



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

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**THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE PRESENT
 GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.**

A LECTURE BY MRS. EMMA HARDINGE, IN THE CLEVELAND ASSEMBLY
 ROOMS, SUNDAY EVENING, JANUARY 15, 1871.

Whilst there is no creature that recognises not the sacredness of life, the value of humanity, either in his own person or that of another creature, those who for the more subject of peace form themselves into societies advocating and proclaiming peace, denouncing war, and simply dealing with the surface of the great questions which lead to war, are but surface philosophers, however good their intent, however honest and valuable the means they employ for the attainment of their ends. The true physician is he who promotes health, not he who cures disease. The true secrets of health underlie and precede all remedial arts; these are but the palliatives. Hygiene is the great secret of life. So is right—truth—those moral graces which procure long life and happiness for nations. Peace societies and war are but the physicians whose methods are applicable to disease—to the external effects of disease rather than to their cause. There exists not upon the face of the earth the right hand of man that can stay the dark and terrible tide of war when once it has set upon the life of a nation. Does it seem astounding, that whilst the life of a nation for centuries is devoted to the formation of works of art—to efforts to promote the well-being, the life, the beauty and usefulness of a nation, that nation shall, in a few short days, wantonly, savagely, recklessly destroy the work of centuries, and triumph in it?—that at the bidding of one or two men with no more physical power, no more social or intellectual privileges than themselves, thousands and perhaps millions shall go forth without reason or understanding of the purpose for which they suffer or inflict suffering? Two men who, stripped of their proscriptive titles, baubles, and royal trumpery, would stand before you as less than any one of yourselves, wield the baton of an idolatrous authority, and works of art are destroyed, towns and villages are laid waste; widows and orphans mourn as those that have no hope; houses are laid desolate; the land which was redolent of the fragrance of flower and blossom becomes a charnel-house; the forms that were strong and noble become dust and ashes; waste, wreck, and ruin become the destiny of the nation beneath the wave of the hand of two autocrats. Ask them for what, and can they answer you? Ask the broken hearts of a hundred thousand wrecked and miserable victims of this great European war why they are thus wrecked and ruined, and they cannot answer you. Do we believe God lives, and rules, and reigns? Ay, when we look upon the beauty of the daisy, the beneficence which provides food and life and being for the inhabitants of a drop of water—when we gaze upon the solemn stars, and the midnight hosts muster around us in their eternal grandeur, singing the anthem "For ever, for ever!" then we prate of the rule of God—we talk of the beneficence, the love, the power, the justice of God; and, a few notes, for such we are, dancing in the sunbeam of eternity our little life, when we turn and read and destroy each other, we declare that this is *our* will, not God's. There is a problem here which requires a spiritual interpretation, and we propose to offer it, let who will accept or reject it.

Our propositions shall be placed before you ere we attempt to work them out. They are these:—There is a mighty, intelligent soul of the universe, in whom, with whom, by whom every movement, from the life of the infusoria to the birth of planets, is ruled; his power never fails, his laws are never interrupted, his purposes are never turned aside. These purposes in the life of man, as manifest by observation and history, are eternal and unbroken progress. That progress is outwrought through the instrumentality of men and spirits. A certain amount of spiritual power to guide and rule their actions is entrusted to both. Both are instruments for outworking the sovereign purposes of progress—the will of Deity—but through the instrumentality of man. And, finally, the soul of this Supreme, as manifested to us, is infinitely good—good for all, not for one alone, not only for a nation, but for man; and every man is of as much importance—the weal, woe, progression, and unfolding of every soul is of as much consequence in the eternal scheme as the weal, woe, and unfolding of a nation, a planet, or a solar system. In defending these propositions we may seem at first to strain wide of the mark and depart from our subject. But take the first proposition—goodness—the rule, the immutable purpose of this supreme mind ultimating the destiny of man through progress.

Now, all that we know of the vestiges of civilisation points back to the far East. There we perceive the rise and growth of powerful dynasties; and of all the mighty and wonderful dynastic institutions that have been traced by us, there is one, the most insignificant of all,

but the richest in written scriptures—that of the Jews. Far younger than the Hindoo or Egyptian—far more ignorant (by no means justifying their proud and egotistical assertion of being a favoured or chosen people), they have left us, by that peculiar providence of eternal and unbroken inspiration which never leaves the world without a witness, written scriptures which amply testify to the order in which human life and destiny have been gradually outwrought. From these we learn that the first forms of aggregate life that ever obtained were under patriarchal rule. The father of the family was also the ruler; the small groups of people that were gathered together beneath the patriarchal rule necessitated no other form of government. This patriarchal rule was perpetuated in the line of the descendants. The eldest child of the family was the patriarchal representative. But in process of time we find that the peoples grew many, that the patriarchal rule was insufficient, and then the rule of judges and chiefs of tribes ensued. The wild, nomadic life of eastern nations was satisfied at first by this form of rule: all barbarous nations have adopted it; it is the life of all alike, although we cite the life of but one nation as an epitome of the whole. At last, as flocks and herds multiply, the men of agricultural pursuits increase in wealth and produce; luxury obtains, wealth accumulates in the hands of the people, and with that love of display and splendour which is one of the promulgators of civilisation—one of the incentives to growth—the people determine to represent their wealth and their acquisitions in more splendid form, and so they choose for themselves the shadow of that which they conceive to be the supreme rule of the universe—a king. First, the choice of this representative of the power and wealth of the mightiest is the choice of the people—possibly, like Saul of old, chosen for excess of physical strength, manifested in excess of height—for those qualities which were the wealth of an antique people. The kings of old were in reality the representatives of the barbarous life, the splendour, the idolatry, the image-worship of the people. Still the king was to them the type of their deity, and as such his laws became supreme. The same order has obtained in the history of priestcraft as of kings; both proceeded together, and both soon developed another form of government. The immunities, privileges, and wealth that surrounded the office of king and priest were too advantageous to be permitted to pass out of the hands of posterity, and so in process of time elective monarchy strengthened into hereditary monarchy, hereditary monarchy into unlimited autocracy; and then, with this mighty and excessive power entrusted into the hands of a few fallible human beings, came that enormous abuse of power which crowded down the many, and trampled the rights of peoples under the foot of autocrats. Mark the results. God was very far off to these ancient peoples: He ruled when they gazed upon the shining splendour of the sky, and they consulted the unknown power of deity when they had neither kings nor princes to govern them; but when they transferred their idolatry to human gods they forgot the solemn lessons of right and wrong which are ever present in the laws of God. The nations became corrupt: their infamies, the abominations they practised, the wickedness of the autocrat on the one hand and the fearful crimes and rebellion of the people on the other, procured at last that inevitable and mighty disease, that foul and fatal corruption of death and destruction, which eventuated in the final demolition of all the dynasties of the East. Why were they strong, and why are they now in ashes? Why were they mighty and beautiful, powerful and full of resource? Their monuments of art, larger and grander than the mind of the modern can compass—their vast buildings, their gigantic places of worship, their mighty undertakings, the sublimity of their poetry, the idealism of their imagery, all prove that they were a mighty people. What are they now? Neither works of art, nor temples, nor buildings, nor the possibility of rising above the degradation of utter fatalism exists throughout the East. Men call this fate; some call it retribution; we call it the working of the eternal and immutable laws of God. So long as they were industrious—so long as there was equilibrium amongst the rights of the peoples and their rulers—so long as governments were undertaken for the protection of the governed—they were strong, and rose on the steps of progress from point to point until they became splendid dynasties. The history of Rome and Greece is not too far off for us to learn that their power was derived from the people. So long as the people were active, industrious, and strong, and had a part in their own legislation, the countries rose on those supreme heights of power that procured happiness for all and bread for all. It was the sword of luxury taken into the suicidal hands of corrupt men that slew the life of the people. Such is God's law. Silent and swift, the foot of the angel of retribution is not seen nor heard until his track is marked by

fire and blood. We complain of God, and we ask why he permits. Back on thy tracks, O man, and then learn that it is arrogant usurpation of the power of God which man exercises over man that rears the heavens, and compels the enactment of those stern and awful desolations that upset and break down the arm of the autocrat, and as soon destroy dynasties as men.

The second act in the divine drama commences upon a fresh theatre of existence. In the new young life of Europe we find that nothing of antiquity that was really valuable was lost, whilst its wrong, its corruption, its darkness was left behind. The spirit of a higher fresh life was no shibboleth amongst them, there was no war cry. Appeal to their reason, their judgment, they had no answer to give. The blood-guiltiness of seventy years was upon them, and they knew it not. You do not seem, people of earth, to recognise it. You call such utterances as these hypotheses, or perhaps more transcendentalism; yet the history of the ages from the days of Pharaoh to those of the last American republican President are full of these tremendous retributions—the evidences that great national wrongs are eventually avenged and righted, or the nation falls.

The curtain falls on the drama of the new world. There is no more history to tell, for the feet of the new world's people, like those of your speaker, have pressed the last foothold of land on the shores of the West. As the waves of the ocean, created with the dying light of the setting sun, crimson and gold from the shadow of the curtain which the fingers of midnight are weaving around the parting sun—as the waves beat up through the Golden Gate on the shores of golden California, there is a dim reverberating echo coming across those billows—it is the hum from the buried cities of the far East. The goal is attained; the history is told, and this history was finished in the final destruction of that last dread crime which interfered between the destiny of humanity and the will of Him that rides it—between the kind and fatherly providence of the God of all, and the lowest and most helpless of his creatures; and with the life of the good, kind President—the man of the times—the man of the people—the obedient servant of his God, and the friend of the lowest and most helpless—with the last sigh of the murdered Lincoln, the last chain was broken, and the last manacle fell from the neck of the people that tread the free new world. They live now under these conditions: I go through the length and breadth of the land, and I shall not find an American child of the age of ten years but what shall read, and reading shall know, and knowing shall acquire the power that makes him the equal of the mightiest man of the earth. I shall not look in the face of a single American man who shall not find room to live, and place to work, and opportunities to rise. And why? Not because of the wealth that abounds in the country, or because of its largeness or grandeur, but because knowledge is power, and that knowledge which permeates the ranks of the new world's people is self-knowledge.

Now I turn to the picture which points the moral of the story. The scene is around us—a land which the cruel, savage, relentless hands of an oppressive government have drenched with blood and tears. Who can charge this on the people? Who can say why or wherefore it is? Array the autocrats that have governed these people face to face with their vast multitudes; let them answer, let them give a reason for their fell and fatal acts. They cannot do it. But there is another story to tell. It is not a twelvemonth since an edict was issued in Europe, by a frail, weak, feeble old man, that no person should have the right to establish school, trade, commerce, systems of education, to buy, to sell, to pray, scarcely to think, without authority, and without being in strict harmony with the old man that sent forth this edict, upon pain of his anathema maramatha. We know that this has been the subject of ridicule and contempt, and yet in the nineteenth century there are hundreds and thousands that bow beneath this edict, and this is one phase of authority that is just as shocking and as contemptible as the authority that makes the Emperor of France or the King of Prussia all forth a hundred thousand men, and bid them go out to kill or be killed at his pleasure. And you are all free men and women, and this is a free age, and Europe is free! More chained, more fettered than the black man in the rice field of South Carolina. Manacled by poverty, chained by hunger. Do you know whence these fabrics come, and how they are wrought? We go to the stores of the merchant, and we rejoice when we find that the fabrics are given in exchange for very little wealth; but we do not go into the narrow, dark, wretched streets of the Lyons silk weavers to see how they are fashioned. Your speaker has done it, and seen them by hundreds and thousands, dirty, hopeless, helpless, and ignorant. They are not starving. If only they are industrious they can get bread enough—all their families, from the little one that can hold a wheel, the child a little older that can turn a crank, the child a little older that can gather up the thread, the child a little older that can oil the wheels, up to the dirty, ignorant, brutalised, helpless father. If one of them falls sick or faints by the way-side, there is so much bread gone, but then there are plenty of others to rush in. Are they not slaves? There is not a moment of time that they can devote to cultivating their souls or recognising that they have souls at all. When the day of rest comes they are too dirty and wearied, too sullen and despondent to go and hear what is called the comforter; and if they do, they hear of the goodness of God, and come back to feel the hardness and brutality of man.

And do you know how the beautiful laces are woven, and how the fair designs on your pottery are outwrought, and how your cheap calicoes and prints and muslins are fashioned? I do. Do you know how the light that blazes in your eyes this night is extracted from the bowels of the earth by grimy men that take their lives in their hands into the pit in the midst of the fire-damp to dig it out? Even excepting the vast army of paupers that disgrace your city streets, do you consider the lives of the lowest, as we call them, of the operatives and mechanics; and do you know that they are slaves—white slaves—slaves to hunger, cold, necessity, and at last to ignorance? The ironmen of the State of Missouri gather up iron enough to pave that great country from end to end, and send it to yours to manufacture, and bring it back to lay their rails withal, because they are not slaves and your ironmen are—because they will not work for the miserable wage that is paid to yours. And do you consider the beautiful gems that adorn the fingers of the rich, ay, and are the means of circulating the wealth and industry of these new-world people, carved by the white slaves of Germany, and Belgium, and France, with

such beauty and such care, for a few paltry pence? It is because of this that the cry is now sounding in England, and France, and Prussia, and throughout the European continent, "Let my people go!" Never until the day when you and I can go into the streets of Europe and find every child able to read, and know and recognise the power that is in himself—never until you and I shall look upon the face of the beggar, and ask him why he is so, and tell him that there are no chains to bind, that there is work for all, and room for all, and bread for all,—never until you and I can look in the face of the poorest child, and perceive there the avenues of all honor and all possibility as open to him as to the use of the land, will the demon of war cease. For it is these oppressions and corruptions that are the cause of war. If great and wonderful India fell from her high state—if wise and magical Egypt has become ruined, and silent, and desolate—if the splendid East is no more—if proud Rome and wise Greece are asleep in ashes, living only in the memory of a glory whose shadow flits across their path, a memento of reproach and shame—why should we escape? We know that there have been neither morals nor religion in the land of France. All our sympathies are arrayed on the side of those that suffer the most; and when we see a hapless people crowded by the brutal hands of strength into the last stronghold—deprived gradually of all that makes life precious—shattered, torn, bruised, lacerated, bleeding, hungry—we never ask what have been their antecedents. Our hearts bleed for them, and well may we cry, "Sympathy with France!" No matter what the nation, no matter what its life has been, such must be our cry; it is the echo of the inherent goodness in the human heart, and shame be to us if we can see our fellow-creatures perish and not weep for them. But oh, friends! the cause of this exists in the supreme justice of the Almighty Ruler, who has made laws of right and wrong as much for nations as individuals, and that justice must be vindicated. The great lesson we have to learn is that of social, religious, intellectual, and political liberty for every living man beneath the sun. The priest or the king that dares to hang the shackles of human authority around the neck of man usurps the great Creator's place. And just in proportion as the people bow down to and idolise human authority instead of the authority of God, they too will suffer, and the dark and hideous lessons of war must be permitted to teach them.

SPIRITUALISM IN MANCHESTER.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

SIR,—Having read in the columns of the MEDIUM an article from one who attends the society called the "Christian Worshipers," and feeling apprehensive lest it should produce a wrong impression with respect to the cause of Spiritualism generally in Manchester, I beg leave to trouble you with a few lines.

In the first place, there are many private circles held in various parts of this city (all, no doubt, performing their respective uses), but the only public meeting which is held to advocate Spiritualism is at the Temperance Hall in Grosvenor Street, every Sunday afternoon at 2.30. The services are conducted principally by Messrs. Jackson and Johnson (both mediums), of Hyde, and occasionally assisted by Miss Barlow, of Rhodes, and Miss Hall, of Manchester. The discourses given through these mediums are certainly of a very high order, and for eloquence, pathos, and soul-stirring, are admirably adapted to the state of most of those who attend. The burden of their messages is the uplifting of humanity from its present degraded state, which can only be accomplished by the removal of all the evils which afflict us, whether social, moral, national, or individual, and by every person acting according to the golden rule of doing unto others as he would have them do unto him; not faith merely, nor creeds nor dogmas, but life, is the whole absorbing theme; and that the only life worth living for is the life of love, of unselfishness and disinterestedness. We purpose in future to send you a summary report of these meetings, for they well deserve a place in your valuable impression. One very pleasing feature in this society is that its members depend mostly to the various sects, viz., Wesleyans, Primitive Methodists, Free Church, New Church, and those who belong to no church; still the tendency is in the right direction; it is, in reality, a dying out of Sectarianism—a breaking up of every fetter, and emerging into the light of day. It disclaims all party names, save that of Spiritualists; its object is to establish as broad a footing as possible, so that it may adapt itself to every phase of society, and thus answer the end for which it was formed. And now, Mr. Editor and fellow-labourers, as we are now commencing another new year, we would fain hope that we are also commencing new states in our upward progress, and that the cause of Spiritualism, through those who appreciate its truth, may give no uncertain sound, but that it may strike deeper and spread wider, until ultimately it may be said, as in Holy Writ, that the north shall give up, and the south shall keep not back, and the dark places of the earth, which are full of the habitations of cruelty, may become the abode of peace and plenty.—Yours very truly,

DAVID BROWN.

Cheetham, near Manchester.

IS IT IMPOSITION?

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

SIR,—I send you herewith a slip of paper cut out of last Saturday's *Halifax Guardian*. If you think with me that we ought to do all we can to rid our ranks of all imposition, and make sharp and short work of all impostors, I hope you will find a corner in next MEDIUM. The Halifax people may see that you have an eye on those sheep in the fold whose bleat is the wolf's bark. I am jealous of all manifestations forced for the sake of effect. I will leave the matter entirely in your hands, without further remark. Through your esteemed kindness I have been enabled to send assortments of the MEDIUM—two to five numbers in a packet—per post to a great number of my friends and acquaintance in different parts of the country. I posted about eighty copies, a week or ten days ago. The other day, as I was going North, a young man offered me a small religious tract as he was leaving the train; I asked him to accept an exchange, as I had provided myself with a few copies for just such an emergency. He accepted a copy of my "tracts"—the MEDIUM—much in the same way as you would suppose a man taking hold of a supposed overheated poker-knob. As I handed it to him, he asked, in

evident astonishment, "Are you a Christian, sir?" "Well," I replied, "I may be; but in any case you will find this paper interesting reading." Mutually thanking each other, he walked away, and I listened for the guard's signal whistle to roll me a hundred miles farther North. I only have one wish for our cause, that I could do more to help it on.

January 16, 1871.

J. L.

"SALTERHERBLE"—SPIRITUALISM EXPLAINED.—A short time ago, a remarkable explanation of the working of spiritualistic wonders was made at a meeting of Spiritualists in this locality. It had been announced that a spirit would play on a concertina, on which occasion there was to be no light, natural or artificial. An 'unbeliever' was present on the occasion, and whilst the spirit was busy with the concertina in the darkness, the septic suddenly lighted several lucifer matches at once, and a well-known 'disciple' was discovered with the concertina in his hand, the performance on which had suddenly ceased on account of the light thus thrown upon the movement. The objector then put it to the assembly what sort of a 'spirit' the performer was.

[We gladly give opportunity for investigation in such a case as this, at the same time qualifying our actions by the remark that if we could possibly believe all such rumours as appear in the newspapers against Spiritualists and mediums we would thereby declare ourselves fit subjects for the grossest delusions imaginable. It is not impossible that such a case of imposition should have taken place, but without incontestable evidence we are disposed to consider the report a falsehood. We know that musical instruments can be operated on without mortal hands, and can see no reason why any trick need be resorted to. We also know that "unbelievers" and "septs," disposed to doubt the good faith of their brother-men, are generally creatures of the lowest type, morally and intellectually—blind to everything but their prejudices, and capable of doing the dirtiest work to support their views. We sincerely hope the report is false; if it is true, we will gladly aid in giving every publicity to the offence.—Ed. M.]

THE HAUNTED HOUSE IN WALES.

In previous numbers of the MEDIUM some facts were given respecting a house in Wales which was disturbed by some unknown influence. Mr. Hughes, of Carnarvon, informs us that the house, situated in Pwllheli, has now been restored to quiet, and he considers the spiritual disturbances were simply a means of arresting their attention, and arousing them to their work in Spiritualism. When he wrote some time ago five mediums had been developed at the circle held at the house which was formerly considered haunted. There is a trance and writing medium, Miss Williams, Ivy Street, Pwllheli; an impressional medium, her father, Mr. Williams; a tilting medium, Mrs. Hughes; and a healing medium, Mr. Hughes. We have seen specimens of the writing in Welsh and English. The circle meets several times a week, and they work in hopes of victory against much opposition from the public. Had it not been for the intelligence of Mr. Hughes this case might have been consigned to the limbo of superstition, like many other similar instances of spirit-power.

A SPIRIT IDENTIFIED.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—Your last MEDIUM contains a letter from Mrs. Hardinge with reference to the reports of her lectures appearing in your pages, in which, while complimenting the reporter for his general accuracy, she attributes to him the mistake of making the sun enter the sign of Virgo on the 25th of December. The report was not taken, as some of the others were, by myself, but by an assistant of whose great skill and accuracy in note-taking I have had many years' experience; and on looking at his notes, I have very little doubt that the error was really Mrs. Hardinge's, and not his. Of course, with the best writers an occasional slip of the pen is possible; but so is also a slip of the tongue with the most gifted speakers; and Mrs. Hardinge, with all her marvellous power of utterance, would not, I feel assured, claim exemption from this rule. It would be difficult to explain to those not familiar with the details of reporting the reasons for believing that there was really no slip of the pen in this instance; but in truth those reasons are very cogent.

Mrs. Hardinge, in corroboration of the view which she takes, refers to sundry omissions in the reports. It is only just to those of us who are engaged in reporting the lectures to state that these occasional omissions are rendered necessary by the exigencies of your space. If the lectures were given in an uncondensed form, you would have very little room in your paper for other matter.

I see another communication in your paper, with reference to a message at a spirit-circle from a Mr. Lay, who stated that he was formerly a solicitor, living at Addington Square, Camberwell. You inquire if anything is known as to the decease of this gentleman. Permit me to say that I knew him when in the flesh, and that I have before me his memorial card, which states that he died at Addington Square on May the 16th, thus confirming the statement made at the circle. I may add that a relative of his informs me that the sentiments expressed in the message are in remarkable harmony with those which he entertained in his earthly life.—I am, Sir, yours truly,

THOMAS A. REED.

37, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, January 16, 1871.

THE universe is not an accident. These mosses, this blooming heather, you lark still carolling above us, and man more wondrous than them all, are not the workmanship of chance, the uncaused consequents of nothing. There are men miscalled philosophers, and almost miscalled men, to whom nothing exists they cannot see and handle: some of them have even doubted their own existence. I am not recommending faith, for faith amounts to nothing: by knowledge only can the soul increase in stature; but scepticism so irrational as this almost degrades humanity to the level of the brute. The only existence is spirit, which preceded matter, willed its being, and shall re-resolve it into its native nothingness. Transitory and illusive is the thing perceived; changeless and eternal the perceptive mind.—E. N. Denny, "The Alpha."

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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Man and his Relations, Social and Political—A Letter from Mrs. Hardinge—Jacob the Healer—The Personal Appearance of Christ—A Spiritual Telegraph Wanted—Mrs. Emma Hardinge's Sunday Meetings, Important Notes—Oral Force—The Good Mrs. Hardinge is Doing—The Sunday Services—The Spirit Messenger—Further Manifestations of Spirit-Power—The Christian Worshipers—Spiritualism in Kilburn—Gawthorpe—An "Elevated" Form of Spiritualism—Indications of Identity—Lines, &c., &c.

SEANCES AND MEETINGS DURING THE WEEK.

- FRIDAY, JANUARY 20,** 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, Maid Hill, W., at 7 o'clock. Several mediums in attendance. Admission 2s. 6d.
- SUNDAY, JANUARY 22,** Service at Cleveland Rooms, Cleveland Street, Fitzroy Square, at 7 p.m. Emma Hardinge will speak on "Evil."
Carlton Hall, Kilburn. A. C. Swinton at 7.
REIGHELLEY, 10.30 a.m. and 4.30 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.
BRISTOL, Public Meetings, 10.30 a.m., 2.30 and 6.30 p.m. Trance-Medium, Mr. Hillingworth.
BOWLING, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, 2.50 and 6 p.m. Hall Lane, 2 and 8 p.m.
MANCHESTER, Grosvenor Street Temperance Hall, at 2.50.
COWLEY, at George Holdroyd's, at 4 p.m.
- MONDAY, JANUARY 23,** Seance at 15, Southampton Row, at 8 o'clock. Mr. Herne Medium for the Spirit-Office. Admission 2s.
- TUESDAY, JANUARY 24,** Seance at Mrs. Marshall, Sen's, 29, Shirland Road, Bristol Gardens, Maid Hill, W., at 7 o'clock. Several mediums in attendance. Admission 2s. 6d.
REIGHELLEY, at 3.30 p.m., at the Lyceum. Trance-Mediums, Mrs. Lucas and Messrs. Wright and Shackleton.
- WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, "College of Mediums," at 15, Southampton Row, at 8 o'clock.** Ticket for six weeks, 1s.
Seance at Mr. Wallace's, 105, Isip Street, Kentish Town.
BOWLING, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, 8 p.m.
- THURSDAY, JANUARY 26,** Seance at 7, Corporation Road, Clerkenwell, at 8 o'clock.
BOWLING, Hall Lane, 7.30 p.m.
Dalston Association of Inquirers into Spiritualism. Seance at 74, Navarino Road, Dalston, at 7.45 p.m. (One week's notice requisite from intending visitors.)
- * * * 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, JANUARY 20, 1871.

DIETETICS IN RELATION TO MEDIUMSHIP.

The welfare of man's organic structure depends, in the first place, upon the capabilities of his stomach. This important organ disintegrates the food necessary for the support of the body, that it may be transformed into blood capable of vitalising every part, and sustaining the complex functions and phenomena of the man, physical and mental. The ultimate object of the digestive process is to elaborate spiritual elements essential to the sustenance of man's interior or spiritual structure. This is, in the first place, effected by the magnetic elements derived from the food directly it enters the mouth. The satisfaction experienced from eating, and the pleasurable and invigorating sensations which it imparts, afford ample evidence of the fact that a prime good is derived from food previous to its digestion by the alimentary viscera.

Now, here we perceive two conditions appertaining to food—first, its magnetic or spiritual state; and secondly, its material or physical state. The ripeness, perfection, freshness, heat, and molecular condition of food arising from cooking, preservation, &c., all affect the magnetic qualities of such food, and render it innocuous or hurtful to the person who partakes of it. The process of growth and development by which Nature produces food gives it that flavour or quality which is an index to the sensations that such food is good or wholesome. Putrescence, or a change in the chemical composition of food, at once unfits it for the purposes of nutrition, and it becomes a poison instead of an aliment. Its magnetic sphere in such instances, instead of ministering to the wants of the spirit organism, interferes in a degree more or less with its normal action, and lowers the healthy functions of mind

and body. This is fully illustrated in the effects of intoxicating drinks and tobacco on the unpolluted nervous system of the abstainer.

The various temperaments of mankind are allied to the different classes of foods; and as mediums are peculiar in regard to their temperamental conditions, they are easily disordered or unfitted for their duties as mediums by improper foods. In fact, it is not saying too much to state that nearly all the ailments of civilised life have their origin in dietetic errors. The eyes of society are as yet blind to these facts, so that they are necessarily overlooked, and doctors as ignorant as their patients are consulted, and poisons administered: pockets are emptied, constitutions are shattered, man is unfitted for his duties as the recipient of inspiration and the exhibitor of interior spiritual qualities; graves are filled, bereaved families mourn, and the great object of life on earth is frustrated in the case of thousands.

Are not these statements truth? and if so, are they not of tremendous import to every intelligent human being? But they have a special bearing on the anomalies of mediumship. It is from the magnetic sphere of the medium that he or she is conditioned to receive the influence of spirits, or of certain spirits. This magnetic sphere is derived from the blood, and the blood in turn from the food. It must be observed that anything which affects the condition of the blood affects the magnetic sphere, and thence the mediumistic qualities of the individual. We have seen that the magnetic states of the food affect man's spiritual relations to his body and the spirit-world. It is also true that the physical state of the food is of equal importance. Is it digestible or the contrary? Is it pure or adulterated? has it a narcotising, nerve-exciting tendency, or is it bland and cooling? is it eaten in such quantities and at such times as to be fully assimilated and aerated by the lungs? What volumes of saving knowledge are contained in these important queries, and many others that might be added, all of which the great bulk of mankind ignore or openly violate!

How, then, can we expect to have bright instructive communications if the conditions are absent? How can we have truthful messages if the instrument through which they come is a bundle of physiological falsehoods? We have psychological notes of many circles at which incidents like the following occurred:—An undeveloped ignorant spirit communicates, with which the circle are not satisfied. They ask for their bright and intelligent instructors to dispense to them some of their superior knowledge, but no response answers the appeal. The circle at once arrive at the conclusion that evil spirits have control of their medium—that their good spirits have abandoned them because they did not open the proceedings with a hymn, a chapter, or a prayer. No such thing. Such reasons are the grossest superstition. The cause of the non-communication of the high spirits was that the medium or some of the sitters had eaten too much at dinner, had luxuriated on portions of some filthy animal, or poisoned the blood by alcohol or some other narcotic. A clairvoyant sat in a corner and saw the good guardian spirits standing afar off, unable to penetrate the fog of impure magnetism that enveloped the circle.

These are principles of the widest import to Spiritualists—to humanity, and the experience of thousands of intelligent mediums corroborates them.

KIND FRIENDS.

In the course of a laborious and unrequited service, it is cheering to meet with kind, helpful, and appreciative friends. It is always pleasant to be personally approved of, but to the reformer and pioneer far sweeter is the hand that helps him in his work than the tongue which merely utters empty sentences of praise and laudation. We have to record that the feeling of help and sympathy with the special mission of the MEDIUM is on the increase. Its readers are beginning to realise the great sacrifices that are being made to sustain it and render it an efficient servant to the movement, and that to help in such a good cause is an honour and a privilege. Without occupying space with names, we gratefully acknowledge the receipt of various sums towards the support of our losing enterprise—losing as regards money, but winning as regards the progress of Spiritualism and the enlightenment of thousands of truthseekers. We take special pleasure in recording the receipt of a letter from a gentleman in Italy, containing the moiety of an annual subscription of £10 towards the extension of the MEDIUM. We were the more astonished as we had never heard the name, and did not know that there was such a person in existence. Such a gentleman is a rare phenomenon in English society. It is a fondly-cherished belief with many trusting souls that the "English gentleman" is the generous helper of enlightening agencies—the patron of music, the arts, literature and learning. Alas! vain belief, hollow deception. The "English gentleman" of practical everyday experience is an exacting, pompous, browbeating creature that desires everybody and everything to patronise him, or be the recipients of his boisterous wrath or dignified contempt.

The true gentleman of this age is the hard-handed or clear-headed worker who, from his unremitting industry, has always a sixpence in his pocket, and a penny of it to spare for the use of his intellect or the progress of his race. Allied with him in the genuine upper ranks are the respectable men of business; and, indeed, all who know the value of means from their acquaintance with toil. Such have been and are the sinews of every good work, and such are the best friends of Spiritualism and of the MEDIUM in particular; and we shall do what lies in our power to

supply them with a paper worthy of the noble self-sacrificing spirit which actuates their useful lives.

Our system of free distribution is becoming more extended and better organised. We have to thank our friends for their kind labours in this direction. Every penny of that which we receive as donations from our friends is spent in this way twice over. We hope soon to see the MEDIUM not only self-supporting, but extended in size, quality, and usefulness. It is not our fault that it is not so already.

IF IT IS NOT SPIRITS, WHAT IS IT?

I have been a member of the Masonic fraternity for thirteen years, and in June, 1864, it was our good fortune to have a visit and a course of lectures at Susanville, Cal., from Mrs. Emma Hardinge. During her stay, we were privileged to receive her as a guest at our home.

The 24th of June was celebrated by the Masons, and while making preparations, I had some Masonic emblems in our parlour; and Mrs. Hardinge became partially controlled, and, while in that condition, and during a running conversation, she gave me two Masonic signs and two words in a manner that was not observable by herself or anyone else present.

For the time I was very much surprised, it being the first Masonic signs that I had ever received from a spiritual source. When the influence left her, I asked her if she would meet with a few Masons in our parlour, and see what the spirits would do. She said she was willing to give her time. I invited some twelve or fifteen brothers from Lupen Lodge, No 149; among them were the Master and Wardens. They met in our parlour, and the family retired to another part of the house. The doors were locked and the window-blinds closed. We all being seated around the room, Mrs. Hardinge became entranced, and to all appearance perfectly oblivious to surrounding conditions. She acted in the capacity of Master; went through the work of opening the lodge on the first degree of Masonry. She gave all the lectures, signs, and words pertaining to the degree in regular order; closed in that degree; opened in the next, giving everything in regular order; and so on, through what is known as the Blue Lodge. After closing on the Master's degree she gave us a very impressive address on the morals and teachings of Masonry, and remarked that she would like to have gone on through higher degrees, but she saw that was as far as any of us had gone (which was the case). This I give upon the honour of a man and a Mason. I say, let the sceptic decide. I know all the resources that Mrs. Hardinge would be likely to have to gain Masonic secrets and knowledge; and then, when we take into account the high moral character, and consider how far it would be from her, even if it were possible for her to have gained this knowledge from any other than a spiritual source, she would never have used it and claimed it to be from spirits. I cannot account for it upon any hypothesis except that she was entranced and controlled by a spirit that knew more Masonry than all of us combined. I am thoroughly convinced that, in her normal condition, she knows nothing of the secrets of Masonry.

During the whole course of my investigation of Spiritualism, I have tried to account for many of the tests I have received in some other way; but when I lay aside the agency of spirits, it is all a mystery.—P. Chamberlin, in the "Banner of Light."

NOTES BY THE WAY.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

Sir,—I have been in Birmingham a fortnight; will you allow me space for a word or two with respect to "the cause" here? I am sorry to say that Spiritualism in Birmingham is not in a very flourishing condition, albeit there are many earnest Spiritualists in the district. Unfortunately, however, though they are ready to put on the harness and set to work, the "ways and means," as a bugbear, stands in their path. There are few Birmingham Spiritualists who have a surplus of this world's goods, and the consequence is, that, though their hearts are full of love for the cause, there is a hanging back in reference to any active labour, because of the heavy expenses necessary to carry on anything like a successful campaign. Since my coming to the town, I have endeavoured by every means to rouse the good folks, who seem to imagine that because they cannot do great things, therefore they should rest on their oars and do nothing. I have already attended several sittings, and with results, though not particularly cheering, from the fact that the meetings have been actually suspended for some time; this has had a most depressing effect on the manifestations; moreover, there are no developed mediums at hand—I say none, because the only one from whom good trance-speaking can be obtained is unwilling to sit for the purpose; hence the Birmingham Spiritualists are as a rope of sand, without cohesion or strength. There are also to be found many specimens of the "Fearalls," and "Fainthearts," and others, who are incessantly bothering themselves as to what Mrs. Grundy would say; added to all this, some of the gifted workers have passed over to the world of spirits. Here is a picture to make every true Spiritualist weep, that in a town where the harvest is so great, the labourers should be so few and far between. I am doing what I can to rouse a better state of feeling. On the 8th of January, Messrs. Franklin, Hill, Hawkes, and myself went over to Walsall to friend Blinkhorn's, where we were joined by Messrs. Lones, Alsop, and Washburne, and after partaking of the "cup that cheers" (Mr. Blinkhorn's providing), we sat and obtained vigorous table movements of a rather boisterous character. I much regret that we did not succeed in obtaining any satisfactory messages; for,

after all, the phenomena are worthy of no regard apart from intellect displayed by the spirits. On Thursday last, a large party, including most of the above-mentioned, with Mr. Gilman and Miss Munro, sat at Mr. Hill's house, where pleasing and intelligent movements were obtained, after a patient sitting. Other seances have been held, but I cannot report the success you would be only too glad to receive. I hope soon to be able to secure support enough to undertake some public lectures in the town and surrounding district. I might mention that there are in Birmingham some who could afford to pay the expenses of a systematic propaganda. As they have not come forward to the help of the cause in its need, the question has been asked whether it would be advisable to give them a broad hint in the shape of a circular. I have no doubt that much of this seeming niggardliness on the part of the well-to-do arises mainly from want of thought;—this can be remedied in the way proposed. I am no advocate for organisation in the sense of forming a society, and subscribing to rules, and laws, and creeds; but I do think that a union, simply for the purpose of placing the facts of Spiritualism before the public, arranging sittings, and distributing Spiritualistic literature, ought to be established in every important centre. Such an agency, working in unity with the "head centre" or Progressive Institution in London, would effect untold good at a minimum cost. All the advantages arising from the engagement of regular lecturers and able mediums would thus be secured by a mere trifling outlay on the part of each person. To this view I hope to bring the Birmingham Spiritualists. I am just now feeling my way for a social meeting of friends, when these matters can be talked over pleasantly, and I trust practically. This letter will be read by our friends at Walsall. I would venture to ask Mr. Blinkhorn to sit as often as possible, for the purpose of developing his daughter as a medium. I would also suggest that some measures be taken at Walsall for arranging another public lecture. The one recently delivered by Mr. James Burns, was the means of stirring the people on the question and eliciting inquiry. Such pioneer lectures cannot be too often repeated. While I am here I shall be pleased to arrange with any society desirous of engaging my services. In conclusion, I have much satisfaction in bearing testimony to the zeal and devotedness of Mr. A. Franklin, of 58, Suffolk Street; he has done much for Spiritualism, and though he has a great deal to contend against, he is still its champion, as firm as ever, and ready to do battle for the truth. His shop is a repository for spiritual literature, and a *bureau d'instruction pour tout le monde*. I hope to be able in my next letter to give you more cheering news. I need scarcely say that I shall not fail in making the MEDIUM known in the various districts I may visit. Wishing you abundant success in your noble undertaking of spreading broadcast the seed of spiritual truth, I am faithfully yours,

JOHN COLLIER.

Edgbaston, near Birmingham, January 16, 1871.

N.B.—Letters may be addressed—Post Office, Birmingham.

THE COLLEGE OF MEDIUMS.

The first session closed on Wednesday evening. Next Wednesday evening will be devoted to a social meeting of mediums and friends interested in development, to take steps to form another circle for the ensuing six weeks. All who feel interested are cordially invited to attend this meeting on Wednesday next, and such as desire to become members of the College should enter their names on that evening. The cost of the ticket is 5s. for the course of six evenings. Several mediums will be in attendance to deliver addresses in the trance-state, that the spirit-friends who suggested the College may take part in the proceedings.

THE ZOUAVE JACOB, the well-known healing medium, visited Kilburn Association on Tuesday evening, and held a seance for healing. His influence is described as "delightful," and it is pleasant to sit with him. M. Jacob is disposed to do all the good he can. If he does not do as much as could be desired, it will be the fault of Spiritualists in not arranging for him. His address is 32, Bryanston Street, Hyde Park, W.

OF THIS WEEK'S MEDIUM an extra edition has been printed, of which large numbers are being circulated in new districts. We have a few hundreds to sell at 5s. per 100, or twenty copies for 1s., and hope our friends will avail themselves of such favourable opportunities for circulating knowledge.

MR. JESSE B. H. SHEPARD, the musical medium, who has spent nearly two years in Paris and London, has returned to this country. He arrived at this port by the last Cunard steamer. He intends to hold private seances in this city, previous to visiting New York and the West.—Banner of Light, January 14, 1871.

THE second of the weekly lectures of the Kilburn Association for Investigating the Truthfulness of Spiritualism was delivered last Monday evening, at the Carlton Hall, by Mr. J. Freeman, president of the Brixton Society of Spiritualists, the subject being, "Do Spiritual Beings communicate with Men? If so, by what means?" Despite the adverse weather, an intelligent and earnest assemblage of about 100 were present, and listened intently to a very interesting and instructive address. A number of important questions were put and satisfactorily answered; and a truth-seeking and harmonious spirit characterised the proceedings. We hope to hear that friend Freeman is kept on the platform, as his services there are of great importance to the cause. The next meeting of this lively Association will take place next Monday evening, at 8.30 prompt, when J. J. Morse, the trance-medium, will deliver an inspirational address. Sunday Services for the people, on "The Religion of Life." These addresses are delivered every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock precisely. Subject for next Sunday, by A. C. Swinton, "What is Evil?"

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.]

January 13.

QUESTIONS ON OBSESSION.

(Answered by Tien-Sien-Tie, guide of the medium.)

Q. What is the philosophy of obsession?—A. Numbers of disembodied men and women retain a liking for the pleasures of life, but their new condition prevents them from the enjoyment of their old habits; so they find one of similar tendencies with whom they come in rapport. This connection lasts as long as the person obsessed answers the purpose of the spirit, or till the spirit attains a higher position than its earthly desires.

Q. Can the obsessing spirit extract elements from the spiritual nature of the obsessed person?—A. Our previous answer implies the affirmative. Food nourishes the spiritual nature as well as the physical, and this spiritual sustenance the obsessing spirit absorbs.

Q. Can the effect be felt, and where?—A. It can be felt sometimes, but not always. It is first noticed in the exaltation of some predominating trait in the person's character. When he sits and communes with his higher nature, the obsessed man feels that there is an influence at work militating against him, called by some an evil destiny, and by others the "Devil."

Q. Has the obsessed person any means of preventing the extraction of spirit-food by the low spirit?—A. The person must first be conscious of the fact that he is obsessed. Then he must excite his will to subdue the extra-active traits of character, and by an orderly life in all respects close the channel of communication between him and the obsessing spirit. Shun evil, and it will flee from you.

Q. Can more than one spirit obsess the individual at the same time? if so, how many?—A. We cannot set any limit; but our experience shows us that it is generally one spirit. We have found several spirits on the same plane of desire who could manifest through the same person, but such is the exception rather than the rule.

[In conversation with the "Strolling Player" another part of the evening, he stated that if the spirit of a miser obsessed an individual the influence would operate on the organ of Acquisitiveness; if a murderer, the organ of Destructiveness; if a libertine, the organ of Amativeness, &c.; and that various spirits might thus obsess the various organs according to their dispositions.]

Q. Will the obsession terminate sometimes without the knowledge or action of the person obsessed?—A. Yes.

Q. What is the best means to be adopted to lessen the time of obsession and obtain complete relief?—Is there any set form of adjuration or exorcism whereby undeveloped spirits may be driven away?—A. To both questions we must refer to previous answers.

Q. Does obsession, at times, last for years?—A. Yes.

Q. Is the obsessing spirit attached to his victim?—A. Sympathetically, yes.

Q. Does obsession sometimes produce insanity?—A. A great deal of what passes for insanity is obsession; we do not imply that the majority of such cases are the result of obsession.

Q. Could angels cause a low spirit to obsess an individual with the view to spiritual development in the end?—A. As we have no knowledge of such a fact, we cannot answer.

Q. What are the causes of obsession?—A. Men in the great majority of cases are ignorant of their spiritual state in the world to come, and do not realise it properly when they arrive there. Obsessing spirits are in a low condition intellectually and morally—such as have been but little better than brutes. Their thoughts, associations, and cravings are the same as when in the flesh. A delicate female, or negative male, with unbalanced organism, in any state of society, may become the victim of obsession. It is a grave evil, because it leads to serious results, and these can only be averted by knowledge of a future state, and man's relations and duties thereto.

Q. Is it from wanton mischief that spirits thus act?—A. Sometimes; but not so frequently as is generally thought. It is to fill up a want in their nature, and they oftentimes do not know the amount of evil they do. The man A. has the lower portion of his brain in excess, and is the subject of low and bestial thoughts and actions. He may be a medium, and mingle with those of a similar disposition. C. dies and becomes a spirit, and is interiorly related to A., as they have the same traits of character. C. wants to enjoy life in his new state, and casts about for means to do so, when he stumbles over A., and finds him related to himself sympathetically, and a ready instrument for his purpose. The whole evil comes from ignorance, especially of the science of child-bearing, and the influences that operate on the child's mind to the formation of character. For want of this kind of knowledge men are led by the instinctive parts of the mind or selfish propensities instead of the superior parts, and the consequence is that they are selfish, cruel, and revengeful, and carry these peculiarities into spirit-life with them.

During the control by the "Strolling Player" it was elicited in conversation that the organs of Reason, Inspiration, Benevolence, &c., might come under spirit-influence as well as the lower parts of the brain; and as the bad man was impelled to evil by spirits of

a like kind, the good man was aided in good works by those spirits who delighted in such associations.

THE SPIRIT OF A LADY

controlled the medium without his awaking from the trance. The medium assumed the attitude of a woman, felt his head all over with his left hand, and seemed nervous and out of his element. The spirit spoke with great difficulty, and said, "I have only a few words to say, to let my husband, James Bobbington, Moorfield Place, Ashton Road, Openshaw, near Manchester, know that his wife is well, and wishes him well. Died in May of last year."

THE LIVERPOOL PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

We are glad to have a report of progress from this Society, of which we gave some few particulars in a late number.

The Society is now in thorough working order, but, although new members join every week, the number is not at all compatible with the population of such a large and wealthy town as Liverpool. By becoming a member of the Society, no one commits himself to any particular opinion, creed, or dogma: the avowed and principal object of the Society being the investigation of spiritual phenomena by means of experiments, readings, essays, &c.

The last meeting appears to have been very successful, and to have given general satisfaction to the earnest men of thought who were present thereat. The seance appears to have been somewhat analogous to those over which Mr. Morse presides as medium, but the language of the spirit was more condensed, and appears to have demanded infinitely more thought in grasping the main ideas propounded. The seance commenced with spirit-raps, and immediately afterwards the medium (Ambrose Fegan), under the control of Sir Isaac Newton, delivered a beautiful and extremely poetical address, the main idea of which appeared to be, that man, when in the flesh, in vainly endeavouring to follow the mysteries of the "starry vault," merely consumes valuable time to no purpose, and wastes, without equivalent, his life-allotment on earth. We do not, of course, venture any opinion as to the correctness of this theory; we merely place it before our readers as one of the phases of spirit-thinking.

The meetings continue to be held at Wall's Temperance Hotel, 1, Islington Place, on every alternate Thursday and Friday, until the exigencies of the Society necessitate removal to more commodious premises, which it is to be hoped will take place at no distant date. The next meeting will be held on Friday, the 27th instant.

THE EXPERIENCE OF AN INVESTIGATOR.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—Having been for some time an earnest investigator into the phenomena of Spiritualism, and now possessing a knowledge of its wonderful and glorious facts, I am constrained to send you the following, as a brief outline of my experience, sincerely hoping that some poor struggling, earnest-minded brother, "seeing, may take heart again."

In the first place, permit me to say that during the last twenty-five years my opinions or belief in religion and philosophy have been varied indeed—very orthodox at one period, and exceedingly heterodox at another. If the sincere Christian speaks to me in reference to his peculiar experience, &c., I can sympathise with him. If the free-thinking conscientious Materialist asks me to look with an unprejudiced mind at his principles of doctrine and morals, I can do so. And to each I would say, "Pilgrim brother, come on. I have no word of condemnation for either; if you differ from me in opinion or belief, it is well. Be yourself; let no other person do your thinking and believing for you."

Having, then, prefaced my letter with these preliminary remarks, I may state it is now about three years ago that I first thought very seriously on the subject of Spiritualism, and, as you may conjecture, with a vast deal of prejudice. "Spiritualism true? Not probable. But supposing the phenomena to be a fact, why attribute it to spirit-agency? Why indeed! This is going back a century or two in the world's history. The dead return to earth? Ah, no! Science, glorious Science, in all her majesty and power, shall one day easily enough explain these now mysterious "rappings," &c. This "wonder" of the nineteenth century shall be demonstrated to be the result merely of some combination of powers or forces quite natural and simple, and the descendants of the Spiritualists shall one day smile at the credulity of their fathers! Thus argued the writer—but I must know more about it. Will not electro-biology and its kindred sciences explain the phenomena? Surely the great Professor — or Dr. — will unravel this "spirit-wonder" by-and-by! But these manifestations will come. I dare not laugh at or pooh-pooh the subject. If these things that are taking place on every hand be really what the Spiritualists affirm them to be—communications from another world—the sooner I know it the better. Well, I read books, I heard lectures, I conversed with friends on and about the "ism;" but no, that will not satisfy. I must see and know for myself. Who will help? I cannot forbear mentioning that two friends, quite at variance with each other, are always ready, after their fashion, to give a helping hand to the serious investigator into the phenomena—those to whom a reference has already been made at the commencement of this letter—the orthodox Christian and the Materialist; the former putting it away from him (and from everyone else if he can) because it does not endorse his every dogma, or is of "the devil;" the latter, because it strikes at the root of his creed, shattering to pieces the citadel of Materialism, in which he fancied himself secure for ever. And these good friends do really say some frightful things about Spiritualism, and sometimes about Spiritualists; but that—at least, we hope so—is when they become unduly excited. I passed some months in a "halting" frame of mind, till at length I was invited by a friend—a Spiritualist—to a private "sitting" at his house. I attended some half-dozen times, and certainly phenomena occurred of a very significant nature, which led me on, step by step. Subsequently I commenced a weekly "sitting" at my own residence, with my children and a friend (an in-

restigator), and although I have as yet had no particular manifestations, yet quite sufficient has taken place to induce me to persevere.

And now approaches the crisis when the angel-world shall speak to me—when the continued, personal, conscious existence of dear ones long since passed away shall be made manifest—when my scepticism shall be scattered to the winds, and my Materialism be entombed for ever! Blessed consummation! And all this comes to my earnest seeking heart at two private seances to which I was kindly invited by Mr. C. P. B. Alsop, of 2, Great Turnstile, Holborn, from whose pen there have recently appeared in the *MEDIUM* some very interesting accounts of seances similar to those of which I am about to speak. And here I beg to observe that the sincere investigator, on being introduced to the above gentleman and to his harmonious family, feels that everything is "above-ground." No doubt, no suspicion lurks in the breast of the stranger who is happy enough to sit down in Mr. Alsop's apartments awaiting communications from a higher world.

The first seance at which I was present took place 3rd of January. Present, Mr. and Mrs. Alsop, daughter, four friends, including the medium Mr. Williams, and myself. Soon as we extinguished the lights and sat down around the table, Mr. Alsop commenced (which I believe is his usual practice) with what is termed the Lord's Prayer, after which we sang a hymn. Immediately raps were heard on the table; spirit-forms and lights were seen. Mrs. Alsop's ring was brought from off the piano, and placed near her hand on the table; the spirits, the while, constantly patting her on the hand. Spirit-voices, distinct and clear, were heard speaking through the tube, which Mrs. Alsop saw removed from off the table and carried towards the ceiling. A spirit-voice called "Charles Williams!" We inquired if he heard the voice. "Yes," he replied, "but not so distinctly as I should like." Almost ere he finished the sentence the voice literally shouted "James Achanna!" close to Mr. Williams's ear, which caused him to spring out of his chair; he had, it appears, frequently expressed a wish to hear the spirit-voice distinctly. Mr. Alsop felt, apparently, the garment of the spirit-body, as he (the spirit) passed his arm by to reach the head of Mr. Williams. The gentleman last named had occasion to leave his seat for a minute; when about to resume it, he exclaimed, "Oh, there is some one sitting in my chair!" Question asked if it was James Achanna. "Yes," was the answer, by very loud raps. How illustrative of the line, "They take the vacant chair beside me."

The bell was rung over the table; tubes were moved in every direction. On the paper was found direct spirit-writing—very little, but much in that little, "God is love.—J. A." The grandmother of Mr. Adcock whispered in Mrs. Alsop's ear, and said, "We will perfect him yet." Mrs. Alsop then saw the old lady gently put her face against that of Mr. Adcock, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Oh! oh! I see multitudes of heads, as though it were a vision of the spirit-world!" This extraordinary sight seemed to him almost overpowering.

Each member of the circle, excepting myself, was repeatedly touched by spirit-hands; and if the request was made to be touched on some particular organ of the brain, it was frequently done. Loud, distinct, and intelligent raps were heard the whole of the evening. But what seemed of the most interest to me, and which spoke to my heart the most impressively, was the following. I had sat for two hours before I felt the touch of the spirit-hand. It would appear they were reluctant to come into immediate contact with me until I had become a little familiar with the astounding phenomena; they stated as much, by raps, when asked why they did not touch me. I had inquired if any relative of mine was present, and was answered in the affirmative—it was my mother. Would she be able to touch me during the evening? "Yes," was rapped out. About this time I felt an overwhelming influence, and Mrs. Alsop saw the arms of (apparently) an aged female on my shoulders, or, rather, around my neck, and a large light in front of me, as if resting on my knees. Subsequently, while I was sitting passive as possible, a gentle hand passed over my fingers, and I at once seemed to recognise it as the touch of my mother—a similar touch to what I have often felt from my dear mother in earth-life, when she wished to speak kindly and affectionately to me. I asked if it was my mother who touched me. "Yes," was the reply.

Orthodox brother, tell me, if ye will, that this was Satanic power. And you, my sceptical friend, tell me, if you please, that my senses deceived me. I reply, "Kind Satan, come to my longing heart again!" And wonderful deception! That touch! so gentle, so human, and yet so divine! Never, never will it be erased from my memory! Once again, during the evening, I was touched—this time on the left hand—patted by a different hand. The above, dear sir, are only some of the manifestations that took place on this evening. I attended a second seance at Mr. Alsop's house, and equally wonderful and convincing phenomena occurred, which, in a future communication, I will, by your permission, give to the readers of the *MEDIUM*, intended particularly for that class who are, as I have been, seeking to know if these things are as spoken of and described by Spiritualists.

May the knowledge of these great and precious truths yet be shared by many who now stand afar off, with the smile of scorn on the lip, and may they be ready to acknowledge that God's hand is still omnipotent.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
C. J. HUNT.
January 16, 1871.

A NEW INDICATOR.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

Sir,—With pleasure I send you a description of a telegraph I have found efficient; it will spell out words as fast as an ordinary writer can take them down. I have tried all the alphabetic methods, from calling over the alphabet, discs, and pointers, &c., and planchette and other experiments for facilitating communications, and have found the one I am about to describe a great improvement, and both simple and inexpensive.

Take your planchette, and instead of the pencil substitute a third wheel or castor; procure a piece of board about 24 inches long, three-quarters of an inch thick, and as wide as the planchette is long; cut three grooves in it lengthways—one on the outer edge sufficiently wide and deep to receive the edge of a strip of window plate-glass of the same length as the board, and about two inches

and a half to three inches wide; the other two grooves are to form a tramway for the castors, and their place will be determined by the distance between the back and front castors; put a stop at each end of the front groove to prevent the planchette running beyond or off the base-board. On the glass plate paint or paste the letters of the alphabet. The plate now standing at right angles to the base-board, the glass may be either cemented in the groove or removable at pleasure. To operate, place your altered planchette on the tramroad, and the point of the heart will be on a level with the letters, and in moving along point to them in succession, stopping at the one to be noted till the word is formed. I find it saves time to pull the carriage back to the A end and let the invisible operator push it forward to the next letter.

I hope I have made the description sufficiently plain; if not, I shall have pleasure in giving you any further information.—Yours,
RICHARD BEWLEY.

Uttuxeter, January 16, 1871.

A PROPHECY FULFILLED.—Sir Walter Scott declared to Mrs. Hughes that, many years before the event took place, he had heard of a prophecy in the Seaforth family, uttered, or said to have been uttered, by a second-sighted clansman more than a century before, to the effect that "when the Chisholm and the Fraser should be both deaf, and the M'Pherson (or M'Kenzie) born with a buck tooth, the male line of the Fraser should become extinct, and that a white-hooded lassie should come from ayont the sea and inherit a." All these contingencies happened in the late Lord Seaforth's time, who, on reverting to the prophecy, showed two fine lads, his sons, to Sir Walter, and observed, "After all's said and done, I think these boys will ding the prophet after all." He was wrong, however. The two boys died immediately before their father, and the present Lady Hood, a widow, came from India after his decease, and inherited the property. The prophecy is said to have included yet another family misfortune, and to have foretold that the white-hooded lassie (the widow's cap is clearly alluded to in the epithet) should cause the death of her own sister. This also came to pass. By the upset of a pony carriage which Mrs. Stuart M'Kenzie (as Lady Hood had become by marriage) was driving, her sister was instantaneously killed on the spot, and she herself so fearfully injured about the face as to be compelled to wear for the remainder of her life a head-dress of a fashion which enabled her to conceal the greater part of her countenance under bands of black velvet.—*The Life and Letters of the Rev. Richard Harris Barham, author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," &c.*

THE painful feeling is that of your own feebleness (*unkraft*); ever, as the English Milton says, to be weak is the true misery, and yet of your strength there is and can be no clear feeling, save by what you have prospered in, by what you have done. Between vague, wavering capability, and fixed, indubitable performance, what a difference! A certain dim, inarticulate self-consciousness dwells dimly in us, which only our works can render articulate and decisively discernible. Our works are the mirror wherein the spirit first sees its natural lineaments. Hence, too, the folly of that impossible precept, "Know thyself," till it be translated into the partially possible one, "know what thou canst work at."—*Thomas Carlyle, "Sartor."*

Mrs. C. H. SPEAR was summoned on Tuesday, by telegraph, from San Diego to the bedside of her husband, the venerable John M. Spear, who is there confined and dangerously ill with fever.—*San Francisco Pioneer*, December 22, 1870.

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