

THE MEDIUM

AND DAYBREAK:

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HISTORY, PHENOMENA, PHILOSOPHY, AND TEACHINGS OF SPIRITUALISM.

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AN EVENING WITH MR. HOME FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, AND REFLECTIONS THEREON.*

"Myriads of organised beings may exist imperceptible to our vision, even if we were among them; and we might be equally imperceptible to them."—Grove's *Correlation of Physical Forces*, p. 161.

Let me premise: I was not made a Spiritualist by "spiritual manifestations." And let me be candid: my tendency from childhood was in favour of supernaturalism; and when in 1848 I found a volume of Swedenborg on a second-hand bookstall in Glasgow, as I read I believed, and by what I read was drawn to further reading and deeper credence.

In making this statement I may seem to discredit myself at the outset; but I cannot help it. As I wish to be taken for honest, I know no shorter way to that end than to be honest—to be frank even to the verge of egotism.

"You read Swedenborg," it may be said, "and you believed in him. Why did you believe in him? How did you know that his testimony was true?"

I reply, I believed Swedenborg's testimony in so far as it was in accord with my reason, affections, and experience. I discovered in myself a strong sympathy with his ideas and judgments. His opinions on innumerable matters became my opinions, sometimes at first sight, sometimes after consideration, sometimes after more or less resistance. All belief, I take it, is of this character. We believe that to be true which we see to be true, or feel to be true; or, in other words, which is in harmony with our peculiar constitution.

One truth Swedenborg taught me, which I realised slowly, but which I hold firmly as a truth of the first magnitude, namely, the unity of humanity; not only of man with man, but of men with spirits; that we here on earth are organically related to our predecessors; that our independence is wholly illusory; and that we cannot think a thought, or move a finger, without the co-operation of our unseen associates.

Furthermore, he established in me the conviction that death works no change on human nature, and that men and women divested of their earthly bodies, survive as men and women in spiritual bodies, with every sense and faculty sharpened for existence in a rarer air.

These spiritual bodies, included in the spiritual world, and subject to its order, transmute and vivify every fibre of our earthly bodies. Death indeed is nothing but the withdrawal of the spiritual from the earthly body, the earthly having by disease, injury, or wear, become unfit for its residence and service.

Hence we are inhabitants of two worlds. By our spiritual organisation we are denizens of the spiritual world, and by our earthly of the physical world.

And this brings me to a point I desire to make especially clear. Suppose we could relieve the senses of our spiritual bodies of their carnal vesture, we should at once find ourselves, to the extent of their release, *en rapport* with the sights and sounds of the spiritual world.

This, says Swedenborg, was his experience. He was able, almost at discretion, to enter into the spiritual world, and converse with its inhabitants. Generalising this experience, he went on to assume that all spiritual intercourse is so effected; and that when we read in the Bible that anyone saw or heard an angel, we are to conclude that the spiritual eyes and ears of the seer had been unsheathed, and thus that the transaction described was in the spiritual world.

The explanation is, I dare say, largely true, and was satisfactory when I first became acquainted with it, especially in connection with the facts of clairvoyance; but I hope to show that it is insufficient, and that whilst we may make acquaintance with spirits by opening our senses in their sphere, they in turn may become manifest to us by operating outwards in our physical sphere, clothing themselves for the purpose in matter appreciable by our senses as veiled in flesh. So much by way of preface.

In May, 1855, I chanced to meet Dr. Garth Wilkinson, and in the course of conversation he described a variety of extraordinary phenomena which he had witnessed in the presence of Mr. Home, a medium who had just arrived from the United States. He advised me to see Home, but I lacked sufficient curiosity to do so. Repeating Dr. Wilkinson's experience to a friend, however, he said, "I wish you would invite Home to my house, and come with him." Thus incited, I wrote to Home, made an engagement, and on the evening appointed conveyed him in a Hansom, from his lodgings in Jermyn Street, to my friend's residence in Pentonville.

In Home I found a pale, consumptive-looking young man. He told me that the spirits had informed him that he had not eighteen months to live. The spirits were at fault, as they usually are in prophecy; but at the time I thought them in a fair way to prove right.

At my friend's house we were ushered into the dining-room, where sat twelve gentlemen, the majority of whom were strangers to me, and all to Home. Home was taken aback, and remarked that spiritual manifestations took place with difficulty in large and promiscuous companies; "but," said he, "we cannot now do better than try."

We sat round a long dining-table, Home on one side, nearly facing me. The window-blinds were drawn down, as it was dusk, and candles brought, and the room well lighted. We were requested to place our hands on

the table, and to converse freely. We had scarcely been seated five minutes when raps began to be heard on the table, on the walls, and on the floor.

"Will the spirits kindly rap here?" asked Home; and immediately raps took place on the table, just in front of him. Others made similar requests, and were as quickly gratified. I did so myself, and had an instant response. And let me here observe, that I had fancied if ever I came into open communion with spirits, I should be intensely, if not painfully, excited. On the contrary, on this occasion I was perfectly calm—indeed, enjoyed unwonted composure, with all my wits alert for observation.

Various feats of telegraphy were attempted with the raps: one knock signifying No, two Doubtful, and three Yes; but where there were so many with questions to ask, the process was confusing and tedious. As for the raps, they seemed as if caused by slight explosions within the wood, rather than by blows on its surface.

A small hand-bell was laid on the floor, and shortly commenced tinkling. Home put his hand under the table without stooping, and produced the bell. The spirits, he said, had brought it to him. It was again thrown under the table, and shortly ringing was heard behind our chairs as if the bell were moving around the sitters. Home begged that none of us would look; but one gentleman, hearing it at his back, could not repress his curiosity, wheeled round, and at the same moment the bell dropped on the floor near the wall beside his chair. I noted at the time that Home's hands were resting, like my own, on the table. Once the bell was silent for a while, and was inquired for. I turned my eyes towards the floor, under the table, to see it fall between my feet. It was suggested that it had been in course of conveyance to me, as it had been to Home.

Home asked for an accordion; but there was not one in the house. A servant was despatched to a neighbour and borrowed a concertina. Home said it would do, and placed it on the floor under the table; in a few minutes it commenced playing. Home put his hand down, the concertina met his advance, and performed music whilst he held it, his left hand remaining on the table. Then he replaced it on the floor, where it resumed playing by itself.

Feeling something touch my leg, I looked, and there was the concertina. I did not attempt to take it, but it rose to my knee, clambering just like an animal. I took the strap, and the instrument was pulled out and pushed in, making sounds, but nothing that could be called music. I had some difficulty in adjusting my hand so as to resist the upward pressure, and distinctly felt an invisible hand co-operating with my own. Finding me, I suppose, an inefficient medium, the concertina was gently withdrawn.

All the time the rapping continued about the room and on the table, but not noisily. Several of the party likewise felt hands touching them. One gentleman who sat on the side of the table opposite to me had his face bathed in perspiration. Subsequently I inquired what had so moved him, and he informed me that he had had his hand grasped repeatedly and affectionately in a fashion that was peculiar to his father, who had left this for the spiritual world.

Raising my eyes, I saw a hand as of a boy over the breast of a friend opposite to me. I saw it as distinctly as if it had been a hand pushed through a door. Suddenly one of the company gave a shriek, sprang from his seat, and threw his arms in the air. What was the matter? we all in a breath inquired. A hand, he answered, had approached him, and when laid on his forehead he could not restrain himself. So the evening terminated. Two hours had passed away as ten minutes, and as I drove back to Jermyn Street with Home, I felt as if my faith in the other world had got a new rock for its foundation.

Naturally my mind continued much exercised concerning what I had heard, what I had felt, and what I had seen. As a Swedenborgian, I had no difficulty about the presence of spirits, but only about the mode of their manifestation. I had convinced myself (as stated at the outset) that we are intimately and organically related to spirits, and can do nothing without them—nothing whatever; for, as Swedenborg testifies, "Man without communication with heaven and hell would not be able to live for a moment. If communication were broken, he would fall down dead as a stock. The spirits associated with me were a little removed, and instantly, according to their removal, I began, as it were, to expire; and I should have expired unless they had come back."

But granted the presence of spirits; how did they manifest themselves in a fashion so abnormal? Holding that all activity in nature is a manifestation of spirit through nature, I was yet accustomed to regard each item of nature as the corresponding mechanism of its appropriate spiritual force, and essential to the physical exhibition of that force. At the seance with Home, however, spirits effected a variety of actions in the (apparent) absence of corresponding physical media. Here, I repeat, was my difficulty.

Granting, again, the presence of spirits; I was ready, as said, to believe that if my senses were relieved from their carnal vesture, I should, like Swedenborg, enter into open acquaintance with the spiritual world; but that, I felt sure, had not been my case whilst with Home; and that the extraordinary phenomena I had witnessed (that I had heard, felt, and seen) had been manifest through the ordinary avenues of the bodily senses. Possibly, had my experience remained solitary, I should, after

* A discourse delivered by William White, author of "Life of Swedenborg," &c., at the Cavendish Rooms, London, on Sunday evening, July 17th, 1870.

the habit of my kind, have gradually argued myself into the conviction that I was somehow mistaken, or bewitched, or had been under some temporary or partial hallucination on the evening in question. But mercifully I was left with no opportunity to play such folly. Not only from time to time have I had the experiences of that evening repeated with variations and extensions, but I have had them independently confirmed by friends and acquaintance, on whose powers of observation and veracity I could implicitly depend; indeed, the evidence whereon I rely as to the reality of physical manifestations by spirits, I can only describe in a word as irresistible. Of course, I cannot expect to communicate my conviction to others; but this I may say, that I imagine there is not a philosopher in existence, be he ever so hard-headed, who, with the experience I have enjoyed, supplemented by diverse and disinterested testimony, would fail to share that conviction.

Reverting to the difficulty I felt as to the manner in which these extraordinary manifestations were effected, I was gradually brought to the conclusion that under suitable conditions certain spirits obtain substances in the atmosphere of those who wait on them, whereby they are able to operate immediately on material objects, and even make themselves visible to the physical eye.

I had this idea remarkably confirmed by a well-known physician. At a seance he amused himself by gently pressing the hands presented to him by the spirits, until they vanished under his grasp. The spirits complained of this treatment. Why? Because, they said, they formed these hands with great pains, and did not like to have their labour dissipated. They made for themselves gloves, tangible to flesh and blood from the aura of the company.

Hence, I incline to believe that where spirits make themselves outwardly manifest, they do so by means of certain physical emanations, and that those who, like Home, are specially styled mediums, more readily than others yield what the spirits require for the exhibition of their power, or for their partial incarnation.

And thus we meet a constant complaint that since spirits do so much, why do they not do more? The answer has been given. What they do, they do with difficulty. As is well known to all who have had any experience of their external manifestations, they are assisted and hindered in a remarkable manner by the temperament and disposition of those who assemble to meet them. The presence or absence of an individual may make or mar the success of a seance. The evening with Home I have described was eminently successful, but it owed its success to a fortuitous concurrence of favourable conditions. It might have been a complete failure, and Home powerless to avert the disappointment.

In physical manifestations, then, we hold that spirits are limited by the conditions wherein they operate, and a similar limitation extends to the higher order of manifestations in which spirits enter into and possess a medium, using the medium's faculties as their own in speaking, writing, singing, drawing, or other ways. They operate through the acquirements of the medium, conscious or latent, which they excite or vivify, but rarely transcend.

And thus we see the explanation of the imperfect grammar and orthography in which spiritual communications are so frequently couched, and which afford occasion for so much waggery in the newspapers.

Even when there is no possession, when the spiritual senses are opened into the spiritual world, and spirits are met face to face, the seer is still limited in his acquaintance by his own character. Swedenborg is an eminent illustration of this fact. His angels all talk and think in what has been styled Swedenborgese. Every one of us, as I stated at the outset, is vitally related to spirits, and these spirits are our kindred in the most thorough sense, and in communion with our inmost feelings and thoughts. Hence, did any of us, after the manner of Swedenborg, enjoy open intercourse with our spiritual neighbours, it is not likely we should be altered thereby in any essential respect, but keep on talking and acting as we talk and act now, possibly with greater emphasis under the stimulus of their recognised sympathy.

Fifteen years have passed since that evening with Home. He was then comparatively unknown; he is now famous, and his mediumship familiar to emperors political and emperors intellectual. During these fifteen years the merits of spiritualism have been under incessant discussion, in which I can scarcely claim any part, save that of an interested bystander. To the variety of supernatural manifestations which I have from time to time witnessed, I have usually been led by others rather than sought after of myself. As a diligent reader of Swedenborg, much of the novelty that spiritualism offers had been anticipated; and secure in my own mind, I have been too idle or too diffident to try to make proselytes.

Instructive has been the controversy kindled by spiritualism. Over and over again has it been pronounced an exploded imposture—exploded at one time by the Wizard of the North, at another by Polytechnic Pepper, at another by Professor Faraday. Annas, on the day of the crucifixion, I daresay, pointed with his thumb over his shoulder to Calvary, and exclaimed to Caiaphas, "Thank God! there's an end of that imposture!" Such is always the world's treatment of new truths, and it is for Spiritualists to submit with equanimity to the inevitable. We may well do so. We are impostors; and if not impostors, fools—we who know whereof we speak, who have heard and seen and handled! and they who judge us off-hand, who know what we are without inquiry, are the true men! It seems to me that if we are to talk of imposture, the epithet rightly applies to those who slander at hazard and dare to advise their fellow-creatures on matters whereon their ignorance is total.

There are some who, staggered with the weight of sober testimony in favour of spiritualism, begin to ask, What has Science to say? I should like to ask these good people what they mean by science? Sometimes social reformers are confronted with an entity called political economy, whose mandates they are adjured to violate at their peril, but when pressed to an issue, political economy generally proves to be no more than what Mrs. Harris was to Sairey Gamp—an alias for the objector's own prejudices. There is no Minerva called Science who can be appealed to concerning spiritualism. There are astronomers and entomologists; there are civil engineers and comparative anatomists; there are geologists and meteorologists; and if we wished to ascertain any fact in their special lines of excellence, we could not do more wisely than resort to them; but to require from any of them a verdict on spiritualism in the name of Science is an absurdity that has only to be stated to be avoided. Who can doubt that if the physical manifestations of spirits were under

discussion by the Royal Society, as much nonsense would be talked (though of another sort) as in the Convocation of Canterbury itself? The patient students of the phenomena of spiritualism (and there are many such) are men of science, precisely on the same ground that Lyell and Liebig are men of science. They are alike observers of nature—of nature in different aspects. I applaud the courage of Mr. Crookes in turning his attention to an unpopular branch of science; but when he styles his essay, *Spiritualism Viewed by the Light of Modern Science*, it is difficult to repress a smile, the light of modern science being no more than the light of Mr. William Crookes, F.R.S.—an excellent light, perhaps, but liable to prejudice under so very grand a designation. Amusing, too, is the *naïveté* wherewith he draws up a programme for the spirits, as if it was the office of the philosopher to prescribe what he would like to see, rather than to ascertain what is to be seen. I trust the spirits may prove propitious, only I remark that they appear to test the *savans* much more effectually than the *savans* manage to test them.

It is with reluctance that I utter a word in apparent depreciation of the efforts of Mr. Crookes and other sincere inquirers, for we cannot too cordially support and assist them. We know some of the conditions of spiritual manifestations; but our knowledge is very imperfect. We have free and abundant manifestations when we assemble the proper conditions, but their assemblage is to a great extent a matter of accident. It seems to me that if we knew the requisite conditions we might cause manifestations at will, provided we could command the conditions. To this consummation I look forward, but its realisation may only be achieved by patient and protracted experiment. Thereby the other world, and our association with its inhabitants, may become as demonstrable to common experience as the existence of our antipodes, and our knowledge and sympathies, our powers and aspirations, be infinitely enlarged. Columbus gave the Western to the Eastern hemisphere, and practically doubled the world; but if Spiritualists introduce mankind to their ancestry from creation, how much greater the service.

The idle question is often put, What is the good of spiritual manifestations? and the summary answer is, that truth is its own good—that to know is a divine satisfaction, and that facts of any sort can never be indifferent to a philosophic mind. "But then the manifestations are so undignified, so very undignified, so unworthy of immortal beings!" And pray, where was it learnt that immortal beings had any regard for the fancy article we call dignity? It is plain the Creator has none, and why should His creatures? Physical manifestations have little charm for advanced Spiritualists, they preferring acquaintance with their other world friends on easier terms; but this at least may be said in their defence—they are eminently useful in compelling the attention of a generation who, like Thomas, will not believe unless they can see and handle. Although we live in a Christian land, where it might be supposed that a life beyond this life was of all ideas the most familiar, one has only to penetrate beneath the surface to find what brutish and heathenish ideas of death are entertained. Said seriously an old, most respectable church-going Croesus, who, in his last illness, had bought himself a vault in Kensal Green Cemetery, "Now I shall die happy, for I know where I am going to." It once fell to my lot to tell a middle-aged lady, who belonged to a church where she had undergone what is technically known as "conversion," that she was labouring under a disease from which recovery was hopeless. Sitting sadly by the fireside, she broke the silence of our meditation with, "Oh, Mr. White, I wish I really knew whether there is another world; for if there is, I'd get ready, and if there is not, I'd enjoy myself." It would be easy to multiply anecdotes of similar tenour, but these sufficiently indicate the state of mind which physical manifestations are designed to awaken. More than a century ago Swedenborg published his angelic experiences, with the purpose, as he said, that mankind should remain no longer ignorant of the condition of souls after death; but the world has been strangely indifferent to his revelations, and his followers have been equally unfortunate. But since the Rochester rappings startled Sadduceism in 1848, what progress has been made in the knowledge and confession of the world to come! American literature is seasoned with spiritualism. Nothing, from sermons to novels and newspapers, but shows traces of its influence. Not even its outward antagonists escape its inward touch. And during the great and terrible conflict of North and South, when scarcely a household but knew the terror and misery of death, sweet and subtle were the consolations which the diffused atmosphere of spiritual truth conveyed to myriads of devastated hearts.

For myself, let me confess—for confession is sometimes wholesome—that I have too long been indifferent to spiritualism in its humbler forms. Early in life I received Swedenborg, and he satisfied me profoundly; and I went on to reckon that what had satisfied me ought to satisfy everybody, and that if others could not eat what I had eaten, and flourish thereon, why then they might go without! I forgot the mercy of Heaven, which has many and varied ministries, and in my conceit failed to recognise, in any adequate manner, the nature and magnificence of the revolution in transactions before my eyes.

It is alleged by secularists that spiritualism is mischievous, inasmuch as it withdraws from the business of the present life. I remember Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, an eloquent preacher of atheism, relating that Professor Bush once made her a present of Swedenborg's treatise on Heaven and Hell. "Thank you, Professor," said she, putting the book under the cushion of the sofa; "my daily duties are enough for me; I shall attend to heaven or hell when I find myself in either." Well spoken, Mrs. Rose! and if spiritualism led us to neglect this world, to indulge in whimsies and forget our fellow-creatures, it would be mischievous indeed, and I should be sorry to say a word in its favour. But whilst Spiritualists differ on many matters, and will continue to differ, on this I think they are all agreed, that the conditions of well-being hereafter are the conditions of well-being here, and that to eternity joy and peace are inseparable and inconceivable apart from active brotherly service. We can only be happy as we produce happiness; there is no other way to a blessed existence; thank God, none! How then can such a creed rob the present life of energy? On the contrary, it yields an inspiration of hope, courage, and devotion, in whatever position an all-wise Providence may place us. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," was a promise made in Patmos, which our supernatural experience verifies to the uttermost.

MR. EPES SARGENT is still in London. His health is very delicate.

TRY THE SPIRITS.

A SERMON BY DR. BURNS, DELIVERED IN NEW CHURCH STREET CHAPEL, JULY 3, 1870.

Our subject this morning is one of a series of discourses which have been delivered during the past few Sundays. We commenced with a discourse on the importance of truth, and endeavoured to show what is truth; then we referred to Bible spiritualism, and endeavoured to point out its leading features, and showed that Bible spiritualism involved a knowledge of the essential and spiritual nature of God, in opposition to the material views regarding the Divine Being, and also of the spirituality of man's nature. We affirmed that the body of man is merely the shell of the man's spirit, and that this spirit is created in the Divine likeness, and this involves the idea that when a man passes away he still lives and is conscious—not that he has died or is asleep, but has passed away into another state of existence and into spiritual life—that spirits of the departed are conscious of each other's presence and recognise each other, as is clearly shown in the narrative given by the Saviour of the rich man who was recognised by Lazarus, and that Bible spiritualism proves that God has permitted departed spirits to return to do His work, as in the case of Samuel, who appeared to Saul and told him his destiny. We referred also to those cases of miracle in the New Testament when the spirit which had passed away was brought back by the power of Christ, as in the case of the widow's son and the raising of Lazarus. We maintained also that Bible spiritualism recognises that the true service of God is the service of man and the service of salvation—therefore the religion of the New Testament is the religion of spirit, and not of matter. Now, this morning we have to "try the spirits, whether they be of God." Look at the chapter—"Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they are of God." In order to understand this question rightly, we must turn to the fourteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, 30th verse, where the apostle is speaking of the Christian temple.

Let us suppose such an assembly of worshippers met in the name of the Master. They have sought the Divine direction; one teaches the doctrine, another exhorts to brotherly love—then it may be that they teach and advise one another. Another rises up with a peculiar sentiment—with a doctrine never heard before. Now, are they to be looked on as superstitious enthusiasts who believe everything, who take everything for granted, or, on the other hand, who reject everything? Shall they go to the extreme South and believe everything, or to the other zone and believe nothing? No; let them "try the spirits, whether they be of God." Examine them yourselves. You will understand that in "trying the spirits" we must have some test—some recognised principle upon which they can be tried and their teachings tested. Well now, I shall say that as a general experience the teachings of the spirits must be tested by the Holy Scriptures. I will show where this may not be applicable, but recognising the Holy Scriptures as the word of God—as Divine truth, as intended to be our guide through this valley of tears to the immortal land—we must bring them to the test of the New Testament. To do this, you must search the Scriptures. You do search the Scriptures; but you do not search them as you ought to do. If you did, you would find Christ saying, "I am he who is to come; if you test me in the fulness of Christian love, you will discover that I am the Messiah, and you will know me." But I want to know what is a test. I go to a Jew, and I bring his Jewish theologies and ceremonies to the test of the New Testament; "but," says the Jew, "I do not believe the New Testament, I am of Moses and of Abraham, and I do not believe." Thus I must bring his doctrines to the Jewish Testament, because so far as the New Testament is concerned it is not a test. Again, I go to the Roman Catholic, but he replies "the Scriptures are very learned, and I am not able to understand them." I must go to the church, and the priest will tell me what I am to do. Hence the Scriptures would be no test to him, because he does not know anything about them. If I go to a Materialist, he says "I won't even listen to you." I repudiate your test. I do not believe in your work at all." I must with that most admirable and magnificent of all books endeavour to show the analogy between the God of Scriptures and the God of Nature, and must bring the evidences of Scripture to bear upon it; and till I do so, I have no access to his conscience or his understanding. Thus you will see we must appeal to other elements in harmony with this book, and to which there is no resistance; and therefore I say to a man who is sceptical, come now, let us see if we cannot bring some evidence that Christianity is the true spirit that must save. You believe in a self-existent, eternal, unchangeable being. Now, let me appeal to you, and ask you in reference to the character of this being—is the Scriptural likeness worthy of the Great Eternal? If it is, how can you object to his possession of infinite knowledge—to his goodness that fills the earth with the riches of the heavens, that provides the universe, and blesses every individual? How can you object to infinite mercy, infinite grace, and tender compassion? How can you object to the Great Father opening his heart and stretching out his arms, and giving welcome to his children? God is love. He loves every creature, and he has demonstrated that love by sending his Son to be the Saviour of the world. Take that representation of the Father of Eternal Mercy, and tell me if that shocks your moral nature. Try the spirits by that representation of the ever-blessed God; then try the spirits by the person and mission of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in Him what do you find to object to? Is it that He is a man of the people? What is it—that He is not a king in the earthly sense? What is it—that He does not need a legion of soldiers? What is it that—He dressed in the costume of the peasantry of his own land? What is it you object to—that He had the power to open the eyes of the blind? What is it—that you object to his doctrines of love, mercy, charity, and goodness? What is it—that you object to his self-sacrifice, that He laid down his life to win wandering sinners back to God? What is it—that when He was reviled He reviled not again, that when He was smitten He blessed? What is it you object to—the loving spirit of Christianity? What is it—that He sent his spirit down on his Apostles, and promised that they should do greater things? Test the spirits by their sanctity, meekness, and benevolence, and see whether they are in harmony with the meek, truth-seeking spirit of the Eternal God, for no man can exhibit the virtues of Christianity but by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Try the spirits by their fruits. Do they make us wiser, better, and purer? Do they lead us to a more entire oneness with the Father and sympathy with his children? Do they fill us with

mercy, charity, and love? Is the man a better man by the power of Divine truth? has he lived up to his convictions? does he possess a higher nature, more tender sympathies? is he a better man? Try the spirits, and depend upon it, if the teaching of the spirit is sensual and selfish instead of sanctifying, then that spirit is not of God. The Divine Spirit, in his influence on the human heart, like the great orb of day, is the centre of all that is lovely and divine. The lying spirit discredits and tramples in the dust the image of God in man. Try the spirits of those living around you, in the flesh as well as out of it; try them when they are in adversity as faithful as when in prosperity, for it is easy enough to praise God when we have all our hearts can desire around us, but when sunk in adversity and neglected by friends, then is the time to try the spirits, and the one who can still thank his God is a true spirit. Does this man feel it a duty to minister to the starving poor and clothe the naked?—does he bring cheerfulness to the heart of the poor widow, so that her children cling to him and bless him in the street? does he stand up in the nobility of his soul against drink, and bless God because he has been instrumental in saving some poor drunkard?—such is a true spirit. And this poor unfortunate sinner who clings to her master and kisses his feet, bathing them with her tears and wiping them with the hair of her head, is a true spirit.

And, dear friends, let me ask you, not only to try other spirits, but also to try your own. Are you willing to learn, or do you relegate to yourself something like infallibility?—if so, you are incapable of trying the spirits. If the spirits are to be tried, you must be capable of trying your own; you must be teachable and willing to learn—not to think more highly of yourself, but think others better than yourself; and thus only will you be able to try the spirits. Try the spirits with a desire to learn and know the truth; do not try them to establish any preconceived conviction. You have a conviction, and you desire it to be corroborated; but that won't do—the spirits of truth must be approached in the spirit of truth.

Try your spirit, and see if you have this innate desire to learn and know the truth; try with the determination to find it, and, when found, to use it. Ah, dear friends, I am not a Materialist, but I am a Phrenologist, and I know it will be a terrible thing for some of you to do so. Some of you will say "I cannot do so;" but I say, if you cannot accept them, do not try them at all. Do not ask if you are right, and then be afraid to take a negative. Oh, be ashamed of it. Do not come into the temple if you do not dare to use it; but when you enter, place yourself on the altar, and if you are not willing to make yourself a sacrifice to truth, do not try the spirits.

MR. MORSE'S SEANCES.

Owing to the great pressure upon our space, consequent on the many interesting meetings and events of the past few weeks, we have been unable to give our readers an account of the very edifying seances at the Spiritual Institution, 15, Southampton Row, London, W.C., through the mediumship of Mr. J. J. Morse. From the remarks of the many spirits who have controlled the medium, it would seem that some are sadly disappointed on their entrance into the spirit-world, having been led to imagine "a world of shadows," and find it a world of realities, which often renders them sceptical as to their being really "dead." The communications too, bring under our notice a very instructive fact, viz., as we labour, so shall we be rewarded. On reading the notes of the remarks made by the controlling spirit, Henry Witting, who gave the address of Alwyne Road, Canonbury, Islington, on the evening of Friday, May 27, 1870, we find that the greater number who die are sceptical as to the possibility of coming back again.

LETTER FROM AN ABSENT BROTHER.

The Rev. A. K. Macsorley, formerly a clergyman in the Yorkshire dales, has long been a firm adherent to the truths of spiritualism. He left this country for Australia a few years ago, from whence he writes the following letter:

MY DEAR MR. BURNS,—Feeling very uncomfortable here, I have resigned this living, and intend to take my departure from here for America by next mail, where I hope to be of more use to myself, my family, and the world around me than ever I could be here. I do not intend to be shackled by the chains of the churches any longer, but trust that I shall be of some real service to my fellow-men by opening the eyes of the blind to the beautiful truths of our spiritual light.

I have been fettered very much here, and have suffered much, but of that I think nothing. I am now a teetotaler, and shall be to the end of my life—long or short—and I intend to advocate its principles wherever I can. Good-bye for the present; you shall soon hear from me—perhaps from California. May the cause of truth progress rapidly. With kind brotherly love I beg to remain, yours in truth,

Albany, May 27, 1870.

A. K. MACSORLEY.

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.

(From the *Mormon Tribune*, June 18, 1870.)

Some days ago, a lady called on Mr. Carter, photographer, of this city, to have the likeness of her infant child taken. On inspection of the plate after the likeness had been taken, the faint figure of an adult male, head and bust to the shoulders, was discovered at the back and a little to the left of the child. Those who were acquainted with the late Captain W. R. Storey, and who have seen this singular adult portrait, declare it to be his exact likeness. Mr. Carter has not endeavoured to raise any excitement regarding the phenomenon, and not being a believer in spiritualism, he does not know how to account for it. We visited his gallery, and questioned him very closely as to the cleanliness of the plate before it was used for the child, and as to whether he had ever taken a picture of Captain Storey. He disclaimed ever having so much as seen him to his knowledge, said the plate was perfectly clean so far as he knew, and that it, together with much other material on hand, had been recently received from Chicago. No doubt some simple clue to the mystery will be found sooner or later; but we mention it as a peculiar occurrence, which has attracted considerable attention in this city.

It is reported that there are upwards of twenty spirit mediums in Melbourne, Australia, many of whom belong to the upper ranks of society, including the legislature.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE MEDIUM, AND TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

THE Publisher is instituting the greatest facilities for circulating this paper, and submits the following Scale of Subscriptions:—

One Copy Weekly, post free,	-	-	-	2d.
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The Publisher is desirous of establishing agencies and depots for the sale of other progressive periodicals, tracts, and standard works, and will be glad to receive communications from such as feel disposed to enter this field of usefulness.

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Dr. Newton's Cures at Dr. Burns's Chapel—Healing by Spirit Power—A Letter from J. M. Peebles—Planchette Communications—A Musical Seance—Reparation Demanded—Miss Katherine Poyntz's Annual Evening Concert—Respectable Lies—How to Start a Children's Lyceum—Physical Manifestations—A Departure to Spirit-life—The Sunday Services—Experiments with Magnetised Cards—Dr. Newton's Progress—Subjects for Clairvoyance Wanted—Dr. Newton's Cures at Halifax—Things in General—Mr. Morse's Seance—Proceedings at Keighley—&c., &c.

MEETINGS DURING THE WEEK.

FRIDAY, JULY 22, Seance at 15, Southampton Row, Holborn. Mr. Morse, Trance-Medium, at 8 p.m. Admission 1s.

SUNDAY, JULY 24, Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer Street, a Conference at 3 o'clock. Service at 7 p.m. Address by J. J. Morse, Medium in the Trance.

KEIGHLEY, 10.30 a.m., and 5.30 p.m. Messrs. Shackleton and Wright, Trance-Mediums.

NOTTINGHAM, Children's Lyceum at 2 to 4 p.m. Public Meeting at 6.30.

MANCHESTER, Seance at Temperance Hall, Grosvenor Street, C. on M., 2.45 p.m.

MONDAY, JULY 25, KEIGHLEY, at 7.30 p.m. at Mr. Laycock's Paper-Mill. Trance-Mediums, Mrs. Laycock and Lucas and Abraham Shackleton.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, Seance at Mr. Wallace's, 105, Islip Street, Kentish Town.

THURSDAY, JULY 28, Corporation Row, Clerkenwell, at 8 o'clock. Seance.

*. We will be happy to announce Seances and Meetings in this table weekly. To be in time, all communications must reach this Office by Wednesday morning's post.

THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.

FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1870.

DR. NEWTON AT ANDOVER.

Sixty-seven miles from London, on the South-Western Railway, in a sweet valley amongst the chalk hills, stands the clean and picturesque town of Andover, numbering some 6000 inhabitants. It contained only one Spiritualist, Mr. F. Pearse, photographer, but through his energy and the kind co-operation of his friends he was enabled to secure a visit from Dr. Newton, and turn the occasion to good account. The Doctor went down on Saturday evening last, accompanied by Nicholas Kilburn, jun., Esq., of Bishop Auckland, and Mr. James Burns, of the Progressive Library, who was just in time to address the expectant meeting which awaited his arrival in the Temperance Hall. Beyond the private efforts of Mr. Pearse, this was the first teaching on the subject of spiritualism that had been given in the town. The lecture was plain and intelligible, and the cordial manner of the lecturer carried his audience along with him to the last. Dr. Newton was received with a storm of applause, and spoke a few suitable words. He then treated a poor woman suffering from defective vision, and she declared herself benefited. Then the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds, and they went home much satisfied with their evening's entertainment. On Sunday morning at 10.30 Dr. Newton found the hall literally packed. After a hymn, he gave one of the best speeches we have heard him make. His remarks embraced the whole sphere of religious belief, and it had great weight with his audience; then the treatment commenced, and was highly successful. We hope to give the facts at another time. The company was harmonious, the influence good, and the results satisfactory. It was curious to observe that a number of cases of the same disease came in succession. It would be heart disease for a few times, then stammering, swollen glands, deafness, or blindness. Many were benefited, and others restored at once. Some cases of defective hearing received marked improvement, so much so that they could hear a low whisper.

An old gentleman who wore a wooden leg came forward to have his ears treated. The Doctor asked him if he did not feel a peculiar numbness and uncomfortable feeling in the stump, extending into the space where the amputated limb had been. The gentleman said, "Yes, I do." "Then," said Dr. Newton, "I will remove that feeling, and make you feel as if you could move your toes, though you have no toes." Having received an operation from Dr. Newton, the gentleman said he felt much better in that portion of the limb which remained, and that he experienced a power as if he could bend his foot and move his toes. Dr. Newton explained that this was a sensation arising from the spiritual leg, which could not be cut off, but the amputation had interfered with the flow of the spiritual principle into the spiritual leg and foot, and thus the uncomfortable and numb feeling which Dr. Newton had removed

by his healing power. We understand that the Doctor has had a number of such cases in his experience, and he holds that it goes to prove the existence of the spiritual body.

In the afternoon an entirely new congregation met the Doctor, as the tickets for the two services had been given to different people. These new comers were disposed to be rude and boisterous, like the Paddington Lunarites, and Dr. Newton operated with defective power and with much irritation and difficulty. Nothing could so clearly prove Dr. Newton's mediumship than his great susceptibility to conditions, which have a very distinct effect on the healing power and his comfort in exercising it. It was considered expedient to suspend treatment and give some instruction to the audience. J. Burns therefore read the manifesto of Dr. Burns, from No. 14 of THE MEDIUM; then Dr. Newton's cures at Dr. Burns's chapel, from last MEDIUM; and before that time quiet and deep attention had been established. The speaker then proceeded to give a telling address, which brought the audience into full harmony with the objects of the meeting, and Dr. Newton declared that his power was equal to almost any demand that might be made upon it. He then treated all who came forward—no applications were left unattended to, either in the morning or afternoon.

In the evening the Temperance Hall was crammed with a highly respectable and attentive audience, and J. Burns delivered his address on the "Healing Power" with great effect, and to the evident satisfaction of his hearers. Dr. Newton followed with his benediction.

One local circumstance of considerable interest must not be overlooked. The temperance movement is particularly powerful in Andover, and a large proportion of the adult population are intelligent abstainers from the "drunkard's drink." These constitute the "party of progress," the pioneers of liberty, education, and social reform in the town. Some years ago they built a neat and commodious hall for their meetings; and for a long time they have conducted a Sunday school, and public religious service on Sunday evenings. They are of no sect whatever. They ask, not what a man believes, but is he absolutely sober—does he abstain from the sole cause of drunkenness, alcohol? When no reverend gentleman is at their disposal, one of their own party undertakes the duties of the service, and we hear that upwards of twenty amongst them can, with propriety and satisfaction, perform this important duty. Thus they have no minister and no creed, and were glad to hear the opinions of their visitors, not in the spirit of proselytism, but as men and women with free minds, at liberty to listen to all and think for themselves. Dr. Newton and his companions returned to London on Monday morning, and his visit to Andover will not soon be forgotten. Many of those who were treated came from places outside the town, some from a considerable distance, as the "respectable" portion of the inhabitants were afraid to compromise their good name by coming forward at first; but we feel sure that the Doctor, during his late visit, left such an impression as would commend him to all who came in contact with him.

Next Sunday, Dr. Newton visits Maidstone; on the 31st, Birmingham; and on August 7th, Kingston-on-Thames. He desires it to be known that he would rather heal once publicly and for a longer time, than twice for a shorter time. He finds that the influence does not return so fully after it has been once evoked, hence he prefers to heal from ten till one o'clock, and then desist for the day.

A large number of people are being relieved by Dr. Newton at his residence, 34, Upper Park Road, Haverstock Hill, London, N.W., where he may be consulted daily, except Sunday, from two till six o'clock p.m.

DR. NEWTON'S CURES AT HALIFAX.

To the Editor of The Medium and Daybreak.

I have not had time to get more than the below for this week, but will send you more next.

JOHN LONGBOTTOM.

Sowerby Bridge, near Halifax.

1.—Mary Helen Broomhead, 6, Pearson Street, Halifax; weakness in the knees, and general weakness; since she visited Dr. Newton she has been a great deal better. She has not been able to walk so well for upwards of four years as she can at present.

2.—John Ellis, Rang Bank, Halifax; rheumatic; has gradually improved ever since the operation.

3.—Hannah Tomlinson, Horton Bank Bottom, near Bradford; watery eyes, very bad for three or four years; they are now much better and gradually improving.

4.—James Blackburn, Siddle, near Halifax; blind of one eye; his neighbours told me that he can now see to read large print with the same eye that was blind.

5.—Mary Walker, Saw-wood Green, Stainland, near Halifax; pain in the back, and noise in the head quite well.

6.—David Binns, Pellon, Halifax; consumption; he is very much better and continues to improve.

7.—Mr. Blackburn's child, Union Street, Halifax; was deaf; made to hear by the touch of Dr. Newton, and continues to hear.

8.—William Bedford, Bottoms, Salterhebble, Halifax; rheumatic nine years and ten months, as previously reported; continues to walk without his crutch; he has had no relapse whatever; he is very thankful that he can walk so well, for he had given up all hope of ever walking again.

9.—William Longbottom, Ovenden Wood, near Halifax; rheumatic, or sciatica in the hip. I saw him eight days after the operation, and his pains had not returned up to then; he does not remember being free from pain for one day for the last three years.

SEANCE AT THE SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION.

J. J. MORSE, *Medium*.

At 15, Southampton Row, on Friday evening last, the usual weekly seance was held.

ELIAS HUELIN,

the victim of the Chelsea murderer, was the first spirit who controlled. He said that the guilty person was the one convicted—that he had forgiven him, and had now recovered from the pain incurred by his violent death. He would meet the spirit of his murderer, and show him brotherly kindness. After the spirit left, the medium complained of great pain in the top of his head.

MARY JANE SHELLEY

spoke in a faint, low voice, with difficulty: "Good evening; I have but a few words to say. Our good friend who has left the medium has left too much excitement on the medium's brain for me to control him, and this is my first attempt. My father is Mr. Thomas Shelley, Arthur Street, Derby. Let him know that his daughter, Mary Jane, who left him a short time ago, is alive and happy, and watches over him. By so doing you will do him and my mother a very great service. I was nearly twenty years of age."

THE "STROLLING PLAYER."

This old favourite with those who attend the circle then made his presence known, and after a few facetious remarks explained the practical means whereby the business of the society with which he is connected in spirit-life is carried on. "All the members have free and unrestrained use of their own intellectuality, which is interblended with the sympathy, desire, and wisdom of those who are higher in development. In our work for humanity means vary as men are different. We have thousands of respectable individuals come to our side annually who are addicted to a vice productive of great misery, and to which vice the deterioration of the race is to be traced. It is caused through ignorance, and it should be rooted out of earth-life. I refer to the perverted use of a little organ of the brain, the organ of Amativeness. How are we to cure spirits of this morbid development? We take hold of such a one and surround him or her with that which calls the organ into full and furious action. They sink down into darkness after the fit is over, and they see the enormity of what they have been doing. While they are in this state we put them to sleep, and impress and elevate the spiritual faculties. During sleep they are taken to a place beautifully prepared for them, where they are surrounded by chaste and refining influences and objects. There they are restricted by a wall which they cannot pass over, and are taught the laws of their being, and how to live in accordance therewith.

"Another class we have to cure are the drunkards. We hold them with a grasp of iron at first, and demagnetise them of the influence wherewith they have charged their system. After this cleansing they are weak and helpless, and have to be tended and taught like little children, and they gradually gain truthful experience and strength. The control which we exercise over these unfortunates is psychological, and they do not know that we are impelling them onward. They do not see us while in these low states, nor are they conscious of our existence. Where spirits are united into a brotherhood they have a magnetic thought-sphere, and when any one goes on a mission he takes a portion of it with him, and as he is supplied from the general mass, his resources of power are inexhaustible. Every cure we make adds a new brother to our society.

"Others come to the spirit-world loaded with bushels of Bibles and prayer-books, and sweat along as they go to glory. By-and-by they get tired of their load, and drop them one by one and take up some useful information instead. We have to treat them by will-power, adapting our influence to their conditions, and opening their eyes by little and little to the realities of existence." In answer to questions, the spirit stated that they were not real Bibles and prayer-books which these benighted spirits carried, but theological notions connected therewith, and that they soon relinquished them when they found them not only useless but cumbersome.

TIEN-SIEN-TIE.

The guide of the medium, who is a Chinese philosopher with the above name, then spoke for a few minutes. In answer to questions, he said he announced the approaching war on the Continent a few months since. He refused to give any detailed information respecting it, but said it would end in a readjustment of the old world, and promote moral and social progress. This war was the natural and legitimate result of the form of society in these countries. Harsh means were often used by the spirit-world to produce certain desirable results. He said the war would be of short duration.

THE SUNDAY SERVICES.—The platform at the Cavendish Rooms will be occupied on Sunday evening by J. J. Morse, medium, who will speak in the trance state. On the following Sunday an address will be delivered by Horace Field, B.A., author of "Heroism," "Home for the Homeless," &c.

MR. HERNE, MEDIUM.—We are pleased to hear that this gifted medium has again resumed his sittings, and is in full employ. To gratify the public and many of his old friends, he contemplates giving a seance soon at the Progressive Library. We shall be able to give full particulars next week, but it is likely to take place on Monday week at 8 p.m. Admission, 2s. each person. From the reports given from time to time, our readers will already know what to expect at Mr. Herne's circles.

AN EVENING WITH MR. JESSE H. B. SHEPARD AND MR. FRANK HERNE.

To the Editor of *The Medium and Daybreak*.

July the thirteenth, Mr. and Mrs. C. Pearson and myself met at the kind invitation of Mrs. Berry to be present at a seance with the above gentlemen as mediums. On assembling, Mrs. Berry led the way to an inner room, which she is happily able to appropriate to such meetings, furnished simply with chairs, a circular table, and a piano. From the room light can be excluded by well-arranged curtains. Absence of light having on the present occasion been thus secured, after sitting a few moments we had ordinary table sounds, then tiltings and levitations of the table, then detonations in the air, and finally the phenomena which we had been informed have recently been produced in the presence of Mrs. Berry. These were warblings as of birds, one, two, and sometimes three together, with gradually-increasing fervour and intensity. Some present saw birds from whom warbling, singing, and whistling proceeded. The warbling of one, Mr. Shepard said, came from its being perched on his shoulder, and another in like manner from Mr. Herne's shoulder. While this bird-singing was going on we all perceived waftings of cool air over our hands and faces, accompanied by delightful odours. These were repeated at various times during the seance.

Then some attempt was made to sing in a female voice through Mr. Herne. Mrs. Berry said she thought she recognised the voice as one she heard through the same medium more than a year previously, the spirit-singer then giving the name of Mrs. Honey. The voice said, or rather chanted, "Yes, I am Laura Honey, and, Doctor, my mother is also here and greets you." Only known to myself in the party was the fact that the mother of Mrs. Honey, the charming singer of more than thirty years ago, was a patient of mine. I used sometimes to see Mrs. Honey when I visited her mother, Mrs. Young, at her residence in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square.

Mr. Shepard seemed now to be entranced, and began speaking in some wild tongue with much volubility and with many curious guttural sounds. On our asking for an interpretation, in another voice, with measured accents and quaint phraseology, it was said, through the same medium, that the speech was from an Indian developing spirit, who said that very many spirits had brought their power to bear, through the present harmonious circle, upon the medium—not the medium through whom speech was then being made, but the other, who could be developed to be a great one. Mr. Herne's breathing sounded as if he were in deep sleep, and to or at him the Indian, through Mr. Shepard, again spoke with great vivacity and energy. There was some wonderful play of vocal sounds, articulate and inarticulate, between the two mediums, both entranced, and we heard other spirit-voices also, not through the mediums. When Mr. Shepard came out of the trance, he said he felt he had to go to the piano, and then through him was executed dance music. The door had been opened for the sake of fresh air, and the half-light of the adjoining apartment enabled us to see that the other medium had glided into the open part of the room, and was there going through intricate, agile, and graceful dancing. On the musical medium ceasing, the dancing one seated himself on the floor and made guttural sounds of satisfaction, as the Indians are described to do.

Mr. Shepard, having taken a turn in the fresher air of the adjoining rooms, seated himself again at the piano, and then through him was executed as brilliant music as I ever heard come from his mediumistic hands, and then rushed from his wonderful throat contralto and bass singing in alternating passages. He said he was told that the influences were those of Madame Grobelli and Signor Lablache. I have heard the singing and playing through Mr. Shepard a dozen times, but none excelled this in power, variation, and finish, before an appreciating audience of four in the body, for I do not reckon the other medium as one, seeing that he was in trance all the time. As soon as our exclamations of wonder and delight were over, Mr. Herne rose to his feet, and through him was dramatically executed a *scena* in English verse, expressing much emotion; this was also a duet, but the man's part was rendered so vociferously that we were glad when he returned to the normal state.

We then composed ourselves for some manifestation of the direct voice. After one or two indistinct spirit-voices through the cardboard tube placed upon the table, we heard, in loud, distinct whispering, but in French, perfect in accent and intonation, spoken in the name of "Le Premier Napoleon," comments and answers to our questions upon the present political crisis of Europe. The voice said that war was inevitable—that in the coming events the Bourbon family were interested—that if the present circle would sit daily, he would be able, through it, to send messages to the Comtesse de G—— at Paris for Isabella—that he could influence thousands of spirits, and should do so in the interest of progress and equality. "Le Premier Napoleon," upon our assuring him of our regret that we could only meet occasionally, gave us all an impressive adieu.

After this, we obtained only strong manifestations, such as playful blows with the speaking tube, liftings and drivings of the table, detonations as by cracks of whips and shots of pistols, and so we adjourned.

While at supper we had strong vibrations and liftings of the table. At the close of the supper, the table was raised off the ground and dropped with a jar that made all jump in their chairs, but it made no impression upon Mr. Herne, for he had passed into trance, in which he was made to go through two of those personations which a year ago used to be regarded by so many with interest.

One was that of "Catherine of Arragon," whose voice confirmed the view of "Le Premier Napoleon" as to coming events bringing the Bourbon family again into prominence. The other was "Mary Queen of Scots," who quoted lines which she alluded to as having been inscribed by her on the wall of her prison chamber the night before her execution, beginning: "Mortal! this day is thine. Tomorrow, immortality is mine!"

J. D.
8, Great Ormond Street, W.C.

MEDIUMSHIP.

(Given through the spirit-writing mediumship.)

There must be misapprehension between the inhabitants of the earth and the different spirits in the spirit-world, because of the wide difference between the spiritual realities and the earthly ones.

True, one is the type of the higher, or more developed; but this does not remove the difficulty.

One grand law of the mystery of the intercommunion between the two worlds is constantly violated. It is impossible for all kinds of spirits to become completely *en rapport* with all mediums.

If each medium could by any means be kept entirely to one set of spirits, immediately *en rapport* with himself, with his sphere of magnetism, so many mistakes would not occur. Spirits are as anxious to communicate to you on earth as you are to hear from them all they would say; and as they are not much wiser than men on earth in many of these laws, the result is much blundering;—mistakes of explanation—often really *lies*, if the spirit is evil; but often what looks like lying is not intended for that, but is merely difficulty in expressing the right ideas.

Spirits can seldom foresee the future. *Never* but by an especial decree from the Father over all.

Such messages must be accepted with caution, and *never acted upon* without a real freedom of will on the side of the one receiving the message. Other messages may be relied upon according to the sympathy existing between the medium of communication and the spirit communicating.

July 12, 1870.

F. J. T.

THE USES OF SPIRITUALISM.

A late number of the New Orleans *Picayune* contains the following:—

"A few days since was related in this column the story of a young girl lying grievously ill and almost dying on Baronne Street. She had deserted her family and friends for a young man who abandoned her to strangers, betrayed her affections, and embittered her life. There is something romantic connected with the discovery of her condition. Mrs. Ferris, a Spiritualist, residing at 194, Baronne Street, related to her friends that in her moments of trance she had frequently seen a sick girl, whose pitiable condition excited her compassion. The room in which she stayed, its furniture, the exact likeness of the inmate, and the appearances of the house, were all described by the Spiritualist. So forcible an impression did it make upon her mind, that she called in several of her lady acquaintances, and stated to them that the evening before this sick girl appeared to her in an attitude so beseeching, that her sympathies were excited beyond restraint. Looking at her and her surroundings attentively, she perceived that the woman having her in charge was actually making grave-clothes while yet the patient lived—that she had prepared a bath in which, even before life was extinct, she was to be immersed preparatory for the tomb. Interested at this information, the ladies determined to visit the house and make inquiries. The residence was so accurately described by the medium that it was impossible to miss it; and on arriving there they inquired if such a lady occupied one of the rooms of the house. They were answered in the affirmative, and being shown to the apartment, found that the information of Mrs. Ferris was in every point correct. The girl was there—sick, wretched, and apparently dying, and in the same room was the nurse engaged in making her shroud. Of course such a condition of things could not be tolerated. They at once informed the police, and steps were taken to have the girl conveyed to the Charity Hospital, where she now is. The pitiful story of her flight and ruin was detailed from her own lips. The kind treatment she is now receiving and the attention of capable physicians are gradually restoring her life, and little doubt now remains that she will eventually recover. Whatever may be said of mediums in the abstract, Mrs. Ferris has illustrated in this instance a kindly Christian charity, which has rescued a human being from death, and built up in her heart a longing for a purer life, which, if it does no more will, cherish at least this single virtue."

THE LIFE.

That calm, sweet, ever-present trust in the Divine Spirit which those blessed with the light that frees us from all earthly chains rejoice in. Thus only can we truly be with God, and love our neighbour as ourselves; thus only can we ever know heaven.

JESUS CHRIST.

THE SUNDAY CONFERENCES.—We do not hear of anything taking place at the Cavendish Rooms next Sunday afternoon. The provisional committee, who have been considering matters of social reform these few Sundays past, intend taking an excursion with their wives and families to Kew Gardens on Sunday.

SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA.

EXTRACTS FROM MRS. HARDINGE'S LETTERS.

(Extract No. 1.)

" Washington has been one of the great strongholds of spiritualism ever since it began. Here reside Mr. and Mrs. L—, who, with their whole family, were amongst the first mediums developed, and who for many years kept open house for the cause. They are old people now, and, like many other of the old residents here, have become completely ruined by the war Last night we held a circle here with them. The dear old people came in a tremendous snowstorm many miles to see me, and of course we all enjoyed our meeting very much.

"At one time, when we darkened the room, I think we might have counted as many as a thousand spirit-lights, all sailing around us exactly like the fireworks at the Crystal Palace. Some were large globes, some stars, and some like tongues of pale flame. They came at our request, and rested on our hands, and sailed over our faces, and stayed with us about twenty minutes. Then the spirits made music, there not being a single instrument in the house. The music was more like glasses being played than anything I ever heard, and consisted of long-drawn-out, delicious chords, sweeter than any idea I had ever formed of music; in fact, it seemed to me as if I could never bear to hear earthly music again. Sometimes it seemed to be miles away, and then it swept across our very faces, and all this time the lights were burning, so that we could distinctly see anything in the room. I believe everyone was affected to tears, and not a creature seemed able to move. Later in the evening Mrs. L— was entranced by Mr. Lincoln, and gave me a noble communication, and a warm welcome to Washington.

"February 10th, 1870."

(Extract No. 2.)

Mrs. Hardinge, writing from Boston, Saturday, April 23rd, says—

"Last week I attended two funerals, the second one under very singular circumstances. It was the funeral of an old gentleman, seventy-seven years of age, who had long expressed a wish that I should attend his obsequies. He was a very respectable and prominent Spiritualist, of Bridgewater, Mass. On Wednesday (a week since) he attended my lecture, and gathered together all his family to go with him. He was most anxious for my arrival, and when he heard I had come, went briskly up into the hall, took his seat, and when next his son looked into his face, without a sigh or a groan he had expired.

"A man rushed into the ante-room where I was and asked for water, saying Mr. K— was dying. I answered immediately, by impression, 'He is dead,' when Mr. K—'s voice said in my ears, 'There is no more death—go on with the lecture.' I made the friends report that he had only fainted, and the lecture went on. During its progress two immense knocks were heard on my desk as loud as a pistol, scaring me, and exciting the deepest interest in the audience. At the close of the lecture, Mr. K— said in my ear, 'I have heard every word of your lecture, child—I have not missed a word.'

"Three days after a lady from Bridgewater came up to Boston and went to a new medium, a total stranger to her; instantly Mr. K—'s name came out in red letters on her arm, and the words, 'Tell Emma I heard every word of her last lecture—I never missed a word. There is no more death.' The excitement all through the district, however, at this sudden death was immense. The body was kept a week on ice to get all the relatives together, and every day reports were circulated to the effect that Mr. K— had come to life, and been seen by several persons in the town.

"His family applied for a church which he had helped to build and endow, but were indignantly refused. This created fresh feeling in the place, and the excitement ran so high that hundreds of people came from Boston and places nearly a hundred miles off to attend the ceremony. I went down from Boston with a party of my friends, and the cars were so crowded that the people stood up all the way for fifty miles. They had got another church for me, and it was packed full, whilst over a mile of carriages waited outside and hundreds could not get in.

"The services were after my usual fashion, and even our worst enemies commended them as beautiful and impressive.

"Last night a new medium came, in whose presence two spirits (lady and gentleman) sang, first a part, and then a duet, divinely. They played on several instruments finely, and preached an old Methodist sermon; and all this time the medium was tied fast, and his bound hands held by Judge Ladd and Thomas Hazard, of Rhode Island. On one occasion, when lights were called for, his coat was found off, whilst the two gentlemen held his hands, and vowed he had never moved; and on each of their arms were found two iron rings, put on whilst all their hands were tightly locked together, without the least motion.

INFLUENCE BEHIND BACKS.

To the Editor of *The Medium and Daybreak*.

SIR,—I have always felt a dislike to be in a position—whether in public or private—where other persons have complete control over me by being behind me. I feel the influence, but have no power to counteract it. This "peculiarity," as I have always regarded it, induces me to take the last seat at any public entertainment, and never, if possible, to turn my back upon persons in my own family in whom I am conscious that an opposing influence exists.

This instinctive feeling has been lately in some measure explained to me by a clairvoyant, who tells me she has the same repugnance to turning her back upon people of that description. She says our magnetic influence is thus cut off, and we are then entirely receptive, and have no power of repelling evil or uncongenial emanations from others.

I should be glad if this subject could be discussed, and the very interesting question still further elucidated. I believe that a very common feeling in human nature, prompting us to "keep the enemy in front," is capable of psychological or other equally interesting explanation, derived from the laws which regulate our being.—I am, Sir, yours very truly,

SENSITIVE.

The articles on the Children's Progressive Lyceum which have appeared in *THE MEDIUM* have been reprinted. 32 pp., price 2d.

AMERICAN MEDIUMSHIP.

Yesterday, my two spirit-brothers were sensibly on each side of me in the "steam cars," as I travelled to Salem, some sixteen miles off, for a sitting with Mr. Foster. Through another medium they had both promised to go with me, and immediately on our being seated the signal of very loud raps came. Several times I have written in a closed envelope to my guardian spirit-brother, and have never been disappointed of a few words through Mrs. Conant's hand. I was directed by him by this means to go to Mr. Foster, through whom, he said, he could tell me much, and he was true to his word. The tests were highly satisfactory. I had never seen the medium before, but he spoke out, when entranced, several names of relatives and friends. Perhaps you know that the sifter writes questions on a slip of paper and folds them up, and the answers are quickly given by the touch. Monckton and Leonora are no common names. A long letter, too, I have had from my brother through Mr. Mansfield, another medium, who has never seen me. It was full of comfort, and encouragement, and tests from beginning to end. I must not forget to tell you that my brother communicated beforehand that if I would go to Foster I should see the red-marked letters on his arm. Tell Mr. and Mrs. Burns, with my love that Robert Burns came, and said he intended to develop me, and the signal of his presence was the red initials on the hand of Mr. Foster—"R.B." My father, who seemed to be also present, was a thorough Scotchman, and a great admirer of his songs. But enough of all this. I hope you will find it intrinsically interesting, apart from its being my experience. The Free Circles* I find so pleasant and instructive—Theodore Parker always fresh, true, and positive, and his medium genuine. The way in which he by manner and voice personifies the spirit-children is most remarkable. Boston attracts me in many ways, far more than New York; but the climate I should never again risk in the spring, if I could help it. It changes from heat to cold more suddenly than in England, and the east winds last so long. The heat was intense yesterday—to-day, the wind east again. The Common is charming, well wooded, and the gardens even more tastefully laid out than any in London. The Convention week was one of treats. I heard Mrs. Tappin (Cora Hatch), Professor Denton, Mrs. Livamore, and, last but not least, Lucretia Mott, looking a picture of all we want to see at the age of eighty-six. Her eloquence, energy, and the pathos with which she spoke on the Women's Suffrage question delighted her hearers. I have not heard lately from Mrs. Spear. I had a nice little time with Miss Lizzie Doten this afternoon, and, now that she is getting better, hope to see more of her; but she cannot lecture, and her time is much occupied with the study of chemistry, partly through spirit influence. The Spears seem to have had a special mission in the Woman's Rights cause, but I fancy they will return from California this year. I have spent several happy Sunday evenings with Mr. and Mrs. White (of the *Banner of Light* office), meeting other mediums there. His influence is most happy and spiritual. I was present last Tuesday when Charles Dickens came to the circle by request of London friends.—*Extracts from a Letter to A. C. Swinton, London, from Miss Hay, Boston, U.S.*

INCURABLE CASES.

In a business note, a Halifax correspondent states, in respect to the cures made by Dr. Newton on his late visit:—"I have seen some who are permanently cured, at least their pains have not returned again. There are others who have been able to hear better ever since, and others who have gradually improved from that day. There are, however, some desperate cases of both deafness and blindness which Dr. Newton's great power has not been able to alleviate. For instance, the correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* said the Doctor entered the Mechanics' Hall attired in a *silk gown*! and others said they heard Dr. Newton style himself the 'Modern Miracle-worker.' I heard him say the very opposite to this, namely, that he neither could nor did he profess to work miracles." Our correspondent is a bit of a wag, no doubt, but it would be no joke for Dr. Newton to heal the infirmities of newspaper scribblers and public detractors.

A PLANCHETTE EXPERIMENT.

Mr. Fryar, of Southsea, says: "After fastening a carte magnetised by Dr. Newton to the under side of a *Planchette* without my wife's knowledge, she placed her hand on the upper side and wrote as follows:—'The laws of nature are violated by mankind; thus it is that spiritual discernment is darkened, for to receive we must be of a receptive nature.' Then rapidly passing into the trance state, she said: 'Its passing through the post did not affect the electricity communicated to it (the carte) by Dr. Newton.' In answer to the question, 'What sensation does the magnetised card convey to you?' she replied, 'That of a warm, flowing stream, passing from the card up my hand and arm, thence to the heart and brain.' She gave a description of Dr. Newton, and then laid aside the card, saying it began to burn her middle finger unbearably. She then passed on to describe other interesting matters, and came out of the trance unconscious of what had taken place.

MEDIUMSHIP.—The other evening, Mr. Morse was controlled by the "Strolling Player," and gave a psychometric description of the character, &c., of a gentleman visiting at the Progressive Library. Though an entire stranger to the medium, the gentleman declared that the statements made by the spirit through Mr. Morse were correct. After some conversation, the following sentiment was given by the "Strolling Player":—"May the bark of life glide smoothly over the waters of existence, its sails filled with the balmy breezes of love and wisdom from both worlds; and when she floats to the ports of the summer land, may kind and loving friends welcome those whom she carries to their haven of rest, and may the grateful fragrance left behind from good deeds done amply atone in the minds of enemies and friends for past shortcomings!"—Given by the 'Strolling Player,' on Friday evening, July 15, 1870."

* At the *Banner of Light* office, at which the messages are given which appear in the *Banner*.

A LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

Mrs. C. H. Spear, in a letter just received, states that she is at present located with Mr. Spear on a farm near San Francisco. They expect to leave California in autumn, and return to near Philadelphia, where Mr. Spear hopes to spend the remainder of his days on earth. Mrs. Spear gives a vivid description of the Great West; its great fertility—and yet employment is scarce, living is high, and speculation in land makes the people slaves. Mrs. Spear desires to be remembered to all friends in this country, and she will be glad to have letters from her various correspondents. We have just received some copies of the *Weekly Alta*, the most magnificent newspaper, for size and appearance, we ever saw. It is mostly occupied with an account of the resources of California. It may be seen in the reading-room at the Progressive Library.

NEW ZEALAND.—In a letter to Mr. Everitt, our old friend Mr. Meers says:—"Here I periodically attend four circles, but we have only succeeded in getting raps and tips, except under favourable circumstances, when I have seen and described the spirits to the great astonishment of those present, and always saying what relation they were, and my description is always correct." On Good Friday morning Mr. Meers paid a visit to Mr. Everitt in spirit, but could not make his presence felt. He continues: "Yesterday I met a gentleman with whom I attended a seance a few weeks since, and he told me that two out of three important circumstances that were told through me under spirit influence had proved true, and he now had no doubt the third would prove equally correct. One of the three things referred to was the answer to an inquiry from him as to the whereabouts and health of a friend from whom he had not heard for upwards of twelve months. The spirit then communicating said he had been in spirit-land eight months. My friend thought it very unlikely to be so, and at once wrote to a house at which he had been staying for a considerable time—I think in some part of Australia—but this letter was returned with the very unmistakable word written across it, 'Deceased.' There was not much mind, reading or magnetism in this case." Mr. Meers is residing in Dunedin, Otago.

THE SPIRITUAL BROTHERHOOD LYCEUM, KEIGHLEY.—A series of inaugural lectures and services were commenced yesterday (Thursday), in the New Hall, East Parade, Keighley, with a lecture by J. Burns, of the Progressive Library, London, on "The Scientific Teachings of Spiritualism." To-day (Friday), J. Burns will deliver a lecture on "The Moral and Philosophical Teachings of Spiritualism;" to commence at eight o'clock; admission, threepence. On Sunday, July 22, there will be three services. At 10.30 a.m., J. Burns will give a short address, and the local mediums and others will occupy the rest of the time. At 2 p.m., J. Burns will also give an address, to be followed by speaking from mediums and others. At 5.30, J. Burns will give a lecture on "The Healing Power of Dr. Newton." Admission free to the Sunday meetings.

THE GHOST OF THE SEA.—A correspondent who sends us the account of the death by drowning of two fishermen off Darrynane, makes the following curious addendum to his narrative:—"The casualty occurred by the striking of their boat upon a sunken rock, and out of eleven men who composed the crew two were lost. The rescued men say that when embarking they were called on by some unseen person to return. Not heeding the warning, they rowed on, when they heard a horn sounded, to which they also paid no attention. A few moments before the boat upset they say they heard laughter and other sounds quite close to them, but the darkness rendered every object invisible. There is, we believe, no doubt of the good faith in which these statements are made, or that the men themselves are fully convinced that they heard the noises they describe. The only question is whether their fancies are, according to the theory of a celebrated historian, the result of the influence of the natural phenomena by which they are surrounded—giant rocks and "melancholy ocean;" or whether there is in acoustics any manifestation, analogous to the mirage, which could produce a reflex of sounds at an almost inconceivable distance.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT ANIMALS HEREAFTER.—In the *Rock*, Mr. Martin F. Tupper has some speculations on this curious subject. The article thus concludes:—"And looking to the animals themselves as perhaps to have another life—query, may it not be a gain to them to be easily released from this their lower dumb and slavish state of being? so that, for aught anyone can tell, death may come as a mercy and a deliverance even to the trout in your creel or the grouse in your game-bag. It is easy to ridicule such speculations, but wiser to consider them; for unless we admit as possible (and Holy Writ tells of the 'spirit of a beast') that the lower animals have souls, we so far give way to the infidel in his denial of the actuality of our own. To wind up shortly: if the creatures round us are not mere toys, to be broken at our pleasure, but humbler children of God, to meet us elsewhere hereafter, we have a higher and more excellent reason for treating them with all humanity."

GEORGE RUBY, of 14, Arundel Road, Mildmay Road, Kingsland, has discovered that he is a healing medium by the use of mental prayer and a touch of the hand. The other day two females recovered from painful illness by a few passes; they felt heavenly emotions and sensations, and have been cheerful ever since. He never fails in curing tooth-ache, ear-ache, pains in the head, &c. Our aged friend regrets that he is so much isolated from his brothers and sisters in the cause of spiritualism. He writes beautiful communications. He will be glad if any sympathetic soul will call on him at any time.

We have received from Toulouse a small French work, purporting to be the life of Germaine Cousin, of Pibrac, who lived upwards of 200 years ago. She was a shepherdess, and died at the age of sixteen. Her step-mother treated her cruelly, and she was regarded as a saint on account of her meekness. She was watched over and directed by the spirits of her mother, the Virgin, angels, &c., of all of which particulars the little work gives account. It contains a specimen of writing.

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