smile of God,
Your loved ones live; and, oh! so near
To you, each moment can they be,
That, were it not for earthly dust,
Your eyes their radiant forms would see.

O mothers, brothers, sisters all,
Widows bereft, all aching hearts:
Lift up your eyes to that bright host,
Who, with love's gentlest, subtlest art,
Are ever whispering in your dreams,
Repeating fondest vows of old,
And telling, o'er and o'er again,
That tale whose fulness ne'er is told:
For love immortal, deathless is,
Transition's angel opens the door,
To carry them you love the most,
To where they'll love you more and more!

THE ALLEGED HIMALAYAN BROTHERS.

(Continued from page 247.)

those of Madame Blavatsky, and should be read by all Theosophists who can coolly weigh evidence rather than fight for a cause.

"Right here" and "squarely," as the Americans say, it may be as well to get on record the position taken up by Koot Hoomi and his medium, about the clear plagiarism of the former. The first leading article of *The Theosophist* of December last says:—"It is not to defend the Mahatma, however, or to explain the 'mystery' of the parallel passages, that we now enter the lists. To undertake the former would be irreverent presumption on our part, while the latter would require a full and entire explanation of 'a deeply interesting psychological problem' as 'A Student' fitly puts it in *Light*,—a task with which we are not so far entrusted. [We are glad, however, that others, in the present number, lift the veil considerably, and disclose the mystery, as far as permitted—General Morgan for one.] As to our own intention, it is simply to show the utter absurdity of the whole accusation, in whatever way, and from whatsoever standpoint one may look at it." This is good; the followers of physical mediums are more likely to be pleased with their own theory than with one they are obliged to take on authority, but the difficulty will be to find a theory on which they can all agree, for the benefit of Koot Hoomi, who, doubtless, will be uncommonly glad to see it himself.

There is no reason why, when the announcement of the existence of the Brothers is enforced by books, newspapers, and a society, and when a shrine has been erected to one or all of them in the head-quarters of the Theosophical Society, as stated by General Morgan in the December number of *The Theosophist*, why anyone should keep silence and not be allowed to criticise, if he believes the whole to be rooted on one of the myths so plentifully evolved through physical mediumship, and I very much regret that the name of any medium is unavoidably mixed up with subject, so that all criticism cannot be quite impersonal. Although it is a duty to raise questions about what appear to be errors enforced with all the influence of the press, mine has at root been a much wider purpose, a purpose to be considered and judged in future times; when the facts shall have become matters of history, and when after we are all dead and gone, the mystery of physical mediums and their controls shall have been discovered and laid bare. The Himalayan Brother myth is of a harmless nature, and I think it was Colonel Olcott who said truly he defied anyone in India to point out any harm the Theosophical Society there had done to anyone. The yielding to the "controls" of physical mediums has not been so harmless in every case. In America the full believers in and followers of the controls of physical mediums have had a deadly influence on Spiritualism, and driven many of the more respectable people out of it. To Colonel Bundy belongs the honour and honesty of having published for years some well proved cases of imposture about once every two or three months, on an average, and in every case these Spiritualists, who, for the sake of the cleanliness of the Movement publicly condemned the imposture, have been covered with obloquy by the blind followers of the mediums. The followers could not plead like their leaders that they were often in abnormal trances and not responsible for their acts, but theirs were the tongues to denounce and the hands to strike on behalf of their superiors. When Dr. Eugene Crowell exposed a great humbug, he must have been astonished at the quantity of abuse showered on him from inside Spiritualism, and the absence of any general defence; he has done little or nothing in Spiritualism since. Mr. Dale Owen was placed in the same position before his death. Dr. Child, of Philadelphia, was for similar reasons plastered with mud of the worst nature. The best Spiritualists in private life have seen all this, and the tendency has been to quell their ardour

and to cause them to shrink into their shells. Many clear-headed men saw when Spiritualism was at its zenith, that the prosecution of a fraudulent medium by Spiritualists, or by the honest class of mediums, would be the best thing in the world for Spiritualism and set it right with the outside public. This has never been done in England when opportunity offered, but in a very few small cases it has been done in America. In one case the apparatus used was produced in court, and the medium, of all persons, made a full confession, yet the abuse of the Spiritualistic prosecutors, who did something to keep up the respectability of the order, was something fearful. These things should be well considered in comparing the present with the past of Spiritualism, and each man should come to some decision as to his action in such cases in the future, and come to a mental conclusion whether wrong can be made right even when it occurs in relation to a man who possesses abnormal powers. A lie is a lie, even though it be written in mid-heaven by supernatural fire; the phenomenon does not alter the moral nature of that which it gives to the world.

The preceding remarks are intended for certain phases of Spiritualism in America, and not intended for Theosophy, with some phases of which I have much sympathy, especially the idea of studying the religious ideas of the world, and making phenomena subordinate to philosophy, in which latter direction it has signally failed, probably only temporarily, after having bought experiences there was no great necessity for incurring, since the track was a well-beaten one. With more action in the world, and a reduction of the quantity of speculation, possibly there would be improvement. In the scientific world, when a man has done something good, his colleagues wish to know the theory on which he did it, but they care little for the speculations of those who have not first done something to prove them. A good religious society would be one which laid down the axiom that overmuch preaching unaccompanied by work was exercising a demoralising effect on the world, and that in their society all the members should speak by their acts alone for the first three years, doing all they could in the way of self-sacrifice for the happiness of others during that time. The few who succeeded best, might then be qualified to speak for one hour once a month to the society on their religious opinions, and even to write an occasional speculative newspaper article. A ten years' successful probationer might be allowed to write a book. There are infinitely more good ideas in the world, than there are of their own professors to work them out; this disproportion should be lessened, and overmuch preaching and speculation be discouraged. When a man has earned his spurs by a life of self-sacrifice for others, he should be allowed to preach publicly, and not before. What he speaks in private is his own affair.

Lucerne, January 20, 1884.

PLAGIARISM: KOOT HOOMI, H. KIDDLE.

To the Editor.—Sir,—I am sorry that Ellen H. Morgan, F.T.S., writing from the head-quarters of the Theosophical Society at Madras, in support of the alleged existence of the "Adept Brothers," should have deemed it necessary to bring a "railing accusation" against me in order to establish her position, as she does in her letter published in the *MEDIUM* of the 4th instant. She charges me with "disingenuously passing off the saying, 'Ideas rule the world' as my own, when in reality it comes from Plato;" and yet the passages which she, evidently after laborious searching, cites from Plato's works, prove that the saying was not made by Plato; though he of course, expresses the influence and importance of ideas.

Now, in the first place, let me say to this spirited champion of Occultism and the Brothers, I have never accused any one of Plagiarism in connection with the extraordinary fact to which I called attention some time ago, that the wonderful, 'superhuman adept Koot Hoomi seemed to have used, in a letter of his to Mr. Sinnett, a whole page of my address on Spiritualism, copied almost *verbatim*, but slightly garbled so as to adapt it to Occultism. That is the plain fact, which Mr. Harrison designates, in the same number of the *MEDIUM*, "a wholesale literary theft."

I, however, have merely asked for an explanation of this curious phenomenon; and, lo! a storm has been

raised. The "elementary spirits" seem to be driven here and there, and their earthly representatives get into a state of excitement quite phenomenal in *chelas*, or disciples of "white magic," which, it is claimed, raises the minds of mortals to the serene heights of pure soul life, far above the agitations of vulgar, earthly passion. The explanation, meanwhile, is not forthcoming; but, instead thereof, a violent accusation of plagiarism and "disingenuousness" against me.

If I were disposed to become a follower of Satan (the accuser) and to recriminate, I might point to the obvious disingenuousness of representing the whole matter copied to consist of a single short sentence, when, in fact, it was a whole page; and, moreover, of quoting a few sentences from Plato's Dialogues expressing thoughts or propositions that have but a remote or indirect bearing on the statement which I am charged with stealing; and then triumphantly asserting that Koot Hoomi (or whoever it was) was right in inserting the words before my statement, "Plato was right." I have not verified the passages given from Plato; but if these are all that can be found after diligently exploring his works, evidently, Koot Hoomi was wrong, in artfully appending Plato's great name to the passage in question.

Of course, I claim no originality for the *idea* involved in that simple and trite proposition; and if this had been all that the adept had used, I should not have thought it of any importance; but when a whole page of an address is taken, nearly word for word, under such very peculiar circumstances, the cause of Truth demands a solution of the problem presented, which problem, however, becomes far simpler in view of the manner in which it is met by the representatives of Occult science and art.

HENRY KIDDLE.

New York, Jan. 18, 1884.

BIRMINGHAM: Oozell Street Board School.—Last Sunday, Mrs. Groom occupied our platform, and "George Dawson" controlled, and delivered a discourse on "It is I; be not afraid." He commenced by delivering one of the most beautiful prayers I have ever heard. He then delivered the discourse, and displayed all his usual powers as an orator. His mannerism was very palpable, and was acknowledged by many of the audience. Three poems were given, and the clairvoyant descriptions were all recognised, and spirit messages were given almost in every case. We had a grand meeting; the large room was crowded. Mr. Thompson, of Manchester, made a short speech, and altogether we had a splendid night of it.—Cor.

SUNDERLAND.—On Sunday evening last, Mr. V. W. Pinkney gave an address, in the Albert Rooms, to a very fair audience, taking for his subject: "Is Woman mentally inferior to Man?" which he discoursed upon in a very able manner, and frequently brought down bursts of applause, especially from the fair sex. On Sunday evening next, Mr. John Rutherford will give an address on "How to induce an elevating state of mind."—G. H. PYNE JONES, Sec., S.S.E.S.

PENDLETON: 48, Albion Street, Windsor Bridge.—On Sunday last, Mr. Schutt, of Accrington, gave two powerful addresses, afternoon and evening, both of which gave general satisfaction to large audiences, especially that of the evening, on "The Personality of God." On Monday, the 14th, we held our quarterly tea party, which far exceeded our expectation. We were much pleased by the presence of over thirty of our Manchester friends, also a number of Oldham friends turned up, which was very gratifying to us. A good and substantial tea was partaken of, after which we enjoyed ourselves for an hour in games, and then a meeting was held, when short addresses were given by Mr. Kershaw, Oldham; Mr. Crutchley, Manchester; and an old, tried friend of Spiritualism, Mr. Cross, of Farnworth; and finished off a pleasant evening with songs, recitations, and a little dancing.—This Society is taking a firm hold on the hearts of all who attend its meetings. Mr. Johnson on the 20th, and Mr. Plant on the following Sunday.—W. O.

BRADFORD.—Mr. Armitage spoke at Walton Street Church, on Sunday afternoon. Seven children were named, a suitable address being given by the controls in each case, concluding with a general address in a very impressive manner. As in the afternoon, there were many strangers present in the evening. First, Mr. Armitage's controls gave a fine poem of twenty verses, after which they desired the audience to suggest subject for a discourse. Three were sent, and all of them were spoken on. The style in which the speaker handled them was in the highest degree satisfactory. Seed was sown which will take root and bloom in the future.—Cor.

PROGRESS OF SPIRITUAL WORK.

WORK IN THE NORTH.

LEEDS.—The friends here on Good Friday held a tea meeting and an entertainment, in their meeting room at Tower Buildings. There was a most bountiful provision on the tables. I am not free to mention the name of the lady to whose liberal hand and active superintendence acknowledgment is chiefly due—she has her reward in the satisfaction of doing in the most thorough manner, whatever her mind undertakes. There was not a large, but a select and congenial gathering of friends. The entertainment that followed comprised a great variety—songs, music, readings, recitations, etc.; Mr. A. D. Wilson, of Halifax, rendered invaluable assistance.

The writer's engagement with the Society having expired, a very cordial and unanimous vote of thanks was accorded him, and a small practical token of appreciation was also presented—the whole being very encouraging to the person chiefly interested.

MANCHESTER.—It was arranged for me to occupy the platform at Manchester on Sunday, Mr. R. A. Brown being appointed to Leeds. Mr. Brown was, however, too unwell to fulfil his appointment; calling at his house, I was sorry to find him in pain and looking so unwell; he was just leaving for a day or two of rest and change in the country. Mr. Brown is well known as one of the most devoted and indefatigable workers of the north, and all his friends will earnestly hope for his complete restoration to health.

One could earnestly desire that the Spiritual Cause in this great northern metropolis could be more centrally situated, and in a public sense, more creditably represented. There certainly will yet be, one would fain think, one or more commodious halls attended by large audiences from this intelligent and enterprising population. There are, nevertheless, some deeply interested and zealous workers here. The Sunday meetings are held in the Gospel Temperance Hall, Tipping Street, close to Downing Street, and the meetings on Sunday were, I thought, characterised by much earnestness and warmth. To myself they were extremely enjoyable—I was delighted with the spiritual warmth and enthusiasm of the friends. There was an excellent congregation present in the evening, about half of whom stayed to the second meeting, wherein the spirits were able to do some good work. All present seemed to greatly enjoy the meetings, lingering for conversation to a late hour. The friends also occupy the Bridge Street Chapel for week evening circles, and altogether much work is being done. The writer has been cordially invited to come when convenient, and assist in giving a stimulus to the Local Movement.

OMEGA.

LIVERPOOL: FAREWELL MEETING TO MRS. HARDINGE BRITTEN.

I was very glad to have the opportunity of attending Mrs. Britten's farewell meeting at Liverpool, on Monday evening, both from a personal interest, and also in my representative capacity as, what Mrs. Britten was pleased to designate me, the "missionary-at-large," or the too-flattering description of Mr. John Lamont, on Monday night, when he introduced me to the audience as the "Evangelist of Spiritualism." I can only say that I will endeavour to be truly what I am regarded, by these eminent friends.

The Rodney Hall, where the Spiritualists meet, and which appears capable of accommodating some 350 persons, is very prominently and conveniently situated, only a few minutes walk from the Lime Street Station. The proceeding on Monday evening took the form of a Soirée; the programme comprising songs, dramatic pieces, and musical selections by professional artists; these attractive features being varied and interspersed with speeches; there being also an interval for the distribution of fruit and cake. There was a large gathering of friends, considering the admission was by shilling tickets.

Various Societies were represented at the meeting, to testify their great esteem and appreciation of the celebrated lady speaker and author, Mrs. Britten, amongst whom was Mr. Kersey, the esteemed President of the Newcastle Society. There were also several friends from Halifax, Manchester, and other places. To Mr. Kersey and myself was given the honour of occupying the platform, in company with Mrs. Britten and her husband, and of giving utterance to some words of heartfelt appreciation and farewell. The vote of thanks, submitted by Mr. Lamont, in a speech of great impressiveness and power; seconded, in an address of manly simplicity and earnestness, by Mr. Kersey; and supported in a lengthy and eloquent eulogium respecting the nature, value, and influence of Mrs. Britten's labours, by Mr. Shepherd; was endorsed on the part of the audience by manifestations of feeling, so earnest and prolonged, that Mrs. Britten was quite overcome. There was also a presentation of money to Mrs. Britten.

Then came the feature of the evening, Mrs. Britten's final address. This took the unique form of an account of her own personal introduction to Spiritualism. She commenced by saying that she had never appeared before an audience at such a disadvantage as on that occasion; for she had always thrown the entire responsibility of her platform utterances upon her

Spirit Masters. That evening, however, whilst sitting on her seat below the platform, she had communed with her beloved spirit-friends as to what she should say to this farewell gathering of her spiritual children, and they had reminded her that all this profound respect and homage was paid to her rather for the sake of the message she brought than for her own; and they had charged her to tell, not under their inspiration, but by and for herself, as a woman, a friend, and a worker; to tell the simple story of HOW SHE BECAME A SPIRITUALIST. And she did tell the story; in a graphic and impressive manner. She related in detail the narrative of her own conversion to Spiritualism. I need not say that it was listened to with breathless attention, and with great appreciation. Some of us, at least, will ever retain the vivid impression produced. Mrs. Britten concluded with earnest and heartfelt words of gratitude towards her very numerous friends in this country; and with solemn reiterations of her untiring devotion to the Cause of Spiritualism, so long as life should last. Mr. Britten then added a few words, giving a humorous account of how he became "so bold" as to pay his addresses to such a lady; how she became his wife; and concluded by additional words of gratitude, friendly feeling, and farewell. The meeting did not break up until eleven o'clock.

It should not be omitted that the visitors were entertained by Mr. John Fowler, of Sefton Park—where Mr. and Mrs. Britten were staying—whose heart and hand, and hospitable mansion, are ever open to the friends and interests of this Cause; and we had the privilege of listening to some of Mrs. Britten's performances upon a new and splendid piano, which she had been deputed by her host to select for him.

I have a somewhat melancholy item to add to this Liverpool report, viz., the passing away, at the age of forty-five, of the beloved partner of Mr. Ainsworth, the gifted and indefatigable Secretary of the Society. As I looked upon his manly countenance my heartfelt sympathy flowed out to him, and I expressed a hope that the angels of love would sustain and comfort him. Mrs. Ainsworth's physical remains were interred on Thursday, by Mrs. Hardinge Britten.

OMEGA.

NEWCASTLE.—Mr. J. Gardiner, of Sunderland, occupied our platform on Sunday last, and gave an interesting address on "Luther, Calvin, and Knox as Reformers."—ATHOS.

MANCHESTER: Temperance Hall, Tipping Street.—Rev. O. Ware was the speaker, afternoon and evening. His subjects were "Pentecostal Baptism," and the passage from Job, xiv., "But man dieth," etc., which he dealt with in a plain and straightforward manner, to the delight of two fair audiences, considering there were so many out of town. As is his custom, Mr. Ware held a developing circle after the evening meeting, to which most of the audience remained. A very interesting hour was spent. The hall was alive with mediums. I heard some of our oldest members say that they never felt the influence so strong, morning and evening. Mr. Ware is certainly a very earnest and able conductor of a circle.—J. M. HUNNS, Sec., M.S.S.S.

BACKWORTH.—On Friday night, April 11th, the friends were favoured with a stirring address from the guides of Mr. James Campbell, of Houghton-le-Spring, from the words, "Christ and his teachings." The address throughout was listened to very attentively by the audience. On Saturday night, April 12th, after a short address and invocation from Mr. Wm. Holland's guides, we sat for physical manifestations. The guides of Mr. Campbell controlled, and placed the sitters, and gave the necessary conditions. Then we were told to put the light out. We then sang a hymn. The medium asked the sitters to tie him in his seat, but they declined to do so. I was placed next to the medium, and held his hands in mine, the rest of the sitters doing the same, taking hold of each other's hands. We had not sung one verse before I was touched on the coat sleeve; then the hand patted me on the face and hands, several others of the sitters being touched and patted in the same manner. We then sang another hymn, and several beautiful lights appeared. Further on, the bell was taken from the table, and rung several times round the circle. Several communications were knocked out, one telling us that they would take the table from the middle of the circle, and place it outside. We sang another hymn, and the tambourine was played several times round the circle, and several of us were patted on the face and hands at the same time. They then took the table out of the middle of the circle, and placed it outside. I had hold of the medium's hands, and his legs were lying across my knees the time they were taking the table out of the circle.—On Sunday night, April 13th, two mediums present, there were two subjects chosen by the audience. One was, "Jesus having a place in history, in what relation does he stand to Spiritualism?" on which the guides of Mr. Jas. Donney gave a long discourse. The second subject was, "Orthodoxy, Atheism, and Spiritualism at the bar of Reason." The guides of Mr. Campbell took this subject, and handled it in a masterly style.—J. B., Sec.

To the subscribers to "Rhineland," published in aid of Miss Corner's Charitable enterprises, must be added, Joseph Cowen, Esq., M.P., four copies.

MR. COLVILLE'S NEUMEYER HALL MEETINGS.

GOOD FRIDAY.—The meeting in this hall was a very good one. The music was very appropriate to the day, and included selections from the "Messiah." Mr. Colville's inspirational discourse on "Seven Steps to Spiritual Perfection," was a masterly production, calling forth the warmest sympathies and heartiest appreciation of the auditors. We append a few brief notes of the discourse.

To-day (Good Friday) Christians celebrate the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, whom they call their Lord and master, whom the Trinitarians go so far as to style "very God of very God." It is not our purpose to dwell upon disputed points in theology, or to wage war upon any denomination, but as all the churches are open this morning for meditation upon the sufferings and death of Jesus, we shall endeavour to improve the occasion by calling your attention to seven of the last sentences said to have been uttered by Christ upon the cross. The first of these is "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." These words evidently refer to the enemies of the great teacher, who in this saying, attributes their sin to their ignorance. It may be impossible to prove to the satisfaction of the critic, even that Jesus had a personal existence, and, therefore, extremely difficult to prove when, or by whom, these blessed words were originally uttered; but it is for us to take them as they stand, without regard to the circumstances of their delivery, and ask ourselves: Ought we to attribute human perfidy to lack of knowledge? Socrates made knowledge the synonym of good, and ignorance of evil. Some people are afraid of Necessitarianism, and even of that large charity which lays the burden of guilt on the shoulders of ignorance, but we must ever remember two things: first, the moral sense remains, and we cannot obliterate it, and by it we are inwardly judged or acquitted, and there seems no better way of bringing persons to a sense of wrong than by leaving them to conscience; second, it is the work of the teacher to overcome ignorance, and teaching is consistent with charity. So is cure: we need moral hospitals rather than prisons, a correction that is an education, rather than a punishment. The utter lack of the condemning, or punitive spirit, makes great men the greater; but charity does not impose upon us the condolence of offence, rather it forces us to make the most vigorous efforts to enlighten the morally blind, and cure the morally diseased. Try it in your homes; be superior to anger and resentment, overcome retaliation, show yourself the superior mind, the brighter spirit, and you will accomplish more in one day for the real elevation of the race, than by centuries of denunciatory preaching, and harsh invective. We urge you to try to live by the rule of charity, and see how it works; if it works well, then the utilitarian is bound to regard it as good.

Upon the sentence: "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," the lecturer said, Paradise is not heaven, and not hell; it is simply the world of spirits, that world from which we receive the bulk of our modern communications. A thief who has suffered the penalty of theft, and has overcome the love of it, is no longer a thief; he is from that moment an honest man. Instantaneous conversion is a great truth, instantaneous perfection a gross delusion. If someone is going in a westerly direction, when he ought to go east, he is thoroughly converted, completely turned round, directly he sets his face in the right direction; but he has a long journey, perhaps, before he reaches his goal. You may swear off from any bad habit: the drunkard may never drink again, he is converted at a temperance meeting, but he cannot, in a moment, outgrow in himself all the baneful consequences of inebriation. These must be slowly purged away. The importance of faith, if faith means belief, is in this, that it is highly improbable for any one to deliberately change a wrong course for a right one, unless he becomes convinced that he is wrong, and that another course is superior. A change of will is the commencement of a change of life. When we wish to do well, we may be ever so ignorant, ever so steeped in crime, but we begin to amend, and though the road to the celestial spheres may be long and toilsome, it is none the less sure, and the result attained is ever proportionate to the fervour of effort.

On the much disputed passage, "My God! why hast thou forsaken me?" the speaker said, the hardest trial of all was when we suffered, and couldn't see the good our sufferings were to do, either to ourselves or others. An Atheist may suffer for others, and not only see no prospect of reward in the hereafter, but no prospect of good being accomplished here; his is the harder trial than that of the believer in immortal recompense for every mortal woe. Jesus was not an Atheist, but a fervid and loving Theist, who placing unbounded confidence in his heavenly Father, but the Evangelists show him to us at a moment when clouds have hidden his Father from him, and he enquires the reason of the hiding of the divine countenance.

The last words are, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." The lecturer expressed sorrow and disgust at the theories of those who boast of Jesus having died in despair, and at this point treated his hearers to a remarkable outburst of eloquence, which evidently appealed vividly to his hearers. This remarkable oration will be published among

others in the forthcoming book of lectures, concerning which we shall soon be able to give details. The services concluded with a poetical benediction.

EASTER SUNDAY.—The platform was beautifully decorated with choice flowers, placed there by loving hands, who kindly vied with each other as to which could do most to make the place beautiful and attractive for all who entered the hall. The music was a treat. The organist, Herr Rudolph Köhner, played admirably on both instruments. The soloist, Miss Alice Kean, sang with great power and sweetness, while the hymns were sung well and jubilantly. Both discourses were quite up to Mr. Colville's usual high standard, and were provocative of much serious thought on important spiritual topics. They bore, of course, particularly on the Resurrection, which was defined as the elevation of the spirit completely above the thralldom of the senses. Some explanations of materialization were very interesting and instructive.

EXETER.—By the kind invitation of Mr. Parr, several friends from here spent a most pleasant outing with our friends at Newton St. Cyres. The weather was all that could be desired, and among the fields and wooded district was spent a refreshing time. We held two most successful circles. In the afternoon the spirit control gave a most excellent exposition on the Biblical Jubilee, dealing with the wide socialistic scheme, and showing from such a basis, that a true socialistic reformation could be gained in our own country without destroying the character of the present form of Government. The whole party, consisting of thirty-three, then partook of a capital tea. In the evening we had another circle, and through the guides of Mrs. C., most striking clairvoyant descriptions of spirit-friends were given. A most spiritual address followed, of a symbolic character, and was listened to with rapt attention, to the elevation of the souls of those present. On Sunday, at the Odd Fellows' Hall. The guides of our medium invited subjects. Two were given: "Death" and the "Resurrection of Christ," which were dealt with in a most masterly manner, lasting over an hour-and-a-half.—R. SHEPHERD, Dec. 7.

OLDHAM.—The Oldham Spiritualists' Society, whose meetings are held in Union Street, celebrated their 12th Anniversary on Good Friday. There were about eighty persons sat down to tea. Twelve years since last Sunday (Easter), a meeting of a few friends interested in the subject of Spiritualism took place at the house of Mr. Thomas Kershaw, in Ash Street, and it may be safely asserted that from this gathering originated the present Society. On Good Friday, Mr. W. Johnson, of Hyde, presided over the after-tea proceedings. In an appropriate speech, he referred to the Spiritual Movement, one which he looked upon as being humanity's regenerator. In a few apposite remarks in regard to the teachings of Spiritualism, Mr. Johnson contended that creedalism and dogmatism had been upset thereby, and that the teachings of the Churches had been weighed in the balance and found wanting. During the evening, the Treasurer, Mr. Warhurst, made a statement in regard to finances, from which it is evident the Society is in a good position, in fact, that it is paying its way, and has no incubus in the shape of debt, to cope with.—A varied and most interesting programme was gone through, consisting of singing, reading, and recitations; also brief impromptu speeches by friends. Mr. G. Chadderton officiated as pianist.—COR.

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SPIRITUALISM AT LISKEARD.

Being a stranger in a strange place, my attention was called to a large bill announcing an entertainment. I thought I would attend. I have always heard of Liskeard being a dead-and-alive sort of a place, but I can't say that as yet, for this entertainment came off in grand style, and was a credit to the promoters. The title was "Poor Mike." The reading and singing traced Mike's father to his last on this sphere; then his mother, then his only and baby sister. After Mike lost all, he found his way to sea; and at last got shipwrecked, and frost-bitten on the raft the crew made just in time to save themselves. They had no sooner got on the raft than the "Nora" heeled over. Mike made a faint attempt to tell his sufferings, stating that no tongue can describe what they endured. One of the Allan steamers, however, brought Poor Mike to Liverpool, where he was taken to a hospital, in which he died. I give his dying words, as it is a beautiful bit of Spiritualism, and plainly shows that the writer was a Spiritualist, or that he was controlled to write those beautiful words.

My readers will now please understand that Poor Mike is in the hospital, dying of mortification. I give the last conversation that ensued between Poor Mike and the writer.

"And how are you to-day, Mike?"

"Well," he answered, rousing himself and speaking slowly, "I thought I were better this mornin', but now—"

"And what now, Mike?" we said, after a long pause.

He smiled faintly as he answered,—

"Now I think I'm goin' to God! I shall soon see the land that is always bright."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well," he answered, "I don't know as how I can make it very plain; but I don't feel as if I had any grip of anythink as I had. When the pain left me early this morning, I thought I were goin' to get better right off, but since then I've got to feel dull, an' strange, an' my eyes keep seein' things ain't here, an' my thoughts a-wanderin' off all sorts of ways. Do you make it out?"

"Yes, I think so."

"There is a wall there wi' pictures on it, ain't there?"

"Yes, Mike."

"Well, I've only to look at it for a moment or so, an' it all goes away—melts off like; an' I see the country stretchin' away for miles an' miles. Such beautiful country, too! wi' the grass so green an' smooth, an' the hills covered with trees, an' flowers growin' everywhere, an' clear streams of water windin' in an' out, an' people walkin' up an' down, an' childer—oh such heaps of 'em!—lookin' as happy as anythink. An' the longer I look the plainer it gets, an' I could almost be sartin that I seed mother an' little May there."

Mike again affirms that he sees his father, mother and May (his little baby sister), and again speaks of a beautiful garden, with flowers, etc.

I must say in conclusion that the Service of Song, or entertainment, created a great interest. The audience was enraptured throughout.

Is not this a good plan to introduce Spiritualism? This was promoted by the Mutual Improvement Class, of Liskeard, Cornwall. Thinking some of its members would make good Spiritualists, I ask you to insert this, as it may reach some of them ultimately. W. E. Z.

PLYMOUTH: Richmond Hall.—On Sunday morning last, we had a very earnest and impressive address from the controls of Mr. Husson. In the afternoon, at the usual circle, Messrs. Husson and Burt gave addresses, to the evident satisfaction of all, many strangers being present. In the evening Mr. Clarke occupied the platform, and delivered an inspirational lecture, subject, "Easter Lessons." The lecture was listened to with rapt attention.—JOHN T. B. PAYNTER.

MORLEY.—Sir,—Mr. Morrell and Mr. John Scott occupied our platform on Sunday last. Mr. Morrell's guides gave us a very pithy address, on "Prayer and its effect on Humanity," after which Mr. Scott gave us a very interesting and descriptive account of his experiences in Spiritualism, and how he first came to have a knowledge of spirit presence and intercourse, and how he received his first communications, what a difficult thing it was to get them printed and circulated. His account was highly interesting and quite romantic. Altogether we had a very pleasant day, and hope these gentlemen will soon pay us another visit, as we have yet a debt on our place amounting to eight or ten pounds. The choir, who gave us the last service of song, have kindly volunteered to give us another on Sunday afternoon, April 27th, in the Co-operative Hall, entitled "Alone in the world, or the story of two Orphans." Mr. Armitage has kindly consented to read for us. And in the evening he is announced to give an address on, "Spiritualism: If it be true, how will it benefit Humanity." Service at 2.30 and 6.30. Collection at each service.—B. H. B.

MANCHESTER.—The Trinity Hall Spiritualist Society, 83, Chapel Street, Salford, will hold its first public meeting on Sunday, April 20, at 6.30 p.m., speaker, Mr. Thompson; subject, "Our work and our aims." Spiritualists in Manchester district not allied with any Society will be cordially welcomed.

OBITUARY.

MRS. EMMA MARIA AINSWORTH.

On April 6th, passed to spirit life, Emma Maria Ainsworth, the beloved wife of John Ainsworth, the honorary secretary of the Liverpool Psychological Society, aged 45 years. Since May last, Mrs. Ainsworth has been a severe sufferer; and she has borne those sufferings with a patience and cheerfulness which well illustrated the sustaining power of the faith, founded on knowledge, which she possessed. Being a medium and clairvoyant, she had personal proofs of the presence of "Loved ones gone before," and the calm resignation with which she awaited the change—feeling no terror in the anticipation of it—is a source of happiness to those she left behind her. Being possessed of a large amount of intelligence and sparkling wit, she could always defend her opinions successfully against all opponents. Her reasoning faculties being in excess, she never lost her temper in defending that Spiritualism which she loved so well, and which was a source of comfort and happiness to herself and her family, till the angel Death let her peacefully and calmly through the gates into the higher life, where the good and the true have a wide field for the exercise of their desires to bless and be a blessing. And this was one of her chief characteristics here: her willingness to help always made her to be sought after when work was to be done. Of her it can truly be said, she did life's work well, and those who knew her most intimately loved her well for the qualities of head and heart which she exhibited.

Mrs. Ainsworth has left behind her a delicate boy, around whose life the tendrils of her affectionate nature seemed to twine, and while the body which she vacated still lay in the house, a clairvoyant, who visited the family, and knew not even that she had a son, much less his name, said, "I hear her say—'Take care of MY HARRY.'"

The funeral was a most interesting one. Mrs. Britten kindly offered, unsolicited, to officiate, although in the midst of the bustle of preparation to sail for America, and having another engagement to speak in Yorkshire the same evening. A large company of Spiritualists and others assembled at West Derby Cemetery, the day being bright and genial. The ceremony was performed at the grave side: the two hymns, beginning, "Beauteous angel Death," and "We do not die," being sung at intervals. Mrs. Britten delivered a most appropriate address, the whole service receiving the commendations of Spiritualists and strangers for its sublime simplicity. As the coffin was lowered into the grave, it was covered with bouquets of flowers, the tribute of affection, fit emblem of the state of felicity into which she had passed.

Amongst other features connected with the funeral, we noticed the chaste and neat character of the Memorial Cards, they being bordered with silver, with a bouquet of flowers embossed at the top, symbolical of the spiritual truth we hold.

I conclude this very inadequate notice by stating that the released one has given satisfactory proofs of her conscious life, and unimpaired love and affection for those who follow her footsteps, wistfully looking into the brighter sphere to which she has passed, if haply they might catch a glimpse of that Gloryland, where death is swallowed up of life, and where the inhabitants no more say—I am sick.

JOHN LAMONT,
President Liverpool Psychological Society.

LIST OF LECTURES

DELIVERED BY

ROSAMOND DALE OWEN.

(Daughter of Robert Dale Owen, and Grand-daughter of Robert Owen.)

Invitations to Lecture to be addressed—Miss Dale Owen,
25, Alma Square, St. John's Wood, London, W.C.

I.—ROBERT OWEN AND HIS EXPERIMENT AT NEW HARMONY.

My first interview with my Grandfather. Anecdote concerning his personal appearance. Life from childhood to manhood; rapid promotion. Remarkable success at New Lanark. Letter to Lord Brougham. Infant Schools. Memorable summer of 1817. New Lanark Mills on the Co-operative System. Belief in Spiritualism. The great Heart. New Harmony. The Rappites. The Owen Community. Laws governing the Community. Aims of the Society. Various anecdotes. First weddings. A sad sequel. Discord and dishonesty. The lesson we may learn from the Community.

II.—ROBERT DALE OWEN AND MARY ROBINSON.

The first meeting of my Father and Mother. Their

unique marriage. A village divided against itself. My mother's efforts. One use to be made of the experiment may be reaped by my hearers. An appeal to parents. Subjective and objective education. Our Home. The simple, glad life in the great, rambling country house. Let every mother take courage. My father's public life. The Indiana legislature. Efforts on behalf of woman. Editorship of *The Free Enquirer*. Divorce laws of Indiana. Two sessions in Congress. His appointment as Minister to Naples. Mr. Lincoln's declaration with regard to my Father and the Emancipation Proclamation. The investigation of Spiritualism. The Katie King affair, his illness. Buying arms for the Government. One hundred thousand dollars offered him. His rejection of the sum. Latest unfinished work, and his various publications. His serene death.

III.—THE PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL MEANS BY WHICH INTEMPERANCE MAY BE OVERCOME.

Analysis of the sins of the flesh, and the sins of the soul. The sacred trust of the body, often misunderstood both by saints and sinners. Two classes of drunkards. A description of the first class. A threatened murder. Result of the broken law. Three examples of the second class. The physician's prescription, the curse it entailed. Desperate efforts at reform. A blasted life. A Scotchman. Habit acquired at the dinner table. Young physician. Overwork. The noble mechanic. Mischievous doctrine current among mothers. Our village ball-room. The rule established among the young ladies, and the satisfactory results therefrom. A detailed description of the means used at Dansville, New York. Wonderful results. One is ashamed to be wicked when one lives close to Nature. The only way to escape from a dragging chain of heredity. Pre-natal influences. The craving for stimulants must die out of the race.

IV.—MAN'S SPIRITUAL POSSIBILITIES.

V.—CAN THE AFFIRMATION OF CHRIST'S DIVINITY BE LOGICALLY REASONED UPON.

VI.—THE CHRISTIAN STAGE.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE CHURCH AND STAGE GUILD.

VII.—HOW THE SPIRITS HAVE HELPED ME.

Is this world enough? Lifting our eyes to the everlasting Hills. A sympathy with unbelievers. First thoughts on Religion. The belief of my Grandfather, and of my Father. My own mediumship. Numerous tests. Vicksburg. W and M. The Hatchet face. Loss of physical sight, and the opening of my spiritual vision. A prophecy of death. Julian's coffee. Messages from the children. The change from a cold negation to a joyous certainty. The caressing spirit-hands. Unspiritual Spiritualists. The vast reaches, the wide ramifications of the laws of God.

VIII.—THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

AN INVALUABLE LECTURE TO PARENTS, WRITTEN BY MY
MOTHER, AFTER THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

Young mothers. Unparalleled importance of the task. Children who loved hymns and died young. A houseful of scientific men and women, but they did not know what to do with a real baby. Fatal ignorance; death of the child. Thirsting for knowledge. Andrew Combe. The Edgeworths. A warning: too late. Health of the English. Habit. The foundation of a good citizen. Herbert Spencer. A dignified self-helpfulness. An indulgent mother. Honesty and truthfulness. Scolding. Bribes. Mrs. Grundy. Children are growing things. Rousseau and his son Emile. A preparation for the most important work to be done in this world.

ENGLISH & AMERICAN NOTICES OF LECTURES & PAMPHLETS.

Miss Rosamond Dale Owen gave a most impressive and eloquent address on the Special Efforts of her Grandfather, Robert Owen, to the members of the Eleusis Club, and met with a warm, enthusiastic reception. She is imbued with the zeal of her family for the advancement of the people in love and sympathy. . . . *The Co-operative News*.

Miss Owen's anecdotes are given with a touch of American humour which greatly amused the audience. . . . *West London Advertiser*, copied by *Co-operative News*.

In language which, though perhaps not exactly eloquent, greatly impressed her hearers, by its evident earnestness, and its fervent sincerity, she entreated them to set about needful reformations. . . . The lecturer replied in a short speech with much womanly feeling. . . . A vote of thanks, evidently a thoroughly sincere and hearty expression of the sense of the meeting, terminated the proceedings. *The Co-operative News*, from *West London Advertiser*.

Miss Owen, who is we understand quite new to the platform, has the happy faculty of rivetting the attention of the audience throughout. Not once did the interest flag, not once was there the slightest hesitation for a word. . . . Miss Owen dealt chiefly with her spiritual experiences. These were of such a marvellous character as to altogether throw into the shade those of the vast majority; . . . yet marvellous as they were they rang so clearly with the ring of truth, that all felt they were undeniable. . . . Miss Owen described the pattern of the very unconventional dress she wears, made from a pattern given to her cousin and herself by spirit-friends. The dress is a decided improvement on the hideously unnatural arrangements introduced from Paris. *Cor. Medium and Daybreak*.

WOMAN'S PROVIDENT AND PROTECTIVE LEAGUE.—A number of ladies and gentlemen assisted at the meeting of this League, but the feature of the evening was a paper by Miss Rosamond Dale Owen. *—WILLIAM TRANT.*

Miss Owen concluded a most interesting and well-written paper, by urging on ministers to associate religion more and more with the dramatic art. . . . *—The Daily Chronicle.*

We were privileged on Sunday to listen to a discourse by Miss Dale Owen, "On the Cause of Drunkenness," a theme which was treated with an ability and pathos which elicited the warmest approbation. . . . *—Medium and Daybreak.*

A very much augmented and intellectual audience met at Bell Street, to hear Miss Dale Owen, daughter of Robert Dale Owen, deliver a lecture on her grandfather, Robert Owen, and his work at New Harmony. The sketch of the great Reformer's remarkable career was intensely interesting. . . . Miss Dale Owen's lecture was a most accomplished literary performance. It was spoken in a very pleasing and incisive manner, and without the slightest affectation of any kind. . . . Robert Owen could find no worthier herald than his grand-daughter, who most fitly wears the honoured name. . . . Miss Owen deals with the complex subject (the labour problem) in the most effective way. . . . *—Ed. Medium and Daybreak.*

An unexpected writer has appeared in America, Rosamond Dale Owen, the grand-daughter of Robert Owen. She writes with the clearness of her father, the Hon. Dale Owen, and the small pamphlet she has published, is one of the wisest, most practical and generally intelligent which has been written. The authoress has all the fervour of progress associated with her family. Her theories are qualified with great good sense, and her pages abound in picturesque expression. . . . *—GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE, in Birmingham Weekly Post.*

Miss Dale Owen bears an honoured name among Spiritualists, and her lecture on "Our Spiritual Possibilities," was a more than worthy effort. There was thought in it, and the matter was conveyed in graceful language. *—M.A. (Oxon.) in Light.*

AMERICAN NOTICES.

The talented Rosamond Dale Owen has put forth a very pithy and suggestive essay taking an eminently practical and common-sense view of the status of woman, and her needs to further development. . . . She states her arguments in a very forceful way. . . . *—Toledo Blade.*

Some of Miss Owen's sentences might well be written in letters of gold. . . . *—Times and Standard, Manistee, Michigan.*

I rejoice to hear of your gracious work. . . . *—FRANCIS E. WILLARD.*

It is a source of satisfaction to know that this handful of golden grain is bearing harvest. It has stimulated others to think, write and talk. Questioning letters come to Miss Owen by the score. . . . The merits of her first effort have been recognised in English journals, and calls come from distant sections of the union for the helpful words of an Indiana woman. *—Indianapolis Sentinel.*

I have read your words with interest. . . . *—GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, Editor, Harper's Weekly.*

Your work has interested me greatly. . . . *—ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.*

A rare treat had been promised in the presence of Miss Dale Owen, and the parlours of the Literary Club were filled at an early hour. *—Evansville, Indiana.*

We are great admirers of Biography, but never remember a sketch more beautifully written than the story of Robert Dale Owen and Mary Robinson. It is filled with master touches. . . . *—The American Sentinel, Albion, Illinois.*

LONDON CLUBS IN WHICH MISS DALE OWEN HAS SPOKEN.

THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY, Grosvenor Gallery, New Bond Street.—Robert G. Hember, Esq., Hon. Sec.

CHURCH AND STAGE GUILD, Neumeyer Hall, Hart Street, Bloomsbury.—Rev. Stewart Headlam, Hon. Sec.

ISLINGTON HALL, Islington Green.—Percival A. Chubb, Esq., Hon. Sec.

THE ELEUSIS CLUB, King's Road, Chelsea.—Godfrey Collins, Esq., Hon. Sec.

THE MARLBOROUGH SOCIETY, Bell Street.—Charles Deloime, Esq., Cor. Sec.

THE HAMMERSMITH CLUB, Hammersmith Broadway.—A. Beasley, Esq., Hon. Sec.

PROGRESS HALL, Well Street, Hackney.—H. A. Urle, Esq., Hon. Sec.

THE 36TH ANNIVERSARY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM, Neumeyer Hall, Bloomsbury.

Chairman, Mr. James Burns, Ed. *Medium and Daybreak*.

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MISS DALE OWEN'S LECTURE ENGAGEMENTS.—INVICTA Working

Men's Club, Woolwich, Friday, April 18th: "Robert Owen."

PROGRESS HALL, Well Street, Hackney, on April 20th: "Robert Owen."

SECULAR HALL, Humberstone Gate, Leicester, on April 27th: "Robert Owen."

CHURCH AND STAGE GUILD, Neumeyer Hall, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, Thursday, May 1st, at 3 p.m.: "The Story of an American Actress." All are invited.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, May 18th and 26th.

SHEFFIELD, Secular Hall, June 8th.

The 1st Sunday in May is still open, and dates in June.

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WORKS ON MAN. By R. B. D. Wells, Phrenologist. Bound in half calf. Price 6s. 6d.

LONDON: J. BURNS, 15, Southampton Row.

MEETINGS, SUNDAY, APRIL 20th, 1884.

LONDON.

EDWARDS ROAD.—52, Bell Street, at 7:
 MARYLEBONE ROAD.—Spiritual Mission Room, 167, Seymour Place, at 11, Seance;
 at 7, Comprehension; Tuesday, 7.45, Mr. J. M. Dale; Wednesday, at
 7.45, Physical Seance; Thursday, 7.45, Mr. J. M. Dale; Friday, at 7.45, Mr.
 Towns; Saturday, at 7.30, Mr. Savage. J. M. Dale, Sec., 80, Crawford Street,
 Bryanston Sq. The Room is strictly reserved for circles. It may be engaged for
 private sittings.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, Mortimer Street, W., at 7: Mr. J. J. Morse: "The Birth
 and Death of the World."

WEEK NIGHTS.

SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION.—Tuesday, at 8, Seance: Mr. Towns, Medium.
 BROMPTON.—Mr. Found's, 168, Isfeld 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.

HOLBORN.—Mr. Coffin's, 13, Kingsgate Street, Wednesday at 8: Mrs. Hagon, medium.

PROVINCES.

BARNOW-IN-FURNESS.—75, Buccleuch Street, at 8.30.
 BATLEY CARR.—Town Street, 8.30 p.m.: Mr. Armitage.
 BEDFORD.—King Street, at 6 p.m. Wednesday, at 7 p.m.
 BELPER.—Lecture Room, Brookside, at 10.30 and 6.30.
 BINGLEY.—Intelligence Hall, 2.30 and 6 p.m.: Mr. Morrell.
 BRIMINGHAM.—Oozell Street Board School, 6.30.
 BISHOP AUCLAND.—Temperance Hall, Gurney Villa, at 2 and 6 p.m.:
 BLACKBURN.—Academy of Arts and Sciences, Paradise Lane: at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.
 BOLTON.—H. A. Tovey, 16, Halton St., The Hough.
 BRADFORD.—Spiritual Church, Walton Street, Hall Lane, Wakefield Road, 2.30
 and 6 p.m.: Miss Musgrave, and Local.
 Wade's Meeting Room, Harker Street, Bowling, at 2.30 and 6 p.m.: Miss
 Illingworth and Miss Ratcliffe.
 Spiritual Lyceum, Oddfellows' Rooms, Otley Road, at 2.30 and 6 p.m.: Mr.
 Hepworth.

EXETER.—Oddfellows' Hall, Bampfylde Street, at 6.30.
 GLASGOW.—2, Carlton Place, South Side, at 11.30 and 6.30. Lyceum at 5.
 HALIFAX.—Spiritual Church, 1, Winding Road, 2.30 and 6 p.m.: Mrs. Illingworth
 and Mr. Blackburn. Lyceum at 10.30. Monday Service, 7.30.

HETTON.—Miners' Old Hall, at 6.30.
 KEIGHLEY.—Lyceum, East Parade, 2.30 and 5.30: Mr. Ware.
 LEEDS.—Tower Buildings, Woodhouse Lane, 2.30, and 6.30: Local.
 Edinburgh Hall, Sheepscar Terrace, 2.30 & 6.30: Mrs. Ingham.

LEICESTER.—Silver Street Lecture Hall, at 11 and 6.30.
 LIVERPOOL.—Rodney Hall, Rodney Street, Mount Pleasant, at 11 a.m., and 6.30 p.m.
 Mrs. Butterfield.

MACCLESFIELD.—Spiritualists' Free Church, Paradise Street, at 6.30: Rev. C. Rushton.
 MANCHESTER.—Gospel Temperance Hall, Tipping Street, Ardwick, 10.30, and
 6.30: Mr. W. Johnson, Hyde.

MORLEY.—Spiritual Mission Room, Church Street, at 2.30 and 6: Mr. Oliffe.
 MIDDLESBOROUGH.—Granville Lecture Rooms, Newport Road, at 10.30, and 6.30.
 NEW CASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Weir's Court, at 6.30 p.m.: Miss Allen.

NORTHAMPTON.—Cowper Cottage, Cowper Street, 2.30 and 6.30.
 NORTH SHIELDS.—Bolton's Yard, Tyne Street, at 6:
 NOTTINGHAM.—Morley Club Lecture Room, Shakespeare Street, 10.45 and 6.30.

OLDHAM.—176, Union Street, at 2.30 and 6.
 PRESTON.—48, Albion Street, Windsor Bridge, at 2.30: Mr. Johnson.

PLYMOUTH.—Richmond Hall, Richmond Street, at 11.15, Mr. Burt; at 2, Circle;
 at 6.30, Mr. R. S. Clarke. Lyceum at 10.15 a.m., Mr. Clark, Conductor.

SALFORD.—83, Chapel Street, at 6.30, Mr. I. Thompson: "Our work and our aims."
 SOWERBY BRIDGE.—Progressive Lyceum, Hollins Lane, at 2.30 and 6.30, Mrs.
 Bailey.

SUNDERLAND.—Albert Rooms, 7, Coronation Street, 6.30: Mr. Rutherford.
 TUNSTALL.—Rathbone Street, Mr. W. Dodson, Medium.

WALSALL.—Exchange Rooms, High Street, at 6.30.
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