



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

No. 31.] LONDON, NOVEMBER 4, 1870. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

We cannot say farewell to the grand old North without looking in on Dr. Hunter's Health Institution at Ochil Park, Bridge of Allan, near Stirling. The situation is exceedingly beautiful, appropriate, and convenient. It is about an equal distance from Edinburgh and Glasgow, either of which cities may be reached by a short railway ride. It stands on a graceful eminence at the base of a semicircular range of mountains to the north, with the inimitable "Links of Forth" stretching like a silvery scroll along the southern foreground. Hence it is sheltered from cutting winds, and yet elevated above the damps of an alluvial district. Here the invalid may enjoy the comforts of an elegant mansion, and to all the felicities of home and retirement add the natural advantages of the situation. To the worn-out man of business, seeking rest and relaxation, such a spot is all that could be desired. He may sup in London and breakfast next morning in the Bridge of Allan, and, without any further of the inconveniences and expense of travel, leisurely explore the inexhaustible resources of the Trossachs, Loch Katrine, Loch Lomond, Aberfeldy, and the innumerable places of interest that are within an easy distance of the Institution. He may view all of these grand scenes, return each night, avoid rapacious hotel-keepers, and at the same time undergo the treatment. Dr. Hunter is an accomplished student of man spiritually as well as hygiënically, and the congenial society which may at all times be found at his *hospes* renders it paramountly attractive to Spiritualists. The vivifying effects of the Turkish bath judiciously applied, the many facilities for indoor exercise, and the natural resources of the district constitute it a most desirable resort in the winter months, even for the most delicate, but especially for those who have to take a holiday in winter, and are at a loss to know what to do with themselves.

To the south of Edinburgh, on the celebrated "Waverley route," stands the ancient town of Melrose, with its venerable ruin, which the engraver and photographer have made familiar to all. Quite recently, a large Hydropathic Establishment or Health Institution has been located here, under the direction of Dr. Munro, a gentleman well known for his writings on health and sanitary reform, no less than his intelligent appreciation of Spiritual science. The scenery in this district is truly lovely, and the historical and literary associations are of the most interesting kind. At a comparatively short distance stands Abbotsford, where Sir Walter Scott resided, and other places famed in Scottish song and story abound in every direction. It is a new world to the professional man, or man of business, to rest his aching brain, and immerse himself for awhile in the historic lore and natural beauties of such a district. This place, unlike seaside resorts, is also eligible for a visit either in winter or summer.

Spiritualism in Bishop Auckland is a child of recent growth. Four years ago J. Burns visited the town, and gave a course of his popular lectures on the "Science of Human Nature." These were so favourably received that a committee of gentlemen invited him to return for two successive years; and at the end of his third visit, two years ago, he had delivered upwards of two dozen lectures in the town. Notwithstanding the near proximity of the Bishop's residence, important truths took deep root, chiefly amongst members of the Society of Friends, who were already engaged in the good work of temperance and social reform. A meeting was got up last week in the Mechanics' Hall, which was well filled by sixpenny ticket-holders. The success of the meeting was perhaps mainly attributable to the fact that N. Kilburn, S. Lingford, and other friends of the project went earnestly about the matter, and for a week in advance took every opportunity to offer the tickets to their friends. The lecturer is also popular in the district, and strong detachments came in from the surrounding villages. The lecture occupied nearly two hours, and was listened to with deep interest.

Though the Darlington Spiritualists held a series of Sunday meetings about two years ago, they seem to make no progress towards organisation. John Hodge arranged for two lectures in the Lecture Hall. The audiences were small, but intelligent and

very attentive. The first lecture showed that Spiritualism was a science; the second, that its practices and method were identical with those of the apostles of old.

We gave our first professional course of lectures in Selby some years ago, and subsequently visited the town a second time. It is stiff soil to make progress in; but our friend William Clarkson, with some little assistance, organised a very good meeting in the Mechanics' Hall. There were two important meetings in the town, besides a circus, or the audience would have been larger. For two hours the assembly listened with deep interest; but we have little hopes that these truths will take very deep root in the local mind.

**THE SPIRITUALIST PLAN.
HALIFAX CIRCUIT.**

Comprising Halifax, Bowling, Keighley, Brearley, Sowerby Bridge, and Coley.

1870 and 1871.	NOVEMBER.				DECEMBER.				JANUARY.			
	6	13	20	27	4	11	18	25	1	8	15	
EDWARD WOOD, Trance-Medium	Keighley	Brearley	Sowerby Bridge	Halifax	Bowling	Halifax	Sowerby Bridge	Keighley	Brearley	Halifax	Sowerby Bridge	
JOHN BLACKBURN, ditto	Brearley	Keighley	Halifax	Coley	Brearley	Bowling	Keighley	Coley	Halifax	Bowling	Keighley	
JOHN WRIGHT, ditto	Bowling	Halifax	Brearley	Keighley	Halifax	Coley	Brearley	Bowling	Keighley	Coley	Brearley	
RICHARD NAYLOR, ditto	Halifax	Bowling	Keighley	Brearley	Keighley	Brearley	Halifax	Brearley	Bowling	Brearley	Halifax	
M. A. ILLINGWORTH, ditto	Bowling	...	Keighley	Bowling	Halifax	...	Keighley	Bowling	
A. D. WILSON, Lecturer	Bowling	

The transition to Bradford is very marked as regards Spiritualism. Amidst the hills of the West Riding is the hotbed of Spiritualism. Mediums of all kinds abound. At Shipley, sometimes

eight or nine trance-mediums will speak at one meeting. There are also a number of good clairvoyants, and others who heal diseases and speak in strange tongues. The phenomena in many instances are of the most extraordinary kind. The local Spiritualists have commenced the work of organisation, and they find the system work well. On our front page we give the "plan" of speakers for the next three months. Future arrangements will be more extensive and complete as the system becomes better known.

THE NUN OF BLOIS.

(From the "Spectator.")

We mentioned in a short note of last week the prophecy of the Nun of Blois, said to have been given in 1808, in relation, or supposed to be in relation, to the great troubles now taking place in France. At that time, we confess, we had our doubts whether the nun's prophecy had not been written down since the war broke out and assumed its present dimensions; but we have since read it in a little collection of prophecies, of which the third edition now before us was published ten years ago, in 1860, so that whatever approach the good nun's prophecy may make to the event, must go, we suppose, to the credit of her prophetic powers. First of all, we ought to state that, as far as we can see in the extract given from her prophecy in this pamphlet, there is no date assigned to the year of fulfilment at all. There are certain local events, mentioned in connection with the first part of her prophecy, which the editor states really took place in Blois in 1848, and which convinced the good people of Blois that she was a true prophet, and that much greater troubles—the "grands malheurs," *par excellence*—which she predicted for some future time (apparently not dated) would really take place. However this may be,—and it is a point worth notice that prophecies very rarely indeed date themselves by the year, preferring usually to assign notes of time referring to phenomena, like those of the seasons, for instance, visible to the eye, as if they spoke from vision,—the Nun of Blois goes on to assign as the time of year when the "great calamities" are to overtake France, an ecclesiastical occasion which her editor (who published his comment, as we said, ten years ago) declares to mean *after the first fortnight of July* (après la première quinzaine de Juillet). In point of fact, war was declared on the 15th July. She then goes on to assert that "the death of a great personage will be concealed for three days," a prediction which has, we imagine, hitherto failed altogether. She then predicts that "the great calamities" will all happen before the end of the vintage, and that the pedlars or travelling salesmen who attend a certain fair at Blois (which the editor of 1860 fixes as the fair of August 23) will be so anxious about the state of things at their own houses, that they will make haste to pack up and be off from Blois. On August 23 it will be remembered that the great battles before Metz had all taken place some three or four days, the last battle of Gravelotte having occurred on August 18, and Bazaine being already effectually shut up in Metz; indeed, MacMahon had on the previous day begun his march from Châlons, and the whole attitude of France was one of the deepest anxiety. The nun goes on to say how terrible the calamities of France will be. "Nevertheless," she says, "they will not extend to the whole of France, but only to some great cities, and, most of all, to the capital, where there will be a terrible conflict, and the massacre will be great." The "great calamities" have certainly extended far beyond the great cities already. "Blois will not have any of it. The priests and the religious women will be in a great fright. The bishop will absent himself and go to a château. Some priests will hide themselves. The churches will be shut, but for so short a time that one will hardly be aware of it; indeed, this will only have reference to a period of twenty-four hours." "You yourselves," she says to the nuns of the Ursuline convent, "will be on the point of going away, but the first who shall put her foot on the threshold will say, 'Let us go in again,' and you will go in. There will be great need of prayer, for the wicked would wish to destroy everything, but they will not have time. They will all perish in the great fight. Many good will perish also, for they will make all the men go out to the fight, and only the old men will remain." The call for all the male population able to bear arms has already been made. The nun adds that "the last [those summoned last] will not go far; they will not go more than three days' march" from Blois,—say, to the Army of the Loire, now encamped somewhere between Bourges and Blois. "The time will be short. It will be the women who will prepare the vintage, and the men will return in time to finish it, because all will be over." It must be admitted the good nun seems to have been very wide of the mark here, unless, indeed, Paris falls, and the Army of the Loire is again defeated, and peace is made within the next week or so, in which case all may be over almost as soon as she predicted. "During all this time the true news will not be known except by private letters. At last three couriers will come. The first will announce that all is lost. The second, who will arrive in the night, will only meet one man in the streets, who, as he leans against his door, will look at him and say, 'You are hot, my friend—dismount, and take a glass of wine;' to which the other will reply, 'I am in too great a hurry,' and will explain that another courier ought soon to arrive and bring good news. Then he will continue his route towards the Berry,"—the Berry is the district of France in which Bourges lies; in other words, this courier is supposed to be going towards the head-quarters of the present Loire Army. "You will be praying towards six in the morning, when you will hear it said that two couriers have passed, and then there will arrive the third, fire and water, who will be

due at Tours at seven o'clock, and who will bring the good news (et alors arrivera le troisième, feu et eau, qui devra être à Tours à sept heures, et qui apportera la bonne nouvelle)." "Note," says the editor of 1860, "that the courier fire and water, i.e., the railway, is thus announced long before anyone dreamt of it in France" (the prophecy, as we have said, is ascribed to the year 1808). The curious point here is the reference to Tours (where the French Government is now established) as the end of this railway-courier's journey,—who is to arrive at Blois at six in the morning, and be due at Tours at seven—the distance being about thirty-five miles, or an hour's express journey. "Then a Te Deum will be sung,—yes, indeed, a Te Deum, but such a Te Deum as has never before been sung. But it won't be he who is expected who will reign, i.e., who will reign at first; it will be the Saviour granted to France on whom France did not count. The Prince will not be there. They will go and fetch him. Nevertheless, quiet will reappear. They will the moment when the Prince remounts the throne, France will enjoy a perfect peace, and will be more flourishing and more tranquil than ever for about twenty years."

Such is the drift of this curious little bit of prophecy, which seems, like most of the few prophecies of all time which can be said to have gone at all near the mark, rather to have come within the white circle than to have hit the bull's-eye. As far as we can see, the prophecy of the Nun of Blois is likely to be falsified in a good many most important particulars, especially as to the shortness of the duration of the great troubles, and the Saviour accorded to France, who is to rescue her from ruin before the vintage is over; but grant that it fails in these respects, there is still sufficient cause for amused wonder at the exactness with which it dates the beginning of the great troubles at a season declared by the editor of 1860 as indicating the end of the first fortnight in July, and with which it specifies a time, declared by the same editor of ten years ago to mean the 23rd August, as a moment of great anxiety for the travelling salesmen who came to Blois—of course, mainly from Paris,—with which it indicates the directions of Bourges and Tours, as the places to which couriers with news, towards the end of the disastrous autumn, will be sent in hot haste. A few months ago even, there could hardly have been any suspicion in anybody's mind that messengers to the Berry and to Tours would be rushing through Blois in any time of calamity, only dropping their news in Blois by the way because it happened to lie in the line of their route.

The truth is, that this mixture, if not of truth and falsehood, at least of what can be verified and what cannot be verified, is a characteristic, as far as we can see, of almost all prophecy, if we except the prophecies of our Lord with regard to the destruction of Jerusalem and his own crucifixion. No one has ever yet made anything very clear of the predictions of the Old Testament. They are clearly much more of the nature of foreshadowings than predictions—of profound spiritual desires anticipating their own fulfilments than of clear historical anticipations. Almost all prediction in all times—beginning with the Book of Revelation—is expressed in language admitting of a good many shades of meaning, and whenever we get very clear statements, like that of the Nun of Blois as to the three messengers, there is pretty sure to be as much error as truth.

It is a curious question whether the truth in prediction has ever been sufficient to render the hypothesis of mere coincidence untenable, and to render it needful to suppose some foreseeing faculty unconnected with divine inspiration. That divine inspiration could mix up truth and falsehood in this strange medley is of course absolutely impossible, nor does it seem reasonable to suppose that if the truth only were inspired for the purpose of prediction, the human alloy of falsehood would be permitted to cling round it and discredit it. Is it indeed quite rational to suppose that such predictions are a happy guess? We think not, and, mysterious as such a gift seems, are disposed to think that some partial power of prediction may be (like the rare power of thought-reading, which was lately explained by "brain-waves") one of the exceptional indications of undeveloped faculties, which may either take a further development in the future of our race on earth, or may be reserved for development beyond the grave.

SECRETS OF THE PRE-ADAMITE WORLD.—The latest use of Spiritualism appears to be to unravel the secrets of the pre-Adamite world. The theory is that inanimate objects retain some subtle influence, and that the medium being able to perceive these influences can reproduce the scenes. In this manner, by placing a succession of geological specimens in the hand of the medium we can get a consecutive history of the world from the earliest times. A Mrs. Denton, an American, has made the greatest progress in this science. A piece of a mastodon's tooth, which she did not see, was given to her, whereupon she spoke as follows:—"I feel like a perfect monster, with heavy legs, unwieldy head, and a very large body. I can hardly speak, my jaws are so heavy. I feel like getting down on all-fours. What a noise comes through the wood! I have an impulse to answer it. My ears are large and leathery, and I can almost fancy they flap my face as I move my head." We should be sorry to insult a lady, though she be a "perfect monster," with "heavy legs" and a "very large body," but when we read of the "large leathery ears," we have an inclination to say, "Bless thee, Bottom, thou art translated;" and we agree that "the complete identification of the psychometer with the thing psychometrised, or the animal with whose influence it is imbued, is one of the most remarkable facts developed by this experiment.—Observer.

FUND for the wounded soldiers:—Davies, 2s.; Gwellym, 1s.

ON THE RECOGNITION OF FRIENDS IN A FUTURE LIFE.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

SIR,—If you will allow me a brief space in your journal, I should like to make a few remarks on the above most interesting subject, not so much with a view of strengthening the faith of believers, as to elicit from some of your readers or contributors, who may be more spiritually advanced than myself, their views on this point; viz., whether we shall in the spirit-world be able to recognise and identify the friends we have known on earth. The views of professing Christians on this and other more vital topics I have found to be very vague. Beyond the orthodox belief in heaven and hell, and the assurance that to get to the former abode you must tread the beaten track marked out by the Churches, they fail to enlighten me on many points that suggested themselves to thoughtful, inquiring minds; and as to the nature of our pursuits and pleasures in another world, we are left pretty well to grope in the dark. Spiritualism has done much to clear away the mists and rob death of its terrors; and through the aid of mediumship we have been brought into communication with departed spirits, who, according to their capacity for imparting information and the reciprocating intelligence of the medium, have given us insights into our future home. Still it seems to me we want, if possible, more direct and positive information as to personal recognition among the dwellers in the spirit-world. To use the most homely and forcible illustration, and that which is familiar to all, who does not know the pleasure of meeting with friends or relatives after long absence? of the return home of one much loved and long missed—how, after a tedious journey, the wanderer is welcomed back? Think, then, of the joy that must be felt by one who has dearly loved us on earth, and who is the first to welcome us when we shall have made life's last journey and stand on the shores of eternity. How many a mother has promised herself the bliss of being the first to meet and welcome the child that has tarried long on earth; how many such to whom heaven itself would not be complete without the presence of the loved one! To admit of these reunions, which are never more to be broken, there must be perfect recognition and perfect personal identity; and though we have no actual scriptural warrant for the fond belief, still the human heart will cling to the hope that beyond the grave we shall know and love each other with a deeper and purer love than our imperfect natures could realise on this earth. It is only in rare and fleeting moments of spiritual exaltation and abstraction that we can in our innermost souls realise the transcendent joy and bliss of perfect communion and intercourse with the loved ones gone before. This appears to me to be a faint glimpse and foretaste of the more full and complete intercourse we may confidently look for between kindred spirits in the life beyond the grave. If, clogged as we poor denizens of the earth are with the countless obstructions incident to earth-life, we are yet able to recognise the loving and often active influence of departed spirits on our daily lives, how much more may we not reasonably expect to enjoy renewed friendships with those we have known and loved on earth. Speaking for myself, and standing in the dim borderland that divides the seen from the unseen—not yet weaned from earthly ties and longings, but hearing the summons to prepare for the last great change sounding louder and clearer each day—I can truly say that my great source of consolation is to know that there is one who is waiting and watching to guide my stumbling footsteps through death's dark stream into the clearer and brighter light above. Trusting that these few thoughts, imperfectly and hastily expressed though they are, may lead to the shedding of more light on this and kindred topics, believe me, yours in love and fellowship,

SPES.

London, Oct. 27, 1870.

A SECOND MAID OF ORLEANS.—The correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette*, writing from Versailles on the 21st ult., states:—"Whilst the formidable preparations are being made for the enormous park of artillery around Paris, in order to make an energetic attack upon the forts and fortifications of that town, the men in the French camp seem to repose now upon less material affairs. We are now informed, of course after the successful occupation of the town of Orleans, and that in a most serious manner, of a 'maid'—a modern Joan of Arc—who has suddenly sprung up from the Department of the Loire Inférieure, and who is to inspire fresh courage and new hopes into the hearts of the French. This inspired young female, who, like unto her predecessor in the reign of Charles VII., has visions, and has heard the voice of the Mother of God, does not appear to consider it necessary this time to submit herself to an examination as to whether she is in communication with or possessed by the 'powers of darkness.' In the present case also the 'maid' wears neither armour nor sword, but a long black robe, no doubt to denote her sorrow as to the position of her mother country. Up to the present time the superior command of the Army of the Loire has not been entrusted to her; nevertheless, she marches at the head of the troops who are still in Tours, and carries before them a silken banner, upon which is painted the Holy Virgin with the Infant Jesus; and, in fact, the whole affair looks as if the advisers of this new paragon had been guided by a zealous study of Schiller's 'Maid of Orleans.' This information, although a seeming fable, has been stated officially from the head-quarters of the Army of the South, and is therefore worthy of being chronicled."—*Morning Post*.

Mr. JOSEPH TILLOTSON, the energetic secretary of the Spiritual Brotherhood Lyceum, Keighley, writes that they "have a nice choir of singers. It is a little heaven now." This shows what enjoyment may be obtained by those who are willing to help themselves.

BRIXTON SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS.

The above Society met at their rooms, 7, Branksome Terrace, Acre Lane, Brixton, on Thursday evening, October 27, for the purpose of hearing a lecture through Mr. J. J. Morse, trance-speaker. The chair was occupied by the president of the society, W. Freeman, Esq., who, in a few brief and appropriate remarks, introduced Mr. Morse to the company. Mr. Morse having passed into the trance state, the controlling intelligence announced that the subject of his discourse would be "The Teachings of Spirit-Manifestations," which he said were divided under three heads—religious, scientific, and philosophical. In reviewing the religious portion of the question, he showed, in a very forcible manner, the marked benefit which must result to humanity therefrom—giving as he did a clear and healthy idea of man and his spiritual relations. He also demonstrated how the present system of orthodox theology utterly failed to give man a rational conception of immortality. After examining the immense improvement wrought in men's ideas by the advanced teachings of the spirits, tending as they did to improve individuals, thereby making the world wiser and happier, he entered into the scientific aspect of the subject, alluding to the scientific problems yet to be unravelled in connection with the physical manifestations. He paid a respectful tribute to the achievements of Science, but he censured scientific men for ignoring the existence of the phenomena, or deeming them unworthy of their notice. In proceeding to describe the philosophical teaching of the manifestations, he illustrated the vast benefits that would accrue from a comprehensive knowledge of the fundamental principles of existence, which would enable all to regulate their conduct so that the future generations may be born in wisdom, governed by justice, and live in love. At the conclusion of his address several questions were put by the audience, and answered in the usual comprehensive and intelligent manner which is one of the marked characteristics of Mr. Morse's control. The proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to Mr. Morse for his services. The control throughout was positive and satisfactory. The difference in Mr. Morse's demeanour while replying to the vote of thanks in his normal condition was very marked.

A. S. H.

SPIRITUALISM IN LONDON.

Monday, the 14th of November, 1870, will be a red-letter day for the Spiritualists.

The Winter Public Meetings commence on that day, at Gower Street Rooms, by a lecture on "The Blending of the Natural with the Supernatural," by Mr. Jones, of Enmore Park, at 7.30; and continued on the two following Mondays, the 21st and 28th, by speeches on "Spirit-power Manifestations."

The Winter Soirées commence the same evening at Harley Street Rooms, the object being to read papers on Spiritualism and kindred subjects. Mr. Wallace will read his paper, being a reply to Hume's essay on Miracles.

As a kind of prelude, we understand that on Thursday, the 10th of November, at the Public Hall, Norwood Junction, Mr. Jones will exhibit the Dissolving Views he has had painted for him from subjects he has chosen. It is expected there will be a very crowded hall. To cover expenses, a charge of 1s. for first seats, and 6d. second seats, will be made on the lecture night. A considerable number of tickets are already sold.

The Rev. R. F. Young, of Swindon, is about to publish, at the beginning of the new year, a new Spiritualist periodical, which will attempt to show that Spiritualism is entirely reconcilable with Christianity.—*Public Opinion*.

The *Printers' Register* has the following:—"The Davenport Brothers, who assume to have spiritual aid in giving their exhibitions, were lately detected in their tricks and publicly exposed at Ray City, Michigan. The brothers claim that the hands that present themselves from the orifice are spiritual, and not flesh and blood. When the 'spiritual hand' made its appearance, a gentleman on the platform seized it and besmeared it with printers' ink, which nothing short of oil or some alkali will remove. When the brothers came forth into the light they were marked men, the printers' ink still remaining upon their hands. They were received with hisses and groans, after which the large audience dispersed." [We have heard something like this statement before; also a theory to show that the spirit-hand being a product from the medium's hand, whatever adheres to the former is transferred to the latter. Before theorising, we should be glad to know if the statement about the ink is true.—Ed. M.]

THE HISTORY AND MYSTERY OF THE MAGIC CRYSTAL. By R. H. Fryar, A.M., Author of "Crystals and Crystal Seers;" being a Popular Philosophical Exposition of Crystalline Divination, adapted to the Advanced Psychical Demands of the Present Age; descriptive of the Antiquity, Nature, and Art of Making and Using the Divining Ball.—Burns, Progressive Library. 6d.

We cannot add much to this elaborate title, further than to state that the work is chiefly to illustrate the faculty of clairvoyance exercised by Mrs. Fryar. The great bulk of the matter it contains appeared as letters in early numbers of the MEDIUM, at which time we took occasion to express our opinion of the "mystery" usually thrown around the subject. This tract only extends to twenty pages, and we fear the seeker after knowledge would not derive very solid satisfaction from its perusal.

We thank "A. B. D." for his remarks on the sentence in the unknown tongue spoken by Mr. Cogman, which appeared in a recent number of the MEDIUM. Our correspondent seems to be able to trace the sounds to the Italian language; according to the statements of the spirit it would not be so. We do not consider the translation reliable enough for publication.

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:—

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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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SEANCES AND MEETINGS DURING THE WEEK.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, Seance at 15, Southampton Row, Holborn, at 8 p.m. Mr. Morse, Trance-Medium. Admission 1s.
Seance at Mrs. Marshall, Sen.'s, 29, Shirland Road, Bristol Gardens, Maida Hill, W., at 7 o'clock. Several mediums in attendance. Admission 2s. 6d.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 6, Service at Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer Street, at 7 p.m. Mr. Morse, Trance-Speaker.
KEIGHLEY, 10.30 a.m. and 5.30 p.m. Messrs. Shackleton and Wright, Trance-Mediums. Children's Progressive Lyceum at 9 a.m. and 2 p.m.
NOTTINGHAM, Children's Lyceum at 2 to 4 p.m. Public Meeting at 6.30.
ROSE MOUNT, SOWERBY BRIDGE, HALIFAX, Children's Lyceum, 10.30 a.m., and 2 p.m. Public Meetings, 2.30 and 6.30 p.m. Trance-Medium, Mr. Wood.
BREARLEY, Public Meetings, 10.30 a.m., 2.30 and 6.30 p.m. Trance-Medium, Mr. Illingworth.
BOWLING, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, 2.30 and 6 p.m. Hall Lane, 2 and 6 p.m.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 7, Seance at 15, Southampton Row, at 8 p.m. Mr. Herne, Medium. Admission 2s.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, Seance at Mrs. Marshall, Sen.'s, 29, Shirland Road, Bristol Gardens, Maida Hill, W., at 7 o'clock. Several mediums in attendance. Admission 2s. 6d.
KEIGHLEY, at 7.30 p.m., at the Lyceum. Trance-Mediums, Mrs. Lucas and Messrs. Wright and Shackleton.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 9, Seance at Mr. Wallace's, 105, Islip Street, Kentish Town.
BOWLING, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, 8 p.m.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, Seance at 7, Corporation Row, Clerkenwell, at 8 o'clock.
Reception at the Progressive Library, at 8 o'clock.
BOWLING, Hall Lane, 7.30 p.m.

*** 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, NOVEMBER 4, 1870.

LETTER FROM DR. WILLIS.

DEAR BROTHER BURNS,—The season is with us again that our poet Bryant terms the saddest of the year; and in many respects is not Autumn a sad season? Notwithstanding its brilliant beauty, it is marked by chilling frosts, falling leaves, dying flowers, and winds whose cold breath presages the coming of that stern season which here in our New England climate holds in its icy sway for so large a portion of the year all vernal life and beauty.

Our foliage just now is glowing with all the colours of the rainbow. The gorgeous tints of our autumnal foliage can scarcely be imagined by one who has never looked upon an American forest in the month of October. They are as brilliant as the most vivid hues that were ever laid upon the palette of a painter. Chesnut and maple, and oak and beech, and walnut and pine, blend together their purple and brown, their green and scarlet, their crimson and golden hues, until it seems as if the very eyelids of the beholder had been magically coloured by the tints of the rainbow. Now and then a mountain, verdure clad, will loom up and stand out in bold relief against the clear blue sky, flaming with glory to its very summit, like a large bouquet prepared by the hand of some mighty Broddingnag giant as a gift to his bride.

Occasionally a solitary maple, standing out from its companions of the forest, will seem to have made a special effort to out rival them all. From base to apex it stands, a pyramid of crimson flame, glowing like the bush that burned with the glory of the Hebrew God and yet was not consumed. Ah, that old miracle of the burning bush! Daily and hourly is it re-enacted before our own eyes, and they are holden that they see not the glory of the ever-present God whose mantle of beauty like a trailing garment is broadcast over the earth.

No language can paint, no artist's brush do justice to the beauty of our lakes and rivers at this season of the year. Along the

watercourses the foliage seems to glow with an intenser brightness than away from them. Just try to fancy our beautiful Seneca Lake, reflecting upon its fair bosom from either shore these brilliant hues, softened and toned down in exquisite gradations through the mediumship of the water, and you will have a picture worthy to be set as a gem of beauty in the serene landscape of heaven. Indeed, what is all beauty there but the counterpart of beauty here—Nature spiritualised and glorified?

I have read with delight your reports of the work our good brother Newton has been doing in your midst. The excitement he has created, the spirit of controversy and of persecution he has awakened, are to me the most important features of his work. Similar results have always attended similar missions. Eighteen centuries ago, a noble reformer, his heart fired with zeal for the truths that had struck upon his conscience as revelations from heaven, went forth to labour for the promulgation of those principles. His mission, too, was accompanied with beneficent works of healing; and we read that as he with his companions entered a certain city, a popular tumult was stirred up, and the cry was raised, "These fellows that turn the world upside down have come hither also," and the great Apostle of Christianity to the Gentiles was roughly treated, and, if we mistake not, thrown into prison. But did this stay his work? Nay! In the midst of persecution and excitement it went on with tenfold power, stimulated by every wave of agitation that passed over the public mind in regard to it.

In Boston many years ago, in the height of our famous Anti-Slavery controversy, a young woman, who had rarely stepped beyond the atmosphere of a most loving home, entered the hall where the New England Anti-Slavery Society was holding its annual session. She chanced to take her seat beside Mrs. Abby Kelley Foster, so well known here and across the water as one of our noblest and most eloquent Anti-Slavery pioneers. Those were the days of stormy debates—of fierce, excited discussions, and stern and bitter denunciations. The young woman became terrified at the violence of some of the speakers. Turning to Mrs. Foster, she said to her, "Oh dear, isn't this dreadful? Why do they quarrel so? I can't bear it." Mrs. Foster replied, "Why, my dear, we must agitate, agitate, agitate!"

And this is true of every reform movement, political, social, religious, or professional—we must agitate, agitate! It is the only way any great truth is ever driven home to the hearts of the people, and I doubt not when brother Newton comes to count the sheaves of his harvest in English fields, he will rejoice more over those garnered from the realm of mind—the result of the agitation caused by his presence and work—than over those resulting merely from what he has done for poor crippled and diseased bodies, noble as is the work of alleviating physical suffering.

I see by our papers that Dr. Newton will resume his labours in Boston on the 12th of this month; so it seems his mission with you has for the present ended. He will be warmly welcomed to his old fields of labour by thousands of his grateful countrymen.

You have read too, in our papers, the announcement that two of our representative men, two of our noblest workers, have gone home—have entered upon the higher life—Henry C. Wright and the Rev. Jesse B. Ferguson, LL.D.; both of them noble types of manhood; both of them fearless advocates of truth. Henry C. Wright was the author of many bold and fearless reform books, a popular lecturer, a most earnest and indefatigable worker. Dr. Ferguson was a brilliant orator, an accomplished scholar, a polished gentleman. Both were widely known, both widely beloved, and both have left voids in the external that cannot soon be filled. May we who are left emulate their noble fidelity, and strive to be as bright and shining lights in the pathway of human progress. Dr. Ferguson made himself well known to many of the friends in London while there with the Davenport brothers. One of your writers has said of him, he was a man "whose learning and eloquence had made him admired by thousands, and whose fervour and charity had made him universally beloved; a man to whom senates had listened, whom states had trusted, whom universities had honoured."

And what can I say of the state of the cause in this country in behalf of which we are co-workers? I fear little beyond what you glean from our journals, for through all the beautiful months of Spring and Summer I was confined to the narrow sphere of an invalid, scarce stepping beyond the threshold of the domestic circle. Until the 16th of August, I had very little hope of ever being able to take hold of the activities of life again; but since that date I have been improving, and I begin to feel that my days of usefulness are not yet ended. Again the hope inspires me that even in the flesh I shall be permitted to resume my labours for humanity, and with my most earnest efforts help to hasten the coming of that glorious day when righteousness shall rule the state; when truth shall fill the pulpit; when order shall prevail in society; when peace shall brood over the nations, and inspiration fill the souls of men.

In the meantime, I know that Spiritualism is not standing still in America. There is scarcely a little village or hamlet in the most interior parts of our great states, or on the very frontiers of our extended territory, no matter how remote from the centres of our civilisation, where its truths and revelations have not gone.

We are constantly having new media developed in various parts of the country; constantly hearing of fresh developments of the signs and wonders that everywhere mark the workings of that spirit which, notwithstanding the diversity of its manifestations, is everywhere one and the same.

I know not where I am to be this winter. Although much

better than I have been for many months, I have grave apprehensions regarding the effect upon me of the rigours of our climate in winter; and very possibly you may receive from me a flying visit en route to Mentone or San Remo.

Ever faithfully yours in every good word and work,
FRED. L. H. WILLIS,
Glenora, Yates County, New York, U.S.A.
10th Oct., 1870.

[It would please us much to have our dear brother with us again, and if our climate permitted it, to have his talented aid in the work of progress. Dr. Willis is an eminent writer and speaker, as well as a most accomplished medium.—ED. M.]

THE SUNDAY SERVICES.

Mr. J. J. MORSE again spoke under spirit-influence at Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer-street, on Sunday evening last, October 30, the address being a continuation of that delivered on the preceding Sunday, as already reported in our columns. The main point in the lecture on Sunday evening was the Elucidation of Mesmeric Phenomena. Owing to the pressure upon our space, we are unable to present our readers with a synopsis of the ideas presented. Mr. Morse having suffered from a slight indisposition on the previous day, the control was not so clear and vivid as we have seen it, which was due to the derangement of Mr. Morse's physiological system. At the conclusion of the lecture, the controlling intelligence announced that next Sunday evening he would deliver an address illustrating the methods whereby Spiritual Phenomena are produced. N. F. Daw, Esq., again conducted the introductory services.

THE ZOUAVE JACOB.

Referring to a statement made in our last number, it would appear that an announcement previously inserted by us, as to M. Jacob's fees, was incorrect. When the Zouave visited us at first, he was accompanied by a young German, who seemed to make his arrangements and interpret for him. The whole tenour of this young man's propositions was of a commercial kind, yet we noticed that he and Jacob were not at all times harmonious in their resolutions. The statements which we made as to fees were on the express authority of the young German; and we understood that such charges would be invariably adhered to. Now we perceive that M. Jacob desires to prosecute his mission in accordance with the voluntary principle; and we gladly give as much publicity as possible to the fact. We are exceedingly careful in making any such announcements without authority, but rather desire to be of service to all engaged in the movement of Spiritualism. As stated by us last week, M. Jacob now resides at 38, Somerset Street, Orchard Street, W., and may be consulted daily; the remuneration being entirely at the discretion of the patient.

GEORGE FOX AND THE HEALING POWER.

The following remarkable narrative is taken from the journal of John Banks, of Whinell Hall, Cumberland:—

"About this time (1676) a pain struck into my shoulder, and gradually fell down into my arm and hand, so that I was wholly deprived of their use. The pain increased both day and night. For three months I could neither put my clothes on nor off. My arm and hand began to wither. I applied to some physicians, but could get no ease by any of them. At last, while asleep on my bed in the night, I saw in a vision that I was with dear George Fox, and thought I said to him, 'George, my faith is such, that if thou seest thy way to lay thy hand upon my shoulder, my arm and hand shall be whole throughout.' This remained with me for days and nights, so that I felt as if the thing was a true vision, and that I must go to George Fox, until at last, through much exercise of mind as a great trial of my faith, I was made willing to go to him, he being then at Swarthmoor, in Lancashire, where there was a meeting. Some time after the meeting on First-day, I called him aside out of the hall, and gave him a relation of my dream, showing him my arm and my hand. In a little time, as we walked together silently, he turned about, looking upon me, and lifting up his hand, laid it upon my shoulder, saying, 'The Lord strengthen thee both within and without.' I went to Thomas Lower's, of Marsh Grange, that night, and when I was set down to supper, immediately, and before I was aware, my hand was lifted up to do its office, which it could not do for long before. This struck me with great admiration, and my heart was broken in tenderness before the Lord. The next day I went home with my hand and arm restored to its former use and strength, and without pain. The next time that George Fox and I met, he said, 'John, thou mended?' I answered, 'Yes, very well, in a little time.' 'Well,' said he, 'give God the glory!'"

SUNDAY SERVICES.—The platform at the Cavendish Rooms will again be occupied on Sunday evening next, November 6, by Mr. J. J. Morse, trance-speaker.

A WONDERFUL TEST.—Mrs. H. F. M. Brown now gave a very interesting account of her visit in Colorado and California, after which Mrs. Moliere was invited on the platform, and making her arm bare, after a few moments the names of Henry C. Wright and Mary C. Wait appeared in red letters on the arm, and were witnessed by the audience. —*Religio-Philosophical Journal*, October 1, 1870.

A WORLD'S SPIRITUALIST CONVENTION.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

MY BROTHER,—The ocean divides us; I have seen you only on paper, yet, "for a' that," I outreach to you my hand, and ask recognition. And why may I not ask to be recognised? and why not expect that, at my coming, your gates will be set ajar? Are we not the All-Father's children? do we not speak one language? and are we not united in the same holy work—pushing the cloudy world out into the light? But I write you now for another reason: I wish to call your attention to a resolution suggested by J. M. Peebles' letter to the late American Association of Spiritualists, and passed by a unanimous vote.

The resolution is this:—"Resolved—That a committee of five be appointed to consider the practicability of calling a World's Spiritualist Convention." The president announced as that committee, J. M. Peebles, Dr. H. T. Child, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Col. D. M. Fox, and Mrs. M. F. Hunt. The resolution has met the hearty approval of the friends of Spiritualism in America.

Now, we want a grand gathering of the apostles of the new dispensation. No matter how widely we may differ in many things, because of this very difference we want the meeting.

What say you over the sea about the meeting? What of time and place? Will next May and New York City suit you?

Please give us your ideas in the matter, and remember us ever as your co-workers in the harmonial philosophy.—Yours truly,
H. F. M. BROWN.

Lyceum Banner Office, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.

[We give our excellent sister's letter publicity, and shall be glad to hear the suggestions of all who are interested.—ED. M.]

MEDIUMSHIP AMONGST SAVAGE TRIBES.

(From a review of "The Origin of Civilisation, and the Primitive Condition of Man." By Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P.)

"Touching the matter of supernatural sights and revelations, however, not the least curious and instructive phenomena we find in savage life refer to the magicians, who are singularly like our own spirit-rappers in their performances. 'The Chinese magicians,' says Astley, 'though they have never seen the person who consults them, tell his name, and all the circumstances of his family—in what manner his house is situated, how many children he has, their names and ages, with a hundred other particulars which may be naturally enough known to the demons, and are strangely surpassing to weak and credulous minds among the vulgar. Some of these conjurors, after invoking the demons, cause the figures of the chief of their sect, and of their idols, to appear in the air. Formerly they could make a pencil write of itself, without anybody touching it, upon paper or sand, the answers to questions.' What is the meaning of the word 'formerly' in this sentence? Does it mean that the Chinese conjurors have lost the trick? that some accident has occurred in that transmission of professional secrets which probably exists among them as it exists among the conjuring families of Afghanistan? We cannot, however, go over in detail the many glimpses of our own superstitions and weaknesses which Sir John Lubbock points out in the records of savage life. We must recommend our readers to study the book themselves, confident that each will find a mass of facts strangely corroborative of his own observations and reflections."—*Athenaeum*.

It must be a very worthy form of "superstition" which draws its inferences from "a mass of facts;" and we are quite at a loss to see the point of the reviewer's moralising on that head. Since these peculiar phenomena occur in almost every land, including our own, would it not savour of an absence of "superstition" on the part of savans to recognise the fact without puerile carping, and modestly endeavour to discover the cause?

A SCEPTIC ON MIRACLES.

The following is the concluding part of David Hume's celebrated argument against the possibility of miracles. After showing how much easier it is to doubt the testimony than believe the miracle true, he goes on:—

"One of the best-attested miracles in all profane history is that which Tacitus reports of Vespasian, who cured a blind man in Alexandria by means of his spittle, and a lame man by a mere touch of his foot, in obedience to a vision of the god Seraphis, who had enjoined them to have recourse to the Emperor for these miraculous cures. The story may be seen in that fine historian, where every circumstance seems to add weight to the testimony, and might be displayed at large with all the force of argument and eloquence, if anyone were now concerned to enforce the evidence of that exploded and idolatrous superstition. . . . The gravity, solidity, age, and probity of so great an emperor, who, through the whole course of his life, conversed in a familiar manner with his friends and courtiers, and never affected those extraordinary airs of divinity assumed by Alexander and Demetrius. The historian a contemporary writer, noted for candour and veracity, and withal the greatest and most penetrating genius perhaps of all antiquity, and so free from any tendency to credulity that he even lies under the contrary imputation of atheism and profaneness. The persons from whose authority he related the miracle, of established character for judgment and veracity, as we may well presume; eye-witnesses of the fact, and confirming their testimony after the Flavian family was despoiled of the empire, and could no longer give any reward as the price of a lie. To which if we add the public nature of the facts as related, it will appear that no evidence can well be supposed stronger for so gross and so palpable a falsehood."

Hume loved truth, but was ignorant of certain facts well known to our readers, or he could not have been so unfair as he appears above.

The Spirit Messenger.

[A seance is held every Friday evening, at eight o'clock, at the office of the MEDIUM; J. J. Morse, Trance-Medium. By our reports of these or other circles we do not endorse or stand responsible for the facts or teachings given by the spirits. Our desire is, in brief, to give a faithful representation of what takes place, for the benefit of those who cannot attend.]

October 28.

(The answer was given by Tien-Sien-Tie, the guide of the medium.)

Q. Can you tell us the cause of the physical degeneracy in mankind at the present day? and can you give us any information in reference to the cases of longevity mentioned in the Bible?—A. The material universe as a whole is continually developing in spherical lines. Apparently one part of that whole arrives at a very high point of development; a change occurs and the perfection degenerates, and in its degeneracy lays the foundation of a still higher and more complete development, man being part of the material universe—that is to say, his physical body. The application of our statement is easily understood.

ANN GRIFFITH.

"I have come this evening to answer, if possible, a question propounded by my friends—'If Spiritualism is true, why don't Ann come back and let us know?' My presence here will be sufficient to answer that question; but I am not so sure that they would believe much that I could tell them of the bright and happy land that I live in. Their ideas are different. They would perhaps be shocked when I say there is no Christ to save them, no hell to burn them, and that the popular notions of the future life are entirely erroneous. I have no more to say now, except that my name was Ann Griffith. I left your earth in the early part of the present year, at Bramley Villas, Notting Hill; seventy-five years of age."

THE "STROLLING PLAYER"

next controlled the medium, and held a long conversation with the company. Though many interesting statements were made, there was a deficiency in the vigour that generally characterises this spirit's control.

A REMARKABLE SEANCE.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

SIR,—Yesterday I availed myself of the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Guppy to spend the evening with them, in company with my esteemed friend, Dr. Dixon, and his lady. The seance was of so remarkable a character, that I think it will interest your many readers to peruse even my imperfect report, and I only wish that those who either rail against or are sceptical of the wonderful powers of Spiritual agency, could have witnessed, as I had the privilege of doing, the marvellous phenomena which took place. Our party consisted of our kind host and hostess, their young protégée, Miss Neyland—a most powerful medium, too—Mrs. Guppy's father, Dr. Dixon and lady, and myself. We sat down at a middle-sized loo table, on which was placed a small banjo; a beautiful set of seven bells (the scale), one over the other, on a handle; an album, drawing-paper, pencils, a box of paints, and a tumbler half full of water. Before the gas was turned off from the gaselier over our heads, the table moved freely and easily in every direction, and gave out sounds such as sawing, grinding, creaking, and groaning; it moved completely off the ground, and when the lights were put out, went up above our heads, then returning very gently into its proper place. The excessive rocking of the table spilt the water about, but did no damage to the glass. The raps varied; some were very loud, as from blows with the butt-end of a whip. The bells then were borne above and around us, sometimes so near us that they all but touched, and almost deafened us; at other times they sounded very sweetly, and as if far distant, then approaching us again with the merriest peals imaginable; this was responded to by the banjo, which also did the circuit of the room, and though not so melodious as the bells, yet made a good time accompaniment; the movement of the table according also very remarkably. We were often touched also with the bell-hammer. The piano, which was shut up, then gave out clear notes, but not amounting to any recognisable tune. Dr. Dixon, his wife, and myself then had something put into our hands; on getting a light we found it was a rosy-cheeked apple cut in a most singular way into three parts. On putting out the lights again, we heard something thump upon the table; Mrs. G. and Miss N. said they were touched by it. On getting a light, to our great astonishment there was standing on the table before us a small one which had stood far away in the corner of the room. Now, had we tried all our efforts to place this piece of furniture so quietly, and without seeing, on this table covered with all the objects I previously enumerated, we could not have found the space without removing or altering the position of some of these, yet this had been effected by invisible agency noiselessly. There was an antimacassar cover on the little table, that had accompanied it in its journey, though it was flung into the lap of Mrs. D. when it returned to its place. Suddenly I again was favoured with another gift, the giving hand of which I knew by the touch: an apple was placed in my hand as it lay in my lap; this time a whole one—a fine russet. We were many times delightfully touched, and I was patted, stroked, and caressed by a loved spirit-hand over and over again. Ah, I knew that hand! That alone was worth a hundred miles' journey to feel thus assured our beloved are ever closely near us. Oh that the spiritual eyes of all could have this consolation accorded to them in their lonely moments! yet we are thankful for the boon when, through favoured mediums, we can even for a short time be brought into contact once more with our beloved departed.

Dr. D. and Mrs. D. had the great delight with myself of having, through Miss N.'s wondrous vision, the exact description of their dear son Robert, as I had of my loved husband, with their Christian names. I need scarcely say that these two dear spirits were round us all the time.

To return to the phenomena. We had the most delicious perfumes twice during this remarkable seance; and not only had we the powerful odour, but it literally rained on and over us all, and I was glad to place

my pocket-handkerchief to receive it, so delightful and plentiful was it. The next phase was the wonderful feats of the little table, which, after descending and being put away twice or thrice, came with sudden starts back to the large table between Mrs. Guppy and Miss Neyland; it then tilted across Mrs. G's lap, evidently attempting to get on the large table again, which was quickly achieved when Mrs. G., Mr. G., and Miss N. merely put the tips of one hand each on it. This phenomenon of the magnetic table was all done with the full gas-burners lighted. When these were turned off again, we suddenly smelt a very pronounced odour of gas escaping, and were ordered to open the door to let it escape, when to our great surprise the box of paints had been placed on one of the gas globes, and depressing the telescope tube, caused gas to escape. When the room was perfectly freed from this vapour, we resumed our seance, and very quickly we heard something heavy come on the table, and a quantity of some substance thrown all on the table, and over us around it—some, however, such as Mr. G. and the mediums, getting a rather more liberal allowance down their necks and through their hair—and on all our dresses, hands, faces, &c. We immediately got a light, when to our utter astonishment, as well as even that of these wonderful mediums, there was placed in the middle of the table an enormous plant of Southernwood, familiarly known under the name of "Old Man," and by the country people as "Boy Love," just taken out of the garden, root and all, with about, I should say quite, a peck of loose earth; this it was which covered the table, the carpet, and showered all over us. Luckily it was dry, or it would have given much more annoyance and trouble to our kind host and hostess, who the most unbelieving must be forced to own could have far from wished for such a wonderful demonstration of spirit-power; and to finally prove that walls are totally inert to prevent or impede their wishes, this gigantic specimen was quite three feet across, stood, when the light was turned on, erect, as if growing in the centre of the table, and was by gaslight a fine vivid green bush. We looked, after the seance, in the garden, quite in a rough and new state, and came at last on the spot where it had been wrenched up, and where portions of it still remained. On Dr. D. and myself expressing a desire to have a small piece from this leviathan bush to plant in our gardens as a memento of this extraordinary manifestation, lights being again put out, more earth seemed thrown about us, and this huge bush was torn in pieces, with roots attached, and thrown into our laps. We therefore took home some palpable evidences of this wonderful phenomenon.

The seance was concluded by another startling sight. When the room was darkened for the last time, the medium felt something heavy go across her head. When a light was procured, there, in the place which had so lately been occupied by the gigantic Southernwood bush, stood a large bust of Milton, which had been taken off the chimney-piece. Thus ended this astonishing seance.

Will cavillers doubt now that there is something more in this so maligned Spiritual philosophy, with its truly startling phenomena, than their narrow minds can grasp or their hearts receive, when they can witness such in the houses of the good and the faithful, who have no worldly object to gain?

C. D. M.

October 31, 1870.

MR. HERNE'S SEANCES.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

SIR,—Having read accounts respecting Mr. Herne's seances at 15, Southampton Row, I became interested, and attended one on Monday, October 31, making one of a party of upwards of twenty ladies and gentlemen, and all, I am told, but about half a dozen, strangers to each other, therefore what I witnessed appears to me more marvellous, as it cannot be supposed that a promiscuous company consisting of so many persons brought together by curiosity or other motives could be of so harmonious a character as is, I believe, generally considered necessary to produce phenomena of a high class, more especially the "direct spirit-voice," hence the mediumistic powers present must be very powerful. Mr. Herne is aided, I believe, to a great extent by a lady who sits on his left (Mrs. B.). The circle being formed, and after the "spirits" had requested a slight alteration in the arrangement of the sitters, the voice was heard in a most distinct manner, addressing the company in a familiar tone; and if it be true that when on earth he held the exalted position of Monarch of England, he would appear very condescending in holding a conversation with us round a table at a house in Southampton Row. But, as he says, he is no king now—he has passed on the other side of the river, but is a great deal happier; and, according to the wise and noble utterances he put forth to us mortals, bidding us to pray to God and have more faith (and he appeared to select some who required it more than others), he certainly seems to have progressed since he left the earth-life. There was a certain hauteur about his voice and manner very peculiar—nothing offensive or in the Dundreary style, but more pleasant than otherwise. He is also very gallant to the ladies, each one of whom he named (with one exception) after some favourite flower, such as jasmine, violet, honeysuckle, &c., forming as it were a beautiful bouquet, for, shortly after, a delicious perfume pervaded the room, accompanied by a cold air, which it was impossible not to notice. Many tests were given during the evening, especially to two ladies, which they said were quite extraordinary, but, being of a private nature, concerning only their immediate selves, need not be recorded here. The "spirits" having requested some singing, a gentleman present kindly gave, very nicely, "The Last Rose of Summer," Bluff Hal joining very audibly; subsequently, the same gentleman gave "Home, Sweet Home," and another, in both of which a beautiful angelic female voice joined, and continued singing by herself after the gentleman had finished, in a most touching and affecting manner. The sensation on many and on myself it is impossible to describe; it seemed one delicious flow of harmony, so soft, so fragile, so gossamer-like, so unearthly; and, when finished, the "Good Night" seemed to recal us to our "mortal coil," and with it something akin to regret that we could not hold further intercourse with our angel visitor. Many to whom I have spoken upon Spiritualism have said that, if it is not all humbug, it is at least an unwarrantable presumption on our part to attempt to find out things intended to be hidden from us. I cannot agree in this, for I believe the Almighty would never have permitted them at all without some good purpose, not the least of

which is proving and proclaiming the soul's immortality, and giving those who partake of this spiritual intercourse almost a foretaste of heaven. For the pleasure and, I hope, benefit I have received from attending this seance and a few at other places (which have been of a lower phase), I feel very grateful. Trusting many may ponder on the subject, and investigate it in a candid and honest manner, is the earnest desire of a sincere wellwisher to the cause.—I am, &c.,
A. H. G.
Bloomsbury.

STRANGE HISTORY OF A SLEEP-WALKER.

A girl, aged seven years, an orphan of the lowest rank, residing in the house of a farmer, by whom she was employed in tending cattle, was accustomed to sleep in an apartment separated by a very thin partition from one which was frequently occupied by an itinerant fiddler. This person was a musician of very considerable skill, and often spent a part of the night in performing pieces of a refined description; but his performance was not taken notice of by the child, except as a disagreeable noise. After a residence of six months in this family she fell into bad health, and was removed to the house of a benevolent lady, where, on her recovery, after a protracted illness, she was employed as a servant. Some years after she came to reside with this lady, the most beautiful music was often heard in the house during the night, which excited no small interest and wonder in the family; and many a waking hour was spent in endeavours to discover the invisible minstrel. At length the sound was traced to the sleeping-room of the girl, who was found fast asleep, but uttering from her lips a sound exactly resembling the sweetest tones of a small violin. On further observation it was found that after being about two hours in bed she became restless, and began to mutter to herself; she then uttered sounds precisely resembling the tuning of a violin, and at length, after some prelude, dashed off into an elaborate piece of music, which she performed in a clear and accurate manner, and with a sound exactly resembling the most delicate modulation of the instrument, and then began exactly where she had stopped in the most correct manner. These paroxysms occurred at irregular intervals, varying from one to fourteen and even twenty nights; and they were generally followed by a degree of fever and pain over various parts of the body.

After a year or two her music was not confined to the imitation of the violin, but was often exchanged for that of a piano of a very old description, which she was accustomed to hear in the house in which she now lived, and then she would begin to sing, imitating exactly the voices of several ladies of the family.

In another year from this time she began to talk a great deal in her sleep, in which she fancied herself instructing a young companion. She often descanted with the utmost fluency and correctness on a variety of subjects, both political and religious, the men of the day, the historical parts of Scripture, public characters, and particularly the character of the members of the family and their visitors. In these discussions she showed the most wonderful discrimination, often combined with sarcasm and astonishing powers of mimicry. Her language through the whole was fluent and correct, and her illustrations often forcible and even eloquent. She was fond of illustrating her subjects by what she called a *fable*, and in these her imagery was both appropriate and correct. The justice and truth of her remarks on all subjects excited the utmost astonishment in those who were acquainted with her limited means of acquiring information.

She had been known to conjugate correctly Latin verbs, which she had probably heard in the school-room of the family, and she was once heard to speak several sentences correctly in French, at the same time stating that she had heard them from a gentleman whom she had met accidentally in a shop. Being questioned on this subject when awake, she remembered having seen the gentleman, but could not repeat a word of what he had said.

During her paroxysms it was almost impossible to awake her, and when her eyelids were raised and a candle brought near the eye, the pupil seemed insensible to the light. For several years she was, during the paroxysm, entirely unconscious of the presence of other persons; but about the age of sixteen she began to observe those who were in the apartment, and she could tell correctly their number, though the utmost care was taken to have the room darkened. She now also became capable of answering questions that were put to her, and of noticing remarks made in her presence, and with regard to both she showed astonishing acuteness. Her observations, indeed, were often of such a nature, and corresponded so accurately with character and events, that by the country people she was believed to be endowed with supernatural power.

During the whole period of this remarkable affection, which seems to have gone on for at least ten or eleven years, she was, when awake, a dull, awkward girl, very slow in receiving any kind of instruction, though much care was bestowed on her; and in point of intellect she was much inferior to the other servants of the family; in particular, she showed no kind of turn for music. She did not appear to have any recollection of what passed in her sleep; but during her nocturnal ramblings she was more than once heard to lament her infirmity of speaking in her sleep, and thought how fortunate it was she did not sleep among the other servants, as they teased her enough about it as it was.

About the age of twenty-one she became immoral in her conduct, and was dismissed the family. Her propensity to talk in her sleep continued to the time of her dismissal, but a change had taken place in her nocturnal conversation. It had gradually lost its acuteness and brilliancy, and latterly became the mere babbling of a vulgar mind, often mingled with insolent remarks against her superiors, and the most profane scoffing at morality and religion. It is believed that she afterwards became insane.

REMARKS ON THE ABOVE CASE BY THE "STROLLING PLAYER."

Mind and matter and the intermediate spiritual body are intimately related to and associated with each other. The mind receives, conceives, and executes. Its methods of execution are—first, by internal impression upon the spiritual organisation; and then, secondly, by external action through the appropriate organ, when the body is in a peculiar state, which we should call psycho-impressional. This peculiar condition is brought about by a diversion from their natural courses of the vital fluids of the body; and such has been the case in the instance under consideration. This is evident from the external or normal stupidity shown in the general conduct of the girl. The psycho-impressional

state of the organisation received the essential elements of the sounds emanating from the violin, &c., which sounds were transmitted to memory; and as all memory forms part of ourselves, these essential sounds only required certain conditions to bring them prominently forward again, to be transmitted in the form of spoken thoughts through the external impressional organisation. All instances of this character are governed more or less by spiritual surroundings. A spiritual somnamblic state was brought about, producing an elevation of the interior faculties, developing the faculty of imitation and the power of concentration for the purpose of execution, assisted by the spiritual conditions emanating from and associated with the household to which the girl belonged. Any change produced by the functions of the system, or from coming in contact with others whose magnetic sphere was lower than her own, would produce a temporary alienation from conditions which had hitherto surrounded her. The organisation having been unduly taxed by past exercise, the breach would be gradually widened; the already unbalanced condition of the organisation would now be liable to a complete overthrow of its remaining equilibrium, and immorality and insanity would finally supervene.

WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM?

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—In last week's MEDIUM, your lady correspondent, Clara Sherwood, has favoured your readers with some oft-reiterated truths regarding Spiritualism, but she appears to think that the ignorance of the people is becoming more and more apparent on this interesting phenomena. Now, sir, I would be very sorry to hurt the sensitive feelings of any lady friend, but Clara must admit that no movement has ever made such rapid progress. She regards Spiritualism as a science, and considers that its study has been much neglected for ages past, but she overlooks the fact that during these ages gone past Spiritualism was never regarded as a science, but as something miraculous, as some consider it still, and not a science regulated by law as all operations in nature are, both physical and intellectual. Science is an exposition of the order of nature, and the order of nature is just another form of expression for the course of God's providence in the affairs of this world and the next. So what a great number require to ratify their belief in the Spiritual philosophy is ocular demonstration of the existence of laws which cause these seen and unseen operations. What may be evidence to convince Clara Sherwood may not be sufficient to convince others. Although her experience covers nearly all the different phenomena, clairvoyance, table-tipping, rapping, trance-writing, speaking, &c., many are not so highly favoured. Clara likewise refers to the Spiritualists in the Western world, who are not despised for their faith, and to our much-maligned mediums in this country; but our cousins across the water have had their mediums denounced as impostors and cheats by the incredulous and gossiping, as well as we on this side.

Hoping that our lady friend will assist with her able pen, in the columns of the MEDIUM, to elucidate the operation of those physical and psychological laws which act so systematic a part in our Spiritual philosophy—I remain yours respectfully,
Glasgow, October 18.

SANDY McNAB.

C. EDMISTON.—"What is the good of Spiritualism?" will be attended to soon.

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