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SPIRITUALISM.

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AN ARTIST'S TALE.

A DREAM-PICTURE.

I am an old man. The snows and sunshine of seventy years have passed over me, with all their varying interplay of light and shadow. The sunshine of the past is vanished, but the snows remain, and their weight is heavy on my head. I see the world—the dreary world, that has been so bright and so dark to me—with misty and feeble eyes, as though I looked through a veil of falling tears. My footstep is not steady, and I move as one in a dim, uncertain dream. The gentle summer air, even as I write, comes softly in at my window, touching my face as tenderly as in other days: but it does not bring the fairy visions that it used, when it wafted my spirit into dream-land.

It has been written of the aged that they live only in retrospection; that with them the present takes all its colouring from the past. I do not know if this be always true; but I know that it is strangely true of my own life. I live again each day the dear life whose only legacy was a blessed, blessed memory. What wonder if I write it down? What wonder if I share it with the world? The young in years may pardon the garrulity of age; the aged may find in it something akin to their own experience.

How shall I picture it? I have no fairy pencil; I have no "sapphire pen," no "rainbow dew." I shrink from making tangible, to alien eyes, the impalpabilities which crowd my memory, knowing how coarse must be the outline, how gross the detail, how inadequate the whole. But no human work is perfect; and the tenderest master-touches of the artist are often gross beside his mind's ideal.

As I close my eyes I see a picture that is holy: a vision as sacred to me as the Transfiguration to the loved disciple of Christ. It seems too distinct for fancy, too glorious for reality, too beautiful to last; and yet it is always with me when I close my eyes upon outward things. It is a picture painted by the hand of God for me alone. No human eye, save mine, has ever looked upon it. It is a picture of the air, yet deathless as the universe. It was years ago, a hundred years it seems to me now, glancing back, when first I closed my eyes and saw this Dream-Picture; yet it is brighter to me now than then, if perfect things can ever gain in loveliness.

Mine is no stolid picture of the dull canvas. It is painted on a ground of darkness in dazzling light, and lines of stainless purity. It moves and breathes and smiles as only angels smile. It bends over me, in robes too pure for earth, and kisses my cheek with a long-remembered tenderness. It points a finger upward, and calls itself my child beautified.

O, Eva, my child! my child! God gave you as a priceless treasure into my care. I cherished you, I did all a father's duty to his child; I loved you with a fervour beyond all loves of earth, as He knows who knoweth all, and when

He chose to recall His gift He gave in mercy what I have named a Dream-Picture, to make the desolate years less desolate. It is well He did not take you wholly, else I had defied and cursed Him, and closed my heart to all of good and beautiful on earth. As it is, I believe my life has not been entirely selfish, nor destitute of good.

Let me recall the past as I have so often done before. Let me evoke once more the phantom scenes, whose real existence perished long ago; and, as the ever-changing panorama sweeps along, let me photograph the outlines on these pages, however dimly they may be shadowed forth, however imperfect the copy.

The spell is on. I kneel beside a grave—alas! alas! the grave is mated now,—and look to heaven through streaming tears, and pray. I pray that God will guard the silent sleeper before me, and give her spirit room in heaven. I pray that He will give me strength to guide my motherless child through the devious ways of her coming life; I pray till the solemn moon creeps up to hear, and all God's stars come out and whisper "Peace."

The scene changes; it is a tranquil summer afternoon, and I am sitting in my studio, whose walls are covered with the creations of my fancy, the incarnations of my spirit's secret dreams: for men are pleased to say I have the gift of Michael Angelo. I am sitting here in a half-dream, watching the white clouds floating indolently across their dark background of unfathomable blue. I sit thus sometimes for many hours, oblivious to what is passing around me, passive in mind and body, until some power, whose nature I know not, brings to me the ideal dreams, whose embodiment they who look upon, call beautiful.

I hear the fall of little feet along the passage. The sound awakens me from my reverie, and then the latch is gently drawn, and a little girl comes softly into the room. She runs to me quickly, and throws her baby arms about my neck, and kisses me and calls me her "dear old papa," until my eyes are full of tears, and my heart too big for its prison. A tear falls on her arm, she glances quickly up, and wonders, with her round, sweet eyes, why it has fallen. She buries her face in my bosom and begins to sob. My eyes are flooded now; drop follows drop, and falls upon her lustrous hair. Presently she raises her dewy, overearnest eyes to mine, and asks, with a face of childish innocence—

"Papa, will you paint me an Angel?"

"What a strange request, my child! Why do you wish me to paint you an angel?"

"Because I hope some time to be an angel, papa dear!"

My child's face as she speaks, becomes transfigured—saint-like. I turn away my head, for her earnest eyes are painful to my sight.

"Papa, will you paint me an angel?"

"Yes, darling, I will paint you an angel!"

My child goes out. I sit awhile, moveless, because a spell is on me, an inspiration seizes me. I place my easel and my

canvas, and prepare my colours in a kind of dream. I paint my child an angel. I study no effects; I make no laboured comparisons, no careful analysis; every stroke of my brush is the work of some mysterious, unerring intuition.

The painting is completed. My friends drop in to view it. I have named it the "Child-Angel." They praise my work, say no artist ever made a lovelier picture. They admire the conception, the perspective, the form, the pose, the expression, the colouring. They tell me I have reproduced, in absolute perfection, the face of my little Eva. I hear it all, but I know no artist save God can ever picture her as she is; no human pencil can ever catch the nameless charm of her divinely-simple, childish beauty.

My "Child-Angel" continues to win admiration, and becomes popular. People come far to view it, and I am offered princely sums to part with it. To all such offers I make reply: "The picture is my child's; she will do with it as she pleases." But Eva would not part with it for myriads of gold mountains, and every wealthy purchaser goes disappointed away.

The days are passing swiftly by me now, and each is flushed and dyed with rose tints, and what wonder? for they are filled with joy, and hope, and promise. I work, and dream, and pray, and they call me great. The demand for my pictures is far in excess of the supply, tax myself as I may. It seems as if men pour their wealth at my feet with reckless prodigality. They laud my works, and wonder at the skill which produces them. Ah! if they knew the fountain of my inspiration, would they wonder?

Onward, ever onward, too surely and too swiftly, speed the golden days. Wealth and fame are mine—not mine, but Eva's; for all I have or am is hers alone. I have no secret thought of which she has not a portion, no dream of which she is not a part. She is no mere child, now: and yet she has not wholly lost her likeness to the "Child-Angel." She is not all a woman, and yet she is transcendently womanly.

I see her now, moving through the dim old house, with the infinite gentleness of heaven in all her actions. It is evening. She pauses at a western window to watch the gorgeous sunset, and beneath it the placid waters of the lake, imbued and supercharged with crimson. She lifts her eyes heavenward in a transport; her face takes on the glowing hues of the sunset, and forms a scene which reaches beyond the beautiful into the sublime.

And now the twilight falls; the purple-lighted clouds are dying with the day; the crimson dyes fade from the darkening waters; the dim room where she stands becomes more dim; she turns and seats herself at the piano; her fingers play over the keys for a moment, then she breaks into a divinely-strange and sweet old German melody—softly, at first—now clearer, fuller, higher, and her face becomes rapt, ecstatic, glory-lighted.

The song is done; the music dies away, and the air seems darker for its going. She rises from her seat, and comes into my studio with the old childish quietness. She throws her arms about me, just as she used, kisses me on either cheek, and on the forehead, and is gone before I can detain her.

O Eva! my lofty, poetic, spiritual child! God help thee if ever thy intense soul is crossed and disappointed in its affections. God forgive me if I love thee more than I love my Maker.

Seventeen bright summers have passed over thy golden head, my darling, and among them all thou canst not name a single day which gave thee lasting pain. I cannot name a day which did not bring me happiness. Such joys can never last; if they could, we on earth would have no need for heaven.

The scene is shifting once again; the colours are taking on a deeper hue—the rose tints darkening into purple, the purple changing into black.

It is two hours from sunset, on a beautiful day in June. Softer, deeper, bluer skies never bended over lovely Italy, a fairer lake, a greener landscape, never spread beneath the sun.

Eva comes tripping into my studio.

"Papa dear, you work too hard; come, take me for a boat ride, can you not? The air is so cool and soft, the water so clear, and tranquil, and beautiful."

Cheerfully I leave everything to please my idolized child, and minister to her enjoyment. Slowly we go out, and leisurely we walk down to the beach, where the quiet waters scarcely lave the shore. I am a skillful oarsman, and Eva has implicit, childlike confidence in all I say or do. She springs lightly into the boat—a fragile, fairy thing, that rides

the water, scarcely touching it, built for my child, and bearing her name. She takes the carved and gilded seat in the stern. I loose the moorings, give the dainty thing a push, spring in myself, and we are afloat, gliding along in gentle undulations—the cadences of the poetry of motion.

I row on for a few moments, Eva holding the tiller, and guiding us where she will. The water is so very still that the movement of the boat sends ripples on either side, far out as the eye can reach. Presently I drop the oars, and lean back, in easy abandon, upon a brocaded half-couch, made in the prow of the boat. I watch my child, reclining in her seat, a faultless picture of grace and beauty, her sweet eyes fixed upon the sunset, and filled with the old dream-light, her face transported, and glowing with reflected radiance, and I wonder if heaven contains a scene so beautiful.

She turns towards me, at length: "I was thinking, papa dear, how sweet it would be to die, gazing upon such a darling sunset."

"Why do you talk of death, my child? Death always has a mournful sound, to me: I do not think it sweet to die at any time."

"But we must all die sometime, you know, papa; and I only hope that, when I take my last look on earth, it may be when earth is loveliest."

"Look at those long sun-paths of crimson in the water, darling!" I say, to change the topic.

She shudders.

"The sky, the clouds, are very, very beautiful!" she says, suddenly. "Whence do you think those clouds come, papa dear? The sky was deep and blue an hour ago."

"I think they come from heaven, Eva."

"They look as if they did. Do you know, I have often wondered if the atmosphere in heaven is coloured like them."

She glances from the clouds to where the low sun makes long blades of fire in the still water. A slight tremor runs through her frame, and her face becomes paler.

"Oh!" she cries, I cannot look at the water, to-day! It looks—it looks—it makes me think of blood!

I feel a deep, vague fear in my heart, her tone and manner are so unlike her real self.

We both sit silent, absorbed in thought, for some moments. A hush like the muteness of the grave is all about us. The green shore lies a hundred yards away, but gives no sound to mar the stillness. The brooding air, the moveless waters, maintain the universal silence.

Suddenly Eva cries—

"See, what a beautiful flower!"

I look in the direction she indicates, and behold, a few feet away, a large fresh lily, floating on the water, with its face turned towards the sky. As Eva wishes, I slowly pull the boat alongside. A few more dips of the oar, and she can reach it, scarcely stirring from the seat; but she is childishly impatient. She rises from the seat, and leans out over the water, resting her weight upon a slender rail which runs along the boat's side.

"Be careful, child!"

"Yes, papa dear."

And now she reaches for the lily. She has just grasped it, when, with the suddenness of lightning, her fragile support gives way, she loses her balance, and falls, with a wild cry, into the deep water.

For an instant my eyes are blind, my senses swim, a sharp pang smites across my brain, and heart and soul forsake me. An instant more, and I fling myself madly after her, capsizing the boat in my insane excitement. As she comes to the surface, she clutches my outstretched hand with a convulsive grasp. I am no expert swimmer, but I strike out frantically in the direction of the shore. Eva seems to think I am forsaking her; she struggles wildly, and clasps her arms about my neck with all the fierce energy of mortal terror. I can do nothing, now; her garments entangle my limbs, and we go down together in the hungry water. As we come again to the surface, I attempt to partially free myself from her embrace. The task is hopeless, and we sink again. This time, as we go down, her struggles cease. I unclasp her hand, throw an arm about her waist, and with my remaining strength, struggle upward through the water. I reach, once more, the surface. My strength is almost wasted, but I make feebly for the shore, holding the face of my motionless child above the water as best I can. The struggle is but brief. My strength is failing fast. A boat is coming to the rescue. Three minutes more, and we are saved! I make renewed efforts, but in vain. My strength is going—gone! I am just conscious that we are sinking, and that all is lost.

And now my mind is in a state of strange, incredible activity. I feel no physical pain, after the first gasp of strangulation. Beginning far back, with the earliest impression which my senses have ever received, the various scenes of my life come up before me, with a vividness and a velocity which are inconceivable. No scene I have witnessed, no deed I have done, no word I have spoken, or heard spoken, no sensation I have experienced, no secret thought or dream, or vague mind-shadow I have ever had is omitted. Each impression my brain has ever received is reproduced, in all the vivid colouring of reality, in all the bold distinctness of truth. No shade or outline is omitted, nothing is buried, nothing deficient. Here is a perfect microcosm—a life time compressed into a single moment! The microcosmic vision ends with my last faint struggle for breath, while sinking, and all becomes blank, utter, impenetrable darkness.

A vast, impalpable, indescribable, incomprehensible something, hovering over me, brooding around me, ever evolving yet never evolved, continually changing, yet always the same, rising, expanding, rolling, moving; a dull pain at my heart; a dreary, aching void at my brain; which is, and is not, consciousness; an endless motion to and fro—Oh! will it never, never cease?—a sense of deathly nausea; a gasp for breath, which tortures me beyond expression; another and another gasp, with increased pain; and now come moments which are centuries of infernal agony; I die ten thousand deaths in regaining the little life so nearly extinguished; my heart throbs; I feel them, chafing me from head to feet; oh, if they would but leave me! With all the strength I can command, I open my eyes, faces, unfamiliar, and yet half-remembered, are over and around me.

"Eva! Eva! Eva!"

Some turn away their faces, sadly as I speak, I comprehend it all with instantaneous, certain intuition: she is dead! I have no more on earth to live for! My eyes drop together with their own weight, and the blessed darkness comes again.

I am lying upon a bed in a dim room, so weak that to move a finger exhausts me. A sad-faced woman, sits beside the bed. She tells me in a low voice, that "the crisis is past," and that I must not talk. I close my eyes, and something brings the words to my lips, while my heart goes up to God—

"Father, will you paint me an angel?" The words are scarcely uttered, when I see a picture that is holy. There she is, hovering over me, clothed in the transcendent purity of heaven—Eva, my angel child—God's angel! She never leaves me: she floats above and around me, and her presence gives me strength and life, bringing me slowly back to the world of men and action.

They tell me how a brave man saw us struggling in the water, and risked his life to save us; how he found my child clasped firmly in my arm, holding in her hand a torn and half-crushed lily. They tell me that she never spake, nor gave a sign of life; and I am thankful that, at least, she did not suffer, as I did, the terrible agonies of resuscitation. They tell me how they buried her, like the "Lily Maid of Astolat," with the poor crushed lily in her hand, beside the clay of the wife of my earlier years. They tell me, how, for many days, I have been lying between life and death, delirious and talking incessantly of my child.

I become stronger, and go alone to visit the tiny spot of earth, which almost broke my heart in early manhood, and which did it quite in later years. The sight of the new grave, the sense of utter, irretrievable loss, brings a bitterness to my heart. I close my eyes; and God's sweet Dream-Picture comes to me, lifting half the burden from my heart.

The "Child-Angel" is yet upon the wall of my studio, in the dear old house, whose every room is sanctified by hallowed memories. No day goes by me which does not bring its golden fruits of retrospection and introspection.

I have on earth but one bright, changeless, consolation: God has painted me an Angel!

SELF-HELP ASSOCIATION: Marylebone.—An inaugural meeting of the Self-Help Association will shortly be held, of which full particulars will be given next week, suitable rooms having been secured for promoting the above object. We are glad to state that Mr. Dale has promised to assist to the utmost of his ability.—COR.

Mrs. HAGON desires to acknowledge, with her grateful thanks, the receipt (through the kindness of Mr. Eglinton) of 5s. from "Victoria" and 5s. from J. Sevier, Esq.

THE SPIRIT-MESSENGER.

A CONCERT BY MATERIALIZED SPIRITS.

A CONTROL BY "MONS. DE BEAU PERE" and "MONS. HERBERT DE MAL."

Recorded by A. T. T. P., January 26th, 1886.

[A working man, in the unconscious trance, dictates these communications to a retired professional gentleman, who takes them down verbatim.]

The Sensitive, under control, said:—

I see in the control published in my name, an error which I am anxious to correct, and that is, that in lieu of a control by Mons. de *bon Pere* it should have been Mons. de *Beau Pere*. I am the more anxious for this, because some years ago a French *emigre* and his wife and family came on a visit to England, leaving his Texas rancho in order to take a holiday in his own country. He was entirely ignorant of any of the teachings of Modern Spiritualism. He never troubled himself about what either clerical or laymen should think of his belief. I controlled the body of the wife of this *emigre* who has since passed over to our side. I will leave him to tell his own tale.

Here the Sensitive went under control of another, and spoke as follows:—

I did not care what anyone thought of the belief I averred in earth-life, that there was a life beyond the grave, and that I knew there was; and when asked how and why I was so positive, I answered them: "There sits my wife. There is a great deal more practical utility existing between us than mere billing and cooing; yet she is still as handsome and as good: and for a housewife you could commend none to me who could possibly excel her." Things went along happily for years under her management, and I do not think it would have been possible to have found a more practical or more worldly-minded woman than my wife.

Every day was passed in a changeless life: spring-time, summer, or winter brought only expected changes, which were met with that forethought which is so necessary to enable a man to hold his own in a country like Texas: cutting and branding cattle, and splaying them, driving to market our fat stock, keeping our wild, lean bulls from roving astray: in fact, leading a stock-raiser's life, which is as far removed from romance as any life that your readers could possibly imagine.

By-and-by, after a time, I had to notice a remarkable change in my wife. She became dull and apathetic, yet at the same time a prey to a most unaccountable restlessness. I had never heard her sing a single song during the whole of the eighteen or nineteen years I had known her: I had never even heard her attempt to hum a tune; but during this term of watchfulness on my part she would attempt to beat out a tune with the tips of her fingers on anything, whether it was the top of the table, the back of a chair, or the face of a looking-glass. All the spirits of the past could never have made a songstress of her: for nature had not indulged her with a throat formation necessary to form a good singer; but what the spirits certainly did do, was,—they made a good musician of her.

I remember the day when I resolved to bring up to the station on my rancho a thorough good pianoforte. A team of oxen had a sixty-five miles' journey from the railway-station to the rancho, for the instrument. I can see and I can realize the very hour that the instrument was first placed under my roof. I can very vividly remember it, for I thought that my wife had gone mad. Just try to realize a woman of between twelve and thirteen stone, about five feet nine to five feet ten inches high, about thirty to thirty-five years old, aping the manners of a dandified Frenchman. The instrument was no sooner placed in the room, than my wife, with her colour mounting to her face and brow, got up from her chair and began indulging in the most eccentric gestures. They were such, that I really thought that she had suddenly been bereft of her senses; her actions seemed to imply that she was the wearer of trousers, and that her greatest anxiety of mind was to impress me that they were of the cut known as "peg-top." She evinced also the strong desire that I might realize that there was a watch and gold chain, a scented pocket-handkerchief, and a snuff-box in her imagination. At all events, with the mincing gait which so many modern fops adopt, she seated herself at the pianoforte.

I shall never forget the strain of music heard that day: such melody! melody that could only be evoked by the musical expert either as composer or performer. Melodies

succeeded each other; wave after wave of beautiful sound, and then with the same affected demeanour she rose to her feet, and bowing to me, said: "Mons. de Beau Pere bids you Good Morning!" I can further remember our conversation after this extraordinary manifestation of harmony.

I had neither asked for, nor desired, any wonders belonging either to this world or to the next to disturb the harmony of my surroundings; but here it had come, and the question was: "Could I rest with this as a home secret belonging to us alone, or should I venture on the likelihood of being held up to ridicule by telling my neighbours?" The rancho next to mine was situated about twenty-six miles away, on the other side of the river. A man, about the same age as myself, a Spaniard by birth, by name, Signor Rastelli, was the owner of it, and I determined that I would speak to him. His son, a youth of seventeen or eighteen years of age, was more often at my home than any other member of his family; my girl and this youth were often out together canoeing, and neither on my side nor on his father's side was there the slightest objection raised to the intimacy of the young people. I consulted this Signor Rastelli. I said to him: "Since we had knelt together before God's altar eighteen years ago, during all that time I had never heard my wife express a wish for any musical instrument to be brought to our home; I had never heard her attempt to sing, and never witnessed her going through any unbecoming or indecorous action, but that now she aped the manners of a male dandy, and had suddenly and unaccountably, in my opinion, become a finished musician."

"It is the foul fiend himself or some malignant influence proceeding from him," was the opinion volunteered by Signor Rastelli, and he further said: "I will come with the Signora and my son, and we will proclaim the names of God's angels and holy saints, that we may rout the foul fiend or the servants acting under him." Not only once but on many occasions Signor Rastelli became a visitor to my home; he was fond of music: passionately devoted to those beautiful, melodious chants which make the Roman Catholic Church services so impressive. He came again and again to listen to music, which seemed to belong more to the highest heaven than to earth. Signor Rastelli's first idea was that it was enough to make the repentant sinners forget their torments if this music belonged to the arch-fiend, and echoed and re-echoed throughout his dominions. For me these home meetings continued, and after the first excitement had worn away, I began to notice more accurately the performer.

Never on any occasion were her eyelids raised; in spanning the octave, the hand, between the forefinger and the thumb used, was often stretched to that extent that it would bleed. During her playing I never heard her make any complaint except the pain in her hands. In her everyday condition she had as much idea of music as the May-day mummers with their shovels and their brushes, or as the butchers with their cleavers and marrow-bones.

There is another revelation which I must mention: I did not positively remember that I had ever seen a sheet of music in her hand during the whole of my married life, yet on her visit to Europe, when visiting Paris on her way back to America, the experiment was first made of placing before her closed eyes a sheet of close and intricate music, which she at once played without the slightest study or hesitancy. I am dwelling on this, not because it is beyond what you know, but because some practically-minded men may have such circumstances transpire in their own homes, that they may be really puzzled how to meet them. Feeling as I felt, half-resolved to ignore it, and unwilling to own it, but even if I had fully resolved to take no notice of it, I could not have remained firm for long in such a resolution, had my life depended on it.

Dear Recorder, you will find that wherever spiritual phenomena exist, despite the danger of their publicity, there is always an intense desire to let others share the grand secret, which you, at whatever cost, at whatever amount of personal inconvenience, have obtained. During our stay in Paris there were great manifestations at sittings taking place, and to gain the *entre*, to which required respectability, and tact in getting within the knowledge of those, who alone were capable of introducing you. You must remember that I had never given a second thought to Modern Spiritualism, and I should have laid my stock-whip across the shoulders of any man had he prated to me about his power to produce them.

It was in Paris that I received the first intimation that it was the spirit of the dead musician of the past that guided

the fingers of my loving wife. I had read, in common with many others, that in a nervous-sanguine nature, hysteria plays curious tricks with its victims, bringing to light mental qualities which have lain dormant for a life-time; but the furthest removed from a hysterical nature was my wife, on whom the spirits were pleased to prove their power. I have already said, that muscular and powerful as I was on earth, she was in no respect in physical power my inferior. She was calm and unimpassioned in every trial of life, so that I did not put it down to hysteria, and I quietly shelved the inquiry, "From whence and why?"

In Paris we went to one of those manifestations for physical manifestations, at which spirits, large and small, known and unknown, came and went. My wife was as conscious as myself during the whole of the sitting. During an interval of low murmuring and expectancy, my wife turning to me, said, in French: "Would you like to see me?" I answered her, saying: "That would be nothing new"; when, in a changed tone of voice, quite different to her own, she irritably and petulantly said: "I will come! I am anxious to be introduced; our ghostly visitors have all been clothed in the orthodox white linen, for which all visitors from our side must be credited with contracting for." This "Mons. de Beau Pere" was a pleasing exception from this general rule. He was in black from the crown of his head to the sole of his boots; to use the proverbial expression, he looked in the matter of dress just as if he had stepped out of a band-box. He was without exception, and is now, the ugliest little beggar that I had ever clapped my eyes on. He was bald-headed; he had a distorted mouth, a nose neither of shape nor make; he was without one redeeming facial feature except his wondrous eyes, with their unvarying friendliness of look: that unchangeable, loving, calm and placid look of forbearance. He had a strut, in which there was as much pride as in the walk of a peacock with extended tail.

He came towards us, and taking the hand of my wife walked towards the piano, and whilst she was standing by his side, this "Mons. de Beau Pere" gave us melody after melody, air after air, until the very room seemed to swell with heavenly music, and leading the wife back again to my side, the form retired to the cabinet.

We attended there frequently during our stay in Paris. "Mons. de Beau Pere" brought with him musicians from our side, and I heard whilst in the body a spiritual musical concert, with every instrument played upon that had been provided. I am talking of stringed instruments such as the violin, the violoncello, and the double bass; I do not remember, that "Mons. de Beau Pere" or his followers ever succeeded in using wind instruments.

We came to England; we were received by the most prominent English Spiritualists, welcoming us as visitors wherever we went. The reason, why I have brought these experiences before you now, is this: some hundreds of thousands of families throughout this Island, and also throughout its dependencies, are experiencing events which are ill understood, and on which they try the effects of their worldly wisdom, and like me try to argue the truth away; realizing that it is better to live the everyday, uneventful life suitable to the wife, the self, the family, and the surroundings, than in a very undesirable manner, unasked for and unexpected, to suddenly fall into a notable position as belonging to those, to whom are revealed the secrets that lie beyond the grave.

To those, who are to-day, like what I was; to those, who are experiencing and realizing the truth of immortality, and yet who have not gone out of their way, and who have never expressed any real desire to trouble their heads on these matters, I say to such as these, that my experience, dreaded at first, was an experience of unalloyed and unqualified contentment. Why did I fear this notoriety? It was, because I not only could not bear a man calling me a liar, but it hurt me acutely to be thought a liar. I feared myself; I feared my temper; but this fear proves futile when once absolute knowledge becomes yours: it matters not then how often you are called either a fool or a liar, you can afford as I could afford to pity them.

There is a something conducive to happiness in absolute knowledge of life beyond the grave; but there is something more contained in this knowledge, and that is an ever absolute pleading for peace and friendship with all men. This is a very useful lesson, more especially for such men as followed a calling like my own. The revolver too often settles the differences between the half-breed and the master; so that fantastic and dandified as "Mons. de Beau Pere" was in his

mien, I admit, that he brought to my soul knowledge and peace, for which I shall for ever be grateful, and also to her whom I loved, and from whom I am temporarily parted, and whom I am going to join.

Herbert de Mai bids you Good morning!

This is a very extraordinary control. Personally I have never heard of a concert by a number of materialized spirits. My object in publishing this is to try and see whether such a seance has come within the knowledge of any of your readers.

EVIL OVERCOME BY PRAYER.

My Dear Friend,—You ask me to write down the Trance Dream of some nights ago, and I wish very much to oblige you, but language always fails to convey the real inner meaning of purely spiritual statements. I say "purely spiritual," for some are so much interlaced with matter, that they are easily enough understood. When soul speaks to soul, human language fails; but I will try to narrate and describe what befell me one night.

I saw myself lying asleep in bed, surrounded by a white light; and immediately after all was dark, and the air became permeated with the most horrible, choking, poisonous effluvia, I ever in all my life encountered; and I felt a bandage being tied across my eyes,—and a voice (a male spirit, judging from the voice) said:—

"I forbid you to see. This is why I bandage your eyes, for if you were to see me, you could not bear it, you would die of fright."

"Why! surely," I said, "you are not more dreadful than the pictures in *Eulis*?"

A mocking laugh was the reply: "They are angels of beauty compared to me! I am your *evil genius*, who has haunted you all your life, and wrought all the misery and woe to which you have been subjected; and now I have come for you, and you must come with me."

"No!" I replied: "I will not come with you."

"Oh! but you *must* come."

"No!" I said: "I will not come, and I defy you to make me."

And then I began to call on God for help and protection, and after I had prayed with (you may be sure) my whole heart, I felt the bandage was wrenched off violently, and the foul air ceased to oppress me, and I was at rest.

But for how long I know not, when my soul again became conscious of a repetition of the dreadful miasma. The bandage was again tied over my eyes, and the same voice said:—

"Aha! I am here again. You ceased to pray, so I have come back. You know you are to 'pray without ceasing,'" the spirit said in a sneering tone: "but you soon left off. Now I have come again for you, and you must come with me."

"No!" I replied: "I am not coming with you, for I do not belong to you. If I belonged to you, you would not ask me to come, but you would take me, whether I wished to go or not. But you have no power over me, as my soul does not belong to you."

There was a pause, during which I could feel as though the fearful power beside me was trying to draw my spirit away, but could not succeed.

At last I again spoke: "I cannot but feel pity for you."

At this the spirit almost shouted: "What! pity for me? No, you cannot: it is quite impossible! Do you know all I have done against you?"

"Yes, I said, 'I know all; and I would not have one of the horrors you darkened my life with revoked; they have only served me as stepping-stones to the tops of the hills on which I now stand.'"

"Woman!" said the spirit: "Remember your blighted youth, your blasted womanhood, and now your broken health and disappointed hopes!"

"I know it all," I replied, "and I pity not myself but you!"

"No—no!" cried the spirit: "I forbid your pity!"

"Nevertheless," I calmly replied, "I pity you *so much* that I am now going to pray for you."

"No—no!" I defy you: you *cannot* pray for me. No—no!"

"Yes—I am going to pray, that God will have more mercy on you than you ever showed to me."

My prayer was long, and so earnest that I wept and sobbed. By-and-by I felt the bandage withdrawn in the gentlest and tenderest manner, and I saw the Snow Angel

(of whom I have often spoken to you) standing above me in the air, with her hands stretched over me in blessing.

Now, will any one ask me: Of what use is Prayer?

Your sincere friend,

M. P.

SYMPATHY.

Sympathy is the power that links heart to heart, soul with soul; that bridges o'er the gulf of social distinction, and unites mankind in fraternal union. It links the Present with the far, far Past, deriving therefrom all the intellectual and moral wealth it has accumulated. It binds the two worlds in one, and "there is no more death." It is the ladder reaching down from the spheres of eternal truth and righteousness to the lowest of the low, the vilest of the vile, and on its radiant rungs angels do descend on their errands of love and mercy, to minister unto the "spirits in prison"—imprisoned in that misery, woe and anguish consequent on not obeying the promptings and the admonitions of the "still small voice within"—carrying on their wings the light of truth to illuminate their dark and benighted state, and administer with love and tenderness, moral balm to heal their weary, aching, agonised consciences, and lead them up from their moral miasmatic surroundings into the clear atmosphere of truth and purity.

On the chords of Sympathy are wired the impulses and aspirations of the soul to those who in kindred sympathy dwell. It causes us to—

"Feel a brother's sigh,

And with him bear a part,

When sorrow flows from eye to eye.

And joy from heart to heart."

The world is full of hearts that are yearning and pining for sympathy, hungering for it as the body does for food. There is no class or society free. The human soul is the same, no matter what position it may move in.

Undoubtedly many of the lowest characters that walk our streets owe their deplorable state to the lack of sympathy, tendered pure and genuine, which rendered then easy prey to the villain who first proffered it with the ulterior motive of satisfying his lust and then abandoning them to a fate worse than death. Oh! what harrowing tales, what dark and diabolical revelations, could some of these make, could their confidence be won by the potent power of sympathy!

"Man lives not alone by bread." That only satisfies the outward being; while the inner and spiritual part calls for its appropriate food, and when it is not forthcoming, it pines and develops into only a miserable stunted appearance of its true nature.

The cold shoulder, the haughty look and mien freeze the springs of the affections. They can no more bud and bloom under them than the flowers in winter, when cold, frost and snow reign o'er the land.

It is surprising how little of the milk of human kindness is used in our daily life, when we contemplate the joy and happiness it would give, the number of hearts that would be made to rejoice and be exceedingly glad thereby; and all without it costing anyone a single fraction. It does not need pounds, shillings and pence. A kind action, word, or smile will often enkindle a ray of hope within the breast, and cause the heart to pulsate with increased energy; will act as leaven for the whole day, and cause the recipient to cherish the memory of the bestower, thus creating one more bright spot in their consciousness that will last as long as life.

The little waifs of the streets, tendering their wares to passers by, are all hungering souls as well as bodies. And many of them feel that a smile or encouraging word is, from some, preferable to the purchase of others, who use the occasion to lecture them on the sinfulness and depravity of the human heart.

The unsympathetic nature, which wraps itself up in the cloak of self-righteousness, and bids the needy keep their proper distance, has done more, perhaps, to estrange the human affections than all the other phases of egotism put together.

In the Spirit Circle there should be no dearth of sympathy, for it is the chord that unites all in one harmonious whole, opening the avenues for the influx of spiritual truth and light to illuminate the soul. The same leniency and compassion with which we pray angels to look upon our shortcomings and failings, we ought to extend to the dark and benighted soul that comes to the Circle seeking light and consolation. Too often is it treated with contempt and abhorrence, and admonished to "begone," with as little

sympathy as if it were a veritable demon, having no relation or tie of consanguinity with humanity. Instead of this it should be ours to take such a one by the hand as a brother or sister, and by sympathetic conversation and gentle persuasion lead them to a higher perception of life and its duties, and, seeing that they have passed away with the idea and conviction that whatever their state or condition hereafter may be it is final—that “as the tree falls so shall it lie,” and that “there is no repentance beyond the grave,”—they should be taught of the wisdom and love of God, and the provision He has made for the ultimate happiness of ALL His children: and thus place their feet upon the rungs of the ladder of progress, that will ultimately lead them from darkness into light, from pain and sorrow to happiness and rejoicing.

It does not need the hand of Death to transplant us to the “evergreen shore,” ere we can become ministering spirits. There is ample work on this side. There are many already engaged in it, and I hope and trust the number will become greatly augmented. What is needed is more Sympathy, and Charity towards all.

ALFRED KITSON.

THE CRY FOR MANIFESTATIONS.

NOTES OF AN ADDRESS BY THE GUIDES OF FRANK HEPWORTH.
Oriol Hall, Leeds, January 24, 1886.

OPENING PRAYER.—Thou infinite Spirit of Life and Truth! we recognise Thee as the true Source whence come all our blessings. Thou didst give to man that bright and shining light called Reason. We receive and recognise Thy blessings daily. Impart to us more of that love, that holiness, that purity so essential for our advancement and usefulness. Spread abroad amongst Thy children that spirit of charity, which shall make them like unto Thee.

DISCOURSE.—Spiritualism has now reached such a point of interest, that it cannot be ignored. No wise man will simply shrug his shoulders, and dismiss it with a smile. Modern Spiritualism has come to the front so much, and is increasing so rapidly in numbers, that it demands the attention of all thinking men of all classes, all creeds, and all positions.

They may think it a delusion, believe it to be false, and deem its followers to be fools and fanatics, but they do not say this much before they are asked questions. They are as loth to believe it as though it were false. They do not say it is false, but they ask for manifestations.

If they look among the believers in Spiritualism, they find men of intellectual power, and of pure morals, some occupying the loftiest positions in society. They determine to form circles of their own, at home, regardless of conditions. They sit time after time, but have no manifestation of spirit power, hence come to the conclusion, that some are being duped, and that it is an imposture.

Now take any physical science (Spiritualism is a science) chemistry, for instance, you have a professor: he tells you of certain gases, describes different combinations, explains how they act, and what will be the effect. You think you will become a student of chemistry, you would like to prove things for yourself. You enter a laboratory, without an instructor, and try to produce effects the same as the Professor. You cannot. You don't know how to proceed. You think you follow his instructions, but you do not: you err in important points. Now it would be most indiscreet of you to go out to the world, and state that chemistry is a delusion. The same with Spiritualism. Many men, wise in other respects, are ignorant on this subject. They do not understand the laws and conditions of Spirit-life. The professor of chemistry would say to the student, “You must learn by experience, as I have done.”

So say the professors of these manifestations of Spiritualism, to the student who is groping his way. Spiritual laws and spiritual conditions must be observed. What is requisite, then? People investigating often enter the circles with minds full of prejudice and bigotry. Never, while they retain these, will they secure proper manifestations. The investigator must disabuse his mind of all erroneous ideas, just as the student of chemistry must do. Let bigotry be cast aside, and enter the circle with a clear unbiased mind. Learn to live more spiritually. Learn to subdue your vices, and to advance in knowledge. By these means you will be opening the way. Come not desiring manifestations only. You must not come five minutes after you have been acting unkindly to some one. The brighter, the purer, the holier you can keep your spirit, the higher will be the influences that you will bring to the circle. Lay aside prejudice.

Come open to conviction. Be pure in spirit. None of you but have an ideal of purity. Strive to live up to that ideal. Some cannot comprehend the idea of God, yet they have an ideal of purity: let them live up to the highest ideal. Look within yourselves first, and do not charge others with being fools and fanatics; see if there be not, in yourselves, some condition unsuitable to receive manifestations of spirit power. You may be suspicious of your brethren, but it may be because you are spiritually blind. Do not speak quickly; wait until you are more perfect before you decide.

THE SWEDISH MOVEMENT CURE.

This mode of treatment of diseases is founded upon the most rational principles, and effects cures where medicine often does more harm than good. The use of medicine in most cases can scarcely be said to be anything else but causing one disease to cure another, a smaller evil to cure a greater. The movement cure on the other hand is directed to developing the powers and resources of the body, without setting up any counter injurious irritant. I will give one or two instances in which doctors and medicine have not been very successful.

Enlargement of the heart is one of the most difficult diseases to treat by any other means than that of the movement cure. Exercise is injurious to the patient, and if he takes none he is equally likely to suffer, whilst medicine only puts off the evil to a future day. The movement cure in such a case gives to all parts of the body a healthy active glow, without at all increasing the evil which by any other mode would be the effect.

Cripples undergo gradually, in three to six months, the most wonderful transformations. The club foot is turned straight, and the hunch vanishes in a remarkable manner in young people. I saw a little boy walk several times across the floor of Miss Palm's room, at Karlstad, the other day, and the little fellow had always been regarded as doomed to help himself along by using his hands, until he was, three months ago, taken charge of by the lady above mentioned.

Miss Palm is extraordinarily successful, and may probably be induced to come over to London for a month or two in the summer. This being such an all-important subject, and one that can so well be made an aid to magnetism, I deem it worthy of your readers' attention.

Karlstad.

MATTHEWS FIDLER.

OUR CALIFORNIAN CONTEMPORARIES.

The *Golden Gate*, published at San Francisco in newspaper form, is one of the most handsome sheets issued from the press in any country. Means of the material kind are evidently not lacking in that Land of Gold. The *Carrier Dove*, a monthly, published at Oakland, has taken magazine form, stitched in a neat wrapper, on which is engraved the advent of spirits from the Land of Light, preceded by a dove bearing the legend, “Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy.” Since our more prominent attention to illustrated biographies a year ago, the plan seems to have received increased notice, and last year the *Dove* gave some engravings of local mediums, from the remarks on one of whom we quoted. The January issue, the first of the new series, contains six full-page lithographs (the page about same size as MEDIUM) of mediums, workers and phenomena—drawings and spirit photographs. These illustrations are exceedingly well executed. The frontispiece is a representation of the platform at “Metropolitan Temple,” San Francisco, with “Mrs. E. L. Watson and her co-workers” arranged along it amidst profuse floral decorations. For the information of the occasional and foreign reader, it would have been well to have given a more precise account of the work being carried on by the friends thus represented.

The literary part is not particularly bold and original. The phenomenal and external seem to take the leading place, whereas the deep things of the Spirit and radical intellectual grasp of the Truths, have yet to come.

THE WORK OF OUR SPECIAL NUMBERS.

A few months ago a friend of mine, living at Bradford, sent me a copy of the MEDIUM—the first I had seen—containing a sketch of the life of Mr. Joseph Armitage. Having given it a careful reading, I was puzzled what to think about it. Here were things related which seemed to me very unreasonable, and, to my thinking, contrary to the teachings both of Nature and Science. After a second reading, I began to see a reason why there might be some truth in it. In a few weeks after this my Bradford friend sent me a parcel of papers on Spiritualism, including copies of the MEDIUM, which I carefully perused. After these readings,

I came to a decided and firm conclusion, that there was some truth in the teachings of Spiritualism. Towards the end of December my Bradford friend sent me the Christmas Number of the MEDIUM, containing portrait and sketch of the life of Mr. T. P. Barkas, with which I was much interested and deeply impressed. From what I read of Mr. Barkas, I feel confident that he is not a man to be easily befooled or imposed upon. He appears to be ready to accept Spiritualism or any other ism as a fact, when the truth of it can be proved to him. This I think Mr. Barkas has done in the case of Spiritualism, to his own satisfaction, and that of others who may read what he has to say. Now I wish to ask: Who and what Mr. Burns are you who publish the MEDIUM? Are you the same as delivered a course of lectures at Clayton West twenty years ago? If so, then I am the person who engaged you to give these lectures.—J. MATTHEWS, Clayton West, near Huddersfield.

[We had not heard of Mr. Matthews from the date of these lectures, till the letter came to hand from which the above extracts are made. Many that we have known years ago we are surprised to find crop up now and again in the ranks of Spiritualism. Our indefatigable friends in getting up Special Numbers of the MEDIUM are doing a great work for the Cause, and so are those who so diligently circulate them.—ED. M.]

A FATAL RING.

At the moment of his first marriage with his cousin Mercédés, daughter of the Duc de Montpensier, King Alfonso, among other presents, offered his young wife a little ring as a sort of intimate souvenir beyond the official presents. The young Queen at once put the jewel upon her finger and never removed it. On the death of Mercédés the King retook the ring and gave it to his grandmother, Queen Christina.

A short time after, the latter, in her turn, died, and the ring came to the Infanta del Pilar, sister of King Alfonso. The Infanta died a few days afterwards.

For the third time the ring reverted to the King, who next gave it to the Infanta Christina, sister of the late Queen Mercédés and second daughter of the Duc de Montpensier. Three months after, the Infanta Christina was dead.

Finally, King Alfonso found himself, for the last time, master of the ring, so mournfully famous, and he determined to keep it and wear it himself. On his death, when they looked over the King's jewels, the sight of this ring recalled the fact that thus far all who had worn it had died very shortly after it had come into their possession. In fact, of the five persons who had had it, all had succumbed—two queens, two princesses, and the king. A sort of fatality seemed to belong to this souvenir, and no one cared to take it. The ring has been offered to the Virgin of Almaduna, patroness of the town of Madrid, but instead of being placed on the Virgin's finger it is hung round her neck by a simple ribbon.

Another curious story is told *apropos* of the death of Alfonso XII. Last year, when visiting the cholera stricken people of Aranjuez, the King dined with his suite. During the first course one of the guests asked permission to withdraw. It was naturally desired to know why, and this person naively replied: "Because there are thirteen at table," which was the fact.

The King laughed greatly at this incident, and insisted that every one should keep his place. Then, still laughing, he turned to the Duke las Castillejos, son of Marshal Prim, and aide-de-camp of General Pavía, and said to the Duke, "Take down the names of the persons present, so that we can prove if the proverb is true. I am curious to know which of us it will be that will die this year," added the King with his habitual good humour.

Of the "thirteen at dinner" it was the King who was the first to die.—*England*.

CASES OF HEALING.

MRS. HAGON AS HEALER.—Allow me to recommend Mrs. Hagon, of 2, Calverly Grove, Hornsey, to your readers as a very satisfactory trance medium. I have had considerable experience of mediums in America, and may say that Mrs. Hagon's powers compare very favourably with those of the generality of American mediums. My only reason for thus calling attention to her is, that I believe she is not sufficiently well-known.—O. MURRAY.

ST. VITUS'S DANCE CURED BY ANIMAL MAGNETISM: Whitstable.—Another very remarkable cure has just been effected here by means of animal magnetism. A nephew of Captain Foster, of Victoria Street, was suffering from St. Vitus's dance, in its worst form. Previous to Christmas he could neither hold his head nor a limb still, nor even dress himself; but two or three weeks ago the case was brought under the notice of Mr. Barham, a member of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, a gentleman who resides in Canterbury Road, who has given careful attention to the art of animal magnetism, and is an ardent believer in it. Mr. Barham's method of treatment was immediately successful, and the patient, a boy of about 15 years of age, is now restored to health. He can dress and undress himself, and has not the slightest symptoms of twitching. The operator has been equally fortunate in the treatment of paralysis.—*Daily Chronicle*, Jan. 30.

THE DIVINING ROD IN WATER SEEKING.—Some time ago we published an article in which we described the power of the "divining rod" in the hands of our townsman, Mr. Palethorpe. The efforts to obtain water at Warra Station under Mr. Palethorpe's direction were mentioned, and we are glad to say that the prognostication was correct, for at the place where the rod, in the hands of the operator, intimated that the fluid would be found, water was struck. We believe that according to Mr. Palethorpe's calculation the water should have been reached at sixty-five feet, and was tapped at seventy feet, a slight error in the calculation which does not militate in the slightest against the value of the process.—*The Darling Downs Gazette*, Toowoomba, Queensland.

MISS META SCOTT (of the Royal Academy of Music, and violin pupil of Herr Pollitzer) is open to accept engagements for piano or violin, at oratorios or miscellaneous concerts. She will also be pleased to take a few pupils. For terms, address, 94, Lancaster Road, Notting Hill.

SPIRITUALISM IN LONDON.

MARYLEBONE ROAD: 31, Regent Hotel, Feb. 7.—Mr. Dale, the Astrologer, will give a lecture entitled "Astral Influences." As very few lectures are given on Astrology, and as it is a subject of deep importance to all students of the Occult, we expect a very instructive evening, and trust to see a large attendance.—A. F. TINDALL, A. Mus., T.C.L.

WALWORTH: 83, Boyson Road, Jan. 27.—Circle; very gratifying results. Satisfactory evidence of spirit identity given.—Jan. 31.—A very pleasant evening was spent, listening to an excellent address, delivered through Miss Keeves, by her spiritual preceptors, on "Know Thyself."—*Cor.*

CAVENDISH ROOMS: 51, Mortimer Street, Jan. 31.—We had a very good meeting and a fair attendance. Mr. Hopcroft gave an invocation, and also a short address, prior to exercising his clairvoyant gifts. He described a great number of spirits, the majority of which were recognised. Mr. Lofts conducted the service, and gave an introductory reading from "Nineteenth Century Miracles."—*Cor.*

HOXTON STREET: 128, Jan. 31.—Mr. Alsop gave a very good address on Psalm xl, 6, 8: "Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire, and burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required." The explanation given was thoroughly enjoyed. There was a good number of friends present.—Next Sunday Mr. Hopcroft will give us a treat in clairvoyance, and the collection will be on behalf of the Spiritual Institution.—T. PAYNE, Sec., H.P.S.

HOLBORN: 13, Kingsgate Street, Jan. 26.—A large circle, composed of 21 persons. Mr. Webster's controls, "Wilson" and "Zodu," gave some startling information, especially to a gentleman, who asked "Wilson" for some instruction concerning a legal document, which was handed to the medium, and was read by the control in a most remarkable manner. "Wilson" then went to each sifter and gave them descriptions of their surroundings, which were acknowledged to be correct in every instance. A rather curious incident occurred at this stage of the proceedings, namely, five mediums being controlled at the one time by coloured friends, and speaking to each other in a most fluent manner. A solemn benediction from a spirit friend terminated the meeting.—E. G. C.

SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION: 15, Southampton Row, W.C., Feb. 1.—Almost a new circle met Mr. J. Hagon, composed chiefly of a party of young men, brought by Mr. Veitch, of Walworth, several of them mediums under development. The linguistic element was not strong, so the foreign controls gave way to the Irish influence, who gave much information respecting his experiences in spirit life. One of the visitors was controlled by "Tim," whose experiences were recently alluded to in these columns, and by "John King." Several friends were expected who understand languages, but they did not attend. We invite our readers who may know persons skilled in Asiatic languages to attend this circle, and endeavour to enter into conversation with the controls. Mr. Veitch gave some instances of his clairvoyance during the latter part of the sitting. It was a very harmonious circle.

OLD FORD: 44, Driffield Road, E., Jan. 31.—The guides of Mr. Arthur Savage gave an address upon "Spirit-life and Individual Force." The subject was well handled, and the effect of mind upon mind was illustrated from individual examples among the sitters. From this the controls succeeded in throwing a little light upon the influence of disembodied mind upon a sensitive, satirically commenting upon the foolish idea, too prevalent among many Spiritualists, that the spirit had but to place himself within the body of the sensitive in order to cause him to speak the ideas and words which were prompted, and these alone. When the sensitive possessed some faculty which the medium possessed likewise in some large measure, a good deal was given forth which might be taken as the outcome of the medium's mind. The controls also spoke of dual individualities, that a great deal that we think, speak and do, whilst here in the body, may be simply and solely the outcome of the material conditions within which we are imprisoned and surrounded, but that the spiritual within man's nature, properly understood and cultivated, may enable him to live and move on a higher plane. And when released from earth bodies, which were but means to an end, much of the clinging to self would disappear, and individualism would give place to collectivism as the spiritual progressed. The subject for next Sunday evening, suggested by one of the sitters, will be "Spiritual principles: a true basis of Civilization." The meeting will commence at 7.30 punctually, the doors being then closed, as a condition of quietude is indispensable for a successful circle. Spiritualists and friends are cordially invited to be present.—*Cor.*

KINGSLAND ROAD: 511, near Dalston Junction, Jan. 31.—We had a friendly visit from Mr. Burns, who kindly addressed our meeting. He gave us an eloquent exposition of Spiritualism; setting forth the universal brotherhood of man and fatherhood of God. He then proceeded to review the ideas held by the orthodox in regarding Spiritualism as devilish. The devil nature and also the divine nature are within ourselves, and if we send devils to the spirit-world we must not expect that they will return to us as bright angels. We make the conditions ourselves for the return of good or bad spirits. If we would have the companionship of good spirits, we must be good ourselves; if of devils, we have only to be bad, and we have their companionship. When undeveloped spirits come to us, we should do something for their good, so that they can become good. We should be unselfish, continually seek the truth so that we can become light-bearers to others; for unselfishness is the true basis of Spiritualism. Dealing with good and evil, he showed there is nothing useless or contemptible in nature, when it is properly understood. All our sufferings, trials, and difficulties are for our use and development. Mr. Burns further gave several very interesting instances of spirit communion from the Old Testament, to prove that Spiritualism is the basis of Bible records. Cases were named where dark circles were held then as now; that they had a form of cabinet from which manifestations proceeded, similar to what we have in our own time. In distinguishing between Spiritualism and Witchcraft he showed that the former is used for a good purpose, the latter for a bad one. In ancient times, when our race was not so advanced as now, spirit communion was frequently practised for an evil, selfish purpose; now that we have advanced more, spirit communion takes a higher stand.—Miss May's control next followed with a few remarks corroborating various points in Mr. Burns's address; after which Mr. Walker closed our meeting with an impromptu poem.—H. M.

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THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.

LONDON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1886.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE PROMISED LECTURE given at Cavendish Rooms on Sunday week, we are unable to publish in this issue, as Mr. Burns has been prevented from writing it out. We hope to give it next week. On the opening page we give an extremely well-written sketch, forwarded from Exeter by Mr. J. Hamlyn, derived from an American source. This number is nearly all "narrative matter," "light reading" some would call it, but not the less instructive and agreeable reading on that account. Complete change of matter is rather to be commended. The desire of the Powers seems to be to influence all classes of readers, and present spiritual subjects in every instructive phase. Hand this issue to the young.

CORRESPONDENTS! give us your postal address. We frequently receive communications to which the address of the writers are not added. Indeed, this practice goes on for months, so that should we desire to write, making any inquiry essential to accuracy, we would be unable to do so. The name of the society is ostentatiously given, but often the place where the meetings are held is not stated. Our friends are not very practical. Our aim is to give those particulars that will be helpful to the public, and tend to fill the meetings. We hope the New Directory will be useful in affording information on matters that are of daily import.

Let us be superstitious for a minute or so! That is a remarkable chain of facts about the fatal ring, wearing which so many of the Royal Family of Spain died, including the late king. What was the history of that ring previous to the portion of its career described? Is it wise to hang it round the neck of the objective representation of the city of Madrid? If we are to be superstitious, let us be consistently superstitious, and not indicate a desire to bring evils on a city similar to those which befell so many royal personages. Will some of our influential readers, who believe in omens and influences, bring this matter before the attention of those in authority?

THE CONTROL.—An interesting experience is beautifully told. Such a case ought to meet with corroboration in England, France and America. We have a shadowy recollection of a medium of the kind being expected to visit London on a trip to Europe, but the circumstances are forgotten. The phenomena may be corroborated in many particulars by other mediums. In the seances of the Davenport Brothers, several instruments were used to play a jig. In Mr. Jesse Shepard's seances, the harp is carried round the room, and played to the accompaniment of the piano under the hands of Mr. Shepard. In our London seances the "fairy bells" (a miniature harp) is played nightly by the spirits. In the early days of Spiritualism, the spirits played in Mr. Koons' spirit house in the woods, and later Mr. Champenowne had remarkable musical phenomena in the dark circle. Given the conditions, there is no reason why all

kinds of instruments should not be played by the spirits. As to "wind" instruments, we have only heard of the mouth-harmonicon being blown by spirits, but forget through whose mediumship. The most wonderful part of the story is the successful control of the lady in the first instance. We hope this will meet the notice of French and American readers, and receive satisfactory explanation at their hands.

THE SPIRITUAL ENCOUNTER with the "evil genius" is provocative of serious thought. Are we not all similarly bedeviled,—else why our chequered lot? Our fiendish followers may not all be of the same character, nor are our frustrating impediments and disasters of the same class. There is one common end in view: to cure us of our moral eccentricities. The nature of our evil influences will, therefore, depend upon our own spiritual state, indicated in the phrenological development. One person is overgluttonous, and his retribution will come from spirits that indulged in a similar manner, and pay him out in that kind of coin, in the form of disease, or a stunted stomach alternating with an overfull one. Another is too amorous, and in the toils of love he is overthrown, suffering severe love-losses because of his desiring too much. Many are sordidly worldly, and pilfering, forgeries, embezzlements and overreaching speculations bring them to grief—the felon's cell and the work-house—and they perceive that "all is vanity." The proud and ostentatious win contempt by the means which they take to be more than they are entitled to. Then there is the resentful, vindictive state of mind, which is constantly coming into collision with others, and though this sharpness and antagonism may not result in acts of a culpable character, yet that state of mind is an open door for the "evil genius" to enter in, and do to the victim what he would do to those who incur his sore displeasure. The melancholy, misanthropic class, often prove their own worst enemies,—live in wretchedness, and die by their own hand. And the remedy: *forgiveness*, a course of conduct in every case in opposition to that in which the evil lay. In a review of this matter, the study of the great lesson of life, "illustrated with cuts," may be brought home to everyone, by meditation on their own experiences.

AUXILIARY AGENCIES.—Every public meeting should have on hand printed information, on which should be announced the public work of the Cause. The Manchester friends have taken the lead in this important matter, and have a monthly list of speakers, containing an address to the public, and a full page of reading on the back. Cavendish Rooms friends have also taken the matter up. They are as cheap as ordinary hand bills. Strangers who attend our meetings should always be handed something to take home with them, and members should take copies to give to inquiring friends, and enclose in letters. Let us sow the seed on every hand, till our testimony penetrates into every house in the land. Specimens will be sent on application.

LYCEUM REQUISITES.—We have printed on a handsome sheet for framing the Constitution of the Lyceum, several copies of which should be hung up in all Lyceums, so that members and visitors may become conversant with the nature of the work engaged in. We have also neat rules for members, and an attendance card, which all members should possess. It tends to punctuality, and the marking of the card is a *personal attention*, which gives evidence of an interest in every one—large or small. These little things should not be overlooked. Send stamp for specimens, including 6d. for Constitution.

"NINE ETHNIC RELIGIONS, OR THE WORLD'S LADDER OF CULTURE."

LECTURE AT CAVENDISH ROOMS BY S. E. BENGOUGH, M.A.

We take pleasure in calling special attention to Mr. Bengough's lecture on Sunday evening. The great religions of the world will be reviewed, and their influence on man's spiritual development pointed out. We bespeak for Mr. Bengough a full audience of our most intelligent readers. Cavendish Rooms, 51, Mortimer Street, at 7 o'clock.

Mr. Tebb has just arrived in England, much benefitted in health because of his visit to Madeira.

Mr. Towns will resume his seances at 15, Southampton Row, on Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock.

FULHAM.—A few earnest inquirers wanted to form seances on Sunday and Wednesday evenings. Write to "Lexicon," 96, Lillie Road, Fulham, S.W.

MACLESFIELD: Paradise Street Church, Feb. 7.—Mrs. Groom's subjects on Sunday will be: at 2.30, "The Power of Spirit over Matter"; at 6.30, "Life beyond the Grave."

SPECIAL NUMBERS OF "MEDIUM."

MR. OXLEY'S LECTURE NEXT WEEK.

In our next issue we will publish a lecture delivered by Mr. W. Oxley, on Monday evening, at Higher Broughton, entitled, "Origin, Antiquity, and Development of Man, as a Physical, Psychical and Spiritual Being, from a Scientific Standpoint." We need not say that it is a most able and suggestive discourse, and worthy of special distribution.

THE SPECIAL "EGLINTON NUMBER."

MARCH 5, 1886.

To render this one of the best publications for extensive circulation, no expense or pains are being spared to make it a complete record of late-writing mediumship, and other forms of spirit manifestation. A series of original reports of recent sittings is being compiled, and fac-similes of direct writing in the handwriting of the manifesting spirits when in earth-life, will be introduced. Next week we hope to give the particulars.

In addition to these special illustrations, a portrait of Mr. Eglinton will grace the front page: followed by a sketch of his mediumship, of such a character as to give a vivid representation of the status of Spiritualism in the higher ranks of society.

This special testimony on behalf of the truth and importance of spirit manifestation and communion, we hope will be circulated by every Spiritualist to the full extent of his or her ability. We have already opened a list of subscribers. Private individuals can be most useful in this work, each one having a separate packet, which may be combined in one in order to save carriage.

There will be no advance in price: 1 copy, post free, 2d.; 8 copies, post free, for 1s.; 24 copies and upwards, per rail carriage extra, 1d. each. By clubbing for parcels they may thus be had at two-thirds of the usual price.

A NORTHUMBERLAND MINERS' NUMBER.

We have already in hand a narrative of the rise, progress and present position of Spiritualism amongst Northumberland Miners, written by one of themselves. Every pains will be taken to render this a useful and representative issue. Steps will be taken to make it widely known in Northumberland; and we hope our friends amongst miners elsewhere will see that it is well introduced to that intelligent body of men. Meanwhile we would be glad to hear from correspondents in every mining district, as to the best means of giving this issue a wide diffusion. It will appear on March 19.

LANTERN LECTURES IN THE PROVINCES.

EXETER: Victoria Hall, Queen Street, Monday, Feb. 8. On Sunday, Feb. 7, Mr. Burns will attend the usual meetings at the Mint.

BLACKBURN.—It is suggested that Lantern Lecture be given on Saturday evening, Feb. 13.

ACCINGTON.—A New Hall will be opened on Sunday, Feb. 14, by Lantern Lectures. Particulars will be given next week.

A Lecture may also be given in the district on Monday evening, Feb. 15.

SOWERBY BRIDGE: Town Hall, Feb. 27, at 7.30.

On Sunday, Feb. 28, three services will take place in the Town Hall. At 10.30, the Children's Lyceum will hold a public session, at which Mr. Burns will deliver an address. At 2.30, Mr. Burns will answer questions on the Lantern Lecture of the preceding evening. At 6.30 he will deliver a discourse on "The Religious principles of Spiritualism." The Lyceum choir will sing at the services. Collections.

ROCHDALE: Temperance Hall. On Monday, March 1, the Lantern Lecture will be given in this hall.

IMPORTANT LECTURES AT CAVENDISH ROOMS.

51, MORTIMER STREET, PORTLAND PLACE.

Sunday, Feb. 7.—"Nine Ethnic Religions, or the World's Ladder of Culture," by S. E. Bengough, M.A.

Sunday, Feb. 14.—"Immortality," by Mr. J. Veitch.

Sunday, Feb. 21.—Open Meeting: Various Speakers, Questions, &c.

To commence at seven o'clock. A voluntary collection.

A GOOD ACTION: WHO WILL DO IT?

We are terribly hampered for type: that small type that the reports are usually done in. The Eglinton No. is coming on, and to make up for space occupied by engravings, we must use a deal of that small type; we have also the New Directory in hand, and no type to use.

It is sad to have one's hands full of good work, and yet be deficient in *tools*. We work for *nought*: personally being no expense to the Cause, which has the benefit of it all. Will some dear, kind friend, who can't print, but can spare £20, give it freely to our free work, and give us thereby needful, indispensable *tools*. Four £5 notes from different friends will do just as well. I would be so thankful for this kind help, and so would the Angel Guides, whose servants we all are. J. BURNS.

Spiritual Institution, 15, Southampton Row.

A HAUNTED HOUSE TO LET!

Here is a decided acquisition to those intrepid gentlemen who greatly desire to make the personal acquaintance of ghosts. It is a handsome and convenient villa, standing in its own grounds, only a short distance from London, and one genteel family after another have been "evicted" by the shadowy occupants, who, though often heard, are, in addition, at times both seen and felt. The owner is willing to give facilities to those who are anxious to investigate such matters, or with more benevolent purpose elevate the spirits and "cure" the house. We are delegated with authority to give particulars to *bona fide* parties who may desire to take advantage of this somewhat unusual offer.

TO INVESTIGATORS OF THE "OCCULT."

In our advertising columns will be seen particulars of certain seering mirrors and crystals, long in the possession and use of the late Mr. F. Hockley, so well known for many years amongst London Spiritualists, and investigators of the Unseen far and near. The *instructed* will appreciate the fact that these articles have been conserved and properly employed by an adept in the Art; their value is accordingly enhanced as accessories in departments of investigation where pure, uncontaminated influences play such an important part. These articles will be shown to qualified persons on application; but the nature of the case forbids indiscriminate exposure and handling.

THE FORTHCOMING DIRECTORY.

Information of the most encouraging kind comes pouring in. It is wonderful what a power the Movement is manifesting. We desire to have every town and village represented. Where there is no circle, society or body of any kind, the names of individuals will be welcome, as Public Spiritualists, or Representatives of the Cause. Even where there are Societies, we desire the names of as many Representatives as possible. We shall be glad of agents to assist in this work. The form for collecting information is given on another page, and the answers can be written in narrative form, as an ordinary letter. We shall send on separate papers on application.

PENDLETON: 48 Albion Street (Liberal Club).—On Wednesday evening, Feb. 10, an address will be given on "Experience in Spirit-Life."

LEEDS: Oriol Hall, Cookridge Street.—On Tuesday, Feb. 9, a debate on "Spiritualism a delusion,"—affirmative, Mr. Greevez Fisher, negative, Mr. J. S. Schutt; chair: Mr. Councillor J. S. Loe, at 7.30. Admission—6d. and 3d.

A NORTHUMBERLAND MINER writes:—"We have been much interested in your articles on 'Genesis and Geology,' &c., as we read the *Nineteenth Century* in our Reading Room." Such is the march of intellect. The miner by combination has the same advantages as the peer or professor. We have been repeatedly urged to publish these articles in book form; but what is to be done when our thousands of friends keep us *just alive*, and that is all! Money is needed.

ROCHDALE: 6, Baillie Street.—Next Sunday afternoon there will be a public circle, and in the evening, Mr. Harper, of Birmingham, will lecture. Wednesday night, public circle.—On Sunday last Mr. J. S. Schutt discoursed on the subjects: "Under what conditions can our Spiritual Unfoldment best take place." "The Great Pyramid, and its lesson to Man." To attempt to convey an impression of the beauty, excellence and philosophy of his discourse, is simply beyond my ability. One of his controls, "Old Ned," is a veritable apothegmatist, for his language teems with intellectual gems and good humour.—D. SCHOFIELD, Cor. Sec.

MIDDLESBOROUGH: Old Linthorpe, Jan. 31.—A very harmonious meeting; Mr. Britten gave a nice discourse on "The Efficacy of Prayer, or Prayer is the Soul's sincere desire." Local mediums next Sunday.—Con.

PROGRESS OF SPIRITUAL WORK.

MRS. GREGG AT NORTH SHIELDS.

Our Society and town have been favoured with one of the most refreshing and stimulating visitations of spirit-evidence, that the cause here has ever witnessed, through the mediumship of Mrs. E. Gregg, of Leeds. We have had five public meetings, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, and two on Sunday, with her, and the testimony obtained therein is no less than marvellous; and is a town's talk. Words fail to express the satisfaction that was expressed by not only members but the strangers as well, that were present. One incident however must suffice.

At one of the meetings, a gentleman was present for the express purpose of showing Spiritualism in its true colours,—which by the way he did, but in a manner utterly different to his pre-intentions,—of which purpose he had boasted to several of our members. Upon reaching the platform he asked permission to speak, which was refused by the chairman, Mr. H. Appleby, until the lady had done with him; and had he not spoken then the audience would have known the results by his countenance during the delineations. A gentleman was described near to him, who proved to be a companion of his in Australia, who had passed away some six months ago, he himself being in England only six weeks. This, together with other proofs of spirit-presence, completely transformed the man from a slayer to an upholder of Spiritualism.

He publicly spoke his intentions, and the impossibility of their being carried out, and not one individual in England, he said, knew anything of his companionship with the gentleman described. He has been at every meeting since. There were many other as good descriptions given, but want of time prevents reporting them.

At the end of Sunday night's meeting a hearty vote of thanks was accorded the lady, who, in the estimation of our society, holds a high rank. Her next visit, in early March, will be looked forward to with longings by many.

The glorious Spiritual knowledge which Jesus endeavoured to set up in the minds of man, but which had been almost stifled, has truly again burst into a flame, and seems to me to be increasing in brilliance every day. That it may go on we pray. While we wish Mrs. Gregg God's speed, that her assistance may be long continued.

7, Stanley Street.

R. HEDLEY.

JERSEY: Jan. 28.—At our usual week-night circle the guides of A. B. again took her for a short time into the Summer Land, whence she greatly regretted returning. S. B. described and gave the name of a male figure standing behind one lady present, who recognised it as her nephew. The form of a lady carrying a child was also seen by S. B.—At our other circle the influence was most harmonious, and our young medium was again controlled by his father. The face of a child was also seen near him by Mrs. J., and recognised as a cousin.—Jan. 31.—Our circle of this date was one of those spiritual feasts which cheer and encourage like the glimpse of an oasis does the traveller of the desert. We cannot but feel grateful to the Higher Powers that we are thus strengthened to carry on the work in which we are engaged. Several spirit forms were described by some of the sitters, one of whom saw the figure of a female going through the process of materialization, and we were told that this spirit is to be the first to materialize at our circle.—At the other circle Mr. H. was controlled by his guide, who delivered an impressive invocation. Our young medium was again controlled by his father as well as by two other spirit friends. One control, who at the previous circle had ridiculed the sitters, now asked for forgiveness, and said that by their efforts he had been assisted to rise.—Recent events, which have been alluded to in previous reports, have clearly brought before us the imperative necessity for constant and rigorous self-examination, so that the rank weeds which are ever ready to spring up within us may be promptly rooted out. As Spiritualists we should pause before we cast the stone of reproach at our neighbours, and be ready to condone rather than to exaggerate what to our limited vision may seem a fault. Let us individually act in a spirit of true charity, so that our lives may shine as a bright beacon to those around us; let us "Lift up our soul from the common sod, to a purer air and a broader view"; ever remembering the guiding principle of the Nazarene Reformer—unbounded love.—MULRUM IN PARVO.

HETTON-LE-HOLE: Miners' Old Hall, January 31.—Mr. Pickford did not arrive, but his place was occupied by Mr. J. Livingstone. The audience chose "Social States in Spirit life," of which a grand illustration was given. The occupations and duties of various classes of spirits were described. The guide then controlling had superintended the training of a child, who became an important man in the advocacy of the people's rights, and the amelioration of human suffering. Much odium and hardship he had to encounter, but his guide sustained him through it all. When he passed from the body the same guide received him, and conducted him to a state of happiness. On the way they met many who had sojourned at the philanthropist in earth-life, but they had to stand on one side. Their destination being reached, it was a happy meeting. A high spirit advanced, and taking the new comer by the hand commended him on the way in which he had conducted himself amidst trials and troubles, and welcomed him to the heavenly company, who delight in assisting many to do good and overcome evil. The speaker sat down amidst great applause.—J. H. THOMPSON, Sec.

LEICESTER: Silver Street.—On Thursday evening, January 28, a Coffee Supper was held, it being the eleventh anniversary of the Leicester Spiritualist Society. About 40 people sat down and enjoyed themselves very much. After singing two hymns from the "Spiritual Lyre," our worthy friend and President, Mr. J. Bent, addressed the company. He said he was pleased to see the Society slowly but surely increasing, and if the Spiritualists of Leicester would only unite themselves more together, good work might be done. There was one remark our friend made, and if adopted by a great many more Spiritualists our work would progress more favourably: That if no one came to hear him lecture he would still stand firm to the Cause and lecture to himself. Mr. Sainsbury said that in his estimation the people of this town seemed ashamed of the name of Spiritualists, and to stand up and acknowledge themselves as such.—Jan. 31.—A highly instructive discourse was delivered by the guides of Mr. J. Bent, from Psalm lxxviii., 25, "Man

did eat angels' food." We usually form a circle afterwards for the benefit of strangers, some very good communications being given by the controls of Mr. J. Truslow. One gentleman did not acknowledge the statements made, so the control took the medium to the gentleman, and gave his name, which he then said was perfectly correct.—C. P.

OLDHAM: 176, Union Street, Jan. 31.—Mr. J. E. Tetlow answered questions in the afternoon on "The Pyramids of Egypt: how constructed?" "What are the occupations of spirits?" They were treated in an excellent manner. In the evening the following subjects were dilated on in an excellent manner for about an hour-and-a-half: "How and why do spirits communicate?" "How to develop for trance speaking and clairvoyance." "Geology and the Bible." "The supreme moral Law." "What influence has the philosophy of Socrates upon the civilization of to-day?" "What influence do the planets exercise on the course of man's life?" During the afternoon Mr. Tetlow's guides named an infant son of our Honorary Treasurer, Mr. J. Rushworth, which had a good effect on strangers present.—Mrs. Wallis will be with us on Tuesday evening at 7.30.—J. MURRAY, Pres. and Cor. Sec., O.S.S. 7, Eden Street, Frank Hill.

MANCHESTER: Temperance Hall, Tipping Street, Jan. 31.—Mrs. Green spoke on "Spiritualism: Is it of God?" The indications of a divine power were set forth, but it did not promise people a city with pearly gates, jasper walls and golden streets: after death they would have to bear the results of their earth-life, let it be good or bad. It was therefore the duty of all, not only to live lives of truth and purity, but help others to do the same. The evening subject was "The continuity of the spirit after death." The guides spoke to a full hall with great power, and in noble language, causing deep emotion. The clairvoyance was very good on both occasions.—T. PUOH, Cor. Sec., M.S.S.S.

SHEFFIELD: 176, Pond Street.—Mr. Towns' eight days' visit came to a close on Jan. 31. All the meetings have been very successful both as regards numbers and results. Mr. Towns has had a great number to see him privately, in fact he has been kept at work from the first thing in the morning till late each night. All have expressed themselves surprised and gratified at the wonderful powers manifested. The medical diagnoses, spirit messages and descriptions, and business delineations were such, that if I were to give them in detail it would fill the MEDIUM. I give the first case that he had on Sunday, Jan. 24, at 10 a.m. Three young men called here from Parkgate to see Mr. Towns. Two of them belonged to the Society. The other was a stranger, and had lost his father about ten days ago, and they had been unable to hear anything of him. Mr. Towns said they would find him drowned. I subjoin the son's letter:—Parkgate, Jan. 25, 1886.—Dear Sir,—We kindly thank you for the information you gave us, because you told me that I might hear of my father when I got home; and so I did hear of him. We found him in the canal very near home, as you said it was, and it was about 4 o'clock on Sunday afternoon. We are, sir, all convinced that the efforts you made were successful.—Yours truly, J. W. VERNON.—W. HARDY.

ASHINGTON: Jan. 24.—We had a very fair audience, considering the stormy state of the weather. The guides of our old friend, Mr. W. Gilbertson, gave a discourse on "The birth and life of Jesus," pointing out all the notable events of his life, showing that he had been under spirit guidance, and establishing the fact that we are also under spirit guidance and inspiration.—Jan. 31.—We had a very large audience to hear the guides of our young friend, Master Hatch, late of Choppington, now at Murton, Co. Durham. I may here state that our young friend is a splendid medium, and it is believed by many that he will stand in the front rank in a very short time. The guides took for their subject "The Present," very appropriate for the occasion, and which introduced many great subjects that were discussed. The control put it very plainly that man by developing the divine part of himself, would be drawn into a luminous world of knowledge, from which all inspiration is given. It was highly pleasing to all.—JAMES HALL, Sec.

SOUTHESEA: 41, Middle Street.—I am pleased to inform you that our circle is still "moving onward." The guides and controls of Mr. J. Horstead have been very grand. On Jan. 24, the control was "Sir Walter Scott," who gave us a grand oration, urging each one to seek the Higher Life, the Love of God, and to be at peace and unity with all.—Jan. 31.—The control was "Malabal." Again we had a good time. We have had several strangers lately present at our meetings, who have been most impressed with what they have been told, particularly one or two cases of spirit identity of their friends, who have passed over the other side.—W. H. TERRY, Recorder.

PLYMOUTH: Notte Street, Jan. 31.—Our hall was fairly full with an interested audience, when the guides of Mrs. Chapman gave a discourse in "Where are the Dead?" which gave great satisfaction. They said they were not lost, and in some far-off region, but here in their midst, with those they loved in earth-life, ready to inspire them with good and holy thoughts, and bring them nearer to the Great Father, who was ready to receive them if they only call on him in spirit and truth. Mrs. Trueman then gave several clairvoyant descriptions, with names and nature of disease, which took some of the strangers by surprise, all but one being recognised.—J. W. CHAPMAN, Sec., 8, Nelson Street.

BISHOP AUCKLAND: Temperance Hall, Gurney Villa, Jan. 30.—At 2.30 we held our Quarterly Meeting to elect new Officers for the ensuing quarter, and also to hear the Treasurer's financial statement, which was very satisfactory. At 6 p.m., we held a kind of platform developing meeting, which was very successful, and appreciated by the audience. Short addresses were delivered by Mr. Jos. Eales, Mr. W. Corner, Mrs. Rule, Mrs. Meehan and Mr. R. Hogg.—G. WILLIAMS, 651, Tottenham.

HUDDERSFIELD: Assembly Rooms, Brook Street, Jan. 31.—Mr. A. D. Wilson discoursed in the afternoon on, "The Three Graces," and in the evening on "The Priest and the Prophet," both being dealt with in a very satisfactory manner. After the discourses he made a few appropriate and encouraging remarks on the progress we had made since his former visit in July.—J. W. HEMINGWAY, Chapel Street, Mold Green.

EXETER: The Mint, Jan. 31.—Mr. Fred. Parr gave an inspirational address, founding his remarks on the message given by the angels to the Shepherds: "Behold, we bring you glad tidings of great joy."—R. SHEPHERD, Hon. Sec.

GLASGOW: REVIEW OF 1885.

The Annual Report of the Association, submitted on Sunday, 3rd January, showed that a large amount of good work is being done in upholding the Banner of Spiritualism. The revenue, over £150, was the largest that has yet fallen into our coffers, thus showing that a reasonable faith is certain of succeeding. When we compare the present steady income of the Association, in depressed times, with the sums subscribed in former years, we should be filled with courage for the future, and determine that each in their sphere, will do their best to still further prosecute the good work, and rely on Spiritualism finding an entrance into many hearts, who are waiting for such consolation as it offers.

During the past year the work was carried on in several districts of the city by means of District Seances, which, on the whole, were well attended and appreciated by those who were present. It is to be hoped that even more of this kind of work will be done in 1886, that the demand for Chamber Seances will increase, and the light and knowledge of a future life be brought to the doors of some who at first would not come to our Hall. It is to be hoped that these District Seances will be followed by public meetings in the several districts of the city. Let us make the most of our opportunities in sowing the seed just now, so that the larger harvest may come to cheer the many.

The public work, carried on for several weeks on Glasgow Green, was the means of rousing a considerable amount of interest, bringing numbers to the Hall. They should, and will, be further prosecuted during the summer months, as opportunity offers.

The Association owe a debt of gratitude to Alderman Barkas, F.G.S., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, one of our most courageous advocates, who delivered a singularly able and convincing address in the Waterloo Rooms during October. It is to be hoped that Mr. Barkas may be induced to pay us another visit during the year. The question of a larger and more comfortable meeting place has been several times brought up and discussed, but as yet we have not come to a definite settlement regarding the point. It is certainly necessary that new quarters be obtained, if the work is to grow and prosper, and it is to be hoped that the Committee will be guided to select such quarters as will meet our requirements for several years to come. Considering the large measure of support the last few years have brought, we should feel warranted in exercising some faith and courage for the future.

All must admit, that the present condition of the Association could not have been reached without the valued help of those estimable workers, Mr. and Mrs. Wallis. A measure of permanency has been gained, which could not have been attained other than through their personal influence and powerful advocacy. There has been no falling off in the quality of their utterances, but rather the reverse, some of the recent lectures revealing a depth and power which surprised many. The public clairvoyant descriptions given by Mr. Wallis, on Sunday evenings, have been singularly successful, and it is certain that a continuation of such experiments must gradually waken the minds of many to realize that despised Spiritualism has a message of fact to declare regarding the future life. The discussion meetings which were carried on on Tuesday evenings, during a portion of the year, gave place to experimental seances, which have been carried on till now. It might become a question for the Association to consider, whether or not it would be advisable to have a week-night set apart for the discussion of spiritual or other subjects.

The appointment of collectors, to call upon all the members of the Association whose names appear on the roll, should enable us to keep "touch" with all who are in sympathy with our work, and should certainly strengthen the Association in many ways.

JAS. ROBERTSON, President.

AMALGAMATION IN SOUTH DURHAM DISTRICT.

Elements that have long been felt as essential to the growth and progress of the Cause we love, are now realized in the South Durham District. A meeting was convened for this purpose on Saturday, January 30, at Spennymoor, when Messrs. G. H. Lamb, R. Kneeshaw, D. W. Ashman, Jos. Eales and G. Williams, represented Spennymoor, Middlesborough, West Hartlepool and Gurney Villa Associations. Mr. F. Walker, delegate for Hetton-le-hole, was unavoidably absent, train service not being convenient.

Mr. G. H. Lamb was elected President for the present year, and the writer, District Secretary, for the same period. On a motion by Mr. R. Kneeshaw, we shall in future be represented as the "South Durham District Committee." The aim and object are to work the above named Associations on a local plan (and I may say we hope to attach the whole of the district in amalgamation and reciprocity), to let Brotherly Love prevail, to lighten the burden of a few, to give a helping hand to our unfortunate brothers, and to encourage to still higher fields of labour many that are waiting to do the work which they perceive is in view, but want of confidence and implicit trust in themselves and the angel world keep them still inactive and obscure. Hoping to hear from associations in the district, I remain,

D. W. ASHMAN, District Secretary.
15, Cumberland Street, West Hartlepool, Durham.

COVENTRY: Edgwick, Foleshill, Jan. 31.—Several thoughtful addresses were delivered through Mrs. Smith, who has happily been restored to health, and at the close of an intensely interesting service two gentlemen spoke upon the advantages of Spiritualism.—COR.

BIRMINGHAM: Ozards Street Schools, Jan. 31.—Mr. Baldwin was too unwell to give his lecture, "Twenty years of Spiritualism," so Mr. Smythe, our Hon. Secretary, kindly read his lecture, "Mind, and its attributes in relation to Matter." The subject was treated from a scientific standpoint, and the profound problems of—What is Matter? What is Mind? Whence are they? and Whither do they tend? The theory of design in nature, and the mechanical theory of life, were stated and discussed. The lecturer quoted from Huxley, Spencer, Helmholtz, Buchner, Wundt, Leibnitz and Hecker in elucidation of his subject. The lecture gave evidence of much reading, and a very industrious research for materials with which to form opinions, and showed that Mr. Smythe had not hastily attempted to solve these deep problems, but had read the best and highest authorities on the subject.—EAGLE.

BLACKBURN: New Water Street, Jan. 31.—In the afternoon the chair was occupied by Mr. W. Lord, whilst the guides of Mrs. Butterfield eloquently discoursed to a moderately large and appreciative audience on "An important question answered." The subject, said the controls, had been suggested from a conversation which the medium had had during the week with a clergyman, and who during his remarks asked: "Do you really think, Mrs. Butterfield, that we shall know each other there?" Such a question from a man who for nearly thirty years was supposed to have been pointing the people heaven-ward, appeared most ludicrous, and went to show that even the theological teachers themselves were either ignorant or in doubt as to whether we should really know each other in the great hereafter. But Spiritualism cleared away all these misgivings, and demonstrated that not only should we be able to recognise each other, but that in spirit-life we all should be revealed in our true characters. Here we know one another but very imperfectly, but there deception would be impossible.—There was again a large assemblance in the evening, when Mr. R. Wolstenholme presided in his usual efficient manner. Mrs. Butterfield spoke on "The Day-dawn of Liberty." The address was powerfully given, the controls beautifully tracing the history of religion during the last eighteen centuries. It was shown that in all ages of the world all great reformers, men who were honest, good, and noble, and who had endeavoured during their lives to give liberty to the people and to allow free and independent thought in all religious matters, were hunted down like dogs, and mercilessly put to the most horrible deaths; and the most lamentable part of it was that those who perpetrated these cruel murders were persons holding high positions in the Church, and whose duty it was to have been the champions of truth. And even to-day the theological church, with all its creeds and dogmas, was the most bitter opponent of true spiritual freedom. But thanks be to God, the day-dawn of Liberty is appearing, and though the time may yet be far distant, yet so sure as men and women in past ages have been incarcerated and shamefully tortured, so sure will the time come when all men will be able to think for themselves, and to express their opinions without the fears of a dogmatizing and prejudiced church; and it behoves all true Spiritualists to aid in bringing about such a glorious consummation.—W. M.

DEVONPORT: 98, Fore Street, Jan. 31.—The controls of Mr. Tozer discoursed on "Bear ye one another's burdens," stating that it should be the aim of all to endeavour to assist their fallen brother or sister, and not pass by without heeding their condition; because they through their weakness had yielded to temptation and sinned. All reformers had taught that man must not live for self alone; but on finding others in a low and degraded state, assist them to progress; and Spiritualism was now setting forth the doctrine. In the evening the controls of Miss Bond discoursed on "Where are the Spheres?" So-called Christians would have them believe that there are only two, into one of which the souls of men must pass when their career on the earth-plane is ended, a doctrine which to them is unreasonable; for they had proved that although the different states of men on the earth plane were very numerous, yet there was in the spiritual world corresponding states for each. Many poor souls who had sunk very low in the scale of morality, and had passed into spirit life suddenly, these found their sphere was close to the earth; and so each one in turn inhabited a sphere in unison with their own life, the more advanced, or those who had made best use of the talents given them, passing away through space into their own sphere of happiness, there to enjoy life in the mansion which they had prepared for themselves.—HON. SEC., F.S.S.

FELLING: Park Road, Jan. 31.—Mr. Haydock gave a very interesting account of his experience in Spiritualism. Mr. Gibson accompanied him, and several of his guides gave short but well delivered delineations of their surroundings after leaving the physical body, which brought a very profitable meeting to a close.—J. SIMMONS, Sec.

SPENNYMOOR: Central Hall, Jan. 31.—Mr. Kneeshaw, of Middlesborough, came to our assistance. In the evening the discourse was upon "Evil." It was ably dealt with. In the afternoon the subject was "Who are the leeches to the poor of our country?" It was plainly seen that it has originated with priestcraft, who do not sell all they have and give to the poor. It was interesting to all present, as the feeling at times was in favour of the words spoken by the medium. We had not large attendances on account of the weather.—W. H. COOPER, Sec.

OPENSHAW: Mechanics' Institute, Pottery Lane, Jan. 31.—The control of Mr. J. F. Fitton received a subject from the audience for the discourse, and afterwards the word "Eternity" for a poem. In the evening the subject was "The Law of Life," also from the audience, after which a poem on "Gladstone" was given. Both discourses and poems were attentively listened to by good audiences, who seemed well satisfied.—COR. SEC.

HASLINGDEN: Jan. 31.—The controls of Mr. Z. Newell dealt in an able manner with subjects chosen by the audience: afternoon, "The origin of Man"; evening, "What is Life?" After each lecture a lively discussion took place, in which one person, while professing intimate acquaintance with science, only displayed his ignorance. His style may be imagined when he proposes to upset the Cause, and prove that Spiritualism is a farce or humbug. We have encouraged him to proceed, offering him all the assistance in our power; for if he can make his position good it is his bounden duty to proceed, and save souls from misdirection and its consequences.—D. NEWELL.

BATLEY CARR: Jan. 31.—Morning: present, four officers, and twenty-four members. Our programme consisted of one musical reading, three silver-chain recitations, committing a verse to memory, three recitations by members, two golden-chain recitations, marching and calisthenics. Then we formed into three groups: Group one, led by Miss Atkin, had for lesson, "The Teachings of Jesus"; group two, led by Mr. Macell, had for lesson, "The Care of Health"; group three, led by the writer, had for lesson, "The lungs, and their cultivation—breathing."—Afternoon: present, four officers, thirty members, and five visitors. Our programme again was excellent, consisting of one musical reading, three silver-chain recitations, committing a verse to memory, two recitations, by members, one select reading, two golden-chain recitations, marching, and calisthenics. After a few remarks by the Conductor, Master F. Langton, Lyceum was duly closed.—ALFRED KITSON.

NEWCASTLE SPIRITUAL EVIDENCE SOCIETY.

We held our Annual Meeting here on Wednesday, Jan. 27, at which there were present a goodly number of Members. A very encouraging report was presented by our retiring Secretary, Mr. Geo. Wilson, which gave pleasing indication of increased sympathy to each department of spiritual propaganda in this ancient city.

Mr. Thos. Thompson was re-elected President; Messrs. G. Wilson and B. Harris, Vice-Presidents. Recording and corresponding secretaries, Messrs. J. B. Mellon and W. H. Robinson. The Committee was reinforced by the addition of new names.

A fraternal desire to extend the knowledge of our beautiful philosophy was manifest amongst the members, and it is expected that an unprecedented effort will be made during 1886, to influence public thought, in all directions.

The celebrated and now historic "Weir's Court Hall," by the exigencies of modern commerce, is required for other purposes. Spiritualism, therefore, has removed its home to the beautiful and spacious Northumberland Hall, High Friar Street, near Earl Grey's monument; which was permanently inaugurated on Monday, January 31st, by our eloquent and beloved sister, Mrs. Hardinge Britten, subject—morning, "In what Church shall we worship?" The discourse constituted an absolute repudiation of what is maintained in Church systems as "divine authority," while the duties of a true Spiritual Church were lucidly advocated. Her glowing periods, augmented by a rich spiritual fervour, sustained the interest of an intellectual audience for upwards of an hour. The subject in the evening announced was—"The Planetary Perihelion and its effects upon the Earth: a Retrospect and a Prophecy," which was characterised by the City Press as a "most learned and interesting lecture." The effects of the movements of the various planets on the earth were admirably explained, and during an eloquent peroration, we were informed that Religion had nothing to fear from Science. The hall was crowded.

Ald. Barkas, F.G.S., admirably sustained the duties of chairman, during which he announced that at the request of a committee of gentlemen, he would shortly deliver a course of lectures on the "Lessons of Natural Science," during Sunday afternoons, in the same hall, at which Joseph Cowen, Esq., M.P., and Thos. Burt, Esq., M.P., and other prominent gentlemen would preside. These lectures will include studies in Astronomy, Geology, Psychology, &c., and will be illustrated by diagrams.

Mr. Barkas will also lecture on Sunday, February 7th, in the Northumberland Hall, at 6.30, subject, "Spiritualism:—What are its facts, and what are its teachings," when it is hoped that a large audience will assemble to hear what this veteran of thirty years' experience has to say on the subject.—W. H. ROBINSON.

"FORE-GLEAMS OF IMMORTALITY."—Last night Mrs. E. Hardinge Britten delivered an illustrated, descriptive lecture, entitled "Fore-gleams of Immortality," in the Northumberland Hall, Newcastle. There was evidently a great interest taken in the subject, as the hall was crowded to the door sometime before the proceedings commenced. —Mr. W. C. Robson briefly introduced the lecturer, who was warmly received. In a few preliminary remarks she spoke of the astonishing realities of Spiritualism, and hoped that the illustrations to be shown there would have a tendency to destroy the scepticism which existed in the city concerning spiritualistic affairs. She alluded to spirit drawings, and mentioned two men in America who, although obscure and wholly uneducated, had been prompted by spirit power to sketch faces of persons whom they had never seen before. These sketches had been sent to unknown persons, at great distances, and had been recognised as good portraits of those persons who received them. As to spirit photography she mentioned the case of Mumler of the United States, who, it appeared, when taking photographs of persons was often astonished to find on the plate resemblances to deceased friends of the sitters. This Mumler had been prosecuted by a New York paper for having obtained money under false pretences, and numbers of persons who had had proofs of spirit photography had travelled to New York to give evidence on his behalf. The trial lasted six weeks, and it was alleged by the prosecution that any expert in the photographic art could so manipulate the plates as to produce a like result to that of Mumler's plates. The experts were accordingly invited to compete with Mumler, and they all failed to produce pictures in which the arms of the spirit figures rested over the shoulders of the original sitters. Mumler was honourably acquitted. The lecturer showed, by means of a powerful lime-light, copies of several photographs by various mediums who had the power of spirit photography. As an example of those cases shown, we may mention that of Mrs. Lincoln the widow of President Lincoln. After her husband's death she was prompted to go to Mumler in the hope of seeing in some form, the spirit of her departed husband. She went, and on her photograph being developed there was clearly seen standing behind her a representation of the deceased President. It was at once recognised by Mrs. Lincoln and all who remembered her husband. Very many such photographs were shown, and many gentlemen of high position in English literature were mentioned as witnesses to the facts. Illustrations of spirit drawings, of flowers, &c., were also shown and fully described. A vote of thanks to the lecturer was carried, and the proceedings concluded.—*Newcastle Daily Journal*, Feb. 3.

PENDLETON: TOWN HALL, Jan. 31.—Mrs. Groom, of Birmingham, devoted the afternoon to answering questions. Six were sent up and admirably answered, after which impromptu poems and clairvoyant descriptions were given. In the evening Mrs. Groom addressed a good audience on "The Aims of Spiritualism." It was beautifully illustrated, showing what Spiritualism had done, and what it would do: she said Spiritualism would revolutionise the world, and remove the false systems which are practised to day, and would compel men to deal honestly and fairly with one another. It will also meet the demands of every inquiring mind. It will cement the atheist, materialist and Spiritualist in one grand brotherhood, and lastly, Spiritualism would be the Universal Religion of the world. By request "John Wesley" will control and give, Feb. 14, "Our Immortal homes, not made with hands," in the evening. "Where are the Dead?" through Mrs. Groom.—C.

DOES VACCINATION INDUCE SMALL-POX?

EXPERIENCES AT THE ISLANDS OF MADEIRA AND TRINIDAD.

To the Editor.—Sir,—Vaccination has been put before the public by Edward Jenner and his followers as an infallible preventive of small-pox; the antidote has been used by three generations of Englishmen, and for one generation the State has usurped functions which do not properly belong to it, and at the instance of the doctors has made the prescription compulsory and universal. No pet nostrum of the profession—not even the highly-extolled bleeding—has been so extensively tried or has resulted in such mortifying mischiefs, disappointments and failures. Small-pox is neither extinguished nor mitigated by it; and where sanitation has been neglected, as in the densely-populated districts of East London, Liverpool, and Montreal, the pest is still virulent and deadly. Nor is this all; for during the past twenty years singularly strong evidence has gradually accumulated, demonstrating that vaccination is capable of causing small-pox, and often brings on the very disease it was expected to prevent.

In the Island of Madeira (where I am at present sojourning for health and change) I learn that when the first case of small-pox was introduced on the 21st October, 1871, by a steamer trading between Lisbon and Funchal, the Health Department took measures to have the entire population of the island vaccinated and re-vaccinated. At the beginning of February, 1872, the Parish of Sao Vicente was attacked, and as the vaccinations were proceeded with the plague gradually invaded one parish after another. In the whole about 7,000 persons were attacked. Indeed, for a time depopulation was feared—1007 persons perished.

The poor people in Madeira amongst whom the disease ran riot live under extremely insanitary conditions as to dwellings and surroundings—this being the testimony of Dr. Julius Goldschmidt (to whom I am indebted for valuable information), Dr. Graham, both old resident physicians; Dr. Douglas, of Sunderland, and others, and is confirmed by my own personal observations in various parts of the island.

Dr. Robert Bakewell, Vaccinator-General at Trinidad, in a work entitled, "The Pathology and Treatment of Small-Pox" (London, Churchill, 1872), says—"I fear that in some instances wholesale vaccinations and re-vaccinations at the commencement of an epidemic have spread small-pox among those who remain unvaccinated. At least it happened curiously enough that in the best vaccinated districts in Trinidad there was the most small-pox. One gentleman, Mr. Robert Knaggs, reported that his district of the town was so well vaccinated in the house-to-house vaccination that an epidemic is impossible! A few weeks afterwards he had to resign that very district, because the number of cases small-pox was so large that he was unable to attend on them. A very few out-of-the-way district at a distant part of the island was entirely free from small-pox until an energetic vaccinator, newly-appointed, vaccinated upwards of 100 in the course of three or four weeks, small-pox then broke out. Certainly, small-pox spread with amazing rapidity in Port of Spain after house-to-house vaccination had been a short time in operation," &c.

Where the ground is prepared by previous recent vaccination a large portion of the virus being, as is well-known, of varicelous origin, small-pox is often generated, and where not generated it is always intensified. The mortality of cases treated in small-pox hospitals where vaccination and re-vaccination is *de rigueur* is three and four times as great as where patients are treated in a rational manner in their own homes by means of baths, cooling drinks, a simple diet, and isolation. *Verb sap.*

Yours faithfully, WILLIAM TEBB, S. Clara Hotel, Funchal, Madeira.

CHESTERTON.—Mr. Macdonald will lecture on Sunday evening at 6.30, also on Saturday, Mr. Turner, Edensor Street, writes, but hour and place are not stated. The friends have received the *Christian Herald*, containing an article attributing Spiritualism to Satan; and agreeing with us that the "Christian" Dispensation is at an end, when "Satan ventures into open conflict." Here again we thoroughly agree with our Christian brethren, but suggest that they are the agents of Satan in this unseemly triad against a spiritual power which they say must come. Why don't they censure God openly, for they do so by implication; and not revile Spiritualists, who have no power in the matter?

NOTTINGHAM: Morley Hall, Shakespeare Street, Jan. 31.—Mrs. Barnes' controls took for their subject "What is Spiritualism?" The reading included the Parable of the Sower. According to the nature of the ground that the seed fell upon would the harvest be expected. Spiritualism was the foundation of all religion. Christians claim the Bible to have been given by the inspiration of the Spirit, but to-day are afraid of spiritual gifts, and are even afraid to sit side by side with those possessing such. But a few years ago, and even now, haunted houses were cleared of their ghostly tenants by the prayers of the minister. The return of the spirit was the coming back of the God part of man, for He lives in all His works, and when the material casement returned to earth, the life principle remained. The blessings of Spiritualism are manifold. It assures us that our loved and loving ones are near us, and not locked up in some distant heaven beyond the stars. It teaches us to love one another. It carries hope to the lowest one in this world and the stage beyond. It has a power which alone can convince the sceptic and materialist of man's immortality. And when the time came to leave this scene, instead of making a house of mourning, to the true Spiritualist it was a house of joy.—J. W. B.

A MAN IN A FIX AND WHY.—To Editor.—Sir,—A Methodist local preacher of this village asked the Spiritualists here to offer him facilities to investigate the subject; they did so, and after a lengthened inquiry said preacher developed into a trance speaker, and condemned out of his own mouth the "blood theory," etc., of salvation. He, however, still continued to preach his orthodox notions of things spiritual in his own sect. A few days ago, whilst attempting to preach at a "revival meeting" here, he stammered and stuttered, and finally said to his hearers, "You must excuse me, I do not know what is the matter with me, I cannot go on as usual." One of our clairvoyants was at the "revival meeting" in question to see how the man with two arrows to his bow would proceed, and at "the juncture" observed the well-known controls of said preacher attempting to influence him in the pulpit. I make this public for the purpose of warning all timid and halting souls to have nothing to do with Spiritualism, unless they are prepared to accept the truth and preach it when found; otherwise they will be made "a spectacle to men and angels."—GEORGE FOSTER, Seghill, Jan. 30th, 1886.

The Spiritualists' Directory, Annual, Almanac, and Workers' Guide for 1886.

We have received a large amount of Information, and must now proceed to Publication forthwith.

CIRCLES, SOCIETIES, AND CONGREGATIONS are invited to
favour us with the following particulars :—

Answers.

1.—An official statement of Office-bearers, place of meeting,
times of meeting, &c.

For this official advertisement a charge of 2s. 6d. is made.

2.—How many sitters will your Hall accommodate?

3.—What is your average attendance?

4.—What form of public work do you find most advantageous?

5.—What is the state of public feeling towards the work?

6.—What steps do you take for the development of Mediums
and Spiritual Workers?

7.—What attention is paid to Literature, and other accessories?

8.—Do you engage in Open-air Work, and with what result?

9.—What is your experience in respect to Anniversaries
Entertainments and Festivals?

10.—Can you offer any suggestions on the best modes of
carrying on the work, and on the question of
finance? General statements as to membership, and
experience in the Work invited.

THE CHILDREN'S LYCEUM :—

1.—How do you conduct your Lyceum?

2.—Can you give any suggestions for the improvement of
Lyceum Work?

PUBLIC SPIRITUALISTS generally :—

1.—All Spiritualists who desire to be publicly recognised
as workers in the Cause, and who will receive
invitations to co-operate in the work, and correspond
for the benefit of the Cause, are invited to give their
names and addresses.

The fee for each insertion is 1s.

2.—How many Mediums are there in your district?

3.—How many Spiritualists do you think there are in your
district? (Define limits of district).

These questions may be answered by any one.

SPEAKERS, MEDIUMS, and those who have any services to
announce may insert advertisements at the rate of 6d. per
line.

GENERAL ADVERTISEMENTS will be classified under each
place, and also in a separate list according to the nature of
the business, thus giving great publicity. Rate, 6d. per
line. Larger spaces by contract.

AGENTS wanted in every district to collect advertisements
and other rateable particulars, to whom a liberal commission
will be paid.

*The information desirable is put in the form of questions, to suggest what is required, but in making returns
Correspondents must be guided by circumstances and their own discretion, as to what is necessary to be reported.
The reply may be given in narrative form.*

LONDON: J. BURNS, 15, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' DIRECTORY.

MEETINGS, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7th, 1886.
LONDON.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, Mortimer Street, W., at 7. S. E. Bengough, M.A., "Nine Ethic Religions, or the World's Ladder of Culture."
HOXTON.—128, Hoxton Street, at 7. Seance: Mr. J. Hopcroft, Clairvoyance.
811, KINGSLAND ROAD, (Near the Gate) Coffee Rooms, at 7. Mr. Walker, Address.
MARTLETON.—Regent's Hotel, 31, Marylebone Road, at 7. Mr. Dale, "Astral Influences."
OLD FORD.—44, Driffield Road, Roman Road, Seance at 7. Mr. Savage, Medium.
UPPER HOLLOWAY.—Mrs. Hagon, 2, Calverley Grove, at 7, trance and clairvoyance; also Thursday at 8; Tuesday, at 8. Developing Circle.
WALWORTH.—83, Boyson Road, at 7. Mr. J. Veltch, "The Teachings of Spiritualism"; Mr. Raper, Healing. Wednesday, 8.15, Open Circle, Mr. Robson, Medium.

WEEK NIGHTS.

INITIAL INSTITUTION, 15, Southampton Row, at 8 o'clock.—Monday, Mr. J. Hagon, Medium for foreign languages; Tuesday, No Seance, Mr. Towns, absent; Thursday, Miss Godfrey, Clairvoyant diagnosis and Advice.
CLEKENWELL.—31, St. John's Street Road, Wednesday at 8, Mr. Webster.
HOLBORN.—At Mr. Coffin's, 13, Kingsgate Street. Tuesday, 8.30. Mr. Webster.
HOXTON.—Perseverance Coffee House, 69, Hoxton Street. Thursday at 8, Mr. H. Armitage, Healing; Friday, at 8, Mr. Webster.
NOTTING HILL.—53, Faraday Road, Ladbroke Grove Road. Thursday, at 7.30.
PADDOINGTON.—5, Randall Road, St. Peter's Park, at 7. Mrs. Treadwell. Wednesday, at 8.

PROVINCES.

ASHINGTON COLLEGE.—At 2 and 5 p.m.: No Information.
BACUP.—Spiritualists' Room, at 2.30 & 6.30: Mr. Greenall, Clairvoyance.
BARROW-IN-FURNESS.—80, Cavendish Street, at 6.30: Mr. Proctor, Mr. Condon.
BATLEY CLAR.—Town Street, 6.30 p.m.: Miss Willis.
BELFRA.—Lecture Room, Brookside, at 10.30 and 6.30:
BINGLEY.—Intelligence Hall, 2.30 and 6 p.m.: Mrs. Riley.
BRIMINGHAM.—Oozells Street Schools, at 11 & 6.30: Miss Allen.
BISHOP AUCLAND.—Temperance Hall, Gurney Villa, at 9, Circle; at 2.30 & 6, Mr. G. H. Lamb.
BLACKBURN.—New Water Street: at 9.30, Lyceum: at 2.30 & 6.30: Mrs. Wallis.
BOWLING.—Spiritualist Tabernacle, Harker Street, at 2.30 & 6, Mr. Morrell.
BRADFORD.—Spiritualist Church, Walton Street, Hall Lane, Wakefield Road, at 2.30 and 6, Mr. T. Holdsworth.
CADDISBURY.—Ousey Road, at 2.30 & 6, Mr. Hopwood.
Local Meeting Rooms, 448, Little Horton Lane, at 2.30 & 6, Miss Sumner.
Milton Rooms, Westgate, at 2.30 and 6: Mr. B. Plant.
Upper Addison Street, Hall Lane, Lyceum at 9.45; at 2.30 & 6.30, No Information.
BERNLEY.—St. James' Hall, at 2.30 and 6.30, No Information. Thursday, at 7.30, Members' developing circle.
CARDIFF.—At Mrs. Cooper's, 50, Crookherbtown, at 6.30.
DERBY.—At Mr. John Allen's, 25, York Street, at 6 p.m.: Circle.
DEVONPORT.—98, Fore Street, at 11, Mr. Tozer, Discourse; at 3, Members' Circle; at 6.30, Miss Bond, Discourse.
EASTERN.—The Mint, at 10.45 at 6.30, Mr. J. Burns.
FELLING.—Park Road: at 6, Mr. Tetlow.
FOLESHILL.—Edgwick, at 6.30.
GLASGOW.—2, Carlton Place, Lyceum at 10.15; Members at 11.15; at 6.30, Mr. E. W. Wallis, "Was Man made to mourn?"
HALIFAX.—1, Winding Road, at 2.30 and 6, Mesdames Ingham & Sunderland. Monday, at 7.
HANLEY.—Mrs. Dutton's, 41, Mollart Street, at 6.30; Wednesday, at 7.30 p.m.
HEXTON.—Miners' Old Hall, at 5.30: Mr. J. G. Grey.
HEYWOOD.—Argyle Buildings, at 2.30 & 6.15: No Information.
HODDERSFIELD.—Assembly Rooms, Brook Street, at 2.30 and 6, Mr. Swindlehurst.
JERSEY.—68, New Street, at 3 and 6.30: Local.
KNIGHTLEY.—Lyceum, East Parade, 2.30 and 6.30: Mr. Armitage.
LANCASTER.—Athenaeum, St. Leonard's Gate, at 2.30 & 6.30, No Information.
LEEDS.—Psychological Hall, Grove House Lane, back of Brunswick Terrace, at 2.30 and 6.30: Miss Tetley.
Oriel Hall, Cookridge Street, at 10.30, 2.30, & 6, Mr. and Mrs. Hepworth. Tuesday, at 8.
LEICESTER.—Silver Street Lecture Hall, at 11 & 6.30: Local.
LIVERPOOL.—Dunlop Hall, Daily Street, London Road, at 11, and 6.30, Mrs. E. H. Britton, Lyceum at 2 p.m. Sec. Mr. Cronin, 14, Daily Street.
LOWESTOFT.—Daybreak Villa, Prince's Street, Beccles Road, at 2.30 and 6.30, Local.
MACCLESFIELD.—Free Church, Paradise Street, 2.30 & 6.30: Mrs. Groom.
Fence Street, at 2.30 & 6.30: Mr. S. Place.
MANCHESTER.—Temperance Hall, Tipping Street, Ardwick, 10.30 & 6.30, Mrs. Taylor.
MIDDLEBOROUGH.—Granville House, Newport Road, at 10.30 & 6.30, No Information.
Mr. Johnson's, Old Linthorpe, at 6.30, Local Mediums.
MORLEY.—Mission Room, Church Street, at 2.30 and 6: Mrs. Craven.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Northumberland Hall, High Frier Street, Alderman Barkas, "Spiritualism: Its Facts and Teachings."
NORTH SHIELDS.—Camden Street, at 6.15, Mr. W. Westgarth.
NOTTINGHAM.—Morley House, Shakespeare Street, 10.45 and 6.30: Mrs. Barnes.
OLDHAM.—176, Union Street, at 2.30 & 6, Mr. Johnson. Tuesday, at 7.45, Mrs. Wallis.
OPENSHAW.—Mechanics' Institute, Fotherly Lane, at 10.30 and 6, Mr. Boardman.
OSWALDSTRAW.—At 3, Fern Terrace, at 6.30: No Information.
PARKGATE.—Bear Tree Street (near bottom), at 6.30: No Information.
PESWOOD.—Mr. W. Holland's, 67, Cavendish Place, at 5.30.
PENDLETON.—Town Hall, at 2.30 and 6.30, Mr. Schutt.
Liberty Club, 48, Albion Street, Public Circle, Wednesday, 7.30. All are invited.
PLYMOUTH.—Notre Street, at 11 and 3, Circles; at 6.30, Mr. Leader, Address.
RAVENSTHALL.—Co-operative Street, at 2.30 & 6, Mr. Z. Newell.
CHADLE.—Regent Hall, Regent Street, at 2.30 and 6, Miss Musgrave.
Marble Works, 2.30 & 6, Mr. W. H. Taylor. Tuesday, Healing; Thursday, developing.
6, Bailie Street, at 2.30, Public Circle; at 6 p.m., Mr. R. Harper. Wednesday, Circle at 7.30.
SALTASH.—Kunstion Villa, at 11 a.m. & 6 p.m., prompt. Wednesdays, 7. Mr. W. Bart.
SHEFFIELD.—Cocoa House, 176, Pond Street, at 2.30 & 6.30:
SOUTHSEA.—41, Middle Street, at 6.30 p.m. Friends cordially invited.
SOUTH SHIELDS.—19, Cambridge Street, at 11, Mr. Jos. Wilkinson, at 6.30:
SOWERBY BRIDGE.—Progressive Lyceum, Hollins Lane, at 6.30: Mrs. Green.
SPENNYMOOR.—Central Hall, at 2.30 and 6: Mr. Jos. Eales.
SUNDERLAND.—34, Wellington Street, Southwick, at 6.30, South Shields friend.
TUNSTALL.—13, Balbone Street, at 6.30.
WALSALL.—Exchange Rooms, High Street, at 6.30.
WEST HARTFORD.—Druids' Hall, Tower Street, at 2.30 and 6.30, No Information.
Wednesday at 7.30 o'clock.
WEST PELTON.—Co-operative Hall, at 2 & 5.30. No Information.
WIRREY.—Hardy Street, at 2.30 & 6, Mr. H. Briggs.

Sunday Lecture Society.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE, on SUNDAYS, at FOUR o'clock.
1886.
Feb. 7.—G. J. ROMANES, Esq., M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., Vice-Pres. S.L.S., on "The Natural History of Insects."
"14.—J. M. HORSBURGH, Esq., M.A. (Oxon.), on "Egyptian History: The Fellahs and Growth of European Influence."
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Mar. 7.—Miss ORME, on "Are we Free? A Process against Over-legislation and State Socialism."
"14.—GEORGE WOTHERSPOON, Esq., M.A. (Oxon.), on "Cremation, Ancient and Modern; its History and Utility."
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