



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

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WHAT AND WHERE IS THE SPIRIT-WORLD?

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY MRS. EMMA HARDINGE, AT CLEVELAND HALL,
ON SUNDAY EVENING, JUNE 18.

INVOCATION.

O thou Eternal Presence! thou who hast opened the gates of mystery from whence these people come; thou whose hand is guiding them forward to the yet mightier mystery of a witherward that shall last through eternity; thou who hast impelled their wandering feet hither this night; thou who dost speak to them with many voices, after many modes, and in such various forms of speech that few do recognise the still small voice that leads, guides, and impels them;—speak to them this night with the tongue of mortality. Thou art sufficient, O Everlasting Strength, to teach our blindness, to inspire our poor humanity, to give us this night the daily bread of our souls. Be with us, for we know that thou art ever present; speak to us, for we know, thou Creator of the sand-grain, that wisdom is written as much in the dust as in the shining fires of heaven. Thou who hast set the clocks of eternity beating, throbbing within these human breasts, let every hand point to that dial-plate of time whereon is written their destiny; and unlock this night the floodgates of thy wisdom, that they may go hence one step nearer—nearer, our God, to thee!

We shall proceed in this, and the address we shall offer to you next Sabbath, to sum up from various reliable sources what the spirit-people have revealed to us concerning their and our hereafter. In doing this it is useful, since I may address those that are strangers to the genius of the movement, that we should give you some points of testimony, and show you whence we dare to assume that we have a knowledge so stupendous.

It is obvious that when Swedenborg first appeared in the character of a clairvoyant and a seer amongst men, his revelations, startling as they were, and opposed to the doctrines which had hitherto been held on the subject of the hereafter, his manifestations of clairvoyance being narrowed down to himself, limited but to one witness, necessarily obtained belief only in those that put faith in him. Whenever we rally round a human standard, our faith is not so much dependent on the reason of the teaching as on, or rather in, the individual who is the teacher. It is for this reason that Swedenborg obtained but little credence except from those who, enamoured of his pure life, and willing to put faith in one who bore in himself so many evidences of probity, chose to believe in the testimony that he offered; but as time rolled on, and one after the other presented manifestations which gradually led up to Spiritualism, and we find Mesmer displaying that evidence of occult power which existed in every human being, showing that there was resident, not only in the human organism but in all things that God had created, a life-principle capable of being transmitted from body to body, we find that that which in olden time we had called miracle was a part of a natural law not understood—that the magnetic fluid thus capable of transmission from body to body was capable of working all the marvellous phenomena which in past ages we had attributed to the suspension of God's law. This was a grand step in advance, and took the power away from the one individual and disposed of it to the whole race, and showed that Swedenborg was no exceptional being, but merely an index finger pointing the way in which all humanity might tread. And this revelation was still more clearly manifest by the discovery and application of electrical power. It was here found that those powers which connected us with the planetary system, the great and wonderful mystery of magnetism in the earth, gravitation towards the centre, and counter-attraction, binding us now in our orbit round the sun, and now preventing us from rushing to a common centre, are one and the same force with that which is exhibited in the experiments of the electrician; whilst the physiologist carried these experiments a step further, and proved that the same force is the life-principle that is throbbing within us. Here is the whole history of miracle laid open at once; here we arrive at the very foundation stones by which, if our inmost spirit lives at all hereafter, that spirit carries with us the panoply of life, and becomes just as capable of performing the same demonstrations from a spiritual existence as it has done whilst yet in a tenement of clay. If the spirit takes the life-principle with it, the spirit takes all the power of the real man, all the real power of the magnetiser, and the psychologist, and seer, and the prophet, and therefore all humanity which existed upon this earth must exist in the spiritual world. But one more link in the chain was wanting—demonstration that the soul did survive the shock of death. It is brought us by Spiritualism. The very moment we recognise one soul embodied, one spirit that survives the shock

of death clothed with all the panoply of manhood, preserving its power and its energies, and with the spiritual body enabled to effect a rapport with the human body still on earth, the whole question is solved. What shall we say, then, when not one spirit, but legions of such appear with all the energies and all the functions, powers, and possibilities of manhood? What shall we say when these legions come not in one place, but in all—when they come trooping from the far regions of the frozen North and the burning South, when in every portion of the habitable globe the sound of them goes forth, and the footprints of the marching hosts are found traced in every city, village, and hamlet of civilisation? That is our witness. Our witness is the broad field of humanity, and the very voice of the scorner himself becomes a witness for us, when he scorns only that which has become so vastly popular that it has reached his ignorant ear, and compelled him to echo the popular cry.

I proceed now to offer a few tokens of the methods by which we learn to place confidence in these spirit-people concerning that which they have taught us of the hereafter. Let me remind those that are familiar with the history of this movement, that the children who were the very first evidences of spirit telegraphy—the little humble and uneducated children, who in the land of the Far West became the most notorious and openly confessed of the public media—were so wholly ignorant of spiritual existence, spiritual nature, and what a spirit could or should do, that their very innocence and simplicity render their testimony of incalculable value, because it opposed public opinion in every direction. It could be no creation of their own minds, it could be no reflex of the popular tone, it could be no voice echoed either from their own systems of teaching or the theological beliefs that surrounded them; it opposed them all; it proclaimed the continuity and strict humanity of the spirit and of the spiritual world. We find that this voice is echoed in multitudes of places, stripping all the dark and hideous veils of terrorism and the horror of the supernatural from the living, healthful existence of these spirit-people. It shows us in multitudes of places, by every conceivable sign and token, by all the test facts of personal identity that the shrewdest and keenest people in the world could devise as tests, that these spirit-people are nothing more than the world reflected over again—one step in advance of ourselves—a world of busy activities—a world of preserved and conserved energies—a world of intellectual forces—a world little in advance of ourselves, nothing more than one step forward on the highway to eternity.

But I will give you another testimony. Far away in the wild woods of Ohio—away from all the great scenes of civilisation—removed some seventy miles eye from the great civiliser, the mighty iron horse—there resided some eighteen years ago a rough, rude Ohio farmer, into whose astute mind, uncultured as it was, the myths and fignments of theology could find no entrance. The same shrewd questionings that have perplexed the priests in modern days crossed the mind of this untaught reasoner, and the proofs of the soul's continued existence found no lodgment in his mind. Hearing the report of the coming of the spirits, the opening of the spiritual telegraphy, in half-confused and strange bewilderment concerning the testimony of many reliable witnesses, this man set himself to earnest inquiry. The result was the strong conviction that no imposture was perpetrated. There were no dark circles then—there was no chance of perverting the strange and the wonderful truth. Men deeply, fearfully in earnest, searched into this strange and wonderful telegraphy with all the acumen that their minds could bring to bear upon the subject, and investigated as we in this land scarce begin to know, the very first rudiments of investigation. Such were the methods by which this man pursued his researches, and they ended in the conclusion that a telegraphy did exist carrying intelligence, but whence this intelligence was, the obstinate mind of the inquirer could not determine. As he proceeded in his investigation he was bidden to do that which we bid ye all to do—to search for himself, and at the sacred altar of his own freiside, in the midst of those whom he knew and trusted, to question whether the spirit-people would not respond to him in the familiar voices of his own best-beloved, his own kindred. The answers came to him in the lone woods of Ohio, in the wild and remote depths far away from the resort of imposture or connivance. These answers came to him by various methods, but still they did not satisfy the earnest cravings of his determined mind. He was then called upon, by the voices of those who offered him the best means of investigation through himself, to erect a spirit-house where the hand of the impostor could not be laid, and within that dwelling to place such instruments as would enable spirits with their own hands to communicate to him untarnished by the hand of the mortal. After having for many weeks carefully guarded and sealed the lonely spirit-house, he opened it, to discover

messages of tenderness and love, written, in vast abundance, by the hands of those the world called dead. Further charge was made upon him. It was shown to him that by the aid of darkness, by the quietude of atmosphere which can alone be procured by darkness, manifestations of a new and stupendous character could be given, and then was instituted the first dark circle that was ever held on earth, but it was instituted on the side of the mortals with all that care and scrutiny and all that stringent character of test and condition which render the tricks of the juggler wholly out of the question. Then it was that, with all these guards on the human side placed around them, voices of stupendous power and unearthly strength sounded in the midst of the darkness, resounded through the wild woods, and shadowed forth their messages of power and their words of instruction. They told of the spheres of eternity; they told of the celestial regions beyond them; they told of the vast and illimitable spaces filled by the awful mystery of God; they spoke of glorious and high-sounding themes—of thrones, and powers, and princedoms, and dominions; and the minds of the listeners, exalted and aspiring for knowledge, received by inspiration what they craved by aspiration. They would have scorned as blasphemy a search for mere amusement—they would have deemed themselves as defiling the sacred name of God, and the high and holy functions of spiritual existence, had they gathered together simply to beguile and amuse a leisure hour. They sat at the feet of God—they placed themselves in the solemn, thick darkness, like Abraham of old before the altar on which the sacred fire of spiritual knowledge came down and consumed the pieces of ignorance and corruption that they had laid as sacrifice upon the altar, and left instead a magnificent and stupendous revelation of the spheres of the hereafter. It is from such sources as this that I venture this night to reiterate the sum of the knowledge thus received.

They tell us, these spirit-people, that this old planet of ours has ever been giving off a spiritual body—that as the finest and the most sublimated essence of all matter is force, which is a combination of electricity, magnetism, life, and all the imperponderable elements of which it is composed; so, this being the strength and essence of matter, has been perpetually ebbing from matter. Matter is for ever living and for ever dying. It lives as long as attraction prevails over repulsion; it commences to die from the moment that repulsion prevails over attraction, and death is the closing up of the account, the end of the great struggle; equilibrium obtains, repulsion prevails entirely over attraction, attraction ceases—that is death. The atoms are then gathered up by new elements of force, and re-created in some other form. Such is the history of matter—such is the history of this planet—and the death of every series and generation of material has created the spiritual world. At the death of each series and generations of atoms alone, as they have given up the life or force that sustained them, that force, inhering in the spiritual world, and forming itself into the same shapes that it has obtained in matter, lives for ever. Force is imperishable, matter is not; matter is for ever changing, force never changes; and so all the forms that ever have been are conserved in the spiritual world. From the first moment when a generation of atoms perished or exchanged, there was formed the first rude element of the spiritual world, for ever adding, for ever increasing. For ever growing, unfolding, for ever becoming more and more sublimated, this spiritual world has continued to increase, until the deaths that matter has endured, the countless millions and millions of deaths that have ensued in ages, have prepared these vast and illimitable realms of spiritual existence for the countless generations of creatures that have lived and perished in the earth-form, and passed, like the essence of matter, into the spiritual nature.

Where is the spiritual world, then? Here—the all-embracing essence, the soul, as you may term it, the real force of this natural world. Remove this force, suspend its operations for one single minute, and what we call our strong and ponderous earth shrivels together like a scroll, and becomes a mere nothingness. The scientists—those grave chemists, those philosophical sages, that put a grain of matter or an ounce of dust into their crucibles and their mortars, carve it with their scalpel knives, and divide it until it is no longer divisible, and then call the last ultimate portion an "atom," have not yet begun to touch the cause of the existence of the atom, and realise nothing of the effect of what that atom should be when its fragments have passed from before their eyes and become an imperishable atom in spiritual existence. Thus it is that these spirit-people do justify their assertion by telling us that all that ever has had form, all that has ever been born into matter in any shape, remains for ever an existence in the spiritual world; that this world of forces therefore embraces all the landscapes, all the cities, all the dwellings, all the forms, all the creations, in which man has ultimated matter from the first moment of his existence upon this planet. Nothing is lost. As we see the Infinite Chemist gather up all the fragments of matter and use them again and again in the laboratory of re-creation, so it is his divine economy, with still greater care, and far more precious wisdom, to gather up the invisible forces of things. As they were created, as antityped in the brain of the Infinite, as they descended and became reflections in the brain of man, so they all had a spiritual birth ere they appeared in the form of matter. That spiritual birth is immortal; the thought is never lost, the image is never destroyed; only the poor fragmentary mould is broken up, and when this has perished the image returns to the source from whence it came—to this spiritual existence—and having passed through the mould of matter, becomes an imperishable entity for ever. That is the substance, that the nature, that the proximity and the locality of the spirit-world.

You may question how in the vast realms of space occupied by matter these illimitable realms of spiritual existence can inhere. Again I will give you an experience, handed down to us in those vast fields of observation that we have made through the spiritual phenomena. A clergyman in the city of New York, about the time when the opening of the gates proclaimed the great telegraphy of spirit-communication, ere the tidings had reached him, speculating long and earnestly upon the various dogmatic teachings of ancient theology, felt at last the ground slipping from beneath his feet. Searching, as the world said, too carefully into the things that were hidden from him, he fell into a strange and apparently death-like trance, from which, to the world's eye, there was no recuperation. They pronounced him dead, and all the dark and hideous formulae of death were gathered around him; when, lo! ere the last casement was fully closed, the opening eye and returning signs of vita-

lity proclaimed that he had returned from a long journey. Accompanied by a spiritual guide, whose gracious and majestic form came to him from the long ago, this man declared that he had passed, contrary to all his beliefs and previous experiences or thoughts, as a spirit from his own chamber, and stood on a high point of observation near the place where his body lay; that there he had beheld the interior of things. He had first seen the spiritual surroundings of his own dwelling. Those who had striven to gain knowledge through theological teachings, and who were still in the world of spirits unable to free themselves from the bias of sectarian opinion, were disputing around his body concerning the destiny of his soul, some pronouncing for and some against him simply on the ground of their own imaginary faiths. He perceived the interior of their existence, and beheld a still darker, coarser, and more hideous sphere of being. He beheld there, with eyes of horror and dismay, the dark scenes of the city—the places of shame, of intoxication—the salons of the gambler and the drunkard; and around each one he beheld the dark, weary, unblest spirits of the dwellers on the threshold—those that had not quitted earth life, and could not quit it—those that had poured out their magnetism on earthly things alone, until the earth bound them and fettered them, and their loves and affections had become tractors that dragged them back and bound them with the chains of which Jesus speaks—the prison house in which these miserable ones were paying the penalty of sorrow and unrest, and wretchedness and strife, to revive the memory of past enjoyments by hovering around the miserable beings by whose side they became tempters—by whose side their very presence became temptations, and monitions to repeat the crimes they had so loved on earth. And again, he saw the interior of things, and hidden away from the sight of these unblest dwellers on the threshold were the spheres of punishment. No fables those of the old Asiatics and Hindoos that told us of darkness, and chains, and burning, and torments—no fables these; but what he did behold in the midst of the fires of passion, and the fearful freezing storms and tempests of icy selfishness, was that it was the Father's hand, the great schoolmaster—Eternity—that was disciplining them. He beheld the moral transmigration which we all effect for ourselves, and perceived whence our passions come—that here upon this earth, born as we are of the dust of the ground, made up of the decaying forms of millions of generations, our very atoms are full of the inherited tendencies of every animal that has ever lived. Our part in this life is to struggle against this, to battle against these foul temptations. Here, encased as we are in this body which is perpetually dragging us down to a material or earthly nature, our spirits, for ever aspiring and ascending, must wage war against these dark passions, and those that fail in the conflict and fall beneath them, take the very stamp of the animal they most resemble. The wild and lawless passions that had prevailed over the spirit-natures of these hapless beings became in those spheres of punishment as strongly exhibited and so hideously marked, that well might the Hindoo of old believe in the transmigration of souls—well might they teach in the pictorial image of transmigration, the passage of the soul through the forms of many animals. But in every condition it was still the Father's hand that was disciplining them; and the darkness was from within, not from without. The eye of the spirit-man beheld that it was only the emanations of their own passion that created the fire that seemed to be never quenched. It was only the icy nature of their own selfish hearts that threw out or projected from them the wild tempest and storm; the fluttering rags in which they were clothed were but the image of the cruel, selfish, and avaricious nature which never extended itself beyond itself. He beheld that self was the great crying sin of humanity—that it was the indulgence of the strong passion within self that produced every crime. There did he behold the dreadful philosophy of that we call the haunted house, the image of crime perpetually projected from the criminal, repeating itself until the very air sounded with the wild shrieks of the foul struggle which the miserable criminal was perpetually recollecting and perpetually throwing out from himself as a memory that he could not escape from. The images of the victims were there; the forms of darkness, the scenes of crime, the memories of old loves and affections formed, indeed, a hideous prison-house that enclosed every spirit, although he stood upon the green sward near his own dwelling, and beneath the star-lit sky which overarches the earth, and in the midst of all the glorious machinery and calm beauty of a sweet summer night. These are our surroundings, this is the interior of the soul-world about us, and it was this terrible revelation that gave him to understand that in spiritual existence there is no space. He beheld these beings approach one another with a tremendous force, the momentum of which would have caused them to destroy each other—but, lo! the finer passed through the grosser, the more sublimated permeated the more dense; and at last his exalted eyes were uplifted, and he beheld not the grossest and darkest but the finest and purest, and oh! the glorious, radiant sight that burst on his ecstatic eyes! the beauty and the holiness of the whole scheme was beheld like a microscopic drop of water. Even as we perceive the whole world and myriads of inhabited bits in a single drop, so in a single fragment of this earth's being he beheld the unfolded scheme of the spirit-spheres here and around us. This was his revelation; and when I speak of one, I speak of multitudes of others that confirm the same story.

It but remains now to sum up that which the spirits inform us of the scheme of life, that I may close with an illustration of the destiny of these unhappy prisoners. They tell us, these wise and exalted ones, who are permitted to ascend to the hill-tops of eternity, that this earthly life of ours represents all varieties of being that can possibly exist, from the lowest to the highest; that if we could find the lowest creature that ever lived—the darkest spirit that, in the midst of infidelity, atheism, and miserable wreck of all that is spiritual in its nature, has gone out, like the unhappy Frenchmen who in their ignorance and blindness have so lately perished by each other's hands—we should there behold a spirit on the lowest round of earth's ladder—such as, in olden time, the world has called a demon. If we could behold a pure and simple little child, with its tender arms wound around the mother's neck in simple affection, with its little hand outstretched to share of its gifts to its companion, we should behold the highest type of the kingdom of heaven. These are the types of what is, and what earth must be, and between these two extremes man on every scale of the great organ of creation sounds out some different note. This earth is permitted to us as the sphere where we must learn our first lessons, where we must take the first necessary step in our discipline—and that is, to love another as our-

selves. When we have realised this we are prepared for a higher kingdom than any that earth can give us. If we fail to realise all that God demands of us upon this earth, we can never quit it until we have fully learnt our lesson, and so for ever, it may be—in the sense that we creatures of time call for ever—we must linger here and work out by punishment and suffering our mission until we have learnt this sublime lesson of love to our fellow-men. All who have not learned earth's lesson fully must stay in these spheres of punishment and discipline, and it is for this that we find ourselves surrounded by such vast clouds of dark, unblest spirits—the mocker and the scorner, with those who seem simply, in their ridicule, and their lightheartedness, and their folly, to be repeating earth's discipline over again. You know best, O Spiritualists! whether it is your purpose to associate with these when you arrive at the spheres hereafter. If you bind yourselves up in association and sympathy now, they will be your companions when you enter those spheres. If your eyes could be opened, instead of the pleasant jesters of the light hour, you would behold the dark and hideous forms that surround you—the hapless, helpless, miserable beings that have utterly failed in their life-mission, and are still wasting away the hours until the stern sentence of the second death comes, and they are compelled to descend into those dark and most terrible spheres of punishment from which, as in olden times, the fatal and unblest apparitions have come, that have startled the eyes of the seers, and looked to them as the demons of another world. This is the end of the mocker and scorner, and it should be your part, O Spiritualist! to comprehend the value of these associations—to behold, if not with the spiritual eye, with reason and judgment, this inner world. The trifling spirit is halting by the way, has not learned its lesson, and you should be a guardian spirit to him, and should endeavour to elevate him, and not drag him down simply to minister to the idle amusement of the hour. And there are many multitudes in this world of spirits who still worship at the idolatrous shrines of Sectarianism, and have not learned the sublime lesson of liberty which Christ taught, a liberty in which they should stand free from all the bondage of Sectarian belief. Ask them if any of their beliefs have ever made them happier or better—if any of their failures to believe have ever plunged them into sorrow or darkness? They dare not deny the fact that they are only happier, only miserable in proportion to the good or evil they have done, and that their faiths avail not, that there are no seats in heaven, but the one grand and glorious seat of the divine humanity—divine only as it loves its fellow-man as itself.

I cannot part from you without giving you another illustration, and it is one that we need, or we might go hence forgetful that there was a God for the dwellers on the threshold as well as for the enfranchised souls of the blessed. There was a great and glorious soul that had struggled long and faithfully on earth to discover the God of creeds, and failed; when he entered the spirit-world his first thought was his last on earth, "Who, what, and where is God?" He instantly found himself in the presence of a being whom at first he could not comprehend, for he seemed to him but as a little spark of light, so small, so sublimated that only the eye of spirit could perceive it; and anon he expanded until his glorious and resplendent form appeared to fill all the space between the earth and the firmament; and as he looked upon the radiant and splendid appearance of humanity that shone upon this glorious countenance, he read that He was the Angel of Truth, that He came from the great and glorious spheres where truth was taught to humanity, and that truth was as much to be found in the finest point as in the largest and grandest hemispheres. And through the spheres of many wonderful spiritual existences did this angel pilot the searching pilgrim soul, until he discovered God in his works, but the last discovery which he made was concerning the love of God. He remembered the dark and suffering spirits who were still in prison upon earth, and he questioned why the All-Father had made them such, and then this angel rolled back the curtain of ages and pointed to a child of the gutter—a creature born at the gallow's foot, and nurtured in vice and intoxication, a miserable outcast, a felon by trade, an Ishmaelite, who, growing up beneath the fatal shadow of crime, associated only with wretches like himself, ever driven by society back, back, back into the sinks and cesspools, deeper and yet deeper in vice, steeped his hands in blood, and in defence of his burglar life destroyed the life of his fellow-man. Did they teach him right then? To show him the sacredness of life, they destroyed him legally: to prove how valuable was the boon that God had given him—life—twelve men in cold blood, without the temptations of vicious life or education, publicly strangled him as a specimen of their respect for life; and as he entered the spirit-world, the fable that he was dead, the fiction that he was to die, flashed upon him in dreadful mockery. He saw there was no death, that he was not dead, and then a vague memory of terrible words that he had heard in the last moments of mortal life of some angry and destroying God flashed upon the wretched spirit's memory, and he ran, ran, ran from God, he knew not where, but he felt the fatal attraction that called him to his place. He ran through scenes of sunlight and flowers—he could not stay there; he ran through forms of beauty and resplendent glory—he could not stay there; he ran through scenes where merry children's voices were heard, and glorious words of wisdom were poured forth—he could not stay there. The attraction of his own fatal condition called him, and he never stopped until he found himself in thick darkness, a darkness that enabled the baleful figures of companions like himself to gleam upon his tortured sight, and with it all the crimes he had wrought standing out with images of horror surrounding him. He was a dweller on the threshold. To him it seemed that countless ages rolled over his miserable head, until he sat himself down amidst the wreck and ruin of his burnt-out passions—the fires were quenched; there was nothing left but despair; and in the midst of that despair, a lad, a miserable spirit, more wretched than himself, appeared before him hunted and tortured by his baleful companions. In one single moment, the divine spark was enkindled, the spark of human kindness, and the man lived; the spirit sprang up and cast his arms around the suffering helpless one, and protected him, and from that moment the thews and sinews of a new-born soul were awakened in him. From step to step he advanced, now the protector, now the help and companion of suffering spirits, and at last their teacher; and as ages rolled on he felt that his mission was to instruct the criminals of earth, for the knife had entered into his soul, the pangs had torn his nature, and he understood them; he was a spirit-preacher; he hovered on the confines

of earth like the good missionary that "preached to the spirits in prison;" and as ages and ages passed and he knew that he was growing brighter and stronger, still he preached to these children of earth, still lingered on the confines of the spheres to guide them to brightness; and at last he felt the earth receding from him, and the unspeakable glory of the heavens dawning upon his exalted soul. Humbling himself at the feet of the Infinite, he only prayed that he might yet go back, yet redeem lost souls from darkness; but the very prayer gave wings to his spirit, and sped him on through countless spheres of eternity, until he stood beside the pilgrim soul as truth's angel. My story is told. Such is the history of the darkest and most outcast spirit that ever man sends from the confines of earth into the arms of the All-Father; such is the history of the lowest of the spirit-spheres; and though its lessons should never be lost upon us, though we ourselves should this night shrink back, back from a single pool of crime, lest, putting our feet within it, we leave there a track that will bind us down to it until we have painted it over with good deeds—wiped it out with something purer and better, yet we must not forget that for these darkened spirits there is still "Our Father in Heaven," that for them the voice that cries, "I will arise and go to my Father," is ever answered by the open arms of Him who welcomes the prodigal back.

OVER THERE!

By request, read repeatedly by Mrs. Hardinge at her Lectures in London.

Oh the spacious, grand plantation,
Over there!

Shining like a constellation,
Over there!

Holy with a consecration,
From all tears and tribulation,
From all crime and grief and care,
To all uses good and fair,
Over there!

Always brooding warm and golden,
Shines the mellow sunshine olden,
Over there!

Never blighting shadow passes
On the silken star-eyed grasses,
Waving wide their flowing hair
In the clear translucent air,
Over there!

Oh the grand encamping mountains,
Over there!

Oh the sheeny spouting fountains,
Over there!

Oh the boundless starlit arches,
Where the sun in glory marches,
On a road for ever trending
Through bright legion worlds unending,
Over there!

Brilliant blossoms breathe and burn,
Over there!

Nectar-drunken drops the fern
By the tulip's early urn,
Over there!

Orange buds and passion flowers
Lattice sweet hymenal bowers,
Over there!

All the heavenly creatures born
Of the breeze, the dew, the morn,
In divinest beauty grow,
Drape their purple, drift their snow,
Don their crimson, sheen their gold,
Shed their odours manifold
On the palpitating air,
On the flower-laden air,
Over there!

Oh the royal forests growing,
Over there!

Breath of balsam ever flowing,
Over there!

Pine trees sing their breezy chime,
Palm trees lift their plummy prime
In the ever Eden time,
Over there!

And a passionate perfume
Fills the deep delicious gloom;
While through forest arcades ringing,
Lustrous birds are floating singing,
Over there!

No salt tears the ground are drenching,
Over there!

Faint with toil no thin forms blenching,
Over there!

No more agonising heart-break;
No more crouching in the cane-brake;
And no lifted hands outreaching
With a frantical beseeching,
Over there!

No more desperate endeavours;
No more separating evers;
No more desolating nevers,
Over there!

No more fettered limbs are quaking;
No more burdened backs are aching;
No more hearts are breaking, breaking,
Over there!

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Spiritualism, Ritualism, and Secularism—Spiritualism in the English Provinces—The Credibility of Mr. Morse's Messages—Spirit-Picture Exhibition—The Cleveland Hall Meetings—Mrs. Hardinge's History of Spiritualism—Mrs. Hardinge at Hackney—What and where is the Spirit-World?—The Spirit Messenger—Sit Deus Verus—The Lyceum Picnic—Liverpool Psychological Society—Glasgow Association of Spiritualists—Bishop Auckland—From J. H. Powell—The Newspapers on Mrs. Hardinge.

SEANCES AND MEETINGS DURING THE WEEK.

- FRIDAY, JUNE 23,** 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.
LIVERPOOL, Psychological Society, at 55, Devon Street, Islington, at 8 p.m.
SUNDAY, JUNE 25, Seance at Cleveland Rooms, Cleveland Street, Fitzroy Square, at 7 p.m. Mrs. Hardinge on "What and where is the Spirit-World?"
Mr. Cogman's Seance, 22, New Road, E., at 7.
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.
SOWERBY BRIDGE, at Mr. W. Robinson's, Causeway Head, Children's Lyceum, 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. Public Meeting, 6.30 p.m. Trance-Medium, Mr. Wood.
DEARBURY, 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 4 p.m.
MANCHESTER, Grosvenor Street Temperance Hall, at 2.30.
COWMS, at George Holdroyd's, at 6 p.m.
HAGG'S LANE END, 9 a.m. Trance-Mediums Mr. J. Crane and Mrs. N. Wilde.
GLASGOW, Whyte's Temperance Hotel, Candleriggs, at 6.30.
GAWTHORPE, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, 2.30 and 6 p.m. Mrs. S. A. Swift and J. Kitson, Mediums.
MONDAY, JUNE 25, Seance at 15, Southampton Row, at 8 o'clock. Messrs. Herne and Williams, Mediums for the Spirit-Voice. Admission 2s.
SOWERBY BRIDGE, at Mr. W. Robinson's, Causeway Head, 8 p.m.
TUESDAY, JUNE 27, 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.
MAROR ROOMS, Hackney. Oration by Mrs. Hardinge at 8 o'clock.
KEIGHLEY, at 7.30 p.m., at the Lyceum. Trance-Mediums, Mrs. Lucas and Messrs. Wright and Shackleton.
GAWTHORPE, at Mr. J. Mercer's, at 7.30 p.m. Medium, Miss A. Mercer.
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28, Seance at Mr. Wallace's, 105, Islip Street, Kentish Town. Mr. Cogman's Seance, 22, New Road, E., at 8.
BOWLING, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, 8 p.m.
HAGG'S LANE END, J. Crane, Trance-Medium. 7.30 p.m.
THURSDAY, JUNE 29, Seance at 15, Southampton Row, at 8; Messrs. Herne and Williams, Mediums for the Spirit-Voice, &c. Admission, 2s. 6d.
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.)
Public Seance at 7, Corporation Row, Clerkenwell, at 8 o'clock. Free.
GAWTHORPE, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, a Developing Circle, at 7.30.

*. 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, JUNE 23, 1871.

A CLAIRVOYANT PROSECUTED.

From several correspondents we have received extracts from the daily papers stating that Madame de Baddeley, who advertises in the MEDIUM as clairvoyant, has been brought before the Lambeth Police Court charged with supplying ergot of rye to procure miscarriage. From the police evidence it appears that a woman had been instructed by them to consult the clairvoyant for advice in a case which did not exist, and by letters and verbal inducements entrapped her into prescribing for the supposed case with illegal intent. The peculiar part of the narrative is that the clairvoyant purported to see the supposed patient. We refer to the case on the present occasion to inform our readers that it has no connection with Spiritualism, nor are any Spiritualists implicated in the transaction directly or indirectly. Many months ago a lady called our attention to the fact that Madame de Baddeley had proved to be a very remarkable clairvoyant in a matter upon which she had consulted her. As we are often asked for clairvoyants, we noted the address, and gave it to several who applied. The reports of those of our friends who consulted her were uniformly favourable

to Madame de Baddeley; and when it was suggested that she should advertise in the MEDIUM, we readily took her advertisement believing that it would be a service to our readers. Since then our friends in various parts of the country have consulted her personally and by letter, in some cases successfully and in others not so; yet the results as reported to us were sufficient to lead us to the conclusion that she possessed the clairvoyant's faculty. A few weeks ago Mr. de Baddeley called and paid for his advertisement, and that is all we have seen or knew of the parties till we read the paragraphs about them in the newspapers. We are not aware that they identified themselves with Spiritualism in any way. The clairvoyant was put in the sleep by the mesmerism of her husband, so that the methods of the spirit-circle were not used in eliciting the phenomena. We need not add that we have no desire to extend in extenuation of the illegal act imputed to the accused, and quite as little can be said in favour of the means used by the police to provide them with a victim. The most interesting feature in the case is the fact that Madame de Baddeley gave correct information to honest seekers, yet when an applicant called with a lie in his mouth the judgment of the clairvoyant was false.

ANOTHER SEANCE AT MRS. MAKDOUGALL GREGORY'S.

Last Friday evening, June 16th, a seance was held at the house of Mrs. Makdougall Gregory, at which Lieut.-Colonel Dingle, Mr. S— C—, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Porter, Mr. Boyd, Miss Douglas, Miss Katherine Poyntz, Mr. Home, and Mr. Williams were present. The manifestations seemed all of them to be produced through the mediumship of Mr. D. D. Home, but Mr. Williams (the medium) was also in the circle.

A paraffin lamp at one end of the room threw a good light upon the table and sitters. After sitting for a few minutes, raps were heard; the table then began to tilt, first from one side, then from the other, and it was raised vertically right off the floor several times. It was also made light and heavy two or three times, at the request of a gentleman present who had just begun to inquire into Spiritualism. Next a chair slid across the room up to Mr. Home with nobody touching it, the distance it thus moved being from five to seven feet. Afterwards Mr. Home held an accordion in one of his hands in the subdued light below the table; his other hand was on the top of the table; the keys of the accordion were at the lower end of the instrument, that is to say, the end close down by the floor. While thus held by Mr. Home it played "Home, sweet home," and "Ye banks and braes," keeping time to the words as Miss Poyntz sang the latter song. Mr. Home then gave the accordion to the investigating gentleman next him, and placed both his own hands on the top of the table; the instrument then played for a short time in the hand of Mr. —. The sitters on each side of Mr. Home then placed their feet on his feet, to do away with the theory that he plays the accordion with his toes, and the instrument played as before. Next Mr. S— C— and Mr. Harrison, at the request of Mr. Home, looked beneath the table; they both stated that they distinctly saw a spirit-hand playing at the keys close down by the floor, whilst Mr. Home's hand held the accordion at the top. Mr. Home's chair afterwards began to move, while he sat in it, a few inches to the right, in the direction of the piano. A tremulous motion of the chair of Mr. S— C— was then felt by himself, and by those who placed their hands on it. Next all hands were placed on the top of the table, and the investigating gentleman was asked to hold his handkerchief in one hand underneath; he did so, and it was taken from him and placed on the knee of a gentleman opposite. Lastly, the accordion was placed upon the floor, and it played while all hands were on the top of the table.

THE SPIRITS EXPLAIN HOW THEY CARRY HUMAN BEINGS THROUGH SOLID BODIES.

On Tuesday morning "Katie," the spirit who manifests through Messrs. Herne and Williams, entranced Mr. Morse at the Progressive Library, and gave the following account of the means used by her in transporting her mediums bodily into and from rooms when the doors and windows are closed. The explanation had special reference to the seance of the previous evening, when Mr. Williams was carried through the ceiling of the seance-room into the room above. "Katie," through Mr. Morse, spoke as follows:—

"The ceiling moves like a cloud. It is made up of little points of light. I magnetise the ceiling down to the medium. I was in the second floor when I made the link. I can draw back the points of light. Magnetism makes them hot, like melting, and I attract him through the place; when I leave off, the cloud comes together again. I could not do it in the light; the motion of the atmosphere would be too strong for me to overcome. John keeps the company going, and draws from them earth magnetism, which helps me. It is a chemical experiment. The medium has to go in a trance, as he would be frightened if he were in the normal condition, and that would spoil the experiment. He passes as through a pneumatic tube, through the cone of magnetism I form. I wanted to carry Ted [she meant Mr. Williams] outside, and have him come in at the street door."

Notwithstanding the efforts of "Katie," it was found that further explanation would not be out of place, and when the "Strolling Player" took control, a conversation ensued on the subject, of which we give the substance:—

"Modes of matter are atomic associations the result of attraction and vibration. The harmoniousness of the vibrations being

disturbed, the attraction of the atoms are overcome by repulsion. A space is thereby formed by a process similar to fusion by heat. The same force produces solution of the continuity of matter, and envelops the medium therewith, enabling the medium to pass through as it were a tunnel. Immediately the medium has passed through this object, the action being discontinued, the normal power of the matter reasserts itself; continuity is restored by reason of the atoms coming into their previous relations, and the vibrations being restored to their normal action. The matter constituting the ceiling is elongated downwards, so as to form a funnel. With the atoms of the ceiling are intermixed the spiritual magnetism of the spirit operating, and also the magnetism derived from the sitters. The medium is pulled up by a kind of attraction, or suction, will-power on the part of the spirit operating being the motive force employed."

Clairvoyants see a streak of light descend from the ceiling at the time the person passes through it. We confess the whole subject is in a very obscure state at present.

MRS. HARDINGE ON THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

Our readers will receive with gladness the information that Mrs. Hardinge intends giving another oration on the spirit-land. From our report it will be perceived that on Sunday last she dwelt more particularly on the dark side of spirit-life, giving those conditions of existence most nearly related to the earth, and in which the more appalling and painful conditions of spirit-existence are manifest. Next Sunday the bright side of the picture will be sketched, and from what we remember of a discourse delivered by Mrs. Hardinge on a previous visit to this country, we may expect one of the most sublime discourses to which it has been the privilege of London Spiritualists to listen during the past winter.

A large and influential audience paid rapt attention to Mrs. Hardinge on Sunday last, and we expect even a more crowded hall on Sunday next. Mrs. Hardinge is doing more good by her meetings at this present season than she has done at any time during the winter. London is just now crowded with intelligent and influential strangers, many of whom find their way to the Sunday Services in Cleveland Hall.

MRS. HARDINGE AT HACKNEY.

It is probable that the last opportunity for hearing Mrs. Hardinge on a week-day evening in London will be Tuesday evening next, on which occasion she will speak at the Manor Rooms, Hackney, to commence at 8 o'clock. Subject:—"Spiritualism: Past, Present, and Future." Those residing in the East of London who desire to be present should make application for tickets to Mr. Thomas Blyton, Secretary to the Dalston Association of Spiritualists, 74, Navarino Road. Tickets may also be obtained at Wilks's Circulating Library, Dalston Lane. Tickets are also on sale at the Progressive Library. The subject is one of great importance, and has not been spoken upon by Mrs. Hardinge during her present visit to London.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM, BY MRS. HARDINGE.

No. VI.

Now that there is some excitement respecting the visit of T. L. Harris to this country, the information respecting him in this number of Mrs. Hardinge's work will be very interesting. To understand this gentleman's position as a Spiritualist or non-Spiritualist, it is necessary to have some knowledge of his career, which, in respect to this movement, has been a rather contradictory one.

This number contains accounts of some very extraordinary phenomena, similar to some forms which are occurring at the present time. The manner in which the theological Professors at Harvard College entertained Spiritualism is instructive as to how little truth is respected by those who ought to be its most fearless exponents. A beautiful steel engraving of Mrs. Samantha Mettler, a well-known medium, accompanies this number. The readers of the "Magic Staff" will remember that she on one occasion saved the life of A. J. Davis by her magnetic treatment. We take pleasure in reporting that Mrs. Hardinge's work in numbers is very much increasing in popularity.

OPEN-AIR ADVOCACY OF SPIRITUALISM.

We understand that Mr. John Rouse, of Pinlco, has attended for a few Sunday evenings at Chelsea Bridge, where he has advocated Spiritualism to the crowds of people who usually assemble there. He also distributed a number of publications which we supplied him with. The result of this experiment has been highly satisfactory, and we hear that it is likely to be repeated at other places. We will be glad to supply parcels of publications gratis for distribution in this way either in London or the provinces.

MRS. HARDINGE'S WORK TO THE LIBRARIES.

The letter which appeared in the MEDIUM last week respecting this object is now being sent out to individual Spiritualists. A gratifying response has already resulted from the general announcement made.

We urge Spiritualists everywhere to give immediate attention to this proposal, and help in the general effort which we hope will be made to get this noble book into as many libraries as possible.

A HOLIDAY TRIP FOR LONDON SPIRITUALISTS.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—I think it would do all the Spiritualists in London good to have a day's holiday together. I know many by name, and that is all. I think this is the case with most of us. Why should we not charter a steamer, engage a nice little band of music, and go down to Rosherville Gardens, or somewhere else, for a day. I think there would be no difficulty in getting up a comfortable party. It need not be expensive. I should think about 1s. 6d. or 2s. each would be sufficient to cover steamboat fare there and back. I shall be very pleased if a committee can be formed to carry out this suggestion, and I will gladly do anything in my power to assist them in making the necessary arrangements.—I remain, &c.,

29, Kingsdown Road, Upper Holloway,

J. STOKES.

June 13, 1871.

[We concur most heartily with this suggestion, and hope it will find many supporters. The resources of this office will be at the disposal of the committee.—Ed. M.]

FORMATION OF A LONDON MESMERIC ASSOCIATION.

We are happy to announce that several members of Mr. Jackson's late Mesmeric Class, together with some other gentlemen favourable to the progress of Mesmerism, assembled at his residence, 166, Marylebone Road, on Tuesday evening, when it was decided to found an Association having for its object the practice of mesmerism as a therapeutic agent by the members, together with an endeavour, by the agency of lectures and classes, to diffuse a knowledge of this beneficent power among all ranks of the community. We understand there is to be another meeting of the Committee on Tuesday next, when we hope to report further progress in the organisation and prospective efforts of the Association.

AN EXHIBITION OF ORIGINAL DESIGNS will be given at the Progressive Library, 15, Southampton Row, on Wednesday evening. The artist, Mr. F. Wilson, will give an explanatory lecture, embodying his views of the "Pictorial Progress of Humanity." The lecture will commence at 8 o'clock. Admission free. We hope there will be a large attendance.

THE APPROACHING NOTTINGHAM PICNIC.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

SIR,—Allow me, through the columns of your valuable paper, to inform those intending to visit our picnic that we have removed, and taken rooms over Mr. Wright's Provision Stores, Long Row, opposite the Police Office, Market Place, at which place we shall hold our anniversary on June 25, and from whence we shall start on the Monday. All friends (and I hope there are many) intending to visit our anniversary and picnic, will please to notice these alterations and the address.

Allow me to thank those friends who have kindly contributed towards the expenses of the picnic. Any person yet wishing to contribute may do so by sending either to Mr. Burns, Progressive Library, or to Mr. Hitchcock, No. 64, Marple Street, Nottingham. All contributions will be acknowledged in the MEDIUM. We have received contributions from the country, for which we return our thanks.

We hope we shall have the pleasure of the company of our Yorkshire friends and others from all parts that can make it convenient to attend, and especially our friend Mr. Simkiss, of Wolverhampton, who was the cause (in conjunction with Mr. Burns) of so much entertainment at our last picnic. Hoping we shall have a pleasant time, I remain yours in the cause of truth,

JOHN B. HEROD, Secretary.

Miss Gamble, the musical director, has supplied us with the following programme:—On Sunday morning, the members, friends, and visitors will assemble at the rooms over Mr. Wright's, in the Market Place, when the children will be examined by Mr. Burns as to the proficiency they have made in their studies, and have appropriate prizes awarded them. In the afternoon a review session of the Lyceum will take place, at which the members will go through all their exercises, and illustrate, as well as they can, the peculiar workings of the Lyceum. This will be the most eligible opportunity for strangers becoming acquainted with the special merits of the Lyceum system. On Sunday evening a public meeting or seance will be held, spoken to by the local mediums and others. Monday will be devoted entirely to recreation in the pleasant spot selected by the committee. The following hymns, &c., have been selected:—On Sunday afternoon, Hymn No. 25, from the "Spiritual Lyre;" March—There's a Better Day at Hand; Hymn 113, "Spiritual Lyre." On Monday afternoon, Hymns 12 and 82, "Spiritual Lyre," and the Lyceum Anniversary Hymn from the Manual by A. J. Davis. All present should provide themselves with copies of the "Spiritual Lyre." May our friends be favoured with fine weather!

LOUGHBOROUGH.—Mr. J. Bent writes in hopeful terms of the progress of Spiritualism and Mediumship in Loughborough, and intimates that interesting particulars of the doings of mediums may be expected soon.

WE UNDERSTAND Messrs. Herne and Williams have been engaged to give a series of six seances at Kilburn on Tuesday evenings, which commenced on June 13. Those desirous of being present should apply to C. W. Pearce, 6, Cambridge Road, Junction, Kilburn.

R. FITTON.—We hope to carry your suggestion into effect next week.

R. SHARPLES, Manchester, complains that in putting the question to the spirit about "spiritual gifts," as reported in last week's MEDIUM, the term, "special gift," was applied to Mesmer, thereby misleading the spirit in his answer.

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 and 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.]

June 16.

(The first control was by Tien-Sien-Tie, guide of the Medium.)

The letter in last number of the MEDIUM enforcing the doctrine of the Trinity was read, and the spirit was asked to reply to it.—A. We assumed that information was required as to the sense in which we used the words "I" and "We." We confess that we have no belief or faith in the doctrine of the Trinity as taught by Church theology. The dogma is of no practical value to the spirit after death. We are charged with ambiguity, but this ought to be attributed to the questioner, who failed to comprehend our meaning. No doubt his views on the Trinity are, to him, the highest truth, but as we all differ in education and mental capabilities, mutual concessions must be allowed. We utterly deny that beliefs have any power to improve the quality of spirit-communications, which are the product of organic conditions in spirit-life and on earth.

Mr. Potter asked: Do not the spirits acknowledge the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost? and if so, which are highest, those who believe, or those who do not? Does such a belief not tend to the glory of God?—A. The position of the spirit in the other world is determined solely by his actions in this life. The only way to promote the glory of God is to do to others as you would have them do to you, and also not do to others what you would not have them do to you.

Mr. Gardner, of Newcastle, asked: If the doctrine of the Trinity is false, will it not impede the progress in spirit-life of those who hold it?—A. It is an effete, worn-out superstition, and is entertained by spirits who have not got rid of the ideas acquired on earth. No doubt it originated in a perception of truth, but that truth has been long obscured by the blind belief now entertained. We may state a Natural Trinity, composed of God the cause, Nature the effect—the connecting link being the realm of forces. It might be stated otherwise—God, wisdom; Nature, love; and the intermediate forces, will-power; or as it is exhibited in man—Soul, Body, Mind. All beliefs not founded on a perception of truth retard the soul, and prevent it from making progress in spirit-life. Men cannot at all times perceive truths in the abstract, and hence personalities are adopted to shadow them forth. The ambition of priests has turned these symbols to the personal advantage of their order, till, in the present day, the three idols worshipped in Christendom entirely obscure the spiritual principle which they misrepresent.

ARTEMUS WARD.

A spirit controlled the medium, and was at first thought to be the "Strolling Player," as he acted and talked in a personating manner, making numerous puns. He said he was a celebrated showman, a class of individuals who looked down on "strolling players." He was particularly cell-abraded in the lungs before he left earth, indicating that he died of pulmonary consumption. He spoke in a strong New England accent, and it was suggested that he was Artemus Ward, and he acknowledged that he was Charles Browne, vulgarly known by the former name. He spoke in a genial manner, and full of genuine humour. He concluded with a short address, in which his fictitious name occurred often. It was not properly reported, but the "Strolling Player" gave the following version of it, which, however, is not so concise and pointed as the original:—

"A. Ward *avards* to his many friends such good feelings and wishes as they are desirous to have *avarded* to them; at the same time trusting they will *award* him a continuance of sympathy and love. A. Ward also trusts they will be able to *ward off* any blows upon their own nates; at the same time he *avards* the task to them of *warding off* blows from the heads of other people; and as they work and *entitle* themselves to their *award* hereafter, so he trusts that their *award* shall be in accordance with the good they have *avarded* to other people; but if their *award* fall short of what they would like, he trusts they will have common sense enough to *ward off* a recurrence of the same failures; so that in the end we may be united in one *ward*, one of commerce (not lunatic), and together unite ourselves into one band of kindly feeling, and benevolent labours for the purpose of *warding off* misery and *avarding* happiness to all who are deserving of such A. Ward."

The "Strolling Player" concluded the seance by a travestie on the absurdities of theological superstitions.

MESSRS. HERNE AND WILLIAMS'S SEANCE AT 15, SOUTHAMPTON ROW.

Much has been said against dark seances, and properly too, for when the phenomena are of such a trivial character as to be readily simulated, no good, but rather evil, can come from such seances. When, however, the phenomena are of such an astounding description as to baffle imitation, then the dark seance gives as positive evidence of spirit-action as any other form of experiment. The latter description applies most emphatically to the mediumship of Messrs. Herne and Williams. The carrying of human beings and other objects through closed doors has been thoroughly established by these mediums. On Monday evening last a very interesting incident took place at their seance at the Spiritual Institution. On that occasion objects were handled in a very free manner. A rack of books was carried from the piano and placed on the table. Then a stack of loose publications was taken from the sofa and showered over the table and the sitters. The table-cloths were wrapped round several of those present. An arm-chair and another chair were hoisted on to the table by spirit-power, after which Mr. Herne and Mr. Fegan, of Liverpool, were levitated. Mr. Williams was lifted on to the table, and afterwards was heard to fall behind one of the sitters. In about a couple of seconds the noise as of a heavy body falling was heard in the room above, then another noise, and in less than two minutes Mr. Burns and Mr. Williams were outside of the seance-room doors asking for admittance. Mr. Burns gave the following account. He was in his

office under the seance-room, when Mr. Williams walked in, and in a wild, excited manner asked, "Where are they? Are they all gone? Where am I?" Mr. Burns asked, "Where have you come from?" He replied, "From the top rooms." After being assured that the seance was still sitting, Mr. Williams accompanied Mr. Burns to the outside of the seance-room doors. Mr. Burns shouted out, "Have you had these doors opened?" Several voices answered simultaneously, "No." "Can I come in?" "No." "What have you done with Williams?" "Why, the spirits have taken him away." "Well, I have got him here." The doors were opened, and Mr. Williams and Mr. Burns entered the room. A light was struck, and it became evident that the spirits had carried Mr. Williams into the room above; that after assuming his consciousness he was again entranced and made to walk downstairs quickly, and come to himself again just as he entered Mr. Burns's office. We think it proper to state that the doors were not locked, but it is utterly impossible that Mr. Williams could have passed out of the doors, as he was not allowed time to do so before he was heard in the room above; the doors were not heard to open or shut, and if they had been opened the stream of light from the staircase must have been perceived by the sitters. Three separate spirit-voices spoke a good deal during the evening.

SPIRIT-VOICES IN NOTTINGHAM.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—For many years Spiritualism has been to my mind a great and important fact. Its revelations, in some cases apparently trivial and childish, have, nevertheless, always underlying them the great truth that man lives after he has passed through the change that the world calls death, and that from the lofty and blessed state upon which he then enters he can survey the doings of his fellow-men still in the flesh, and hold converse with those loved ones he has left behind. The great value of this truth I have been enabled recently to realise to an extent that I never knew before. In February last, one of the most loved and loving of wives passed away from earth to enter upon that joyful life in store hereafter for the virtuous and pure, and intense grief at the loss made me very desirous of bridging over the chasm that separated us. Spirit-communication was alone the means by which this could be done. That I have since that time held converse with my dear wife is no more to be doubted than that five months ago I laid her body in the cold ground to be seen no more. Her present communion with me is as real as was that which took place when she was in the flesh, and the evidence of both are alike, because based upon the same kind of knowledge—the experience of the senses. These considerations have naturally caused me to pay more than ordinary attention to the phenomena of spirit-intercourse.

On May 31st I went to Nottingham, where the mortal remains of my dear wife repose in the cold and silent tomb. Having heard and seen much of spiritual-manifestation in London, more particularly the spirit-voices, I was curious to learn whether those same phenomena could be obtained elsewhere, and therefore determined to put the matter to the test. I accordingly called upon Mr. W. T.—, who had acted as clairvoyant-medium for me many years before, and through whom I had obtained some very extraordinary communications embodying high philosophic principles, illustrated by frequent quotations in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and other dead languages, not one word of which was known to the medium; and I told him that I intended to have a seance, with the view of getting, if possible, the spirit-voices; but he gave me very little encouragement, inasmuch as he said he did not believe in spirits talking with audible voices. However, the seance was held at Mr. N.—'s, on Wednesday evening, May 31st. The persons present were simply private friends of my own, as follows:—W. T.— (the medium before named), Mrs. M.—, Mrs. and Miss N.—. We made the circle dark, fastened the door, and sat round the table, on which we placed our hands. Very soon raps were heard upon the table, and by means of these the spirits advised us to change our positions and instructed us where to sit. I had previously made two paper tubes similar to those used by London media, and placed them on the table. We heard very indistinctly whispering, and a voice which was not sufficiently loud or distinct for us to gather what was said. The ordinary manifestations of course occurred, but these we deemed somewhat unimportant, as we were desiring higher phenomena.

On the following evening we sat again, the same persons being present. One of the ladies expressed a wish for some flowers, and the desire was immediately complied with by artificial flowers being brought from the adjoining room. Pebble-stones were also thrown upon the table, evidently obtained from the street, and natural flowers were also brought by spirit-power. An album was removed from the adjoining room and deposited on the table. On my remarking how cold I felt, my overcoat was brought from another part of the room by the spirits and given to me. I may here state that I had taken every precaution against the opening of the door by placing my penknife in the door-post in such a manner that the slightest attempt to open the door would cause the knife to fall upon the floor. We asked for spirit-lights, and they almost immediately appeared. All present saw for at least half an hour these luminous manifestations of spirit-presence. Veritable showers of them passed in all directions, sometimes singly and sometimes two or three joined together; all in the end apparently falling upon the table. Perfume was also brought; but from what source obtained we could not tell. A spirit-voice was now heard in a whisper perfectly audible. The spirit speaking gave the name of Levi Roffing. Some of the persons present said that they had never seen movements of material things without contact, but were extremely desirous to do so; whereupon Levi Roffing exclaimed, "All stand up; join hands, and hold them up high." This being done, the table was lifted up about two feet from the floor and suspended there for some time, no hand being in contact with it.

On the third evening we met for another seance, and there joined our circle Mr. S. P.— and Mrs. W.—, both sceptics as regards Spiritualism. The rest of the persons were the same with the exception of Miss N.—, who was absent. On this occasion I entranced the medium, and at once received a communication from a spirit who had frequently spoken through him before, and who had always been known to us by the name "Humanitas." I asked this spirit to kindly give place to my

wife if she were present, and he did so. I now received several important communications from my dear wife in the spirit-land, the following amongst the rest, addressed to my eldest daughter, which may not prove uninteresting:—

“Ada, dear, there is much in sleep that resembles death. There are in your body two classes of nerves. One of these classes rests during sleep—when death comes, both rest for ever. But the power to which those nerves were only means of action upon the material body—that power never dies, and when it is set free from the prison of flesh, it requires no rest, but it can and does watch over the forms of the dear ones in sleep on earth. Then, in sleep your spirit is half free—one of the links that bind it is not in action, therefore you will understand how nearer the spirit that is freed from both links can become united to that spirit which is partially free. Thus, dear Ada, I can approach you more closely during sleep than I can during waking hours, and I know you like me to be with you. Then show your love for me by wishing for me each night before you sleep, and the thought shall bring me to you.”

The medium being restored to his normal condition, we again formed the dark circle, fastened the door, and laid the tubes upon the table. We commenced with singing. Flowers were brought and thrown upon the table; pebble-stones were dropped about the room, and pens and various other articles placed in the hands of those present. Very powerful lights were seen by all, and a faint voice was distinctly heard. At my suggestion the tubes were magnetised by making passes down them, and this done we retained them in our hands. Raps now took place upon the tubes as we held them, and the voices were distinctly heard through them. Levi Roloff kept up a continued conversation for about two hours, and my wife for more than an hour. In her case the conversation was regular, flowing, and methodical as ever she had spoken whilst in the flesh. She answered my questions with clearness and precision, and stated her own views with the same calmness and deliberation that had been so characteristic of her in this state; her voice, though only in a whisper, was distinctly heard by all present. Those who had been sceptical when they entered the circle left firm believers in the grand truths of Spiritualism—truths which are every day breaking down the opposition of darkness and error, and tending to shed a luminous halo over society such as the world has seldom witnessed.—I am, my dear Sir, yours most truly,

HENRY SMITH.

24, Windsor Road, Ealing, near London.

A COMMUNICATION FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

Through the hand of *Tyson Hagen*, from his Mother, on her passage from the Earth-Life to the Spirit-Land.

“The sensation was one of sweet repose. On opening my eyes, I found, to my utmost astonishment, that I was still as when in my body; for though I missed the outward covering I had for so many years been carrying, I was sensible some wonderful change must have passed over me, for which I was quite unable to account. Having so long entertained the belief that in passing out of our earthly bodies we ceased to exist as individuals, I could by no means comprehend the change I felt and saw. Everything appeared changed, and yet the same. I felt as one in a dream, in which all things appeared true and lovely, and feeling no desire to awake. By degrees I became sensible of the presence of friends, whom I had long considered had passed the door of mortality, and been reabsorbed in the great spirit of the universal soul. This, I said, must surely be only a scene of my dream-life. By a very gentle process I felt I was an actual actor in this new condition, and that I possessed an individuality that I was sensible others around me respected as such. I felt no little astonishment in observing this, thinking this cannot all be a dream. As my perception on this point became clearer, Alicia and William drew near and saluted me with a fond embrace, both at once exclaiming, ‘Yes, dearest, you are still alive, and in your own body; you have only put off the fleshly covering; your present condition is as really and truly yours as when on earth.’ Thus I began to feel that my lifelong and cherished idea of absorption was in danger of being itself absorbed. Against such a belief I struggled with all my characteristic determination, for I could not think that I could have made such a blunder. Close on my children’s track followed that of thy loving aunt, with her trusting and confiding heart, welcoming me with a warmth of affection I was a stranger to, saying, in the accents of such love, ‘My sister, thou wast a little mistaken on that one point of thine. Come with me, and I will show thee the river of life, flowing from the fountain of God, and when of its refreshing streams thy thirst is allayed, thou wilt perceive more clearly where and what thou art.’ So did it prove. I began to hope—such was the bliss I felt—that I might find that I was mistaken. Yet another test was given me. My friend Robert Owen approached me, and with a kiss known only to the inhabitants of this land he exclaimed, ‘My friend, we are safe, and are now going to know ourselves as we are known. Your views of the great drama of life have now met with another solution. Henceforth we work for humanity as we have never worked before. As while on earth we laboured together in the mists and darkness of our own narrow creeds, so now we meet with a vision cleared of its dimness by the rays of truth which are beaming on our path. Rest then assured, my friend, that you are still yourself, and such a one as I knew on the earth. Wait a while, and when quite sensible of your existence as an individual entity, it will be given you to see something of the work you are called upon to perform.’ Now I felt as one waking from a glorious dream, and finding all a reality. My disappointment had fled. I was as one new-born. I felt ready for my flight upwards to realms far beyond those I had thus far been dwelling in, and to my amazement, with this thought and desire came the realisation, for I found I was passing, as on the wings of light, to scenes of increasing brightness and glory, till the very brightness overpowered my

senses, and I begged my guide to stay our flight. Turning to me, he said, ‘Here is thy home, with its mansion of light; here will all the needs of thy nature find food. Thy mission is a high one. In rising to thy mansion in heaven, bear in mind those whom thou hast left on earth, for amongst them thou must labour, and as thou aidest them wilt thou be helped. A vast field of knowledge is open before thee, but single-handed none can rise.’ Thus, my son, have I given thee an outline of my progress in the spirit-sphere, and return to earth in the hope of accomplishing the work I am best fitted for, and I feel it a joy that my first-born in the flesh should be an instrument by whose aid I would speak to th world. God bless thee, my boy. Farewell!

“P.S.—Thought is the basis of all truth, my boy; but the basis on which thought stands has its foundation deep in the soul of God himself. The principle of love is the very essence of divinity, while thought may be considered as the highest attribute of the same. Love is the power existing in the life-principle of the universe, which ensures the happiness of all existences.”

In reply to the question, “Was anything ever created?” “Yes; No. To mortal eyes creation appears always at work; for not seeing the causes at work, the effects appear as though brought into existence out of nothing, which is the only sense in which creation can be said to be; but as the mind of man becomes expanded and developed, causes beyond causes keep rising upon his wondering sight, till he begins to feel that creation is but one vast drama of life, without beginning or ending; that it is but the eternal manifestation of spirit, which by chemical action of its own innate affinities produces what we call matter.”

A REMEDY FOR SMALL-POX.

While this loathsome disease is rather prevalent in this country, any remedy has a peculiar interest. Mrs. Webb, of New York, has called our attention to the following recipe, which was communicated originally to the *Stockton (California) Herald*;—“I herewith append a recipe which has been used to my own knowledge in hundreds of cases. It will prevent or cure the small-pox though the pittings are filling. It is as unailing as fate, and conquers in every instance. It is harmless when taken by a well person. It will also cure scarlet fever. Here is the recipe as I have used it for small-pox. When learned physicians said the patient must die, it cured:—

“Sulphate of zinc, one grain; fox-glove (*digitalis*), one grain; half a teaspoonful of sugar; mix with two tablespoonfuls of water; when thoroughly mixed, add four ounces of water. Take a spoonful every hour; either disease will disappear in twelve hours. For a child, smaller doses according to age.”

We have not tried the remedy, and can say nothing for or against it, but put our readers in a position to try for themselves.

A WORD OF COMMENDATION.—We congratulate our young friend the *West Londoner* for his improved tone in respect to Spiritualism. He is evidently quite anxious to enrich his well-printed but otherwise unattractive columns with some of the wonderful and well-attested instances of spiritual phenomena which have of late engrossed the attention of the newspaper press. In as good grace as we could expect from such an inexperienced juvenile, he instances some of the facts connected with the mediumship of Messrs. Herne and Williams. Perhaps he is fishing for an introduction to the Kilburn circle. We cannot make any promises on that score, as the case is beyond our jurisdiction, but he has our warmest thanks for re-echoing our admonition to the *Unitarian Herald*, as we are glad to acknowledge all co-workers, however little they may help to enlighten public opinion.

NEW ZEALAND.—We have had a very kind letter from Mr. W. D. Meers, of Dunedin. He does not give a very encouraging account of Spiritualism in the colony. He remarks: “There are a great number of persons here who have attended seances for a few times and have witnessed a little phenomena, but as soon as they find out that a fortune cannot be discovered or profit made in the worldly way, they fall off in attendance and soon give it up entirely. As far as my own experience goes, it is quite impossible to have the same persons present at three consecutive sittings. In consequence Spiritualism makes but very slow progress.” The literature of Spiritualism, Mr. Meers observes, does not find a very large demand, and he is of opinion that society is rather too crude and primitive for such studies to be appreciated for some time to come.

FOUND AT CLEVELAND HALL, on Sunday evening, an umbrella. It may be claimed at the office of the MEDIUM.

ANTI-VACCINATOR. Pitman, and J. Burns. 1d. Weekly. Parliamentary Evidence on Vaccination, of great importance.

AGENTS FOR THE “MEDIUM” AND ALL WORKS ON SPIRITUALISM AND PROGRESS.

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Progressive Library and Spiritual Institution,
15, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C., June 16, 1871.

THIS LETTER EMBODIES A PROPOSITION THAT A COMMITTEE BE FORMED TO PURCHASE AND PRESENT FIVE HUNDRED COPIES OF MRS. HARDINGE'S "HISTORY OF SPIRITUALISM" TO PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

It is not necessary, in introducing the subject of this letter, to refer at large to the importance of Mrs. HARDINGE'S work as an aid to the cause of Spiritualism. The large circulation which it has had, and the universal appreciation with which it has been received, are generally known. It may be stated here, however, that the work is eminently calculated to guide the opinions of the public to a right conclusion as to the merits of Spiritualism in every respect. It gives a lucid and circumstantial account of the origin and spread over America, and minute descriptions of well-attested phenomena, covering the whole range of such facts from the most simple to the most extraordinary manifestations. It answers all objections by giving a history of the refutations which objections of all classes have experienced in the past.

The grand objects of Spiritualism are kept prominently in view, and the eminent persons who have taken it up are appropriately introduced to the reader.

Taken as a whole, then, this truly great work is a vivid and complete representation of the movement, answering all questions as to what is the use and purport of Spiritualism, and showing the reader what new information the spirit-world has communicated to man; also the teachings of Spiritualism in a scientific connection, its value to the philosophy of religion, and its tendencies to a humanitarian reform. The reader is favourably and permanently impressed by the great array of facts and arguments presented, which recommend themselves strongly to the intelligent mind, both from their intrinsic merit and the fascinating manner in which they are stated.

This work has been widely circulated amongst inquirers, and intelligent minds generally, with the most gratifying results. Private individuals have in several instances presented copies to public libraries, for which they have received the grateful acknowledgments of the managers; and many letters have also been written by readers who have been fortunate enough to come in contact with the work.

The suggestion has been made that this work should be used on a more extended scale for the diffusion of Spiritualism, to effect which the following means are being put into operation:—

A Committee is being formed of representative persons in all parts of the country. The duties of this Committee will be to collect Subscriptions in their immediate localities to purchase copies of Mrs. HARDINGE'S work, and use their influence to get libraries to accept copies of the work as a donation.

For this special object it is expected the work may be obtained, with all the plates and illustrations complete, bound in substantial library style, at Ten Shillings per copy, being one-third less than the published price, and with a much more expensive and useful binding. It may therefore be recorded that Mrs. HARDINGE makes a very substantial contribution to the object in view in thus granting the work at such a price.

As I have the acquaintance of eminent Spiritualists throughout this country, I have been requested to forward this letter to you, respectfully soliciting your kind co-operation in this important work. No definite responsibility will be attached to you either as to how much money you collect, or how many volumes you dispose of. Some will be able to do more and others less; success can only be attained by all doing what they can. As an indication of what may be done, Mr. Thomas Grant, of Maidstone, observes:—"I will do my best for this locality, and do not mind pledging myself for four copies at 10s., bound as you describe."

After your reply has been received, another edition of this letter will be issued with the names of the Committee attached, when Collecting Cards will be forwarded, and the work pushed on with all the energy possible. Any suggestion which you can offer, or any names which you can communicate as desirable to be added to the Committee, will be gratefully received, along with such other aid as you may be disposed to afford to this important object.

A great number of suggestions have already been received. Some offer Donations in large sums; others recommend a general Subscription of 5s. A uniform Subscription of 1s. and 6d. respectively have been advocated; while yet another party have suggested a universal Penny Subscription. Would it not be prudent to accept the aid of all in accordance with the means at their disposal? and surely with such varied assistance £250 will not be hard to raise, and it is to be hoped that libraries will eagerly accept the volumes.

I am, yours in the cause of Spiritualism,

J. BURNS.

IS ASTROLOGY UNTRUE? If so, how has Zuriel been enabled to foretell the illnesses of the Sovereigns of Germany and Sweden; the late indisposition of Gladstone; the past severe winter; the exploded Lucifer Budget, &c. &c.? See Zuriel's Almanac, price 6d. J. BURNS, 15, Southampton Row.

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